

Atishoo!

(With a Light Catarrh Accompaniment.)
Atishoo! Atishoo! You ask me to write?
I'm coughing all day, and I'm sneezing all night;
My eyes are so tearful I scarcely can see,
And pens, ink and paper are poison to me.
Atishoo! Atishoo! My nose is quite red—
Pray, how can I write with a cold in my head?
Atishoo! Atishoo! You ask me to laugh,
When hot-water gruel I gruesomely quaff?
E'en warm mustard plaster can scarcely in-
spire
This dismal old rhyme who groans by the fire.
Atishoo! Atishoo! Your feelings are dead
To think I can laugh with cold in my head?
Atishoo! Atishoo! You ask me to joke,
When any exertion compels me to choke?
My chilly brain reels at a thought of a pun,
And frozen is all my pre-natal fun.
Atishoo! Atishoo! My brain is like lead—
For pray, who can joke with a cold in his head?
Atishoo! Atishoo! You ask me to sing;
And think I can carol like lark on the wing?
My harp is unstrung and I can't sing a note,
But ruefully groan with a hoarse sore throat.
Atishoo! Atishoo! I should be in bed—
For how can I sing with a cold in my head?
—London Punch.

NORAH'S LETTER.

"No!" sighed Mr. Belton Bellew,
dejectedly, as he mixed a little more
burnt umber on his palette for the nut-
brown tresses of the "Maid Marian"
that he was putting on canvass, "she
don't love me! She can't! No woman
ever yet treated a man so, if she cared
two straws for him."

But it was not of Maid Marian he
was thinking; it was of Dolly Brooke,
the pretty girl whose mother had rented
the old brown-brick house at the corner
of the street, and whose eyes were so
blue and sparkling and yet so cruelly
cold.

He had been introduced to her, and
had met her a great many times that
winter. He had even danced with her
at the Blue-bell societies, held her
hand in the Caledonians, and stood be-
side her in the Virginia reel.

He did not think from her manner
that she absolutely disliked him, but he
was very sure that she did not care for
him. And this unreasonable young
artist made himself miserable accord-
ingly.

"She is such a darling!" he said to
himself—"such a human rosebud, with
coloring in her air such as Titian never
dreamed of, and eyes that Salviator Rosa
would have painted in ultra-marine, with
sea-blue shadows! But where is the use
of my mooning about her? I'd better
accept Raymond's offer and go to
Rome with him, even if I have to starve
there in a garret. Art will perhaps
smile on me, but Dolly Brooke never
will!"

And he painted on, resentfully dab-
bing away at "Maid Marian's" round
nose with a heart as heavy as if it were
molded in lead.

While at that very moment Dolly
Brooke (her Christian name was Doro-
thea) was dusting the parlor at home,
with her head tied up in a blue cam-
bric sweeping cap, and her lovely
cheeks heightened with true feminine
exercise; while Norah, the help, stood
meekly in the doorway, with a scrub-
bing brush in her hand.

"Yes, if you please, miss!" said
Norah. "A letter from Mike—and if
you'd please to answer it, miss, for not
a word can I write!"

Dolly left off polishing the base of
the little statuette of Ceres and looked
at Norah, with a prettily puzzled ex-
pression of countenance.

"But, Norah," said she, "how absurd
all this is! How can I answer Michael's
letter? How shall I know what to say
to him?"

"Sure miss," said Norah, her honest
eyes lighting up, "and that's easy
enough. Just tell him, in fine, scholar-
ly writing, miss, that I love him with
all my heart. That's what I want him
to understand, miss; for, sure he ain't
quiet in his mind about it, and he's
way off in county Roscommon,
Ireland."

"Very well," said Dolly, half smil-
ing at the idea. "I'll try. Come to my
room in half an hour, Norah."

And Dolly inexorably locked out her
two little brothers, who were enraged
at their being debarred from "the fun
of hearing Norah's love letter."

"Go about your business, boys," said
Dolly, severely. "It's no affair of
yours."

Johnny and Billy looked indignantly
at one another.

"We'll serve her out!" said Johnny.
"Will let her know!" enigmatically
responded Billy.

And these young lads, with their
shins balanced on the garden wall, like
Raphael's cherubs, betook themselves
to throwing stones at the cat, while
they consulted as to the special variety
of Nemesis which should be visited on
Dolly's unconscious head.

"I've got it!" said Johnny, smiting
his leg, at last, with a brick.

"Eh?" said Billy.

"We'll make an April fool of her!"
shouted Johnny.

"Yes; but how?" said Billy.

"Ah-h-h!" said Johnny. "You

always was a softy, Bill. I'll tell you
by-and-by."

"Now, Norah," said Dolly, seated at
the table, with the fresh sheet of paper,
the new steel pen and standish of violet
ink before her, "how are we to begin?
'Dear Mike?'"

"Sure, miss," said Norah, who was
standing respectfully near the door,
with a clean colico apron, "an' ain't
that too plain like? Make it a little
sweeter, miss—the saints be good to
you! An' just tell him I love him
true, though I haven't told him so be-
fore, an' I'll be constant to him to the
wurrld's end! There!"

"Very well!" said Dolly, contracting
her brows. "Keep still for a few
minutes—very still, mind!"

And Norah, shifting her weight from
one foot to the other, scarcely dared to
breathe, until at last Dolly flung aside
the pen and pushed back her chair,
reading out what she had composed
with all the grace of rhetorical effect.

"Will that do?" she asked.

And Norah, clasping her hands in de-
light, answered:

"Och, miss, an' book-print itself
couldn't be finer! An' if ye'll sign it
'Your own true love,' Mike 'll know
who it is, true and certain."

"There is mamma's bell!" said Dolly,
suddenly. "Run, Norah! We'll inclose
the letter in an envelope and post it
after dinner. There has been quite
enough time wasted in love-letter writ-
ing already."

And then she sat down, and fell into
a sort of half-conscious reverie.

"All the girls have lovers," she said,
to herself; "even poor Norah, who can
neither read nor write! They all have
lovers except me! Oh, I wonder—I
wonder how it would seem to have a
lover?"

And instinctively her thoughts
wandered off to Belton Bellew, the
handsome, pale-browed young artist,
whose studio was on the next street.

"Ah," she pondered, "he thinks of
nothing but his art! He has no time
to dream of love! And if he had I am
scarcely vain enough to fancy that he
would care for me!"

And Dolly Brooke cried a little, she
did not know why. But when she
came upstairs after dinner the love-
letter was gone.

Dolly looked around her with a fright-
ened face. The casement window was
open a little way to admit the March
sunshine, and she could only imagine
that the breeze had whirled the sheet
out of the window.

"Poor Norah!" thought Dolly. "She
shall not be disappointed!"

And so she sat down and wrote it all
over again as nearly as she could recol-
lect the impassioned phrases, inclosed
it in an envelope and directed it, cir-
cumstantially, to "Mr. Michael Mul-
lany, Blaney Hill, County Roscommon,
Ireland."

And then she herself carried it to
the post-box on the corner, directly
under the windows of Mr. Bellew's
studio. While Billy and Johnny in the
woodshed at the end of the garden were
giggling over the first copy of poor
Norah's effusion.

"We'll kill two birds with one
stone," said the precocious Billy, whose
rancor had been heightened by Dolly's
refusal to give him three helpings
of raspberry jam at dinner. "We'll
make an April fool of that Bellew fel-
low that comes prowling around to see
Dolly, and we'll play a game on her!"

And Johnny, sitting hugging his
knees on the floor, chuckled aloud at
the prospect.

The 1st of April dawned chill and
bleak and showery, like anything but
the bright precursor of spring, and Mr.
Bellew was just sitting to work on
"Maid Marian," when the postman
rapped loudly at the door, and a letter
directed in Johnny's schoolboy chiro-
graphy was handed in.

Bellew broke it open in some bewil-
derment, but his face lighted up when
he saw the well known writing within.
What! had he carried a scrap of Dolly's
writing—the mere formula for some
society game which they had played at
her house—around in his breast-pocket
for six weeks not to know it now?

"MY OWN SWEETHEART," it read, "I
am resolved at last to cast aside all false
pride, and confess how dear you are to
me. If it lowers me in your opinion, I
can but accept my lot in silence; but if
you will write to tell me that your heart
indeed responds—"

(Norah had especially exulted on this
particular expression, as being "just
exactly what she wanted Mike to under-
stand.")

"I shall be the happiest girl in
America. And so I sign myself,

"FOREVER YOUR OWN TRUE LOVE.

Which latter somewhat abrupt
fashion of ending had also been the re-
sult of Norah's fervent entreaty.

"He'll like it best, miss," she had
said—"he will, indeed."

Belton Bellew read the letter over
once, twice, three times.

"Am I dreaming?" he asked himself.

"The sweet darling—she has read my
secret soul! I must have worn my
heart on my sleeve, for daws to peck

at! Write, indeed! I will go to her
at once—this hour, this very second!"

And, leaving "Maid Marian" staring
at the uncertain sunshine with only one
side of her left eyebrow painted in,
Mr. Bellew rushed straight to the old
brown-brick house, where Dolly was
trimming her hyacinths, at the window,
in a bewitching little pink gingham
morning-dress, with black velvet bows
fastened on it here and there.

"Mr. Bellew!" she exclaimed, with
the prettiest surprise, as honest Norah,
with her face one broad smile, showed
him into the parlor.

"Dolly!" he exclaimed, breathlessly,
holding out both hands—"my own
darling!"

Dolly turned pink and then pale.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Bel-
lew," said she.

Mr. Bellew's countenance fell.

"Didn't you write this letter?" he
demanded, holding it out with a blank
expression of face.

"Yes," said Dolly, glancing over the
familiar words in extreme amazement.
"I wrote it. But—but I don't know
how it ever came into your hands!"

"You sent it to me!" said the artist.

"No, I didn't!" cried Dolly, bursting
into tears. "As if I could ever send
such a letter as that to any gentleman!
I—I don't know how you could think
so ill of me as that!"

"Dolly," faltered poor Belton Bel-
lew, "didn't you mean it? Don't you
really care for me?"

"Whether I meant it or not, don't
signify," sobbed Dolly, with her face
still hidden behind her pocket-hand-
kerchief.

"Oh, but it does!" said Mr. Bellew,
gently obtaining possession of one of
her hands. "Because, Dolly, I love you
dearly! And if you won't love me back
a very little I shall be wretched all my
life! I didn't think I ever should have
had courage to tell you this, darling,
but now I feel so brave that I am deter-
mined not to leave this place without a
definite answer."

How they settled it nobody ever
knew precisely, not even Billy, who had
his mischievous little ear glued against
the keyhole in gleeful anticipation of "a
jolly old row." But he scampered
down stairs, three steps at a time, to
where Johnny was labeling a lot of
"April Fools" for the decoration of
casual passers-by.

"Johnny," said he, "the thing hasn't
worked at all. She wasn't mad worth a
cent. He kissed her, as sure as you're
alive, and she kissed him back; and he
put a ring on her finger!"

"Puch!" said Johnny. "I've no pa-
tience with such trash! Look here,
Bill, I've printed fourteen of 'em—
don't you think that'll be enough?"

When Mr. Bellew went away, feeling
as if he were treading on air, Dolly
came into the wood-shed, where her
young brothers eyed her like convicted
criminals.

"Boys," said she, "I've found you
out. I saw Billy's writing on the out-
side of that letter which was mailed to
Mr. Bellew."

"It was only an April fool, anyhow!"
muttered Billy, turning very red.

"No fellow thinks anything of that!"
added Johnny.

"You did very wrong," said Miss
Brooke. "But you are two darlings—
and I love you ever so much!"

And she kissed and hugged both the
young reprobates and then ran away up
stairs, quite unaware that the artful
Johnny had succeeded in affixing a
large placard to the back of her
dress.

"Girls always are April fools when
they fall in love!" said that juvenile
misanthrope.

Nor was he altogether wrong; but
perhaps it was worth the obloquy of
the thing to be so very, very happy as
was Dolly Brooke.

Curious Currency.

The inhabitants of the Solomon
islands have a curious system of dec-
imal currency. A cocoanut seems to be
the unit. But the circulating medium
consists of strings of white and red
shell beads, dogs' teeth and porpoise
teeth. One string of white money is
equivalent to ten cocoanuts or one flat
stick of tobacco. Ten strings of white
money make one string of red money or
one dog's tooth; ten dogs' teeth make
one "isa" (or fifty porpoise teeth), and
ten isas are equivalent to one "good-
quality wife." So that a wife in good
society is worth ten thousand coco-
nuts.

Taxation Intensified.

The German customs officials have
contrived to double and treble the tax
on many kinds of provisions imported
by simply taxing the wrappers and labels
as essential parts of the consignment.
Thus cheese, enveloped in silvered or
tin foil wrappers, they now levy duty on
as silvered wares. American corned beef
in tins is taxed as fine iron wares. The
latest feat of ingenuity in this direction
is taxing Chinese liquors, essences, etc.,
which are contained in glass bottles
covered with Chinese letters and figures
on thin silk, as silk and satin.

Within the next four months it is pre-
dicted that 40,000 German emigrants
will sail from the single port of Bremen.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

General Newton will give Hell Gate
another hoist this summer, using dy-
namite enough to crumble eleven acres
of the obstructing rocks. It has cost
six years labor and \$2,616,000 to get
thus far in the work, and four years
more will be necessary to complete it.

Governor Jerome, of Michigan, has
given public recognition to the benevo-
lence of the country in relieving the fore-
most fire sufferers by issuing a card of
thanks. He says that "the need of in-
dividual assistance is now happily end-
ed. Contributions at the present time
have been equal to the earlier and most
pressing necessities, and the State has
made provision for the future."

Since the beginning of this century
wheat cultivation has made great ad-
vance in France. It occupies about
one-fourth the total of cultivated land,
and yields a crop valued annually at
over 2,000,000. Since 1829 the yield
has about doubled, and the progress
up to 1864 was steady. For 1871-5 the
average yield was further increased,
being 101,000,000, but for 1876-80 it
fell to 94,000,000.

There have recently been received at
the United State treasury in Washing-
ton, in the course of business, quite an
amount of counterfeit silver dollars.
The department is informed that there
are a large number of counterfeiters of
the coin in circulation, especially in the West.
The center of the counterfeiters seems,
from the reports received, to be Chicago,
and, as a rule, the counterfeiters are re-
ported to be very fairly executed.

The emigration officers at New York
expect that at least 500,000 emigrants
will land in that city during the present
year. There have never been so many
Italians coming to America as now.
Over 1,600 landed in one week, and
they report that their countrymen will
come in swarms this year. The Ger-
man element still predominates, and it
is noticeable that the better class of
Germans are now coming. The steam-
ship men say that they have not ships
enough to accommodate all who want to
come.

Governor Hawkins, of Tennessee,
thinks the prospects of the South as a
manufacturing section are very flatter-
ing, and he is especially enthusiastic
about his own State. About \$2,000,000
are now invested in Tennessee in cotton
factories, and they are in a prosperous
condition and paying large profits. In
1880 the capital invested in the manu-
facture of iron was \$3,684,776 and the
governor is confident this industry has
increased fully fifty per cent. since.
There is a deep interest in the iron in-
dustry in the State, and capital is being
put in it constantly.

Some of the facts given in the first
volume of the census are worth noting.
For instance, the total population of
the country is 50,155,783—an increase
of 30.08 per cent. since 1870. Of this
number 43,462,970 are white, 6,580,793
colored, 66,407 civilized Indians, 105,465
Chinese and 148 Japanese. Males num-
ber 25,518,820, and the females 24,636,
963. 43,475,840 are native and 6,679,943
foreign born. The total area in square
miles of the States and Territories, not
including Alaska's 577,390, is
3,025,000, about 800 less than the
census of 1870 stated. The total
area of settlement embraces 1,569,
579 square miles, against 1,272,239 in
1870. The average density of the popu-
lation in the settled area, thirty-two
persons to the square mile, has in-
creased by only two since 1870, not-
withstanding the great growth of popu-
lation. The center of population—
meaning by this the point at which
equilibrium would be reached if the
country were taken as a plain surface
and loaded with its inhabitants in num-
ber and position as they are found at
the present time—is in Kentucky, one
mile from the south bank of the Ohio
river and a mile and a half southeast of
Taylorsville.

A man who carries eccentricity to the
verge of dementia has just married off-
hand a chambermaid in a St. Louis
hotel where he was staying. The idea
of matrimony seems to have occurred
to him suddenly, and he took the first
chance of carrying it into effect. One
of the housemaids refused his advances,
but another, after once repulsing, ac-
cepted him. His dress and manner
were so strange that everybody thought
he must be crazy, and it was the
universal opinion that the girl was
bored. But when it was learned that
he bore the honest name of A. F.
Brackman, that he had hailed from
Nebraska, where he had accumulated a
fortune, and that he had bestowed
numerous costly gifts upon his bride,
opinions changed. He announced his
determination to be married on Wednes-
day last, and the bride was ready at 11
o'clock, at which hour he started in
search of a clergyman. As the day
passed and he did not return curiosity
deepened, and toward evening the con-
viction had become general that he had
backed out. But about midnight he re-

turned, without a clergyman. However,
a justice of the peace was secured, and
shortly afterward the ceremony was per-
formed in the hotel parlor in the pres-
ence of a crowd of spectators.

Catching Lobsters.

The traps are the principal part of the
lay-out in the lobster fishery, a captain
of a fishing smack said to a New York
reporter. They're like bird-cages, but
the lobsterman would rather see a dozen
lobsters in one of them than a dozen
canaries, I tell you. Each trap is about
four feet long by two feet wide and two
feet high. They are made of slats set
pretty wide apart, so the lobster can see
the nice bait inside. The bait is fixed
on a row of perpendicular hooks. The
lobsterman puts enough stones in the
trap to sink it, and fastens a piece of
linetoeit. At the other end of the line
is a piece of wood for a buoy to show
him where the trap is. If the line gets
loose, ten chances to one he loses his
trap. Both ends of the traps are made
of rope netting well tarred. The bait?
Well, cod's head is about as good as
anything. Cannons do very well and
are often soaked. Mister Lobster sails
up to the trap, looks between the
slats, and sees a nice cod's head
just waiting for him to eat
it. He can't get in between the slats,
so he takes a walk around the premises
looking for the front door. He soon
finds it, because it was put there for
him to find. In one of the rope net-
work ends a hole is left—a very pretty
hole, just large enough for the lobster
to go through in. He walks back-
ward, you know, and his claws slip
through without any trouble. When
he gets in he can't get out. That you
see, is the percentage in favor of the
game. If he knew enough he could
get out without any trouble. Finding
himself in a scrape he tries to walk out
forward, and he can't do it. If he
had sense enough to back out he would
be all right. He don't eat much of the
bait. If there are twenty lobsters in
a trap in the morning there isn't gener-
ally more of the bait gone than a piece
as big as your finger. Maybe they're
so scared it affects their appetites. A lob-
sterman has to have a hundred or a hun-
dred and fifty of these traps if he wants
to make a living. He drops them around
in a circuit that often covers several
miles, and visits them all every morn-
ing. In the winter time, when he has
to fish in deep water, the lobsterman
often runs a good many risks. But it's
very seldom you hear of a lobsterman
being drowned. He goes out with his
dory loaded with traps, for he has to
take them in frequently to bait them
and make the necessary repairs. If the
lobsters knew their own strength they'd
make short work of the rope ends of the
traps. But they don't. With his big
front claws he can crush a clam shell.
If you don't believe lobsters have any
strength just let one of them take hold
of your finger. He eats clams, mussels,
cannons, flounders and such fish. He
holds them in his claws, like a thumb
and finger, and then sucks away at
them till he gets what he wants.

Physical Degeneracy in Cities.

The best season of the year for esti-
mating the comparative health of city
residents and country people is the
early spring, for winter gives increase
of appetite and compels stout physical
resistance of low temperature. The
comparison is decidedly against city
life. Young and old, rich and poor, the
denizens of large cities appear to phys-
ical disadvantage beside rural residents
of equal intelligence. In the city there
are many luxuries that come to be re-
garded as necessities, exercise worth the
name is almost unknown, the atmos-
phere out of doors is far inferior, to
that twenty miles away, while indoors,
thanks to small rooms, small wall ex-
posure and imperfect plumbing the air
is generally unfit to breathe. City
people, as a rule, are far more care-
ful in their physical habits than country
people, but no attention to minor
details can compensate for lack of exer-
cise, pure air and the vigorous appetite
that insure sufficient physical repair.
City people may display rosier faces
and brighter eyes than their country
cousins, but consumptives, at a certain
stage of their malady, can outdo either.
The test of health is endurance, and,
judged by this, either mental or phys-
ical, the city man is the inferior of the
countryman. The rage for athletic
sports among city youth is good as far
as it goes, but it does not go far enugh:
of the members of boat clubs, ball clubs
and similar organizations about one in
ten do something, while the other nine
think it sufficient sport to thrust their
hands into their pockets and look on.
There are plenty ways of overcoming
most of the degenerating influences of
city life, but the fact that few people
avail themselves of them shows that
the city man does not even know what
good physical condition is.—New York
Herald.

Wooden shoes are worn in the West,

and enough of them are sold to keep a
large factory going at Green Bay.
They are cut out of green basswood,
and are then smoked and dried, and
sell for thirty-two cents a pair.

In the Lane.

They met in the lane by the pasture gate,
(A bird sang—sweetly a little bird sang).
She thought it was chance, but he knew it was
fate;
(On a swaying tree-top the bright bird sang)
"I have something to tell you," he gently said.
She blushed like a rose-leaf and bent her head,
While loudly the gay bird sang.

"Hark to the bird in the old oak tree!"
("I love my love," the wooing bird sang).
"Be bolder than I, let him speak for me.
("Now and forever," the brave bird sang).
"I hear his music, but, Roy, I fear
When the snow blows into the waning year,
He'll forget the song he sang!"

"Listen, love, to the hopeful bird!"
("Love me, I love thee," the fond bird sang),
"Only in spring time his voice is heard."
("I will be true," the bold bird sang)
"Trust me, my darling! I, too, will be true,
And my love shall make spring time the whole
year through!"
"True, true," the sweet bird sang.
—Helen Ervine Grigg.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A cooking club—The rolling pin.

A fowl in the hen-coop is worth two
in the baseball field.

There is, after all, only one real bone
of contention in the world, and that is
the jaw-bone.

It is getting toward the season for
discovering turtles with "G. W., 1776,"
cut on their shells.

It's the easiest thing in the world to
make a parrot become a bluebird. Take
his food away from him.

A wit being asked, on the failure of a
bank, "Were you not upset?" replied:
"No, I only lost my balance."

A correspondent refers to Oscar Wilde
as "a glucose disciple of the beautiful."
This is the severest blow glucose has
received yet.

Human nature, says a writer, is fond
of the mysterious. This explains why
the present generation tackles so kindly
to mince pie.

A correspondent wants to know where
the expression "Let up" comes from.
We believe it comes from the fellow
who isn't on top in the fight.

"It is strange," remarks an exchange,
"how much better a picture a photog-
rapher can take to hang in a showcase
than he can take for a customer."

A middle-sized boy, writing a com-
position on "Extremes," remarked that
"we should endeavor to avoid extremes,
especially those of wasps and bees."

"I think the goose has the advantage
of you," said a lady to an inept
boarder who was carving. "Guess it
has, mum—in age," was the withering
retort.

A priest once asked a condemned
criminal in a Paris jail: "What kind of a
conscience have you?" "It's as good
as new," replied the prisoner; "for I
have never used it."

Brownson—"Well, I always make it
a rule to tell my wife everything that
happens." Smithkins—"Oh, my dear
fellow, that's nothing. I tell my wife
lots of things that never happened at
all."

A fashion writer says: "A rather
novel shade in bonnets has a tall,
steep-like projection rising above the
wearer's head." To preserve the unities,
a steep-like projection which begins
in vanity should end in vane.

We notice an article extensively
copied describing certain lecturers who
are afraid of their audiences. But no
genuine sympathy appears to be shown
toward the many weary, tortured audi-
ences who are afraid of their lecturers.

Conjugal amenities: "Do you know
in what month of the year my wife talks
the least?" "Well, I suppose when she
catches cold and loses her voice." "Not
at all. It is in February." "Why is
that?" "Because February has the
fewest days."

Putting young hopeful through an
oral examination in botany: "Where
do the apples come from?" "The apple
tree." "And the pears?" "From the
pear tree." "And the figs?" "From
the fig tree." "And the dates?" "From
the almanac."

A contemporary asks: "How shall
women carry their purses to frustrate
the thieves?" Why, carry them empty.
Nothing frustrates a thief more than to
snatch a woman's purse, after following
her half a mile, and then find that it
contains nothing but a recipe for speed
peaches and a faded photograph of her
grandmother.

Miss Carpenter was a teacher in a
school, and John Davis was her "worst
boy." One day she said to him: "Davis,
if you do not behave yourself, I will
box your ears!" "You're a carpenter,"
said Davis, sanctily, "and you might
hammer me, but it's plain you couldn't
box my ears!" She did box his ears,
though!

A Chinese Lover.

They were seated on the sofa where
they had been for four long hours.

"Angustus, do you know why you re-
mind me of the Chinese?"

"No, dearest; why?"

"Because you won't go."

The meeting then adjourned sine die.