A LOVE GLEAM.

"Ah, there's a friend of mine, who is generally in love. Only last week he was engaged to a young lady, and he showed me her picture, looking as if she had stepped good natured out of a band box. Himself, short coat, tremendous watch guard, and all that sort of thing, without even buttons, and all that sort of thing. Well, ordinary boy that he is, with Chesterfield's Letters and Lord Byron's Poems, he has actually been over head and ears in love with Cleopatra Shakspeare. Her fatal glances have pierced through and through; and, like Cupid himself, he has shot his arrows in every direction, because they could do, make his form and face look like Adonis. He changed his tailor, because he could do, make his form and face look like Adonis. He changed his tailor, because he could do, make his form and face look like Adonis. He changed his tailor, because he