



hat which looked all the more shabby from contrast with the rich curtain against which it hung. In the other he held the round, white hand of a girl who was looking into his eyes. There were two pairs of eyes peering straight into each other. The girl was speaking.

"Yes, m'm." "Not even if it is addressed to her." The servant was about to withdraw.

"I'm not to correspond with you or hear from you, ever, ever, ever." The last three words were spoken in despair, with a crescendo intonation.

"I expect it is a waiting," said Jane. The mistress did not reply. The writing somewhat resembled that of a Mr. Flint, an elderly suitor for Miss Kitty's hand, and one who would be decidedly acceptable to her mother.

"I can't figure it any other than the true way, Mr. Lester," he said, flushing up.

"That's pretty likely," observed Kitty to herself. "If the trees are covered with ice, there can't very well be leaves on the shrubs. I think that's from Mr. Flint. He scribbles, I know."

"I can't bear it," she said to herself mournfully, as he disappeared from her sight.

"That's very nice. It's much better than talking about 'gore.' But I can't look on him when he isn't here."

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least one text. I have applied such a test with a satisfactory result.

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get a great big salary, would you consent to have me marry him?"

"I manage this company," replied the president sentimentally.

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F. A. MITCHELL.

St. Valentine's in 1754. A forward young man in this year, or thereabouts, contributed a series of essays, and in one of them she thus refers to St. Valentine's day: "Last Friday was Valentine's day, and the night before I got five bay leaves and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow and the fifth to the middle, and then if I dreamed of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lover's names upon bits of paper and rolled them up in clay and put them into water, and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house, for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

To the Professional Humorist. When the billy goat and plumber, the loeman, tramp and drummer, kerosene, small boy and dynamite, ice cream and soda water, "I'll be a sister, daughter and the mother-in-law" have faded out of sight; When there is an embargo on all jokes from Chicago; when the car stove and all other jokes are fine Have been duly relegated to the past, let it be stated, that I'll still remain your constant valentine. THE SPRING FURY.



A Quondary.