

Artemus Ward—His Courtship.

"Twas a calm, still night in joon. All natur was hushst, and nary zeffe disturbed the screen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fence of her father's pastur. We'd been romping threw the woods, kullin flours and driving the woodchuck from his Native Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall, we sot thar on the fence, a-swinging our feet to and fro, blushing as red as the Baldwinville skool-house when it was first painted, and looking very simple, I make no dout. My left arm was ockepied in balansin myself on the fense, while my rite was wounded lavishly round her waste. I cleared my throat, and tremblingly said, "Betsey you're a Gazelle." I thought that air was putty fine. I wanted to see what effect it would have upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed,, "You're a sheep!" Sez I, "Betsie. I think very muchly of you." "I don't b'leeve a word you say—so there now tum!" With which observashum she hitched away from me. "I wish thar was winders to my sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelings. There's fire enuff in here," sed I, striking my buzzam with my fist, "to bile all the corned beef and turnips in the n'borhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstance!" She bowed her hed down and commenst chawing the strings of her sun-bonnet. "Ah, could you know the sleepis nites I worry threw on your accout, how vitals has seized to be attractive to me, and how my limbs has shrunked up, you wouldn't dout me. Gaze on this wastin' form and these 'ere sunken cheeks—" I shoubd have continered on this strane probly for some time, but I unfortnitly lost my balinse and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearing my close, and severely damagin' myself gin-crally. Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time, and dragged me 4th. Then drawing herself up to her full hite, she sed: "I won't listen to your non-cents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin' at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'm in!" I considered that air enuff for all practical purpusses, and we proceeded immejitely to the prison's and was made I that very nite.

"How I pity the poor such a night as this," said Blande, as he sat in his comfortable apartment. "Then, why asked Bluff, "don't you put on your coat and go out and see if yon cannot render assistance to some of them?" "Ah?" replied Blande, "then I wouldn't be so cmfortable as I am now, and I might forget the poor and begin to pity myself. That would b selfish you know."

"They were sittidg on the stoop, and as he patted her little cheek, he asked, "Carabal, why is it that your cheeks are so warm?" "I havn't had any ice cream this evening." And then they both looked out on the lake and watched the play of the pale moon on the silent waters.

A DENTIST'S STORY.—This is the tale of a dentist. It shows that tooth carpenters sometimes have a kalsomine sort of romance in connection with their cruel forceps:

A young man and woman came into my office the other day. Each wanted a tooth pulled. Every tooth in each head was sound and even.

"Which one?"
"A front one," said the gent.
"I expostulated,"
"I want it out," he persisted, and I yanked out a very fine incisor.

"Now take out the same sort of tooth for me," said the girl.

"I did it and then to my surprise, got an order to make each tooth up with a gold plate. So today the young man is wearing the girls tooth in his jaw and she is wearing his. He was going away for a year, and she wanted a novel way of remembering him. She will take that tooth out every day and she won't have a cause to forget its former owner unless it drops out and chokes her to death.

"I do not believe in this nonsense about Friday being an unlucky day," said Mrs. Minks. "Don't you my dear?" replied Minks who was a trifle out of humor. "I believe in it though. Friday you will remember was the day I was foolish enough to ask you to marry me." "Ah, yes," Mrs. Minks responded, "so it was, and I was foolish enough to accept you. Pes, Friday is an unlucky day."

A Healthy Fruit.—A lazy dyspeptic was bewailing his misfortunes, and speaking with a friend on the latters hearty appearance. "What do you do to make you look so healthy and strong?" inquired the dyspeptic. "Live on fruit alone," answered his friend. "What kind of fruit?" "The fruit of industry, and I never trouble with indigestions."

"Is it correct to say I have went?" "I don't know. Why I thought you graduated from a university?" "So I did, but we had anything to do with the English language. I hear that it admits of great possibilities."

"John," asked the doctor of the apothecarie's boy "did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I gess so," replied John, "I saw crape on the doorknob this morning."

"No, Laura, no. They do not open the campaign with a can-opener. They do it with a cork-screw." How little, alas! do women know about politics.

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