

anderenfalls werde ich mich gezwungen sehen dir Krieg zu erklären und als Waffen würde ich die alten Smith'schen, deutschen und französischen Principia, die alten Tintenfassern, die Blöcke des Frauleins K. H. . . . und die Vasen mit den verfallenden Blumen, vorschlagen.

Doch hoffe ich, es wird nötig sein zu diesen Aeusserlichkeiten zu gehen, da wir die Sache durch Schiedsgericht entscheiden können und zwar einen Tag da Herr R. J. W. . . . oder das Bau-Comité keine Erkältung hat.

Dein ergebener Freund,

WOHLGERUCH.

BIEN CHER CAMARADE ALLEMAND.

Avec la politesse qui distingue les Français, je m'étais gardé de vous accuser de corrompre l'air de la Chambre No. 7, bien que vous y soyez, le lundi et le mercredi, avant mes camarades des classes de français et avant moi. J'ai remarqué que les odeurs qui émanent, je ne sais d'où, ne sont pas de l'eau de Cologne ou de la "Peau d'Espagne"; mais je me suis abstenu de publier que cela pourrait bien être dû aux pipes allemandes à la bière allemande, au poisson allemand, à la choucroute allemande dont vos ancêtres étaient si friands.

J'ai fait une investigation et voici ce que j'ai découvert — Un chimiste distingué, qui a ses bureaux au-dessus de nous, a contresigné et approuvé le résultat de mes recherches :

Au No. 7, nous respirons sur cent parties—

1. Acide urique.....	40
2. Emanations de résidu fécaux.....	40
3. Carbonate de chaux.....	10
4. Salpêtre.....	10

Total.....100

Air pur : tant que vous voulez en mettant la tête hors la fenêtre.

Comme vous le dites fort bien, il est regrettable que ces messieurs qui ont mission de voir à notre santé, aient toujours le rhume quand on leur fait inspecter le No. 7. Mais, patients, une bonne fièvre typhoïde viendra peut-être bientôt nous donner raison, on nous enlevera la faculté de souffrir on la leur enlevera à eux.

C'est ce que je vous souhaite de tout mon cœur,

BEL AIR.

MISS CHALK MAKES HER MARK.

"I can make marks all over the board, and you can't," said the Chalk with a sneer.

"But I can rub out all the marks you can make," retorted the Black-board-brush.

"Yes," said the Chalk, patronizingly, "you are the drudge of the school-room. You are my servant. I make anything I please, and you clear it up."

"Well," said the Black-board-brush, peevishly, "it isn't my fault that I am what I am, nor anything to your credit that you are what you are. Man made us both."

"Mar. must have liked me best, then," said the Chalk, "for he made me ornamental as well as useful. I have a white face and a clean hand. How could beautiful chalk-figures and handsome pictures be made without me?"

"H'm," said the Brush; "but how charming would your chalk-pictures be, I'd like to know, if I didn't clean the board for you the whole time?"

"Ah! It's a good thing I'm in the world," said the Chalk, virtuously, "for if I were not, you'd be a nice, lazy thing."

"So would you if a human hand didn't guide you," said the Black-board-brush, learnedly, "so don't crow."

Time passed on. The summer holidays arrived, and Miss Chalk and Mr. Black-board-brush occupied the top of the book-case, together with some members of the aristocracy, such as the pencils, rubber and drawing book.

"Now, then," said the Chalk, who could never keep still, "what good are you? There's nothing in the world for you to rub out."

"Pat," said the Brush insolently. "You're no good, either, for you haven't made a mark for three weeks." "But I could if anyone were here to guide me," nonchalantly replied the Chalk.

"And I could rub out if you'd make marks for me," said the Brush; "so we're about even."

Now Bridget, passing by, jerked the book-case accidentally, and off flew the Chalk on the floor.

"Fell down, didn't you," said the Black-board-brush, tauntingly.

"Not at all," said the Chalk, airily. "I took lessons in gymnastics last winter. I was in a girl's pocket, and every time she jumped, so did I. I thought I'd jump a little now for practice."

"Why don't you jump up again?" said the Brush, insinuatingly.

"I don't want to. High altitudes don't agree with me. We are fearfully and wonderfully made (see 1st Book of Teacherisms, III Chapter, 5th verse). Anyone can see by my complexion that I'm delicate," said the Chalk, sweetly. "But suppose you come down."

"Thank you," said the Brush, cuttingly, "but I don't care to lower myself."

"That's because you are so lumbering that you couldn't jump if you would," said the Chalk, tartly.

"Perhaps," said the Brush. "But anyway, if I fell down I wouldn't pretend I jumped."

"O well;" remarked Miss Chalk, contentedly, "what does it matter whether I fell or jumped, so long as I'm not broken."

"Lucky for you you're not," answered the Brush, scornfully. "But everybody knows you're cracked."

"And everybody knows you're a block-head," politely replied the Chalk.

There was a silence, and then the Brush said, in a deep voice, from the top of the book-case: "I'm glad I'm in a position to look down upon you."

"It's only your position brought about by chance that makes you look as if you could," squeaked back the Chalk.

"Now, I'm staring right straight into your face, but I'm sure I don't truly look up to you."

There was another pause. The Brush yawned. "A-h-a-h."

"Did you speak?" enquired the Chalk. No answer.

"What did you say?" persisted the Chalk.

"Nothing," said the Black-board-brush.

"That's what you generally say," said the Chalk. "I have never heard you say more than that, often as you talk."

"I couldn't very well say less," said the Brush, with languid scorn.

"I don't want you to say less, said the Chalk, obligingly. "Just say nothing, without making any noise about it, and I'll be perfectly satisfied."

"Cease your foolish talk," said the Brush, tartly.

"Fo-oo-fish!" said the Chalk, and rolled over in a fit of laughter at the bare idea. "Why, I have done Latin