

father-in-law, a fact which we subsequently came in possession of. Evidently the fears excited in the old gentleman by the alarm that was raised were much easier subsided than were the doubts that yet lingered in his mind as to the correctness of the statement that nothing unusual had taken place in our vicinity.

As we were gaily tripping down the gangway leading from the steamer to the landing, our gaze was met by about ninety-five feet of four hundred and forty-seven line pica on a neighboring coal yard fence. It was an announcement that the Punch and Judy Minstrels were coming. At this moment a recollection came to us which saturated our entire being with a feeling of gladness, to be compared only with that which seizes a schoolboy when, having dismantled the wax works, he unseals and opens his sleepy eyes to find that Saturday morning has come once more. It was the recollection that a few days previously we had been presented with a pair of complimentaries by the Punch and Judy advance agent, which donation was going to enable us to take our Susie darling to the show without running more than the usual risk of having to ask at the end of the week anything in the way of an extension of time from our unaccommodating old landlady. With a smile that was both becoming and bewitching, Sue thanked us for our very kind invitation, stating at the same time that she had something of an aversion to shows of the lower order, but would gladly favor this one with her attendance for the sake of existing an hour or two in the company of a distinguished personage, the influence of whose mind of minds could not be otherwise than highly beneficial to those smaller ones over which it should happen to be exercised.

When the last echoes of Sue's little piece of eloquence had died away we made the discovery that our defective memory in the matter of dates had once more betrayed us, for we could not with any degree of satisfaction discern through the medium of our recollecting apparatus whether Punch and Judy were billed to commence operations that night, the following night, or the night following the following night. At all events, we presumed the Punch and Judy season would, in all likelihood, extend itself over something more than a single evening, and that, after having selected the one most suitable to our convenience, it would be a very easy matter to make an engagement with our fair friend

for that evening. Accordingly, we proposed that we should inquire into the state of affairs, and perfect arrangements through the agency of the letter-carrier. Sue stamped our proposition with her approval, and as we were now at the garden gate, the hour being somewhat late, we bid our darling Sue an affectionate adieu and vamoosed.

Kidnapping the earliest opportunity that we could lay our hands on to acquaint ourselves with the night, hour and exhibition grounds that were going to bring forth the Punch and Judy family, we invested a small amount of Canadian currency in a Bessemer steel pen and a platform postal card, upon which we consigned to our "truly truly" a full cargo of phonographic spider legs. Our open air epistle did not number a mighty multitude of words, but the sentences were short, sweet and plentiful, each of which were partitioned off by a very neatly executed cross period. The total number of these little crosses summed up something in the neighborhood of forty-two, and disheveled all the trouble on the old man's brow.

For a whole day after the picnic excursion had taken place, the old man showed signs of being very much exercised over the suspicion awakened in his bosom—a suspicion that his darling Susana was in the habit of participating in those awfully naughty kissing games. He had never been an eye-witness to any such "demoralizing performances," but the music of the whirlpool still lingered in his ears. He had made up his mind to lay low and wait for the development of something stronger than anything that bordered upon mere circumstantial evidence before introducing a civil war into his family circle, and it was when he responded on the morning of the second day to the postman's knock at the hall door and relieved him of a bundle of letters and papers that he came into possession of what he considered convicting material of the black and white order. It was our postal card of many sentences and miniature crosses, and the crosses were what old Monsieur Paterfamilias took for labial imprints of the post office species.

What this case of mistaken identity brought forth within the walls of the venerable snoozer's clapboard castle we are not prepared to say, but we do know all about what it brought forth within the walls of our navy blue English walk-