

MAILING A LETTER.

SOME people can mail a letter with aplomb, suavity and satisfaction, while others go about it with an intimidated air of hesitancy painful to behold.

A fair damsel enters the village post-office with a sealed missive in her gloved hand. She proceeds in the following manner, providing the fellow behind the pigeon-hole be young and tender:—

"Good morning, George."

"Why, Sadie, is that you? How are you this beautiful morning?"

"Quite nicely, thank you, George. Did the camp girls have a large crowd at their moonlight picnic last evening?"

"A fair—look out there, young fellow, or the turtle in the globe will snap your nose off—crowd. But I did n't see—no; nothing for the Brown's—you there."

"Hattie Camp and I never speak now as we pass by."

"Why, I'm surprised to hear—come when the post-master is in if you want a money-order—that, Sadie. Your bosom—keep that dog's paws off the window-sill, young man—friend. Almy Tompkins was there, and—here, boy, here's your letter—she looked lovely. But she uses too much—yes, your letter will be in time for the next train—powder."

"Do you think Almy is pretty, George?"

"Well, she might be prettier; but you see—stick your own stamp, sir—her father is rich and—don't forget your change, sir—that has much to do with—here, you great big duffer, that clock was n't made to aim quids at—a lady's personal attractions."

"Did the Camp girls sing?"

"Beautifully. They are the best—boys keep out of those ink-wells—singers in town, with one exception."

Sadie blushed a deep red, and her heart bobbed up and down as George beamed upon her through the pigeon-hole.

"Why, wh—what do you mean, George?" she asked. She knew what he meant, but she could not resist the temptation to hear it from his own lips.

"How can you ask, Sadie? You sing 'Over—quit rapping upon that box, boy—the Garden Wall' and—well, here's your letter, boy—'White Wings.' By the way, I'd like to call to-night and—say, you fellow in a rubber-coat, keep your letters out of that contribution-box—have one of those dear, delightful chats. May I?"

A greased-head and seven or eight inches of freckled neck emerged from the pigeon-hole.

"Yes; do come, George. I shall be ever so pleased to hear Hattie Camp sputter about it. She is real hateful and jealous, too."

"Never mind what she says, Sadie. You and I don't mind if—no, sir; you can't send any corn-salve through the mail—she does talk. By the way, have you got anything good to eat—if you will remove the gas from that rubber concern, and throttle the escape-valve, you may send it by mail, my young man—up to your house?"

"Mother made a big jar of fried-cakes, and a dozen pumpkin-pies; and I baked some lovely angel-food cakes."

"Then I'll surely come. Ta, ta!"

The greasy head and freckled neck withdrew, and Sadie went away with a soul as light as a feather. The little birds seemed to sing sweeter, and there was more gold in the sunshine. She walked home in the heat and dust, two miles.

When she commenced to remove her gloves, the letter confronted her. She had forgotten to mail it. She reproached her wretched memory, and hired her little brother Sammy, for five cents, to run down to the village post-office with the letter. Sammy went in swimming, and also went fishing, and—when the letter was finally mailed, five days had passed.—Puck.

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