



HE WAS CORRECT.

Irate Husband.—You've been going through my pockets again, and you've taken that five dollar bill! Now, I won't have it!!
Tantalizing wife.—No, that's so; you won't.

HE—SHE—IT.

A "Story" of Adventure—Rather!

BY RIDE HIM HAGGARD.

CHAP. VI.

LOVE AND FEASTING.

"OH! my darling, beautiful, exquisite Kallikrates," said He—She—It, "whom I have waited for for 2,000 years; come and embrace me. Give me a kiss. Another once again. That's lively! Now let me kiss you, dear." Leo looked shy, but was not the man to run away from this beautiful being. "I must have a tea-party to-night, love, for you and your friends. Go and amuse yourselves now and appear in full dress at 8 o'clock, sharp." We went.

The Guards Band was playing Dream Faces waltz when we arrived. The Amen niggers were busy lighting up. They carried old mummies from the tombs—stuck them up in the ground, and, striking an Eddy's telephone match, lighted the heads. They burned better than the Edison incandescent, and the supply was inexhaustible. Had lively dances with the Amen-niggers. Wanted to hot-pot us and eat us, but we declined. Were just about to transfix us with spears when He—She—It—is the *Thing which must not be further Declined*, came to our rescue and blasted them off the face of the earth.

Thus ended the feast.

CHAP. VII.

LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

"Kallikrates, Kallikrates, my darling, we must wed, but you're not fit to mate with me. You must first get perpetual youth. To-morrow we start for the little liver pill factory in the mountains. When you have eaten, you will be all right."

• We started with palanquins. Travelled 5,000 miles in two days. Climbed a mountain 100,000 ft. high. Slid down a hole in the top 20,000,000 miles into the centre of the earth. Feris sweeping all round through a huge cavern boiling caldrons of decoction of little liver pills. "Here we are boys," said He—She—It. "You must get into that caldron and swim about—You will then be young and beautiful for ever. Drink plenty of the fluid." "Go first yourself and see how you like it," re-

torted Leo. "Nay, my beautiful Kallikrates, wouldn't see me swim. Thy wish is granted."

She unveiled, disrobed, took a header into the caldron and swam about most gracefully, drinking in plenty of little liver pill syrup.

CHAP. VIII.

THE END OF ETERNAL YOUTH.

She jumped out of the caldron and approached us. What a change! Hair dropped off—Skin shrivelled up. The two thousand year old beauty became a little old mummy in two minutes. She shrieked a shriek which echoed through the vast abyss and then fell down dead.

Moral: one or two little liver pills are very good, but don't repeat the dose too often.

CHAP. IX.

WE ESCAPE.

We climbed up the hole 20,000,000 miles. Rushed down the mountain. Found Billy and the bearers. He said, "Where is He—She—It, or 'the Thing which must not be further Declined?'" Replied "expired!" He said "flee!" We fled. Caught two lions and rode them in a bee line to the coast. Time 2.40. Distance 1,000 miles. Took ship and sailed home to Canada, and found ourselves settled in our snug quarters at University College. Thus ended our daring adventure.

THE END.

THE THEATRE FREE-PASS FIEND.

THE Editor of the *Telegraphic World* and I are old friends—very good friends indeed. We two 'ran about the bras and paided in the burn,' (what ever that means) many a jolly evening together, and didn't go home till morning either. You bet! and no matter how busy Mac would be he liked to have the lounge around the sanctum. Never thought of knocking at the door, just walked in and slapped him around with all the abandon of old acquaintance. But I was pulled up last Saturday forenoon. Indeed, I haven't got over it yet. You see, I wanted to get a pass for the Opera, and Mac, like the good fellow he is, generally provides me with these handy autographic scraps of paper. So I started up-stairs through the office, and seizing the door knob I applied my knee to the panel as usual, but to my surprise it didn't budge. The door was shut and locked, and on the outside close to my nose was this legend tacked on to the door—in large caps, too,—

GONE OUT.

I was so stunned I could only stare at the card, when a small Diabolos with a handful of copy, nudged me as he passed, and with the leer of a demon enquired softly if I ever got left. I cannot account for the phenomenon, but I observe that wherever there is an embarrassing situation, there also is the small boy taking audible notes. For answer I turned my eyeglass full upon him, when he vanished into the lower regions.

"Ah—wh—where is the Editor?" I turned to enquire of the clerk. That cad merely took his pen from behind his ear and pointed to the legend on the door.

"But, ah, that explains nothing," I cried indignantly. "Where's Mac? When do you expect him back?"

"He ain't coming back!"

"What!" I shouted, staggering back as I thought of the rich Miss Cowboyhat, whom I had asked to go to the Opera that night. "What! do you actually mean to say that Mac has levanted without leaving me a pass for the Opera?"