

be witty and funny. Then carefully unwrapping me she proceeded to read.

Looking up presently, as no audible comments were forthcoming, my Parent was struck by the utterly hopeless attitude of her Guest. With hands meekly folded she sat, gazing intently, utter dejection written upon her features.

“What is the matter? You are not well?” my dear Parent inquired.

“Oh yes, I am; but—but why do you waste your time upon such rubbish?”

To this day I have not been again exposed to her sacrilegious gaze.

Now, with this brief apology I come, not as a literary production, not as a book that will make you wiser, but only as a sketch, full of fun. To make hearts merrier, to call forth hearty laughs, is my sole mission, and if I fulfil my purpose, judge me not harshly—I am very young.