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at shirt he e shirt three hile it was strike ten. e saw Mrs. of her neck-

"Where's my shirt-studs?" he cried.

Mrs. Man went out into another room and presently came back with gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Man emptying all the boxes he could find in and about the bureau. Then she said:

"In the shirt you just took off."

Mrs. Man put on her gloves while Mr. Man hunted up and down the room for his cuff buttons.

"Eleanor," he snarled at last, "I believe you must know where those buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady, setting her hat, "didn't you lay them down on the winnow-sill in the sitting-room last night?"

Mr. Man remembered, and he went downstairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots, and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs, with neatness and despatch, attended in the transmission with more bumps than he could count with a Webb's adder, and landing with a bang like the Hellgate explosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Algernon?" asked the wife of his family sweetly, leaning over the balusters.

The unhappy man groaned. "Can't you throw me down that other boot?" he asked.

Mrs. Man pityingly kicked it down to him.

"My valise?" he inquired, as he tugged away at the boot.

"Up in your dressing room," she answered.

"Packed?"

"I do not know; unless you packed it yours-elf, probably not," she replied, with her hand on the door-knob; I had barely time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate when the door opened, and he shouted:

"Where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? It has all my money in it!"

"You threw it on the hat rack," she called back; "good-bye dear."

Before she got to the corner of the street she was hailed again.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Man! Did you wear off my coat?"

She paused and turned after signalling the street car to stop, and cried,

"You threw it in the silver closet."

And the street car engulfed her graceful figure and she was seen no more. But the neighbours say that they heard Mr. Man charging up and down the house, rushing out at the front door every now and then, and shrieking up the deserted streets after the unconscious Mrs. Man, to know where his hat was, and where she put the valise key, and if she had any clean socks and undershirts, and that there wasn't a linen collar

in the house. And when he went away at last, he left the kitchen door, side door and front door, all the down-stair windows and the front gate wide open. And the loungers around the depot were somewhat amused just as the train was pulling out of sight down in the yards, to see a flushed, perspiring man, with his hat on sideways, his vest buttoned too buttons too high, his cuffs unbuttoned and neck-tie flying and his grip-sack flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, and a door key in his hand, dash wildly across the platform and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wrathful mortification, at the departing train, and shaking his trembling fist at a pretty woman, who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.

Driving the Cow.

Mr. Forbes is a nervous man, and it is not surprising that when Mrs. Forbes told him the cow had got out at the front gate, he was so startled and annoyed that he made some disjointed allusions to the scene of General Newton's dynamite explosions. When he went out the cow was standing very quietly in the street, just in front of the gate, chewing her cud, best navy, and looking as though she were trying to think of something mean to say. Mr. Forbes got around in front of her, raised both his hands above his head, and, extending his arms, waved them slowly up and down, at the same time ejaculating, "Shoo! shoo there, I say! Shoo! Shoo! The cow turned her end over to the other side, and gazed at the apparition in some astonishment, and then began to back away and manœuvre to get around it. It is a remarkable fact, which we have never heard Prof. Huxley explain, that a cow is perfectly willing to go in any direction save the one in which you attempt to drive her. When the cow began to back, Mr. Forbes slowed up with his arms and assumed a more coaxing tone. When the cow started to make a flank movement off to the right, Mr. Forbes kept in front of her by sidling across in the same direction, at the same time raising his voice and accelerating the movement of his arms. When the cow made several cautious diversions and reconnoissances this way and that, Mr. Forbes was compelled to keep up a kind of Chinese cotillon, dancing to and fro across the road, keeping time with his shuffling feet and waving hands, and the children on their way to school gathered in little groups on the sidewalk and viewed the spectacle with great interest, alternately cheering the cow and encouraging Mr. Forbes, as one side or the other would gain a little advantage. When the cow would make a short, de-