

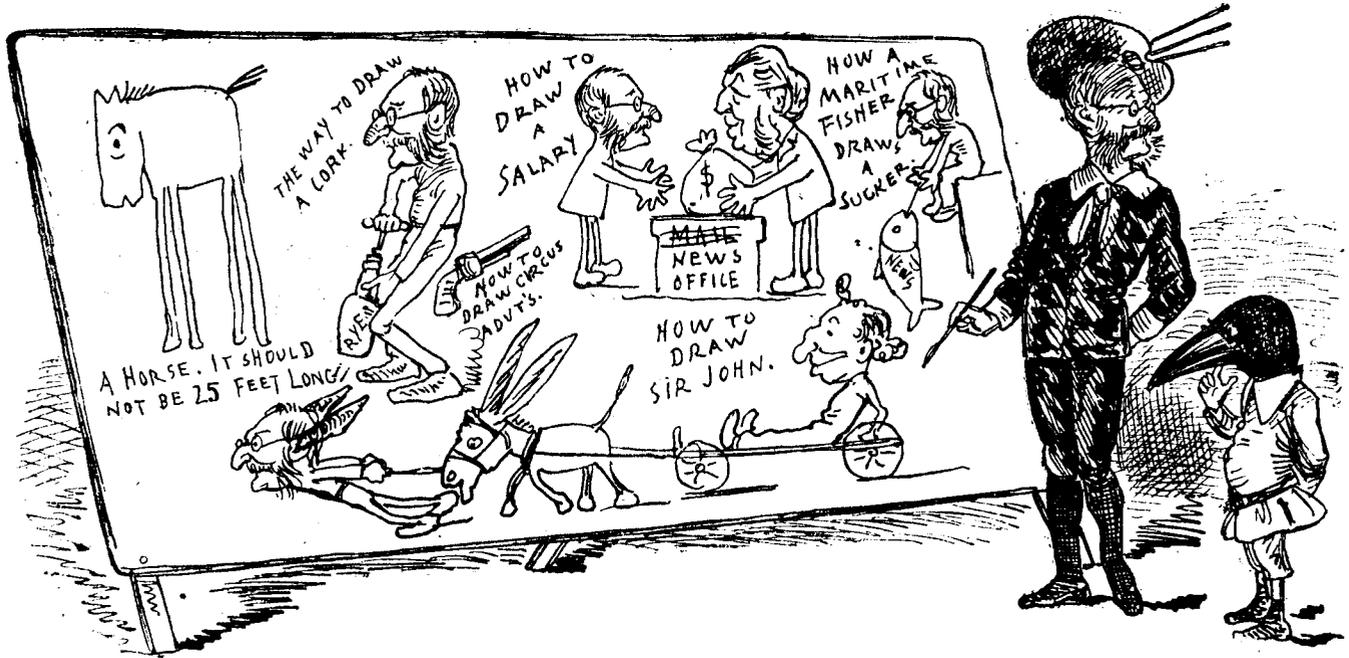
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MR. BUNTING'S YOUNG MAN GIVING 'GRIP' SOME LESSONS IN DRAWING.

CHAP. VI.

"Algy, Algy," came the soft lute-like notes of Clothilde's voice. "My ownest own," he replied, "What is it?" "Algy, my feet are so cold." Algernon pulled off his coat. It was wet, but warm. He passed it to her with his teeth, saying, "Put them into the arm holes of this." She endeavored to do so. Alas! She was a Hamilton girl and could not get them in. "I must die with cold feet," she gurgled. "Tis well that I discovered that you were subject to them ere we became one," replied the despairing Algernon. She had given herself away before old man Von Shaughnessy had a chance to do so. Ah! miserie!

CHAP. VII.

All night they clung to the overturned boat. The morning sun rose in all his gorgeous primary-colored glory. The soft morning breeze whispered along the placid lake. Polliwogs and catfish sported round the drowning lovers, but no help arrived. "Algy" she murmured, "I am very wet." "Oh! dry up," responded the brute, who was now displaying his true nature. Night fell, and still they clung to their frail support.

CHAP. VIII.

Midnight once more—also moonlight. No succour had reached the unhappy pair. They had shared their last chocolate cream, and Death stared them in the face. The boat still lay where she had upset. No nearer the shore, no further away. "I can hold on no longer," said Clothilde, "let us die together. Come," and she clasped her arms round Algernon's neck. His nerveless hands refused to support the additional burden, and they slid off together. Bump! Their feet touched bottom at a depth of 2 feet 11 inches. "Oh! hang it," yelled Algy, "let us wade ashore." With crestfallen heads they did so. But Clothilde's admission about those cold feet was not lost on Algernon, and they never married. Thus it is that in our moments of peril some unguarded remark may fall from us which will prove our ruin.

SWIZ.

JOTTINGS.

A lone man.—A pawnbroker.  
A goldsmith, like a gardener, attends to his carats.

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What kind of a bridge resembles the House of Lords? One that has piers.

Wandering Willie is not an Italian, though he be a roamin' youth.

TOMMY.—"Oh, gran'ma, what do you think? Mr. Jones has got a brass band—" Grandma.—"What extravagance! What a sinful waste of the money his parents so carefully made! A brass band just to entertain him with its music! Well, he'll soon come to beggary." TOMMY.—"Oh, gran'ma! you didn't give me time. I was going to say that the brass band goes over his horse's forehead. It's at the top of the bridle. He, he, he. (Tommy runs to escape a slap from said relation.)"

**The Spirometer.**

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