

and spread the paper out before him, covering up the editorial manuscript. "My keen vision and delicate sense of accuracy," he said, "are the greatest crosses of my life. Things that you never see are mountains in my sight. Now here, you see, is a —". The spring clicked softly, like an echo to the impatient movement of the editor's foot, the nail-grab took hold like a bulldog helping a Burlington tronbadour over the garden fence, the chair shot back through the window like a meteor, and the window came down with a slam that sounded like a wooden giant getting off the shortest bit profanity known to man; and all was silent again. Mr. Flaxeter sat very close to the frosted window, staring blankly at the clouded glass, seeing nothing that could offer any explanation of what he would have firmly believed was a land slide, had he not heard the editor, safe in his guarded den, softly whistling, "We shall meet but we shall miss him."

Then there was a brief interval of quiet in the sanctum, and a rustling of raiment was heard on the stairs. A lovely woman entered, and stood unawed in the editorial presence. The E. P., on his part, was rather nervous and uncomfortable. The lovely woman seated herself in the fatal chair. She slapped her little gripsack on the table, and opened her little subscription book. She said: "I am soliciting cash contributions—strictly, exclusively, and peremptorily cash contributions—to pay off the church debt, and buy an organ for the Mission Church of the Forlorn Strangers, and I expect——." There are times when occasion demands great effort. The editor bowed his head, and, after one brief spasm of remorse, felt for the secret spring. The window went up like a charm; the reckless nail-grab hung back for a second, as if held by a feeling of innate delicacy, and then it shut its eyes and smothered its pity, and reached up and took a death-like hold on a roll of able and influential newspapers, and a network of string and tape, and the cavalcade backed out into the news-room with colours flying. The chair stopped just before the familiar spirit who was washing the forms; and, as the lovely woman gazed at the inky face, she shrieked: "Merciful heavens, where, where am I?" and was borne down the gloomy stairway unconscious; while the printers whose cases were nearest the wicked window heard the editor singing, as it might be to himself, "Dearest sister, thou hast left us."

An hour of serenity and tranquility in the editorial room was broken by a brisk, business-like step on the stairs; the door flew open with a bang that shot the key half-way across the room, and a sociable-looking,

familiar kind of stranger jammed into the chair, slapped his hat over the ink-stand, pushed a pile of proof, twenty pages of copy, a box of pens, the paste-cup, and a pair of scissors off the table to make room for the old familiar flat sample case, and said, in one brief breath: "I am agent for Gamber-ton's Popular Centennial World's History and American Citizen's Treasure Book of Valuable Information sold only by subscription and issued in thirty parts each number embellished with one handsome steel-plate engraving and numerous beautifully executed wood-cuts no similar work has ever been published in this country and at the exceedingly low price at which it is offered \$2 per vol——."

The spring clicked a like pistol-shot, the window went up half-way through the ceiling, the nail-grab took hold like a three-barrelled harpoon, and the column moved on its backward way through the window, down through the news-room past the foreman, standing grim and silent, by the imposing stone, past the cases, vocal with the applause and encouraging and consolatory remarks of the compositors, on to the alley windows, over the sills—howling, yelling, shrieking, praying, the unhappy agent was hurled to the cruel pavement, three stories below, where he lit on his head and plunged through into a cellar, where he tried to get a subscription out of a man who was shoveling coal.

The Language of Flowers.

It was a Mt. Pleasant girl. No other human divinity could play such a heartless trick on an admiring, nay, an adoring and adorable young man. He always praised the flowers she wore, and talked so learnedly about flowers in general, that this incredulous young angel "put up a job" on him—if one may be so sacrilegious as to write slang in connection with so much beauty and grace. She filled the bay window with freshly potted weeds which she had laboriously gathered from the sidewalk and in the hollow under the bridge, and when he came round that evening she led the conversation to flowers, and her admirer to the bay window. "Such lovely plants she had," she told him, and he just clasped his hands and looked around him in silly ecstasy, trying to think of their names.

"This is *Patagonia influsens*, Mr. Bogundus," she said, pointing to the miserable cheat of a young rag-weed; "did you ever see any thing so delicate?"

"Oh!" he ejaculated, regarding it reverentially; "beautiful, beautiful; what delicately serrated leaves!"

"And," she went on, with a face as angelic

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