

time!" he faltered. "This is—is—so—"

"Don't dare to use that deadly adjective 'sudden' and I warn you, Henry, that I'll throw the parlour-lamp if you offer to be a brother. Be modest, if you must, but let us not be obvious."

"But I don't want to be married," he finally pleaded. "It's really an awful bore."

"Everything's a bore," she affirmed pulling his left ear as far as it would go and then applying a flickering match to the end of his nose. "Life is the most disagreeable thing one can imagine and I'm sure I don't know why I dislike you so fiercely. But fate or some other fool force has decreed that I shall pursue you and I'm going to do it if I have to take a balloon and follow you to the North Pole."

He drew a long, deep sigh and raised a haggard but not unhandsome face. "What's the use?" he asked despondently, "this is a case of man and superwoman. I yield, but I think you should know that my father died in a lunatic asylum and my mother is in a rest cure."

"I'd prefer homicidal mania," she said, thoughtfully. "But one can't have everything. Isn't it wonderful when two human beings loathe each other as we do! Ah, Henry! It is useless to struggle against the doom of deadly matrimony. Let us show the world how to be lonesome though married."

"His face suddenly brightened. "After all, you will be away at the Gorky Club most of the time, won't you?"

"I'll promise to be away from home at all lucid intervals, and whatever you do, don't have my kimono and slippers warm when I come in from the office. If you greet me with a smile I'll throw Ibsen's Unabridged at you."

"I shouldn't dream of smiling," he said hurriedly.

"Then that's over," she said in relief, as she pressed an ardent blow on his blushing cheek.

So they were married and lived scrappy ever after.

J. G.

That Boy Again

A small Canadian ventured into the room while his eldest sister was entertaining a masculine caller.

"Mr. Harris," the youth finally interrupted, "I wish you would take me with you some day."

"Take you with me!" echoed the caller. "Where do you want to go, Bobbie?"

"I heard Mr. Grant next door say you were on the water waggon and he guessed you'd soon fall off. I'd love to help you drive."

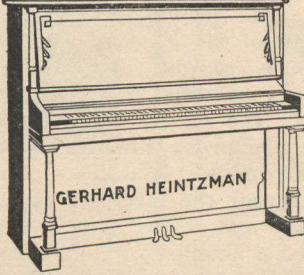
A Transformation

A young doctor who is making arrangements to depart for the West, was informing an elderly man in the profession of his intentions and concluded:

"After I get there, I'll sit like patience on a monument, waiting for a practice."

"And after you get the practice," chuckled the other physician, "the monuments will be on your patients."

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