

"George did?"

"No, his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple trees?"

"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple trees than —"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No, said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient, and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers, of Arch-street hadn't said so, her father, I am inclined to think, we don't believe all Barington could have pulled us out of that snarl. And as Clarence Fitzherbert Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs, we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple tree.

Spring Days in Burlington.

Down where the water-zobin springs from its slumbers,

Opening its cardinal eye to the sun;
Come the dull echoes of far away thunders
Heavy and fast as the shots of a gun.

Up on the hill where the wild flowers nestle,
Like new fallen stars on the green mossy strand:

There come the dead notes of the house-cleaning pestle—

The sound of the carpet is heard in the land.

Up! for the song birds their matins are singing;
Up, for the morning is tinting the skies;
Up, for the good wife the clothes-prop is bringing

Out to the line where the hall carpet flies.
Up, and away! for the carpet is dusty!

Fly, for the house-cleaning days have begun!
Run! for the womanly temper is crusty;
Up and be doing, lest ye be undone!

Late, late; too late. Just one moment of snoring.

He wakes to the sound of the tumult below.
O'er the beating of carpets he hears a voice roaring.

"Breakfast was over three hours ago!"

See, he is plunged in the front of the battle;
Where dust is the thickest they tell him to stand;

Where suds, mops and scrub-brushes slobber and rattle,

And the sound of the carpet is heard in the land.

Life in the "Hawkeye" Sanctum.

The *Hawkeye* has just got into its new editorial rooms; and it is proud to say it has the finest, most comfortable, complete and convenient editorial rooms in America. They are finished off with a little invention which will be of untold value to the profession of journalism when it is generally adopted; and we know that it will rapidly come into ap-

versal use as soon as its merits are understood and appreciated. We believe it is fully equal, in all that the term implies, to the famous Bogardess Kicker, less liable to get out of order, and less easily detected by casual visitors. It is known as "Middlerib's Automatic Welcome." The sanctum is on the same floor as the news-room, being separated from it by a partition, in which is cut a large window, easily opened by an automatic arrangement. The editorial chair is placed in front of that window, and near the head of the stairs; and on the side of the table next the window, directly opposite the editor, the visitor's chair is placed. It has an inviting look about it, and its entire appearance is guileless and commonplace. But the strip of floor on which that chair rests is a deception and a fraud. It is an endless chain like the floor of a horsepower, and is operated at will by the editor, who has merely to touch a spring in the floor to set it in motion. Its operation can best be understood by personal inspection.

One morning, soon after the "Middlerib Welcome" had been placed in position, Mr. Bostwick came in with a funny story to tell. He naturally flopped down into the chair that had the most appearance of belonging to some one else, and began in his usual happy vein:—"I've got the richest thing—oh! ah, ha, ha!—the best thing—oh! by George! I can't—oh, ha, ha, ha! Oh! it's too good! Oh, by George, the richest thing! Oh! it's too loud! You must never tell where you got—oh, by George, I can't do it! It's too good! You know—oh, ha, ha, ha, oh, he, he, he! You know the—oh, by George, I ca—" Here the editor touched the spring, a nail-grab under the chair reached swiftly up and caught Mr. Bostwick by the cushion of his pants, the window flew up and the noiseless belt of floor gliding on its course bore the astonished Mr. Bostwick through the window out into the news-room, half-way down to the cases, where he was received with great applause by the delighted compositors. The window had slammed down as soon as he passed through; and when the editorial foot was withdrawn from the spring and the chair stopped and the nail-grab assumed its accustomed place, young Mr. Bostwick found himself so kind of out of the sanctum, like it might be, that he went slowly and dejectedly down stairs, as it were, while amazement sat upon his brow, like.

The next casual visitor was Mr. J. Alexis Flaxeter, the critic. He had a copy of the *Hawkeye* in his hand, with all the typographical errors marked in red ink, and his face was so wreathed in smiles that it was impossible to tell where his mouth ended and his eyes began. He took the vacant chair