

"Of course," she replied, interrupting him, "there's a hundred and sixty acres in yours, and a hundred and twenty in mine; which would make two hundred and eighty, you know."

"Yes, together. But I—I had no idea of buying the whole."

Mr. Pimple looked wild.

"Why, no," smiling very blandly; "not buying, exactly. But then it would be all yours, you know."

And Miss Augusta smiled confidently in the face of Mr. Pimple.

"Miss Smith," he cried, in evident alarm, "I fear you do not understand me. I see I must speak right out, though I fancied at first that you had guessed the object of my visit."

"And I did, indeed, Mr. Pimple. But I knew that you were rather bashful, and——"

"Bashful!" Mr. Pimple exclaimed.

"Yes, rather, I think. But believe me, my dear Pimple, I love you better for it."

As Miss Augusta said this, her head drooped until it rested upon the shoulder of that gentleman.

"Love me, Miss Smith? Why, really, I—that is——"

"Oh, Socrates! I do love thee. I have loved thee for years. I felt that my passion was reciprocated. You will excuse me if it seems unmaidenly to confess it. Oh, Socrates!"

He sprang from his seat, his hair standing on end, and cold drops of perspiration standing upon his face.

"Oh, Socrates! my own Pimple!" Miss Augusta shrieked, "I will be thine!"

"Not if I know it, Miss Smith," answered Mr. Pimple.

"Sir! do you mean to insult a poor lone woman?" she asked.

"No," Mr. Pimple replied, trying to be calm, and wiping his face the while; "oh, no, Miss Smith. But there has been a mistake here. I came here to make you an offer——"

"I knew it, I knew it," broke in Miss Augusta. "And I accept." she cried.

"Will you wait till I explain?" cried Pimple.

"Explain?" Yes; explain what you

mean by using such language, in the presence of a lady."

Miss Augusta turned pale, while her eyes flashed volumes of fire.

"Well, be calm, now Miss Smith—do."

"I am calm, sir. It is you that have been excited."

"I know; but you must excuse me, Miss Smith. You have misunderstood me from the first."

"Indeed!"

"I came here to make you an offer——"

"Ah, yes! I was sure of it, Mr. Pimple; and you have my answer."

"No—not that. I came here to offer you two hundred pounds for that piece of meadow land by the pines."

"Mr. Pimple!"

"Miss Smith!"

"Oh, you base monster!" cried Miss Augusta, springing towards the unfortunate Pimple.

"Miss Smith!" cried Pimple, in alarm.

"Is this the way you meant to trifle with my affections, thou fiend in human shape!" shrieked Miss Augusta.

"Oh, you Amazon! you—you she dev——"

"I'll learn you how to make love to innocent young girls like me, and then say you didn't mean nothin." Oh, boo-hoo!"

Pimple didn't stop for more. He had business somewhere else; and he went where duty called him. So rapid was his exit from the house that lightning could not have overtaken him.

Miss Smith still owns that piece of meadow-land, and Mr. Pimple remains a widower. He's growing old fast, and people do say there's a bald spot on his head. I shouldn't wonder. He don't call at the brick cottage very often now. Miss Smith says the reason is because she wouldn't marry him when he made her "that offer"; but I don't know as to that.—*Selected.*

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.—An orator holding forth in favor of "woman, dear divine woman," concludes thus: "Oh, my hearers, depend upon it nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors, "a bad husband does."