

"So the nurse girls seem to think, sir," replied Bramley, humorously. "I don't know when I ever saw so many baby carts before."

"O, they haven't begun to arrive yet; wait till the afternoon boats come in. But meantime here we are at the end of the walk."

"What a glorious prospect!" said Elsie, sweeping the wide lake-view with her glowing eyes. "How I should like a sail on that deep blue water."

"Would you?" said Bramley, heartily, grasping at what he thought was a golden opportunity. "Here, boy!" he went on, addressing a lad who was paddling about in a row boat, "Lend me your skiff, will you, for half an hour? I'll give you half-a-crown."

"I don't want no half-a-crown," replied the boy with a business air, "I want a quarter, for that long."

"All right, I'll make it a quarter. Bring the boat here," and Bramley rejoined his friends to report his success.

"I said a *sail*, not a row," put in Elsie. "I'm sorry you acted so promptly. It was a mere fancy of mind for the moment."

"Well," said Bramley, "I'm sorry there are no sails in the boat, but do let me row you about for a little while. You'll come, too, Mr. Douglas?"

"My dear fellow, if you'll excuse me, I prefer to make no promises, unless you are willing to prove your ability to manage the boat better than you did coming over. I want to see you take a spin by yourself first."

"I should like to see that, too," added Elsie. "Not that I doubt your ability, though, Mr. Bramley. I merely want to see wherein your stroke differs from Hanlan's."

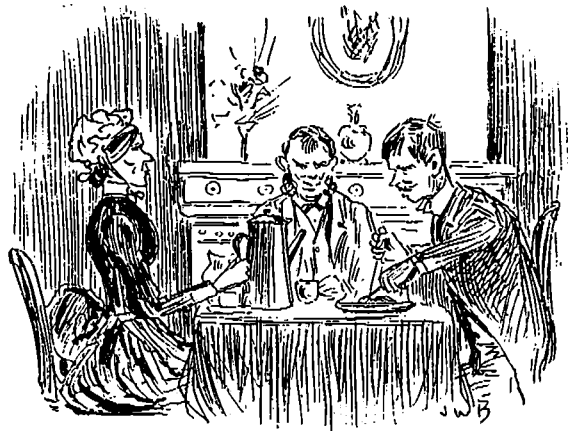
"Of course, then, I will comply," and he proceeded to take possession of the boat. With a few powerful but not very graceful strokes the frail craft was got off from the shore, and Bramley prepared, with evident "flusteration," to undergo his ordeal. His very first movement, however, proved his last. It overturned the boat, and Bramley at once sank to the bottom.

Here let us leave him for a while until we follow the excited groups of people who are making their way toward the roller-coaster. As we draw nearer the frequent repetition of "accident," "terrible disaster," and similar phrases strike our ears. Let us not lengthen out the agony. The car upon which the three Pickwickians had taken their places had jumped the track, and Messrs. Coddleby, Crinkle and Yubbits were instantly killed. Mr. Bramley's body was in due time recovered from its watery grave, and the remains of the four heroes, who have so long (and we fear so wearisomely) occupied the attention of our readers, were reverently returned to their sorrowing friends in England. Thus ended their memorable trip to America.

THE END.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—While we are willing that this serial story should end sometime, we cannot congratulate the author upon the "literary finish" of his work. There is too much of sudden death to meet the requirement of true art, and yet it cannot be denied that this is the most effectual way in which the four nuisances could be abated. It has come to our knowledge that the author of the "Pickwickians" was threatened with some horrible fate at the hands of a determined set of our subscribers, unless he at once let up on this story. Perhaps this accounts for the abruptness of its conclusion.]

An advertisement in a German paper:—"Fritz X., a competent book-keeper, would like to engage as cashire. The fact that he has had the misfortune to lose both legs affords the best kind of security to his employers."



"TOUGH!"

Landlady—Will you have a cup of coffee, Mr. Sniggleby; it's nice and fresh?

Sniggleby—Yes'm, after I've finished my steak; business first, you know!

BOTH SIDES.

FOND FATHER—Ah, Fred, my boy, and so you want to take my little girl from me, eh? The old home will be lonely enough without my little Katy-did in it. But I suppose I will have to give her up. I can't expect to have her to myself always, much as I would like to do so. But don't ask me to give her up *too* soon, Fred, I must keep her in the home nest as long as I can. My blessing go with you both when the hour of parting at last comes.

Fond father (to his Katy-did after the departure of Fred)—"Now, see here, Kit, you hook that young man in just as soon as you can. Strike while the iron is hot. If you lose this chance you may not get another soon, and when a girl gets to be your age she's got to watch the comers mighty closely or she'll get left out in the cold altogether. Times are mighty hard, and I'm getting tired of footing your bills. Now you see if you can't slyly wheedle Fred into the noose within three months."
—*Tid-Bits*.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE'S MISTAKE.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP:—



EALLY I never was sae workit up in a' my life as I was last week. Ye see I was jist soopin a wee an' pechin' a wee, gettin' the basement a kin' o' redd up for oor summer stock like, when in comes the letter carrier an' sings oot, "Hugh Airlie, Esquire." "That's me," says I, comin' forrit wi' great dignity, ma broom in ae hand an' a tack hammer in the ither. Then luckin at the carrier as gin he were dirt amang ma feet. I first laid doon ma broom an' then ma tack hammer, an' after rubbin' the stoor aff ma fingers wi' a lump o' packsheer that was kickin' aroon', I condescended tae tak the letter