

— THE ARROW —

"Alas! you are married."
 "No."
 "Then why have you no buttons?"
 "A Chinaman does my washing."
 "Ah."
 "Ah, ha."
 "Well, wait until I gouge my way through this rock, and I will lend you my button."
 "Oh, I thank you."
 "Hist, the turnkey comes."
 After a long silence: "Has the turnkey gone?" the abbe asked.
 "Not yet."
 "Well, when he goes tell me, and I will resume my work."
 "All right: he's gone now."
 "I am at work."

Scoop, scoop, scoop. A long, bony arm was thrust into De Makeshift's cell. De Makeshift seized it and pressed the elbow to his lips. The abbe stepped into the cell. "We must escape from here," said the abbe.

"How?"
 "By scaling the walls."
 "How can we scale them without a knife?"
 "Wait."

The abbe took off his shirt, tore it into shreds, and in a marvellous manner made a ladder. "Got a couple of pins?"

"What do you want with them?"
 "Make hooks to go on the end of the ladder."
 "Here they are."

"Now," said the abbe, bending the pins and fastening them on the ladder, "follow me."

They passed out into the courtyard. De Makeshift uttered an exclamation. He saw the man who had poisoned his grandfather. The abbe threw the ladder. The pins caught hold; the two men escaped.

The following is an extract from American realism:

"Samuel," said Miss Peterson, "have you taken the ashes out of the stove?"

"I guess I have."
 "Did you fix the kindling?"
 "I guess I have."

Samuel arose, stretched himself, blew his nose on a bordered handkerchief, took up a decorated shell, looked at it, put it down, looked at the clock, took up his hat and quietly left the house. His heart was heavy, much heavier than his brain. He walked with a slight limp. Why? The corn doctor's experiment had not been successful. He blew his nose. Then he sneezed. When he reached the street corner he sneezed again. A girl passed, looked back at him and giggled. He despised giggling girls. His sister, who married a man who possessed epileptic fits, did not giggle. He followed the girl. He despised himself for doing it, but he couldn't help it. It was the first time he had ever followed a girl. He overtook the girl. "How are you?" he asked.

She giggled, and said that she was able to get about.

"I know that," said he.

Then they both giggled. He turned and left the girl. His heart was full of sweet sadness. He regretted having spoken to the girl, for he had not been brought up with her, yet her bright image, as it hung before him in a neat black walnut frame, smiled upon him and made his heart beat with joyous throbs. "I must not speak to her again," he said, but the next minute he ran after her. He overtook her and said: "How are you by now?"

She smiled and said that she was still stirring. He turned and ran away. That night his sleep was not sound. He was in love. — *Arkansas Traveller.*

SCENE—EVENING PARTY.

Guest (to affable stranger with whom he has been chatting for some time): "By love, you know, this is awfully slow, don't you think?"

Stranger (in a melancholy way): "Yes, it is, frightfully."

Guest: "Well, what do you say? Let's go!"

Stranger (regretfully): "Sorry I can't: I'm the host."

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