

Jemima simpered and hung her head—at last she said:

"There's Lydie Ann Blinker yer could git."

"Won't have her, 'cause she's lame."

"Well, Sally Jane Grubb—how du yer like her?"

"She won't du, 'cause she talks through her nose."

"There's Ruthie Simpkins, won't she suit yer?"

"No, she won't, now, 'cause she's blind in one eye."

"Yer jist tu pertickaleer, Jim!" said Mimma, delighted to think he preferred her to all others. "I won't praise any other gal tu yer. You don't want to git married anyhow. What's the use of yer foolin'?"

"Did the gal mean tu say no? Lor, women was so queer," he soliloquised, and backed off, alarmed at Mimie's manner, knocking, as he did so, against and upsetting a horner's nest, which so enraged the inmates that they made a grand attack on him.

"Oh, Jemima! Jemima! Jem!—take 'em off; oh, oh, blazes, oh!" and before she could realize the situation, he rushed by like a flying machine, beating his limbs with his straw hat, his red hair fairly blazing in the sunlight.

There was no time for love or romance with poor Jim now—the situation was practical.

"Bless my stars!" cried the terrified Jemima, "Jim Spooney has jist gone mad. Stop, Jim, stop, fur the land sake stop!"

Not knowing what course to pursue, she stood looking in dismay after her swiftly departing lover. As he attempted to cross a creek he fell in, and some of his vicious enemies found a watery grave, others angrily clung to him. As he mounted a fence, and was about clearing it, an unmannerly bull (doubtless attracted by his red waistcoat) gave him a toss with his horns, sending him far into the meadow beyond. This last shot through the air, rocket-like, was the final view Jemima had of her lover.

There poor James lay for some time, smarting with pain, anger and disappointment. When he reached home, although rid of his enemies, they had left their traces behind them. His head was swelled to twice its size, one eye was entirely closed, whilst his lips were sight to behold.

"I'll not let Mimie go, I'll hang on.

though if she should die, I wouldn't try agin to git another gal. It's too much bother, but I'll be spunky this yer time, see if I don't."

"Yer jist right, Jimmy," said his fond mother, to whom these confidential remarks were made, looking wofully at her spectacle of a son. "Never give up, yer dad didn't when he came a courtin' me, I tell yer, I jist had tu marry him tu git shut uv him. The next time yer go tu see Mimie, don't go 'shamed like through the back yard, but go tu the front uv their house like a man, and ask fur the gal—that's the way big folks do."

So the next time he took his mother's advice, and arranged matters so satisfactorily with Jemima that it is reported they are to be married in the autumn by Squire Bellows.

He took her to a neighboring town to a circus a short time ago, and they were seen indulging in spruce beer and eating ice-cream out of the same dish in a loving manner.

They looked very happy as they walked through the main street hand in hand—and in view of these extravagances, the report of their approaching bliss is probably correct, and Miss Jenkins will be Mrs. Spooney.

SEEN THROUGH A GLASS.

The Use of the Microscope in Detecting Forgeries.

The *Star* reporter was sitting in Dr. E. M. Schaeffer's office the other evening talking with him of the mysteries of the microscope. Dr. Schaeffer is called in as an expert microscopist in a great many cases in the courts. "This little instrument is a very valuable witness sometimes," he said, as he put a slide upon the microscope and addressed himself to the scribe. "It is exceedingly inquisitive and uncovers a great many mysteries, not only of inanimate nature, but of men. As its master, I am informed of many curious things. A great many domestic tragedies, which it would not do to mention, have come under my notice through it. Those in that case—" and he walked over to a little glass-front cabinet on the wall. "That contains parts of many well-known and some distinguished men, and some of whom are now living and some others of whom are dead. Some very interesting and curious incidents of a domestic character are brought to-