

our eyes. We instantly saw that his intention was to make a pugilistic assault upon our life. Had we been armed we should have returned the fire before he could draw, and left him weltering in his own blood ; but, being without a gun of any kind, and having a family depending upon us for support, we put down our first thoughts to run as long as life lasted, but immediately introduced the fighting editor, who by this time understood the true position of affairs, made extensive preparation for a terrible encounter ; hung up his coat upon the sidewalk so as to give his arms freedom, began to play his fists in such a manner that George became astonished and perplexed, and recognizing that the fighting editor was a person not to be fooled with, let out like a scared cyclone, crossed the back yard of the Central hotel, and other adjacent lots in rapid succession, were quickly measured by the flight of the now flying "Robin" son, who, for aught we know, lit upon the garden gate of his inamorata, and with bated breath told her how he had "scared the editor half to death and made him feel sick for what he had put in the paper about them."—*Editorial News*.

188. Daffydowdilly was a very good boy and his mother sent him from home to go to school when he was very small but he did not like Mr Toil his teacher and so when he had been at school about a week he ran away from school but he had not gone far when he overtook a man who was trudging along the road and the stranger asked him where he came from and where he was going, so Daffy stopped a moment and then said he had run away from school because he did not like Mr Toil so the stranger said he would go with him so they walked on together and in a short time they came to a field where some farmers were cutting hay and Daffy wanted to go in there but just as he was going to climb over the fence he saw the likeness of Mr. Toil and then he wanted to go on a little farther so they walked on until they came to a house where some people were enjoying themselves and dancing to the sound