Katherine to Tom:

MONTREAL, Nov. 29, 1889.

My dear Tom,—On no account come to Montreal until I write you again. There are good reasons why I had rather write than tell you of affairs here of which you should know. I would detail them in this letter but that I must close it now in order to have it mailed so as to reach you in time. Please do not leave till you hear from me.

In haste,

KATHERINE.

Telegram of Tom to Katherine:

BOSTON, Dec. 1, 1889.

I leave to-morrow A. M. If affairs in Montreal need my attention, I will attend to them in Montreal.

T. WENDALL.

On the morning of the 2d of December Tom Wendall reached his home in Montreal, and was met at the entrance by his sister.

"O sis," said Tom, after the usual family greetings, "what's the row, that Kath—, that Miss Wendall wrote me of? Something to do with you and her brother, is it?"

"No, Tom," she said.

"A row that she's in herself, then?"

"Not exactly, Tom."

"Well, do you know anything about it?"

"Just a little, Tom," she said; and her rosy dimples chased themselves in pretty confusion about her saucy mouth, so that Tom forgot for the moment that he was to run immediately to Katherine.

"You see it was like this," she said, slowly, making each word very clear and distinct, while her dimples belied the solemnity of her tone: "We thought—that is, Dick and I thought—that when you wrote asking if he—that's Dick—was smart, or nice, or suitable for your approval, that you were very impudent."

"Well, I was nothing of the kind," broke in Tom; "and what has this got to do with the question in hand, anyway?"

"But Dick," said the girl, continuing as before, "said that because you were sick, it was our—that's Dick and me—duty to forgive you, and to return good for your cruel speech about him. So to show you that he was bright, at the same time, he—that's Dick—said to me that if he should write you some nice letters perhaps you could judge him by them."

"And why didn't he?" said Tom.

"He did," said the dimples.

"He did? Then it was he—he that"—

"Yes, Tom, it was he that wrote them all; for his sister has not sprained her ankle,—and he has no sister,—and there is no Katherine Powers!"

SO LOUD THEY WERE.

The professor's brow was sad, the professor's soul was vexed, And darkly looked he at the class, and darkly at the text. "This noise," quoth he, "disturbs us; my leniency's abused.
The man who makes the noise again will have to be excused."

Then hushed the busy classroom its wonted undertone; Yet still the sound proceeded, with a dreary, doleful groan, From a corner where, all blushes, sat J. De Smithers Jones, With his twenty-dollar trousers, newest cut, and loudest tones.

Then up rose Jones, embarrassed, and then he whispered low, "Beg pardon, pro—professor; it's me trousers, don't cher know."

The good professor paused, then said, with withering glance, "We'll excuse those trousers, Mr. Jones; when you come again, wear pants." —The Brunonian.

"Technicalities."

"Business is dull," said the lead-pencil.

"It's looking up my way," retorted the Unabridged.

A busted stra(gh)t,—Hell Gate.

"Sewered,"—Ninety-three's visit to Moon Island.