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### A Study in Synonyms.

I was asked by my sweetheart to mizzle, to budge.

To cut sticks, to make tracks, and to tramp.

To evaporate, to paddle, and to trudge.

To vacillate, to squabble, to ramblate, and to decamp.

I was fiercely requested the double tip.

And the twig in at winkle to hop, my cable to slip, To atsend, and to vanish kerflop.

I was ordered to slope and to seek a fresh lodge.

To avault, to pack off, and to start.

To assault, to squabble, to ramblate, to dodge, To diverge, deliquescence, and depart.

I was beseeched to make beef, and to speel, and to guy.

And to jig it, and to book it, and step it, and tye.

Yes, to pike, sling, and trot double quick.

I was pressed to embark, to weigh anchor, to glib.

To withdraw, to move forward, to flit.

To ascend, Walkers' bus, shanks' pony to ride, To atroy me, to quit, and to git.

I was bidden to clear, and to sheer, and to steer.

But I answered, with heart beating low, "I'll not do so fearfully vulgar, my dear—I will merely, and mournfully, go."

—London Fun.

## SAM'S STRATEGY.

Farmer Kendrick had brought in an armful of snow-covered logs from the woodpile at the north end of the house, throwing them down on the stone hearth with a noise like a small earthquake, when Carrie Brown started up. "Five o'clock! Oh, I had no idea it was so late. I must be going home."

"Allow me to accompany you, Miss Brown."

"You will let me see you home, Carrie?"

Capt. Logan and Fred Jones both spoke at once, but Carrie shook her head.

"I prefer to walk alone," she said, gayly.

"About the sleighing party to-morrow night?" said Fred, anxiously.

"I have said I would go with you, but I am not sure I can go."

"But, Carrie, I thought it was settled between you and me two weeks ago!" exclaimed Fred, with a frown.

"Was it? I'm sure I had forgotten it."

Fred was silent. Capt. Logan's smooth, soft-toned voice broke the silence.

"I exact no promises," he said, gallantly, "but if I am not punctual to the hour and the spot Miss Brown may draw her own conclusions."

And Carrie went home.

She was very pretty, this bright-eyed, New England damsel. Fred Jones had loved her ever since they were children together, and Capt. Logan, who had come down to spend the Christmas holidays with his cousins, the Kendricks, had become so fond of those bright, blue eyes and golden hair that he had prolonged his visit into January.

"Pon my word, she's a regular beauty," said the captain, staring through the tiny window-panes at the retreating figure of Miss Brown.

Fred Jones looked quickly up at him, as if he would have liked to knock him over into the fireplace, but he refrained from any such demonstration.

"A beauty," went on the captain, "and it's a thousand pities she should be wasted on any of the country bumpkins who vegetate among these wildernesses. Sam, you young villain, are those boots of mine blacked yet?"

Farmer Kendrick's hired boy, who had just come in to warm his purple hands at the merry red blaze, looked glum.

"No, they ain't," said Sam, crossly.

"Well, what's the reason?"

"Cause I ain't 'ad time."

"See you find time, then, and that quick, too," said the captain. And Sam glowered after him as he went gayly up the stairs.

"Just wish I had the firm of him out," said the boy, gloomily. "It's 'Sam do this, and 'Sam do that, and 'Sam, where's the warm water?' and 'Sam, what the deuce do you mean by lettin' my fire go out?' and not a red cent he he guy me yet—no, nor so much as a pleasant word. I wonder if he means to stay here always."

"You and I are about equal in our love of him, Sam," said Fred Jones, laughing.

"I heard him talkin' with Miss Carrie about goin' sleigh-ridin' to-morrow night," said Sam shrewdly. "I'd jes' like to put 'Kicking Tom' in the shafts; I would if it weren't for Miss Carrie. He don't know nothin' about horses, that there militia cap'n don't." And Sam chuckled.

"I say, Mr. Jones," he resumed, "why don't you get beforehand with him? Miss Carrie don't really care for him; she's only dazzled like."

Fred Jones frowned slightly, honest Sam was not exactly the kind of Ganyemed he cared to have meddle with his love affairs.

"Miss Brown must choose for herself," Sam said, and Sam went back to his work, secretly wondering how a young lady, gifted with ordinary sense, could hesitate for a moment between the captain and Fred Jones.

The next night came—a perfect night for sleighing expeditions and rustic love-making, the roads hard and well packed and a glorious moon shining down whitely, as if a rain of silver were deluging the whole world.

"Couldn't be better weather," said the captain. "Sam, where are the sleigh-bells?"

"Dunno," said Sam. "There's them old jinglers in the garret that used to belong to Deacon Joe Kendrick that was in the revolutionary war, and there's the two cow-bells that Mary Jane might scour up with ashes."

"Pshaw!" said the captain. "Do you take me for Rip Van Winkle? There's a pretty little string somewhere, for I saw them when Mrs. Kendrick went out day before yesterday."

"I hain't seen nothin' on 'em," said Sam, stolidly.

"Come, come, Sam, don't make yourself out any stupider than you be by nature," said the farmer, laughing nevertheless, for the captain's airs were fast wearing out his welcome, and he secretly sympathized with the much-abused Sam.

"I guess they're out in the barn

captain, if you expect to find 'em—our Sam's dreadful thick-headed when he chooses to be."

"Come along, my fine fellow," said the captain, collar Sam and marching him off in the direction of the old red barn. "We don't need any lantern in this moonlight, that is one comfort."

"Where are the stairs?" demanded the captain, as they entered the barn.

"Ain't none," said Sam. "It's a ladder."

"Up with you, then," said Logan, but Sam shrunk back.

"I wouldn't, not for \$50," said Sam. "Old John Kendrick hanged himself from the middle beam fourteen years ago, and folks say he stands up there with a rope round his neck every moonlight night."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried the captain, in accents of contempt. "You cowardly lout, stay where you are, then, and I'll go myself."

He sprang lightly up the rounds of the ladder and disappeared through the trap door.

"Where is it?" he called.

"The ghost? Right under the middle beam by the windy was the place where—"

"Blockhead! I mean the string of bells."

"Look for 'em yourself," said Sam, sulkily. "I don't know where they be, and, what's more, I don't care."

"I'll settle with you, my fine fellow, when I come down," said the captain, threateningly, as he groped about in the dim light which came through a cobweb-draped window at either end of the barn chamber.

"Don't hurry yourself, cap'n," rejoined Sam, in a jeering tone.

As the captain plunged into a dark corner there was a jingle, and the string of bells, suspended from a nail, hit him directly on the neck, so like the grasp of death-cold fingers that he could not but start.

"Oh!" said the captain, nervously. "Here they are. Catch 'em, Sam! Hal-lo! Where's the trap door?"

And it took the worthy captain fully sixty seconds or more to realize that the trap-door was closed and fastened on the lower side. He rushed to the window and threw it up only to see Sam speeding up the hill.

"Hal-lo-a!" yelled Capt. Logan. "Come back, you scoundrel! You ill-conditioned lout! You imp of evil!"

Sam turned around and executed that peculiar gyration of the fingers in connection with the nasal organ which is supposed to express the extremity of scorn.

"You'll find the ladder on the barn floor, cap'n," hooted this young rebel, "an don't be afraid of the ghost; it's very harmless if you let it alone."

"But, Sam—Sam, come back! I'm to be at Mr. Brown's at 7:30."

"Don't worry!" bawled Sam. "Miss Carrie won't wait long afore Mr. Fred'll be on hand."

The captain danced up and down on the floor in an ecstasy of rage as Sam disappeared over the crest of the hill. He knew very well if he possessed the lungs of Boreas he could make no one hear.

He sat shivering down on the hay, starting nervously at the sound of horses' feet below, and thinking how disagreeably a bar of moonlight, which streamed down from a crack in the roof, resembled a tall, white figure standing under the center beam. He could almost fancy the rope round its neck. Pshaw! And the captain jumped up again, with starting dew on his temples, even in the freezing atmosphere of the barn chamber.

"What is to be done?" he asked himself. And, echo, if echo had had any common sense, would have answered: "Just nothing at all!"

Sam had outwitted him. And pretty Carrie, and Fred Jones, with his red cutter and great chestnut-colored horses! The captain was wild at the thought; surely he was vanquished.

"I won't wait another minute for him," said Carrie Brown, coloring up, with the tears in her blue eyes. "Go on, girls, I shall spend the evening at home."

"There's plenty of room for you in our sleigh, Carrie," coaxed her brother. "Bessie Andrews will be glad to have you along."

"No, she won't, either," pouted Carrie. "As if I would spoil all her fun! No; if I can't have an escort of my own I'll stay at home and mend stockings; and I never, never will speak to Capt. Logan again."

Charlie Brown was on the point of arguing the matter with his sister, when the door opened and in walked Fred Jones.

"Not gone yet, Carrie? Where is the captain?"

"I don't know," said Carrie, tartly, "and I don't care. Am I Capt. Logan's keeper?"

"Will you go with me?"

"Yes, I will," said Carrie, her eyes lighting and shy smiles dimpling her face.

"Of course," said Fred, "I can't expect to make myself as agreeable as the city captain, but—"

"The captain, the captain!" cried Carrie, a little irritably. "I'm sick of the sound of his name. I never want to see him again. What a nice new cutter this is, and how easy the wolf robes are!"

"Carrie," whispered Fred, as he touched up the horse and felt her nestling close to him, "is it for always?"

"Yes, always," she answered.

"Jerusalem!" said Farmer Kendrick. It was past 10 o'clock at night, and the old gentleman had come out as usual before retiring to rest, to see that the dumb members of his family were all safe and comfortable. "I do believe that's old John Kendrick's ghost come to life again, poundin' like all possessed on the barn chamber floor!"

"It's me-e! It's me-e!" bawled the captain. "Unfasten the trap door and let me out!"

Slowly the farmer lifted the ladder to its place. With rheumatic awkwardness he climbed the creaking rounds and undid the hook from its hasp.

"How in all creation came you here?" he demanded. "Why, I thought you was out sleighidin' with the gals."

"It was all the doing of that villain, Sam!" gasped the infuriated captain, his teeth chattering with mince rage.

thing. I'll leave the place to-morrow."

"As you please," said the farmer, to whom the prospect of losing his guest was not unpleasant. "I'm dreadful sorry this should have happened, though, and I'll talk seriously to Sam."

"So will I," gasped the captain. "I'll break every bone in his body."

But Sam had taken particular care to go over to his grandmother's, six miles across the snowy fields, to spend the night, and the only person the captain saw was old Mrs. Kendrick sitting by the kitchen fire.

"You've lost your chance, captain," said she, good-humoredly. "Dorcas Smith has just gone by on her way home from the sleighing party, and she says Fred Jones brought Carrie Brown in his new cutter, and they're engaged."

The captain left next day, and Mrs. Fred Jones has never seen him since. And when the affair came off Sam got a piece of wedding cake big enough to give him the dyspepsia for a week.

—Boston News.

## LOVE CROWN COLD AND DICTATED.

A Perfidious Man's Expedient to Cause the Breaking of an Engagement.

The typewriter girl in the Richelieu looked up from her machine yesterday afternoon and remarked to the Herald's hotel lounge:

"I have been playing a very important part in a very interesting romance."

"Oh, you have?"

"Yes, I have."

"What's it about?"

"Love, of course. What do you suppose?"

"And were you one of the principals?"

"Well—yes, I think I did the most important part. You see there were four of us—"

"Double wedding?"

"No, not a double wedding—there isn't any wedding yet. Wait. There were four of us—three girls and one young man. The young man lives here at the Richelieu. He hasn't been in the city long. He came here from a certain town in Connecticut whose name I won't mention. He is a nice young man and very wealthy, or at least his family back in Connecticut is wealthy. When he came here he was engaged to a young lady in his own home. But he didn't love her. He didn't love any one until he came here—"

"And met y—"

"Wait a minute! This engagement was one of those family affairs arranged by the parents of the young folks—you know how such things go—played together as babies, romped as children, went to school together, fathers old chums, mothers old schoolmates, both families wealthy, and so the young couple become engaged. You know how such things go."

"Oh, yes."

"Well, as I say, this young man didn't love her. After he came here they corresponded. Then the young man met his ideal here in Chicago, and fell in love with her. You can imagine in what a quandary he was placed—already engaged, and then to fall in love. Finally he hit upon a way to break off his engagement, and to do it honorably. He came to me and dictated a letter to her—just an ordinary love letter just as he had been writing to her, I presume. It was hard work and nearly exhausted and quite enervated me, but I finished it and marked it 'dictated' and he signed his name, and it was posted off to the poor girl down in Connecticut. In a few days he came back again and said: 'That wouldn't work.' She just scolded—that's all! So he dictated another on the same sort. Now, you know no girl could endure two dictated typewritten love letters, and so she, being insulted, broke