A TRIUMPHAL RETURN.

Oh, Dewey is sailing the sea,

Coming back to the home of the free;

The breeze and the gale,

The sword-fish and whale,

Are singing, All hail

To Dewee!

The waves are all dancing with joy:
The mermaids, so sweet and so coy,
Rise up from the brine
And all in a line
Cry, "Won't you be mine,
Dewey boy?"

The shark wears his prettiest smile,
A-emacking his lips all the while,
And flapping his fin,
He says with a grin,
"I'd not take him in
For a pile."

The sea-cow wakes up from her doze,
And rubbing the end of her nose,
To her sea-caives doth shout,
Through the end of her snout,
"Oh. children, look out—
There he goes!"

The sun and the sky and the sea
Are bearning and streaming with glee;
The stars twinkle at night
At the glorious sight,
And the moon shines as bright
As can be.

For Dewey is off on his way,

Coming back from the scene of affray;

And the stare and the pack

Of the fish on his track

Know he doesn't come back

Every day.

—The Basar.

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A SLIGHT MISAPPREHENSION.

I suppose it is mean of me to slip away, but I am so tired. What a dear, delightful little corner this is! So glad I found it. But even here I perceive there is no rest for the wicked. There comes that creature Mrs. Mortimer in-

troduced a while ago. I couldn't catch his name. He's rather a handsome animal, I do hope he's interesting.

. Tell me about Mr. Simpkins' reading You've been in there through it all? Allow me to extend my sympathy. I was there at the beginning in the most awful crush I ever saw. I could hear a voice like a fog hore somewhere out beyond, in that sea of people, but I couldn't catch the smallest glimpee of Mr. Simpkin Simpkins. As soon as I could extricate mysel' I came out here. Auntie will be so angry. She perfectly adores Mr. Simpkins. I suppose she is looking for me now, to drag me through an introduction and plague me into a conversation with the creature Tell met fe he perfectly ridiculous? 1 have always fancied he must be a short fat man with a bald head, his stories are so awfully prosy. "Full of high moral purpose" auntie says. Dry as saw dust I think. I suppose all those people in there are telling him how charming they find his stories and all that. They always loved that little thing he read, but never appreciated it fully before tonight, etc. You know how people go on. I think it perfectly disgusting in him to stay in there and listen to it. Why doesn't he get away from them? I never did like to read his books, and after tonight I shall detest the thought of them. What? How do I know he's in there? I don't know, But I would lay a wager on it. If I should be delegated to select a person susceptible to flattery, I should look for one of these men, who moralize concerning the weaknesses of humanity. I dere say the creature thinks he has a mission. If auntie dares to introduce him to me, I shall compel him to talk about the weather. I will not flatter him by expressing an opinion, even an uncomplimentary one, concerning his books. Would you?

There comes suntie looking everywhere for me. I must go. I beg your pardon? Don't be too hard on poor Simpkine? I assure you I could annihilate him cheerfully.

Auntie! What are you talking about? I took the lien's share of the lien's attention? If Why I didn't even see him. I was talking all the time with that handsome man Mrs. Mortimer introduced early in the evening. Don't you know he brought me to you? I didn't catch his name. Who is he? I found him perfectly fascinating. Henvens! What a voice! What? Mr. Simpleine? That Mr. Simpleine! Auntie! You cannot mean it! Gospel truth? Hope you may die? Gracious!

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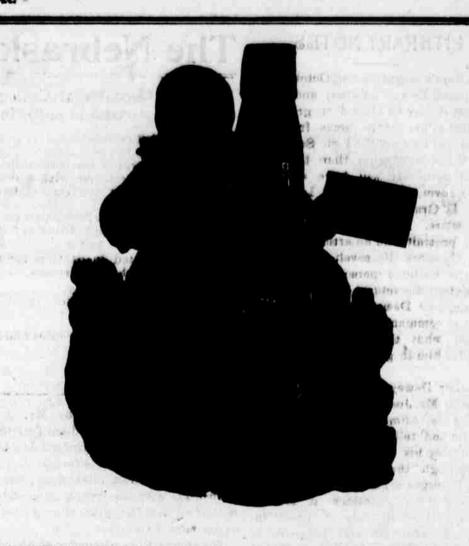
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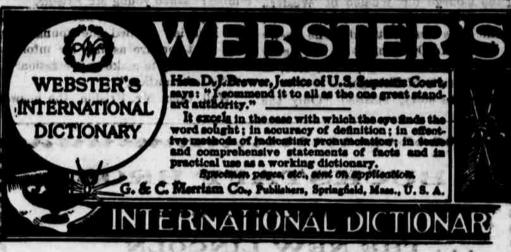
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