

"Wait until uncle has his old smile on his face. Oh, how I longed for you to come! I mean for uncle's sake, sir—of course."

"Suppose I can get Mr. Lawton out of this mess, Lucy? Suppose he tells you that all is plain sailing before him—"

"Then I— I will answer your letters; I mean some of them. I have always liked you—a little bit," she continued, shyly, "but if you help uncle now, I—"

"Come over here," said I moving under the trees: "the moon glares in my eyes so impudently. This is far nicer. Now, may I kiss you—just once? To bind the bargain, you know. Oh, you darling!—my darling forever!"

"Where the devil are you, Granger?" said Mr. Lawton racing down the path; "I have been hunting you this hour. Oh, you have Lucy with you?"

"Yes, sir, and I am going to keep her with me. She says she will take me as soon as you get out of this mess—"

"No. I only said you might write to me."

"Don't interrupt me, child. My dear sir, exchange congratulations with me. This darling Little Angel will make you my uncle, and your nephew already sees easy egress from all your troubles. To-morrow I will unfold my plans."

VII.

It may seem that my courting was unusually easy in its initial steps, but I discovered afterward that it was a regular conspiracy, and that I was the victim. Mrs. Pinch had spent a year in Europe with her daughter, and had found Little Angel over there and made her "governess." Then she brought her home when she returned, and very easily secured a dozen pupils for Lucy, whose sturdy independence compelled her to work for herself. She was, and is, an accomplished musician, and she got good prices for her lessons, earning over a thousand dollars a year. Mrs. Pinch loved the gentle girl very tenderly, and being a good friend of mine she openly schemed to make a match between her *protégé* and me. I was pointed out to Lucy before I ever saw her while I was poring over a big ledger. Mrs. Hunter took her over to board at Balden and these two old ladies intended to get us acquainted with each other on the train. But they met a very obstinate obstacle in Lucy herself who announced her intention to return to England if they dared take any steps toward the accomplishment of their designs.

But the vixen could not help feeling a little conscious whenever she saw me. There was some occult magnetism between us two, and while her maiden modesty kept her eyes averted when mine were turned in that direction, she also indulged herself in sundry sly glances at me. She discovered my enslavement before I did, and Mrs. Hunter's letter did not reveal much to her. All this came out by degrees in little conversations that occurred within sound of Niagara during the following days. After Mr. Blinker's disappearance I worked steadily at Jones & Co. for four or five hours a day, and went back to the Cataract House by the noon train, or the two-thirty. Mr. Blinker had only stolen some twenty thousand dollars in all, and this abstracted capital would be replaced with a few months from the proceeds of some Michigan property which Mr. Jones was then selling. My afternoons at the Falls were simply gorgeous.

Meantime, Jones & Co. needed ten thousand dollars to "put them through" the summer. It would not do to borrow this from any of their correspondents, as the fact of their loss and of their consequent shortness was the very fact that must be concealed to keep their credit unimpaired. I was to tell Mr. Pinch, in confidence, about the defalcation, and Blinker was to be shielded for the sake of his uncle, Mr. Jones. By the by, the whelp had made several tender speeches to my Little Angel, and was actually on the very threshold of a declaration to be confronted by the false balances that moonlight night. He wilted immediately, confessed the sixteen thousand steal, and while Mr. Lawton sought for me Blinker took a carriage and drove over the bridge to the Clinton House. He has never found it convenient to return to the land of the free.

At the end of the week I went to New York, taking a sight draft for \$10,000, payable to Pinch & Plugger or order. I told Mr. Pinch, who fairly danced with delight, that I was not at liberty to tell him all about Jones & Co., but I felt tolerably sure that their "embarrassment" would be only temporary. Then I got my ten bonds from the safe, took them to Wall street, and got in exchange a cheque for \$10,000. The next day I told Mr. Pinch I should like to have two weeks' vacation, as I had been working pretty hard on "that Jones & Co. business." The old gentleman acquiesced promptly, and when I was bidding him good-bye he whispered, "I guess we can afford an additional five hundred per annum on your salary, Granger—that is, up to January next. After that—we shall see."

The next morning found me in Rochester, and Mr. Lawton had my cheque for ten thousand dollars as a loan to be returned at convenience. The same afternoon found me and Mr. Lawton at the Cataract House, where we dined. I may say here that I had my ten bonds back before the year was out, and that they were placed in my hand by— But that is anticipating.

Lucy took my arm in the gloaming, and we walked over to Goat Island. We climbed up the tower-steps and looked at the Canada fall. No-

body there, only we two, and the mad water rushing and roaring below.

"Miss Arden," I began, "I am happy to—"

"If you meant all you said the other evening," she said, "I think you had better say 'Lucy.'"

"And will you always call me Philip?" said I, looking into the brown eyes. It was quite dusky, and nobody was near, and my eyes were quite close to the brown ones.

"Yes, that is, when we are out here or when nobody else can hear me. You need not hold me; I shall not fall. Now, what are you happy to announce?"

"I have forgotten. I love you: that is all I can say now."

"Then," she answered severely, "I must take back that promise. I cannot always call you Philip; I must call you 'goose' sometimes."

"And 'old maid'?" I asked, looking for a speck on the brown pupils.

"No; that was a slander. By the by, I wrote to Mrs. Hunter to-day. I told her she need not trouble herself to make investigations. I told her you had—had said things to me the other night. Now go on with your happy announcement, sir. What were you going to say?"

"I was going to tell you that your uncle would not be bothered any more about business matters. He has smooth water before him from this time out."

"Yes," she replied indifferently. "I knew all that; uncle told me himself since dinner. Somebody has given him very efficient and sufficient aid, he says."

"And I was going to say that my revenue is increased. Mr. Pinch added largely to my salary without solicitation. I am in condition to marry as soon as I can find a Little Angel who will take an old maid and a goose."

"Don't you think," she whispered, with her rosy lips near my listening ear—"don't you think ten thousand dollars was a terribly high price for one Little Angel?"

You see why it is that I rate my wife so extravagantly; she was very costly. But it was from her dear hands that I took back my bonds on our wedding day. I regard them as her dower, however, and I pay her the interest quarterly, every cent of it.—The Author of "The Clifton Picture."

H. M. S. "PARLIAMENT."

Last Saturday night brought a very successful week at the Academy of Music to a close.

H. M. S. "Parliament" a nice little parody, spicy and full of fun, was presented every night to a full house at this theatre, and if our readers will recall to their memory the poetry of the "Specific Scandal" which we published and illustrated in the News about six years ago, after the downfall of the Macdonald Government, they will at once observe that H. M. S. "Parliament" was launched from the same pen which ably specified the "Specific Scandal." The author of this parody has adapted his little work to the music of H. M. S. "Pinafore" and though nearly every one is tired of it, the Canadian Pinafore with its harmless fun and political peculiarities, plus the attention of every one.

No one can take offence at the good-humoured *taps* which some of our prominent officers of the "Ship of State" come in for, as each party got their share. In fact we are inclined to think that the author hit more on his side, perhaps, because the Government can stand a little more, and thus he excludes any censure which party spirit might find in the "Health Papers" of the "Parliament." We are fully convinced that the author reached his aim, for all shades of politicians witnessed the *debut* of the "Canadian Pinafore," and enjoyed the fun, even when strong allusions were made, though out of no animosity.

There can be no doubt but success is assured, for, when this extravaganza is produced in cities where the weaknesses and peculiarities of the prominent leaders in the *little roles* are more intimately known, the pleasure derived from the play will be the greater, and the author's capability in harmonizing the various characters must be acknowledged as complete.

The making-up of those heads for which the *taps* are intended, is so cleverly done that the expression leaves no doubt as to who is meant, and the striking resemblance of the Canadian Household which are busy with grinding axes in the opening scene, indicates that the hits are really good. Capt. McA., Commander, is simply immense in the hands of Mr. Charles Arnold, who explains his position with Mrs. Butterbun very effectively, and when he allows love to give way to political considerations the audience can read deep designs in the countenance of the Captain who will not run the risk of losing his interest.

Sir Samuel Sillery, represented by Mr. Sydney Smith, in describing his early career by singing "When I Was a Lad," gives good advice to rising politicians, and his dissatisfaction at Angelina's want of appreciation of the chief of the N.P. portrays offended dignity to perfection. Sam Snifter finds in Mr. E. A. McDowell a true exemplifier of the duties of a Government Clerk, and his ambitious views as to his cork-screw business create great laughter.

Alex. McDeadeye, the misanthropic member, is capably acted by Mr. Stuart, who dances his Highland fling in great style and brings the "house down" by the attitudes which he assumes whenever the Ministerialists get a rap. Mrs. E. A. McDowell has more admirers than

ever she had, and it cannot be denied that her appearance on the stage is more dignified and amiable than when she was known as Miss Fanny Reeves. Her Angelina in the dialogue with Captain McA., is full of pathos and her love for Snifter, Clerk of the Sealing Wax Department, is well expressed in all the movements peculiar to a loving, womanly heart.

Mr. Butterbun, a monopolist, very clearly shows the beneficial effect of the N.P. and presses Capt. McA. for the promised appointment with such force that the great chieftain will give her the inspectorship as soon as they decide about the Coteau Bridge. Britannia and Canada have a little discussion whereby cousin Jonathan is fully remembered.

With regard to the singing we must refrain from making any remarks as it would be a damper on the whole company's efforts, for we cannot do full justice in this direction without hurting the singers who otherwise succeed in every way. And to the credit of Mr. McDowell it must be said that he spares no expense in mounting his plays, for both scenes in "Parliament" are very good; particularly the Parliament Buildings illuminated called forth immense plaudits, and the "hum" thrown upon canvas by a reflector cannot be any better, though the singing of "Silent be, it is The Hum," leaves much to wish for.

A FEW GEMS FROM AMERICAN POETS.

One of the most graceful American writers in prose and poetry is Thomas Bailey Aldrich. He was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1836, and has lately attained high rank as a lyric poet and a novelist. His youth was spent in Louisiana. After having spent three years in a mercantile firm in New York, he sought a literary occupation, and worked as "reader" for a New York publishing establishment. After this he went to Boston, and became editor of *Every Saturday*, a publication which was afterwards discontinued. He has spent some years in travel, visiting the chief cities of Europe. He has not attempted anything grand in poetry, but what he has attempted he has accomplished with the utmost beauty and perfection. Among his poems are "Babie Bell," "The Face Against the Pane," "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book," and others, which are delicate and charming productions. His principal novels are "The Story of a Bad Boy," "Marjorie Daw and Other People," and "Prudence Falfrey," which are deservedly popular. Marjorie Daw is one of the most unique and original conceptions of modern fiction. The leading characteristics of Aldrich's poetry are humour, playfulness and chaste pathos. He is a poet of refinement and beauty, his amiability and virtuous nature beaming through all his works. Everything he writes exhibits a polished and cultivated taste. Aldrich fills two spheres in literature—that of poet and story-teller. What could be more fascinating and exquisite than his "Story of a Bad Boy"? It is so natural, so full of boy character, and yet so healthy in its tone of manliness and truth. A better sketch of boy life than this has not been written. Truly Aldrich is the daintiest and, at the same time, soul-full of story writers. But let us weave a garland from the garben of his poetry. What could be more beautiful and pretty—yes, sweetly pretty—than his poem, "The Tiger Lilies?"

"I like not lady-slippers,  
Nor yet the sweet-pea blossoms,  
Nor yet the flaky roses,  
Red or white as snow;  
I like the chalice lilies,  
The heavy Eastern lilies,  
The gorgeous tiger lilies,  
That in our garden grow!

"For they are tall and slender;  
Their mouths are dashed with carmine;  
And when the wind sweeps by them,  
On their emerald stalks,  
They bend so proud and graceful,  
They are Cyprian women,  
The favourites of our Sultan,  
A-down our garden walks!

"And when the rain is falling,  
I sit beside the window,  
And watch them glow and glisten;  
How they burn and glow!  
O, for the burning lilies,  
The tender Eastern lilies,  
The gorgeous tiger lilies,  
That in our garden grow!"

Many of Aldrich's poems contain great dramatic fire and spirit; but the vigor of his poetry is ever characterized by beauty, simplicity, and subdued warmth. He is never wayward or startling. As an instance of this, what could be more beautiful than the following from his poem entitled "Judith?"

"Judith knelt  
And gazed upon him, and her thoughts were dark;  
For half she longed to bid her purpose die,—  
To stay, to weep, to fold him in her arms,  
To let her long hair loose upon his face,  
As on a mountain-top some amorous cloud  
Lets down its tresses of fine rain."

While it is always desirable to move down the current of song without having recourse to a stroke of the ear, it is still more pleasant to be greeted on our way by a bright imagery, delicate and refined. In Aldrich's poetry we have both. We move unconsciously down the stream, yet never tire of the scenes upon the banks. Is there not something exquisitely beautiful in the imagery of his poem, "Before the Rain?"

"We knew it would rain, for all the morn,  
A spirit on slender ropes of mist  
Was lowering its golden buckets down  
Into the vapory amethyst

"Of marshes, and swamps, and dismal fens;  
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,  
Dipping the jewels out of the sun,  
To scatter them over the land in showers.

"We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed  
The white of their leaves, and the amber grain  
Shrank in the wind,—and the lightning now  
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain."

Listen to this, from his poem, "The Face Against the Pane." What could be neater:

"Mabel, little Mabel,  
With face against the pane,  
Looks out across the night,  
And sees the beacon light  
A-trembling in the rain.  
She hears the sea-bird's screech,  
And the breakers on the beach  
Making moan, making moan.  
And the wind about the eaves  
Of the cottage sob and grieves;  
And the willow tree is blown  
To and fro, to and fro,  
Till it seems like some old croue,  
Standing out there all alone  
With her woes!  
Wringing, as she stands,  
Her gauzy and paled hands,  
While Mabel, timid Mabel,  
With face against the pane,  
Looks out across the night,  
And sees the beacon light  
A-trembling in the rain."

He has written some charming love poems, true pictures of the tender passion of the heart. What could be more fascinating than this? At the same time, note the play of fancy in it:

"Up to her chamber window  
A slight wire trellis goes,  
And up this Romeo's ladder  
Chambers a bold white rose.

"I lounge in the ilex shadows,  
I see the lady lean,  
Unclasping her silken girdle,  
The curtain's folds between.

"She smiles on her white-rose lover,  
She reaches out her hand,  
And helps him in at the window—  
I see it where I stand.

"To her scarlet lip she holds him  
And kisses him many a time—  
Ah, me! it was he that won her  
Because he dared to climb!"

Thomas Bailey Aldrich is now about forty-three. Charming as are his poems and stories, I think we may look for a fuller and riper genius in the themes he is yet to touch.

Belleville, Ont. T. O'HAGAN.

HUMOROUS

CHINAMEN cannot understand why Englishmen hate nice little mice and love trips.

AN Ohio newspaper speaks of a man being bruised by the "emphatic gestures of a mule."

"Tis not the whole of life to live, nor all of death to die: 'tis raising cash to pay our bills, that worries you and I.

WHEN two funerals meet at the cemetery, it is embarrassing to have one undertaker call to the other, "How's business?"

WHAT was it? I went out into the woods and got it. After I got it I looked for it. The more I looked for it the less I liked it. I brought it home in my hand because I couldn't find it—a silver.

AN English coachman was asked to tie up a dog, and he resigned on the ground that it was the butler's duty. The butler declined and resigned, and after six servants had left the car tied up the dog himself.

YOUNG man, if it is 11 o'clock and she goes to the piano and plays a few bars of "The Sweet By and By," you may consider the waltz over for the night.

AT an evening party, Jerrold was looking at the dancers, when, seeing a very tall gentleman waltzing with a remarkably short lady, he said: "Humph! there's the mile dancing with the milestone!"

THE conductor of a certain train on the Union Pacific railroad charges that a fly, having alighted on one of the glasses of the engineer's spectacles, the engineer thought it was a buffalo on the track ahead, and turned on the air-brakes to avert a disaster.

A MEMBER of a school board, not a thousand miles from Boston, visited a school under his jurisdiction. When asked to make some remarks, he said: "Well, children, you spell well and reads well, but you hasn't got still."

AN old farmer was wondering "why in these days it seems impossible to have an honest horse race, when a neighbour interrupted him with the remark that "'t's because we haven't no honest human race."

"CASSIMERE," said young Chainstitch, "Dubblesole says you're a liar." "Dubblesole says so," replied Cassimere, and then he added defiantly, leaning his chin on his yard wand, "I'd like to know how he found that out!"

EMERSON says a man ought to carry a pencil and note down the thoughts of the moment. A young man who bought a silver pencil to be devoted to that purpose only, carried it seven years before he discovered there was no lead in it.

A DRUGGIST sent his Irish porter into a dark-celled cellar. Soon after, hearing a noise, he went to the opening and called out, "Patrick, keep your eyes skinned!" "Och! divil an eye," roared Pat, "but it's me nose that's skinned lovely!"

A NEW man in the country newspaper business publishes under his editorial heading: "This paper published for \$1.50 per year, if paid in advance, \$2 if paid at the end of the year, and \$2.50 if not paid at all."

MANY anecdotes are told of the eccentric Prindle, whose advent in Danbury we recently recorded. One time he got into a neighbour's pantry and helped himself freely to what he believed were some new kind of cookies, but which proved to be yeast cakes—of a very successful variety at that. He heaved and fumed to such a degree that for some time his native village thought it was a sea side town.

It was proposed to erect a monument in the village square to the Father of his Country, and old Aquira Higgin was called upon for a liberal donation. "I can't give anything this time," he said, "but you may know that I always carry Washington in my heart." "Well," answered the man with the subscription paper, "all I can say is that you've got the Father of his Country in a very tight place."