

A JACQUEMINOT.

A rose from my lady's bouquet—
Did she give it to me? Ah, no!
I only gathered it where it lay,
Dropped from my lady's rare bouquet—
Noisettes and les Jacqueminots—
Flushing the air below.

"My lady," mine did I say?
Not even her name I know,
Who carried the rare bouquet;
Yet a rose fell out of it on my way,
Red as a rose can blow,
And met by an equal glow.

What matter to any one, pray,
That I tenderly hold it—so!
Velvety, blushing, bright as the day,
The rose as the lady. Kiss I may,
Through the bloom its petals show,
Her cheek in the Jacqueminot.

Kiss it and dream away,
That a drop from her heart's full flow,
Sought, as it fell from her sweet bouquet,
To mingle its soul with mine for aye—
Forever, wherever I go—
In the breath of a Jacqueminot.

MARY B. DODGE.

HOW I GOT MARRIED WITHOUT POPPING THE QUESTION.

"Perhaps you wrote an offer?"
"No, I did not write an offer."
"Perhaps you got some one else to ask for you?"
"Wrong again."

"Perhaps your wife popped the question to you?"
"Not a bit of it. But if you like I will tell you the whole story. When I was young I was what may be called a mild youth—you may laugh—and greatly given to playing the flute, attending lectures on phrenology, and such like dissipations. Phonography, too, had just come up, and for a long time I felt it my duty to fill up note-books with rows of strange-looking figures that would have puzzled Pitman himself to make out. Of course, I had a companion in all this, a perfect counterpart, with only one drawback. He had a sister about seventeen years old. We were constantly visiting at each other's houses, but I was generally the host; for, to tell the truth, I was a little shy, and was afraid of the drawback (the sister, I mean). But Mrs. Brown (my friend's name was Brown) used to press me to visit the house and bring my flute; 'she was so fond of the flute,' and 'would I teach Emily phonography?' it was so useful."

"Well, I did take the flute and play duets with the pianoforte, until a good deal of the shyness wore off, and we got on with our phonography swimmingly. Being fond of knowledge myself, there was naturally a great deal of pleasure in imparting it to another. At first Brown took lessons with Emily, but he soon got tired, and we were left to pore over the lesson-book together."

"As soon as Mrs. Brown learned that we had advanced as far as the corresponding style—'Ah!' said she, 'you and Emily must write to each other some of Byron's or Moore's poems in phonography; how would that do?' We could but try it, but found so many mistakes that it was generally necessary to read the poems over together afterwards."

"Well, this went on for a year or so, until, tired of doing nothing myself—though my father, as everyone knew, was very well off—I suddenly made up my mind to go to Australia. The affair was arranged almost in a moment, the determination arising out of an unexpected meeting with an old and successful colonist then on a visit to England. I at once took a berth in the *Black Ball* clipper to sail in a week, and was of course much busied in preparing the necessary outfit. The first excitement over, I remembered that I had neglected to return Miss Brown a phonographic exercise, and not having time to call, I enclosed it by post, with a few words (also in phonography) accompanying it."

"Two days before the *Black Ball* was to sail, I found time to call on the Browns. I met Brown just outside, who told me to go in, and he would be back presently. I was shown into the drawing-room. It was empty. I amused myself for a few minutes looking over some pictures. Presently there was a rustle at the door, and almost before I could turn to see who it might be, I found myself embraced, I believe even kissed! Of course, there was some mistake, but it suddenly occurred to me that it was a very pleasant one, and just at the moment who should be passing the door but Brown, senior. He seemed to take the scene in at a glance, walked up to me, gave me a hearty slap on the shoulder, and with a laugh said, 'It is just what I expected.' Of course, Mrs. B. entered immediately after, and Brown came double-knocking at the door to make another witness of the little drama. All this time, Emily's head was on my shoulder, and she ejaculating something about 'my dear letter,' 'was I afraid to speak then?' and so on."

"The next half-hour is a blank. I know that a letter was brought me from the agent of the *Black Ball*, regretting that by some mistake a berth had not been secured for me, but that the ticket would be available for any vessel of the Company. And what is somewhat to the point, I remember that it was settled that we were to be married in three months."

"Well, time rolled on. We came to Australia, and soon settled down into a comfortable home."

"One day Mrs. G., putting some boxes straight, made a grand start, and pulling out a piece of paper covered with shorthand, exclaim-

ed, 'Why, Tom, here is that dear letter of yours that brought us so much happiness!' 'Letter,' said I, 'what letter?' 'Perhaps you will be good enough to read it.' 'Certainly,' said Mrs. G., and then she read in mock sentimental tone:

"I return your exercise corrected. I send it by post, as under the circumstances I cannot see you personally. I admit that I ought to have told you before that I love you, but really I could not. Pray forgive me."

'Yours truly,
'THOMAS GREEN.'

"I saw the thing at once. As I have already stated, the letter was in phonography and without vowels. I had merely intended to inform her of my departure, and to excuse myself for the neglect of not letting my friends know it earlier. But mademoiselle had read it 'I love you,' instead of 'I leave you.' And that is how I got married without popping the question."

"I took possession of the precious epistle—the 'dear letter'—and whenever Mrs. G. is in a teasing mood I have only to draw it slowly out of my pocket-book, and the tables are at once turned. We still find phonography useful, but are very particular about the vowels."

AN ELEPHANT'S PORTRAIT.

About six weeks ago, dining out at a bachelors' party given by Colonel —, I was asked by my host if I would make a sketch of an elephant's head for him. Of course there was but one answer, "Yes," though I added, feeling uncertain as to the result, "It may be a failure—but I will do my best." So on the first morning that I had time to spare, I set off to the great temple with the intention of sketching one of the elephants. You know that at all important temples there are elephants; they are much prized as possessions, and take part in most of the religious ceremonies and processions. Some of them are employed to carry the water and flowers which are brought in daily for the gods and goddesses, for which purpose they start off early in the morning accompanied by a few of the temple dignitaries, and to music too, if a fearful noise like some half-dozen tin-kettles beaten out of time can be so called. On arriving at the temple I looked to see which would make the best sketch, and decided that the largest, a huge brute (whose tusks had been sawn off because he had once killed a keeper), chained up in a separate court of the temple, would decidedly be the one. Seating myself on a stone which was lying in the shade of the outer wall of the temple, and being further protected from the sun by a cocoanut tree and an umbrella, the last held by one of my servants, and, further, being armed with paper and pencil, I set to work to make my sketch. It always takes me some time to decide upon which view to take, and when that is settled which part of the view shall be commenced first. In this instance I was prepared to begin with a side view of the great brute chained up before me; but in this I reckoned without my host, for, objecting to being looked at, he turned himself round so as to bring one of his little twinkling eyes to bear upon me. I commenced my sketch, taking a good look first, and then trying to produce the result on paper. As I progressed I observed that the eye next me twinkled more and more, and that the elephant was slowly swaying his trunk from side to side. I tried to make the best of it, and went on with my sketch. When looking up to take fresh observations, I was just in time to stoop down and so avoid a brick which flew over my head and was smashed against the wall at the back. The whole thing was so ludicrous that I and my servants laughed heartily. The determined opposition to my presence you can understand, but I cannot describe the merry twinkle in the eye, nor the wonderful accuracy of the aim. From that moment, sticks, stones, and pieces of brick were thrown at me, and would have inevitably made acquaintance with my head had not my servants caught them as they arrived. I could not, however, get on with the sketch. So as the elephant yawned, I did the same; and then I left, much amused by the morning's entertainment. The colonel was disappointed at not having the promised drawing; but then, as I told him, "You see the elephant did not understand the matter, and decidedly objected to my presence."—*Leisure Hour.*

STITCHING ON A BUTTON.

He had never tried it before, but he was naturally a self-reliant man, and felt confident of his ability to do it. Moreover, his wife had gone into the country. Therefore, carefully selecting from that lady's work-basket the thickest needle and stoutest thread, he resolutely set himself to the task. Spitting upon his fingers, he carefully rolled the end of the thread into a point, and then, closing one of his own eyes, he attempted to fill up the needle's solitary eye; but the thread either passed by one side or the other of the needle, or worked itself against the glittering steel and refused to be persuaded. However, the thread suddenly bolted through the eye to the extent of an inch, and, fearing to lose this advantage, he quickly drew the ends together and united them with a knot about the size of a buckshot. The button was a trouser one, but he liked the dimensions of its holes, and it was only going on the back of his shirt, anyhow. As he passed the needle gently upwards through the linen, he felt a mingled pity and disdain for men bungling over such

easy jobs; and he let the button gracefully glide down the thread to its appointed place, he said to himself that if ever he married a second time it should be for some nobler reason than a dread of sewing on his own buttons. The first downward thrust had the same happy result, and holding the button down firmly with his thumb, he came up again with all that confidence which uniform success inspires. Perhaps the point of the needle did not enter to the bone, but it seemed to him that it did, and his comment upon the circumstance was emphatic. But he was very ingenious, and next time he would hold the button by one edge and come up through the hole nearest the other. Of course he would. But the needle had an independent way of suiting itself as to holes; and it chose the one where the thumb was. Then the needle got sulky. It didn't care about holes, anyhow, if it was going to be abused for finding them, and the button might have been an unperforated disc for all the apertures which that needle could thenceforward be made to discover, without infinite poking and prodding. It always came through when it was least expected, and never when it was wanted. Still he persevered, and it was not until he finally discovered that he had stitched over the edge of the button and had sewn it on the wrong side of the shirt that he utterly broke down.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MISS BURKE has been awarded by the Queen a pension of £400 per annum.

As a sign of the times it may be mentioned that a paper called the *Protectionist* has appeared.

The author of "The Truth about the Land League" was always suspected to be Mr. Forster's son. Mr. Arnold Forster's name will appear on the new edition. The book lifts the veil.

A LIMIT is to be placed on Saturday afternoon pigeon shooting at Hurlingham. Perhaps pigeon killing there will be altogether given up, and other "sports," more sensible and equally as pleasant to the ladies, will be introduced.

It seems that with Irish ideas come Irish idioms. A proposal is on foot for the formation of a Land League in Wales, and the circular sent out informs those who wish to help the scheme on the quiet that they may send their names anonymously.

It is stated that Mr. Biggar's father, when he purchased a small property in Ireland, raised the rents thirty per cent. Biggar, the son and patriot, inherited this property, and has been receiving the increased rental. Last week the Commissioners knocked off the thirty per cent. and reduced the rentals to their original figure.

It is expected that we shall have to wait another eighteen months or more for the revised version of the Old Testament. The company of revisers are, however, getting on quickly. They have reached in their second revision the end of the second chapter of Daniel. They are, it is whispered, making changes even greater and more numerous than those which were made in the New Testament by the Jerusalem Chamber Company.

As we are nearing the race season we may begin to look out for novelties in dress. If one celebrated window in Bond street is to be a criterion of what is in store for us, it looks as if women, amongst their other claims to equality with the less influential sex, were going to become exceedingly horsey in their attire. Last season we had jockey caps, and they certainly made saucy girls look saucier. Now, as well as the caps, we are to have jackets, red cloth, and brass buttons.

The season of French plays about to open promises fortunately to be more varied and attractive than usual. No fewer than three different companies will occupy the boards of the Gaiety—Madame Sarah Bernhardt-Danala, for so the eccentric tragedienne now styles herself, coming first; M. Coquelin and other members of the Comédie Française following; and Madame Chaumont, with a very naughty Palais Royal company bringing up the rear.

LONDON becomes more musical yearly. Not only have we a brilliant opera season just now, but concerts are more numerous than they have ever been known. Last week there were no fewer than thirty. To foreign musicians, composers, and performers, London is a veritable El Dorado, carrying off annually as they do more gold out of the great metropolis than ever the Spaniards found in Peru. The development of musical taste in our midst which all this betokens augurs well for the success of the new College of Music.

GALLEOTTI, the Italian boy nine years of age, who is creating a great impression in the London drawing-rooms by his remarkable powers as an improvisatore at the pianoforte, was at a party a few nights since given by Sir George Wombwell to the Prince of Wales. The first subjects, two bars of melody, given by Mr.

Grossmith and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, were treated with much skill. The Prince then asked Mr. Grossmith to play the ghost melody from *The Corsican Brothers*. This with great success Galleotti treated in turn as march, fugue and waltz.

THE Lord Mayor will shortly give a grand ball, the cost of which will amount to £2,500. It was his intention to have a grand ball in honor of the recent Royal marriage, but the bereavement sustained by the Duchess of Albany has necessitated the abandonment of the idea. The Lord Mayor will also give a banquet to the mayors and provosts at the Mansion House on June 17, at which both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh will be present, but, for want of room, the entertainment will not include the mayoresses or others. A municipal ball has not been given by the Corporation for nine years, but there have been balls of the kind on a minor scale at the Mansion House since then.

THE loss of her state barge by the *Victoria* and *Albert* in a heavy sea off Dover, while at the service of Princess Helen and her illustrious parents, is exceedingly unfortunate, as, with its ornate carving, tasteful coloring, and gilt embellishments, it was a perfect specimen of its kind. It has been reported that after the Queen has left the Isle of Wight for Scotland the *Victoria* and *Albert* will have a complete overhaul, her hull requiring expensive attention before she again makes a Continental trip. It has been many years since this yacht was thoroughly refitted, owing to the exigencies of her Royal service; but her timbers have been repeatedly surveyed, and that some of them need replacing by sound wood is not surprising.

THE coaching season is now in full swing, and a scene of great activity and interest is to be observed at the White Horse Cellars in Piccadilly, at the morning and afternoon hours when the four-in-hand passenger coaches go and come. These coaches now go in all directions, and nothing could be more charming than the drive through the green lanes of England. It is a famous day's outing to go with the coach to its destination, have a light lunch, and get back again to town in time for dinner. The coaches, driven by amateur whips, and well equipped, are in the best style, and it is, indeed, a pretty sight to see these coming home in the late afternoons, with the horses tossing their heads, as if proud of the load they drew, and to hear the blast of the guard's horn.

VARIETIES.

AMONGST our industrial and frugal forefathers it was a maxim, that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed linen. From this custom, all unmarried women were termed spinsters—an appellation they still retain in all law proceedings.

It will be difficult to revive an interest in any sculling matches for a time, after the signal triumphs of the Canadian; but an attempt will be made in a match between Boyd and Laycock on the 3rd July, on the Tyne, when £400 will change hands. It is singular that the moral to be derived from Hanlan's rowing is not more decisively recognized, namely, that a man must row with his back more than with his arms.

THE world is astounded at the notion of the millions that figure for our national debt; it requires all its financial capacity to comprehend the sum total; but what is to be said of the statement recently issued by Sir John Lubbock in his capacity of Hon. Secretary of the London Bankers! Sir John, in this document, tells us of the sum of £6,352,654,000 which he says was paid at the Banker's clearing house last year! It may be quite correct, we have not gone over it; but how is it there are no odd shillings and halfpence—not an odd pound, not even a hundred? The clearing-house does not apparently do *bits* in such frivolous items.

GAYLORD CLARKE, of the *Katzenbocker* magazine in New York, was quite a humorist in his way. When he was publishing the magazine, Barnum had his museum where the *Herald* building now stands. Clarke and Barnum were great friends, yet each liked to turn the joke on the other. On one occasion Clarke came down to the museum in great haste, and wanted to know of Mr. Barnum if he had the club Captain Cook was killed with, and, if he had, would he allow him to examine it, as he was writing an article for the magazine on the death of Cook, and would like to familiarize himself with the appearance of the weapon that ended his existence. Mr. Barnum said that he was only too happy to be able to gratify his curiosity, as he had the identical club, and that he would go and get it for him. Mr. Barnum, in narrating the incident afterwards, said, "I went and picked out an Indian club that looked as if it might have killed Captain Cook or any one else, and brought it back, and assured Mr. Clarke that that was the identical club. He examined it for a time critically, and then, handing it back, said, 'Mr. Barnum, I thought you must have it; as all the small museums in the country have it, a large one like yours could not afford to do without it.' I told Clarke I owed him one; and then he left, chuckling over how nicely he had turned the point on me."