



(From the painting by G. H. BOURGTON, A.R.A.)

EPC

The Bouquet.

(From the German of Uhland.)

If every flower's an emblem, as you say,
 And every twig suggests a separate feeling;
 If sadness crouches 'neath the cypress grey,
 And love from out a rosebud may be steal-
 ing;
 If colors, too, express one's state of mind,
 And Nature's tints can speak of human pas-
 sion;
 If hope's fair livery in green we find,

And jealousy brings yellow into fashion,
 Then, sweetheart, in my garden there shall
 blow
 All kinds of plants, whose various hues I'd
 borrow
 In giving one bouquet to you, to show
 Yours are my love, my cares, my hopes, my
 sorrow.

THE LOST EARRING.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER I.

It has always been a puzzle to me how the sponsors of my friend Smith, could have fallen into the unconscious blunder,—for such in charity I will call it—of bestowing upon him the two names, they gave him at his christening. First—Algernon—is well enough, though hardly in keeping with the terse unromantic surname. But when coupled with Sidney, the combination will strike the reader at once, as not only ridiculous, but cruel. Honest Dogberry strongly objected to be written down as an ass, even by another's pen, but fancy being obliged to dub yourself that animal whenever you signed your initials!

Algernon Smith (let us drop a tear over, and blot out the Sidney), was however, not by any means the donkey his godparents had done their best to make him, but at the age of twenty-six was a lawyer in good practice in New York, and engaged to the charming Miss Jefferson, whose father was a wealthy railroad capitalist.

At the time of this story—which is a true one—the Jefferson's were living in an apartment house on Fifth Avenue. Algernon on becoming engaged had presented Elsie Jefferson with a very pretty pair of diamond earrings, which

gift delighted her, as it would any girl worth a fig.

One day Elsie was preparing to wash all her jewellery, because her lover was coming that evening, and like a daughter of Eve she wished to look her best. But she discovered she had scratched her finger slightly, and as you all know, ammonia which is used for brightening up trinkets, causes any wound to smart so she commissioned her maid to wash the gems. But for that scratch, and the accident of young DeTomkques calling on her for three minutes and a half, one of those doubly precious stones would never have been lost nor this tale written. By such trilling incidents are the tenderest feelings of our nature tried, and out of such are the most thrilling novels constructed.

DeTomkques' visit, as I have said, lasted just two hundred and ten seconds (I like to be exact), and in returning to her bedroom, Elsie softly murmured a touching ditty of childhood, about something twinkling "like a diamond in the sky," thinking of Algernon of course, and what a good, noble, generous being he was, when gathering up her jewellery, now laid on her dressing table, she suddenly shrieked out, "Why Jemima, there is only one of those earrings here!" "Those," you will under-

stand, referred to the particular ones given her by Smith.

"I hope you don't think," said Jemima, tossing her head.

For an instant that old French proverb, "qui s'excuse s'accuse" rose in Elsie's mind, but having had an excellent character with Jemima, she at once suppressed the suspicion, bottling it up and corking it down tight.

"Oh no, certainly not, Jemima," she replied, "but please hunt for the earring. Oh what shall I do?"

Naturally what she and Jemima both did, was to search for the missing jewel. They rummaged all over the dressing table, examined the floor, from one end of the room to the other, unlocked every drawer, with the idea, I presume, that the ornament might have jumped through a keyhole! They turned down the bed, as though the earring, in a sudden fit of lassitude, might have sought repose under the clothes, and nestled itself there for a quiet snooze, but nothing came of their efforts.

"I have it!" cried Elsie.

"Where, where, ma'am?" exclaimed Jemima, in an excited tone:

"It must have been left in the basin, and carried off with the water when you pulled out the plug," returned Elsie, "run, Jemima, and call up Sam to come here and open the trap."

Off went the maid, and just then Elsie's father arrived from the city, the time being nearly six o'clock, for the search had so far occupied about an hour and a half.

Mr. Jefferson called to his daughter, who running to him, poured forth her tale of woe, in a manner both distressing and incoherent. Franklin Jefferson was a kind-hearted man, having however an irascible temper, and no sooner had he heard Elsie's story, than he rushed into her room shouting "It must be found. Thunder, I say it shall be found!"

There was Jemima standing meekly by, while Sam, the colored porter, was stooping down and opening the trap under the basin. Jefferson bounced about the room, shaking the curtains, and disarranging everything he could lay his hands on, as I have observed frequently, hot-headed men invariably do, in such cases. At length he bent over Sam, and began turning about the dusting cloths and brushes stored in that small cupboard, in doing which he came upon a pretty morocco leather pocket book. He seized it, sprang to his feet, very red in the face, and somewhat short of breath from his recent exertions.

"Why," he stammered, forth, "in the name of all that's—"

"Wonderful, papa," suggested Elsie opportunely.