



A COLD DAY FOR BILLY MACLEAN.

WAITING FOR THE SUNDAY CARS.

EVELYN.

A NOVEL OF THE DAY.

THE air was filled with the subtle perfume of orchids and century plants in full bloom. Athwart the paintings (by Michael Angelo, Rubens, etc.) and oriental hangings of the room, shot the sun, throwing a rainbow of light in its path across heavily embroidered portieres, Japanese easels and Venetian bric-a-brac. It hesitated a moment, then flung its whole wealth of rose-colored light upon the form of a maiden of seventeen summers, who reclined upon a divan weeping bitterly.

Her beauty was of such radiance as to be indescribable—but here is an idea of it: Her hair—which waved to her feet over a robe of richest damask, embroidered with pearls and turquoise—was of the purest gold; her eyes were of the softest brown, with a shade of the amethyst in their depths; her mouth was red as the ruby, shaped like the bow of Cupid, and as mobile as a spring day; her face was oval, her broad, low forehead as smooth and polished as marble, her nose pure Greek, her chin ditto,

and her cheeks the color of white roses with the blush of morn upon them; her hands and feet were shaped exactly like those of Venus (only not nearly so large); and her figure was slender and graceful and willowy—most weepingly willow. This is a faint portrayal of her charms.

Her eyes were filled with large moonstone tears. "Oh, my love," she murmured; "are we to part thus?" And she tore a hundred and fifty dollar lace handkerchief to pieces, in her woe.

"Horrid maid. Horrid, horrid Marie! Last year you gave me away about the coachman, and this year you will perhaps separate me from the footman. Mon Dieu! did ever maiden have such hard luck?"

Just then the door opened and a manly form, in livery, entered. He flung himself at her feet and madly kissed the pearls and turquoise of her embroidered gown. (Tableau.)

"Is this true, Marie?"

"Oui, every word ezz true, monsieur."

"And he is a lord, you say. How did you find that out?"

"By *lettre*, monsieur. His *père* wrote. I found the *lettre*. He ezz Anglaise milord. Browne. Great, high, noble Brownes."

"Well, here is fifty cents. Don't say anything about it. You may go now."

(She left the room. On the outside, strange to say, was *milord*, who gave her fifty cents more and smiled most sweetly.)

"Good gracious, isn't this splendid! My daughter marries a lord in disguise, become a great lady, and I live easy ever after. Well, Evelyn, the sooner the better, as my creditors will be down on me next month sure."

The moon rose in splendor, cast a smiling glance upon the sleeping world, then disappeared behind a cloud and waited patiently for the lovers to leave the Smith mansion. They were eloping. The lord (in disguise) held the beautiful Evelyn by the hand and led her to the carriage. They got in and were quickly whirled toward love, happiness and the depot. The moon came out and grinned—Smith's face appeared at the window. He grinned, too. "Ah, ha! Good bye, my children."

TEN YEARS LATER.

They are somewhere in the States. Evelyn is taking in washing for a living; the "lord" is living on the washing, too—so are the little lords and ladies.

P.S.—Smith makes a luxurious living by breaking stones for some monopoly. ROLY ROWAN.

WORDSWORTHIAN SONNET.

PLEASANT it is to watch the starry sky
While smoothly gliding o'er the ice-clad plain
With steel-shod feet, to mark the moon's bright train
Accompany their queen's proud march on high.
To see the leafless trees sweep softly by,
Responsive to the skates' charmed Orphic strain,
Which, like the music of that fabled swain,
Makes rooted dryads foot it merrily.

The thin ice bends beneath our rushing feet,
Faster we fly, for safety lies in flight.
An unseen twig, or bunch of grass is met.
Heels up, our eyes more constellations greet,
While the rayed hole, reflecting orbs of night,
Seems like a spot where shooting stars had set.

WILLIAM MCGILL