

When I was about two weeks old, I was sent to a fashionable London shop, as handsome and trim a black silken umbrella as ever was made—if I say it who shouldn't. Shortly after this I was purchased by an elderly gentleman, who was, as I soon learned, a tourist from a place called Canada—so I prepared to bid my native land adieu.

Before embarking on the ship which carried us away, I had a week of life in London—which, for an umbrella, means fog, fog, fog—and many an hour I spent waiting for my owner outside of the British Museum, Westminster Abbey, etc, etc, but never went near a theatre, or place of that description, for my owner was a Reverend Professor occupying a Chair in a large Methodist College in the little town of Z—, and didn't believe in such things.

I cannot enter very minutely into our sea-voyage, for I spent most of my time in a corner of the cabin, tied up with canes and other umbrellas. The Professor kept me company a great deal of the time—he seemed very fond of his berth, and, as he lay there, he gave utterance to that which from any other lips would have seemed profane, but as I have already said he was a Reverend Professor! *Mal de mer* they called it!

Contrary to the fate of the proverbial umbrella, I have never changed owners—except when I was temporarily borrowed or hidden by mischievous college students—perhaps my owner's name carved on my massive silver handle may account for that.

It was on one of these "borrowed" occasions that I heard my first and only love story; for the Professor was a steady middle-aged man with a wife and children, and more addicted to talk of theology than love. It was coming home from a concert in the Music Hall one rainy evening, that, under my friendly shade, a youth and maiden plighted their troth, and I'm sure I hope nothing will happen to disturb their "love's young dream." Do not ask me to repeat what they said. Such confidences are sacred, even to an umbrella.

My Professor was very much given to wearing a tall silk hat. No matter what the weather—sunny or rainy, or blowing gales of wind—Z—was such a windy town—on went the