

**LOVE'S WEDDINGS.**

(QUOTH Love as he sharpened his darts one day,  
In an indolent sort of style :

"I have too long followed the beaten way,  
And wanted for fun the while ;  
For loves have run very smooth of late,  
And the matings have all been true ;  
Those mortals who eagerly catch my bait  
Seem never its taste to rue."

So Love departed, on mischief bent,  
Well loaded with golden darts,  
And off on its mission each weapon sent,  
To the sorrow of human hearts.  
Then Love laughed loud with a fiendish glee,  
At the carnage which he had wrought ;  
That his sport was wild, we must each agree,  
For this was the game he caught :

A Polander married a Fiji wife,  
And a Japanese a Finn ;  
A dusky daughter of old Bad Knife,  
Was wedded to one Ah Sin ;  
A negress married an Englishman,  
A Russian a Boston belle,  
And unto a native of Hindostan  
A Siberian damsel fell.

A Chilian joined to a Congo prince,  
A Grit to a Tory maid,  
'Twas a motley lot, nor before nor since  
Were such curious antics played.  
Each golden dart was a golden spell,  
Naught human could well withstand,  
And Lap, Moor, Spaniard, a victim fell  
From equator to cold Iceland.

**THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;**

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"LET me see," said Mr. Douglas, consulting his watch.  
"H'm! half-past two, only. If we leave here at three,  
that will give us ample time, for this is a ten knot breeze  
at least. Now, gentlemen, if you want anything more, say  
so. If not, away go dishes and remnants to the yacht.  
All satisfied? Very well," and then raising his voice he  
called out, "Chambers, how are you getting on over  
there?"

"Jolly as sand-buoys, sir," came the cheery voice of  
the handsome young sailing master.

"Very well. Tell your men to get these things on  
board, and here's another bottle of champagne," con-  
tinued Mr. Douglas, as Chambers came towards him, and  
handing him the wine, he opened a fresh one for his own  
party. "Now, Chambers, we'll be off in half an hour ;  
here Bushell," to one of the crew, "take some of these  
traps on board, and go into Miss Douglas' room and  
bring a guitar you'll see in one of the lockers. It's open  
isn't it, Elsie?"

"Oh! yes, papa, but we've no time for music. I'm  
sure Bushell needn't bring the guitar."

"Tut, tut, nonsense," said her father. "We've  
time for one song. Yes, cut away, Bushell, and look  
alive, and bring my violin, too. I sent it off with the  
hamper this morning and I think it's underneath the  
table," and away went the sailor and was soon seen re-  
turning with the instruments alluded to.

"Now, Elsie, my dear, please give us 'Douglas'; a  
fine old song, or ballad, rather, gentlemen, the Douglas  
referred to in it having been of the same stock as myself.  
Now, darling."

Miss Douglas was far too sensible a young lady to plead  
cold or sore throat or any of the many other excuses usu-  
ally put forward by would-be fashionable young women  
when requested to sing, and which are generally forerun-  
ners of a wretched performance. She took her guitar,  
and striking a few chords at once commenced, in a deep  
rich soprano voice, that dear, sweet old ballad "Douglas,  
Douglas, tender and true," which she rendered in a man-  
ner so beautiful and pathetic, that even the irrepressible  
Yubbits was charmed into silence, whilst Bramley gazed  
on the lovely face of the singer with tears in his eyes, the  
champagne he had consumed doubtless assisting to make  
him doubly sensitive to the beauty of the song, and he  
remained perfectly motionless till the last notes died  
away when, as soon as the applause which greeted the fair  
songstress had ceased, he said:—

"Miss Douglas, I am positively charmed. What a  
beautiful song! Please, *do* please favor us with another.  
I am very fond of music, though I am no singer—"



**"FUNNY" FOR JINKS.**

*Little Tottie*—O Mr. Jinks, when you come to our house again  
will you drink funny out of my mug? I want to see you do it.

*Tottie's Ma*—Drink funny? Why, Tottie, what do you mean?

*Tottie*—Didn't you tell pa that Mr. Jinks drank like a fish? I  
want to see him do it!

"No indeed, Bramley," Yubbits burst in, all the defer-  
ence he usually exhibited towards his leader vanishing  
under the genial influence of the generous wine, "please  
don't try. I have heard you attempt to—to—well, war-  
ble, but I must confess you do sing atrociously flat, yes,  
flat as a love-sick flounder."

"I must say, Yubbits," remarked Bramley, evidently  
annoyed at being thus 'chaffed' before Miss Douglas, "I  
must say you choose some exceedingly select similies. I