

would you advise me to choose? Or rather, which of them do you think would be willing to be chosen?"

Rosalind, smilingly occupied with the future, fails entirely to perceive that she is building her new apartments upon the sand.

"What do you say to Maggie Cameron?" he suggests.

The smile vanishes from her face. "Maggie Cameron!" she cries tartly, yet looking a little bewildered; a "dairyman's daughter! I never dreamt of you marrying her!"

"Ah, her parentage won't suit, you think?" replies the dairywoman's son. "Well, let us think again; who else is there? Oh, there is Bessie Pringle. She's a pretty girl, and her people are all dead; nothing could be better than that surely!"

"Alec! You know that Bessie has nothing but her pretty face! She would be no companion to you at all! She would never be able to manage you! No, I certainly never thought of her." He smiles in spite of his aching heart. "Then, of course, she would never do. I must be managed. Let us try again. Ah, I have it! Elsie Lindsay! A sweet, sensible girl, a good daughter, she'll make an excellent wife."

"A sweet girl!" Rosalind, feeling a little chilly, lifts her eyes somewhat shiveringly to the branches above her to see if the leaves are stirring, if the wind is about to rise. But all is still overhead, save only where the birds, hopping from twig to twig, or flying from branch to branch, make a little flutter in the foliage. "A sweet girl!" she repeats, "why Elsie is older than yourself, Alec! She is very nice, I don't deny it, but—I never thought of you marrying her."

"Then of whom did you think?" "Oh, I don't know," she owns, looking vaguely round as if she half expected to find a few applicants, like dropp'd acorns under the trees: "somebody else, I meant, just—just some woman."

"Clearly. But those I have named are all women, you know."

No answer, and for some minutes—a good many—there is no echo of voices in Pinkney Plantation. The sweet songs of the birds fill the whole place with melody, and the warm sunlight stealing down through the foliage lies in beautiful golden patches upon the blueberry beds; no breath of wind stirs leaf or blade or frond; then whence comes this strange cold feeling that is so surely creeping over the girl—into her very heart? Is it beginning to dawn upon her at last that there may be in life greater evils even than—Breweries?

Past sturdy young oak-trees and dark ruddy stemmed firs they go in utter silence. A rabbit runs into the path in front of them, and then in a great fright scuttles away out of sight to join his friends; a linnet hopping about amongst the long blades of grass flies swiftly at their approach up into a tree for safety. Suddenly Rosalind stops.

"I think I must go back to the house now," she says, "I may be wanted, and we can talk of this another time." With the very first glimmering of light, the maiden's instinctive impulse is to withdraw, without a word, without a sign, behind her veil. But her very voice is changed, and as they turn to retrace their steps the young man—the veil being but metaphorical—looks upon her face. Instinctively he stands still.

"Forgive me, Miss Rosalind," he cries, "I should have told you at once; I was wrong to speak as I've been doing; forgive me, but I think it will be better to tell you now before we go back."

"Tell me what?" she asks quickly and apprehensively.

Within the shade of a beach-tree their unconscious halt is made; they stand looking at one another, no misleading sunbeam dancing across their eyes, looking, seeing each other clearly, face to face. And now, in this moment the new light dawning in the girl grows stronger and clearer, so strong and so clear that by its aid she at last discerns another's secret.

"Tell me what?" she cries more apprehensively than before, her heart beating fast.

"Only this," turning his eyes away from her and speaking now with the very calmness of culmination, "I can stay here no longer; I must leave Pinkney. I have written to tell Tom Brewster that I'll go out with him; it's all settled."

And Rosalind knows that Alec's cousin Tom starts for Australia in a week.

Poor Rosalind! Even were she yet blind she would now see! The blow is sharp, sudden, unbearable. For just a second, as before the eyes of the drowning, the pictures according to its deeds, so before hers stretches away the long, blank, dreary future without Alec. Then, a dense grey mist creeping all round her shuts out his shocked face, the trees, the sunlight, all the world around Pinkney; she hears the birds singing somewhere very faintly as if far away, then—a blank; all sense has fled from that fair dwelling place for a time, and in the arms that have made such haste to catch her she lies like one, most fair, passing asleep, through the Valley of Death.

Lying amongst the blueberry bushes and the ferns, with white cheek and nut-brown head pillowed upon his breast, with words of passionate love trembling at her ear, thus does Rosalind once more open her eyes upon the world. She feels like one who, having fallen over a frightful precipice, wakes to find herself safe and happy.

And so, like smoke, vanished for ever the younger Miss Moncreiff's resolution to lead a

single life, and with it, as a natural consequence, Alec Brewster's arrangements to try a colonial one. After all, Alec has found his wife like a dropp'd acorn under the trees.

A little later, the two are sauntering back through that pleasant plantation on their way to the house—to interview poor unsuspecting Aunt Rab.

"Alec," the girl is saying as she laughingly, yet with a tear shining in her eye, makes a pretence of shaking off the hand that ever seeks hers so tenderly, "do you see now that you are as blind as Bartimeus? Why could you not have shown me that there was at least one other man without half-killing me first?"

#### AN OBTUSE YOUNG MAN.

She was a stylish young lady, about eighteen years old, and, to accommodate a friend, she took the baby out for an airing. She was wheeling it up and down the walk, when an oldish man, very deaf, came along, and inquired for a certain person supposed to live in that street. She nearly yelled her head off trying to answer him, and he looked around, caught sight of the baby, and said—

"Nice child, that. I suppose you feel proud of him?"

"It isn't mine," she yelled at him.

"Boy, eh? Well, he looks like you."

"It isn't mine!" she yelled again; but he nodded his head, and continued—

"Twins, eh? Where's the other one?"

She started off with the cab, but he followed, and asked—

"Did it die of Colic?"

Despairing of making him understand by words of mouth, she pointed to the baby, at herself, and then shook her head.

"Yes, yes, I see; 't'other twin in the house. Their father is fond of them, of course?"

She turned the cab, and hurried the other way; but he followed, and asked—

"Do they kick around much at nights?"

"I tell you 'tain't mine," she shouted, looking very red in the face.

"I think you're wrong there," he answered. "Children brought up on the bottle are apt to pine and die."

She started on a run for the gate, but before she had opened it he came up and asked—

"Have to spank 'em once in a while, I suppose?"

She made about twenty gestures in half a minute, and he helped the cab through the gate, and said—

"Our children were all twins, and I'll send my wife down to give you some advice. You see—"

But she picked up a flower-pot and flung it at him. He jumped back, and as she entered the house, he called out—

"Hope insanity won't break out on the twins!"

#### SHARP.

A gentleman from New York, who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some moneys due to him in that city, was about returning, when he found that one bill of a hundred dollars had been overlooked. His landlord, who knew the debtor, thought it a doubtful case, but added that, if it were collected at all, a tall, raw-boned Yankee, then dunning a lodger in another part of the hall, would "worry it out" of the man. Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account.

"Wall, square," said he, "'tain't much use o' tryin', I guess. I know that critter. You might as well try to squeeze ile out of Bunker Hill Monument as to collect a debt out of him. But anyhow, square, what'll you give sposin' I do try?"

"Well, sir, the bill is one hundred dollars. I'll give you—yes—I'll give you half, if you collect it."

"Greedy," replied the collector. "There's no harm in tryin', anyway."

Some weeks after, the creditor chanced to be in Boston, and in walking Tremont Street encountered his enterprising friend.

"Look here," said he, "square, I had considerable luck with that bill o' your'n. You see I stuck to him like a dog to a root; but for the first week or so 'twan't no use—not a bit. If he was home, he was short; if he wasn't home, I couldn't get no satisfaction. By-and-by, after goin' sixteen times, 'I'll fix you,' says I. So I sat down upon the doorstep, and sat all day and part of the evening, and I began airly next day; but about ten o'clock he gin in. He paid me my half, and I gin him up the note."

#### LOST AND FOUND.

A lad was sent with a note, and a basket containing some living partridges. On his way, tempted by curiosity, he peeped into the basket, when the partridges flew away. Much perplexed was he; but after a little consideration he re-closed the basket, went on his way, and delivered the letter with his best bow.

"Well, my lad," said the gentleman on reading it, "I see there are some live partridges in this letter."

"Oh, by the powers," says Paddy, "I'm glad of that, for they flew out of the basket, and I couldn't think where the devil they had gone."

#### TIT FOR TAT.

A lady whom I knew had rather an unpleasant experience in an attempt some years ago to disregard a tacit understanding among the sex in regard to dinner dress at hotels. She belonged to an ultra-fashionable set, and having married a South Carolina planter soon adopted what we call "plantation manners," and affected no little scorn at the simple-mannered, reserved New England folk. She was at Newport, our great seaside watering-place, and having just returned from Europe took free airs upon herself. One evening at the tea-table a gentleman sat down near her, and the butter-plate before him happening to have no butter-knife by it at the moment, he, instead of calling the waiter and waiting for one to be brought, used his own perfectly fresh, bright knife to take a bit of butter. He was a man of culture and social standing, but a Yankee, and one whose social pretension she wished to flout. She seized the opportunity, and calling a waiter, said, in an elaborately subdued but decided tone, "Take away that butter. That gentleman has had his knife in it." He took no notice of the remark, which drew all eyes upon him and upon the lady, but by and by she stretched out her hand and took from the plate some chipped dried beef, which stood between her and her victim. This was well enough, of course; but he turned at once, and calling a waiter said, only as if he were asking for more tea, "Take away that dried beef, this lady has had her fingers in it." In this encounter, such as it was, he was thought to have had the best of it, and she did not forgive or forget. So a few days afterward (I should have mentioned that there was the slightest possible acquaintance between them) they being at dinner, she, conspicuous in the full dress she had adopted since her tour in Europe, and which was so very "full" that it would have attracted attention under any circumstances, took one from a dish of fresh figs before her, and putting it on a plate, handed it to him with an expression of complaisance, but saying in a tone of unmistakable significance, that could be heard all around her, "A fig for you, sir." He accepted it graciously, and taking in his turn a leaf from the garniture of the dish, offered it to her, with "A fig leaf for you, madam." She fled the table, and kept her room until her intended victim left the hotel.

#### THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Buckland, the distinguished geologist, one day gave a dinner, after dissecting a Mississippi alligator, having asked a good many of the most distinguished of his classes to dine with him. His house and all his establishment were in good style and taste. His guests congregated. The dinner-table looked splendid, with glass, china and plate, and the meal commenced with excellent soup.

"How do you like the soup?" asked the doctor, after having finished his own plate, addressing a famous gourmand of the day.

"Very much indeed," answered the other.

"Turtle, is it not? I only ask because I do not find any green fat."

The doctor shook his head.

"I think it has somewhat of a musty taste," said another; "not unpleasant, but peculiar."

"All alligators have," replied Buckland; "the cayman peculiarly so. The fellow whom I dissected this morning, and whom you have just been eating—"

There was a general rout of the whole guests. Every one turned pale. Half a dozen started up from the table. Two or three ran out of the room, and only those who had stout stomachs remained to the close of an excellent entertainment.

"See what imagination is," said Buckland; "if I had told them it was turtle or terrapin, or birds'-nest soup, salt water amphibia or fresh, or the gluten of a fish from the maw of a sea bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion been none the worse. Such prejudice."

"But was it really an alligator?" asked a lady.

"As good a calf's head as ever wore a coronet," answered Buckland.

#### THE LOST WAGER.

Dr. J. H., of New Hampshire, was one of the most able, talented and eccentric surgeons of the last century. His practice embraced a large circuit, and his fame extended to every part of the State. The doctor was one morning sitting in his office, poring over some medical work fresh from the mother country via Boston, when a loud rap at the door aroused him.

"Come in," said he, and an old female hobbled into the apartment, who seemed to be the very embodiment of dirt and wretchedness.

"Doctor, I've got a desperate sore foot; can't you help it?"

"I'll try; let me see it."

The old crone proceeded to divest her under-stand of the apology for a hose with which it was covered, and displayed to the doctor a foot—and such a foot!

"Heavens!" exclaimed the man of medicine, throwing up both hands in amazement, "what a dirty foot!"

"La! doctor, you needn't be in such wonderment about it. There's dirtier feet in the world, I've warrant—ay, and a dirtier foot than that in your own house, as proud as the young ladies, your daughters are; for all that; and

the old hag crackled at her pleasure at the doctor's astonishment.

"Woman, if you can find a dirtier foot than that in my house I will give you a guinea and cure your foot for nothing."

"Pon honor!" responded the doctor.

"Pon honor!" responded the doctor.

The old woman stripped off the other stocking and showed a foot that beggared all description, and grinning in the face of the astonished doctor exclaimed:

"Gi' me the guinea!—I know'd it! I washed 't'other 'ors I come here."

#### THE BITER BITTEN.

A few years ago a farmer, who was noted for his waggy, stopped at a tavern, which he was in the habit of calling at on his way from Boston to Salem. The landlady had got the pot boiling for dinner, and the cat was washing her face in the corner. The traveller, thinking it would be a good joke, took off the pot lid, and while the landlady was absent put grimalkin into the pot with the potatoes, and then pursued his journey to Salem. The amazement of the landlady may well be conceived, when, on taking up her dinner, she discovered the addition which had been made to it. Knowing well the disposition of her customer, she had no difficulty in fixing on the aggressor, and she determined to be revenged.

Aware that he would stop on his return for a cold bite, the cat was carefully dressed. The wag called as was expected, and dushy was put upon the table amongst other cold dishes, but was so disguised that he did not know his old acquaintance. He made a hearty meal and washed it down with a glass of gin. After paying his bill he asked the landlady if she had a cat she could give him, for he was plagued almost to death with mice. She said she could not, for she had lost hers.

"What!" said he, "don't you know where she is?"

"O yes," replied the landlady, "you have just eaten it."

#### VARIETIES.

A BAILIFF, who had tried almost every expedient to arrest a Quaker without success, resolved to adopt the habit and manner of one, in hopes of catching the primitive Christian. In this disguise he knocked at Aminadab's door, and inquired if he was at home! The house-keeper replied, "Yes." "Can I see him?" "Walk in, friend," and he shall see thee." The bailiff entered, confident of success, and, after waiting nearly an hour, rung the bell, and, on the housekeeper appearing, he said, "Thou promised me I should see friend Aminadab." "No, friend," answered the Female Quaker. "I promised he should see thee. He hath seen thee, and he doth not like thee."

THE Duke of Edinburgh has been saying pretty things of the London Cabby. H. R. H. ought to pay New York a visit. One gets more than the drive for his money. A Philadelphia man was in New York a few weeks ago, and this is the story he tells of the Cabbies of Gotham: "I was in a frightful hurry and very absorbed, and paid no attention to a driver who accosted me at the ferry and followed me a short distance up Cortland street: 'Astor House, Brandeth, St. Nicholas, Grand Central, Fifth Avenue, Hoffman.' I did not answer him. 'Drive you for two dollars, any where you want to go—Hoffman House, Brevoort, — best in the city, Windsor—Brunswick, Albatross.' Still I did not reply. 'Albatross, Colman, Westminster—quiet house, Clarendon, Gramercy Park, Gilroy, St. James'—kept by an Philadelphian.' I did not reply. Cabby touched my arm, with a wink: 'Deaf and Dumb Asylum, sir, for a dollar.'

"I'LL DIE WHERE I PLEASE."—When Mr. Macready was performing at the theatre in Mobile, his manner at rehearsal displeased one of the actors, a native American of the pure Western type. This person, who was cast for the part of Claudius, in "Hamlet," resolved to "pay off" the star for many supposed offences, and thus he carried out his purpose. When in the last scene Hamlet stabbed the usurper, he reeled forward, and, after a most spasmodic finish, he stretched himself out precisely in the place Hamlet required for his own death. Macready, much annoyed, whispered freely, "Die further up the stage, sir." The monarch lay insensible. Upon which, in a still louder voice, the Hamlet growled, "Die further up the stage, sir." Hereon the Claudius, sitting up, observed, "I believe I'm king here, and I'll die where I please." The tragedy concluded shortly after.

GASCOIGNE has a son—a very smart boy. It has always been Gascoigne's intention to send the youth to a University, and give him a profession. Some days ago, however, the boy gave such undeniable evidence of commercial instinct that his parent has incontinently determined that he shall have the chance of becoming a city magnate. On inquiring what the remarkable instance of commercial sagacity was, Gascoigne informed us that he had asked his son to copy out Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," and instead of doing it verbatim he wrote thus:—

Charge to right of them,  
do. to left of them,  
do. in front of them,  
Volleyed and answered.

That boy will get on!