

## POETRY.

### WHOS' BUSINESS.

Is it anybody's business  
If a gentleman should choose  
To wait upon a lady,  
And the lady don't refuse?  
Or to speak a little plainer,  
That my meaning all may know,  
Is it anybody's business if a lady has  
A beau?

Is it anybody's business  
If a gentleman should call,  
The time he leaves the lady,  
Or if he leaves at all?  
Or, is it necessary that the curtains  
Should be drawn?  
To save from further trouble, the out-  
side looker-on?

The subject of my query  
Briefly stated, would be this:  
In anybody's business  
What another's business is?  
It is, or if it isn't, I would really like  
to know.  
For I'm certain if it isn't, some people  
make it so.

A. M. N.

## SELECT STORY.

### BONNIE ADAIR.

By the Author of "Mrs. Delamater's Lover" "Black  
Pool Grange," etc.

#### CHAPTER II.

"I shall not ask you if I may come,"  
he said, easily, for you may be braver  
than last night, and summon up sufficient  
courage to say so."  
Bonny said, blushing softly, "but I can  
go away."

She felt rather vexed, for the girls and  
man he had just been watching her  
from the distance; then, while she spoke,  
they turned and strolled off one shrug-  
ging her shoulders and without a word  
followed her mother; afterwards they met him in  
the town, walking with one of his sisters.  
They seemed very much engrossed with  
each other, and neither noticed Bonny.  
She was patiently waiting her hair pulled  
and her face scratched by the prongs of  
Mrs. Adair's umbrella.

This persistent little annoyance used to  
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"You were hard-hearted, mother, and so  
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before very long, mother and daughter  
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"It was so handsome," Mrs. Adair  
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"How hideous!" Bonny burst out.  
"Why didn't you make him out them off?"  
"You talk of what you don't under-  
stand—it was the fashion of the day; and  
he had lovely, glossy black hair."

"Grossed!" Bonny exclaimed, with in-  
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"Oh well, miss! you are so sharp and  
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"Then why did he pick it?" Bonny  
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"Because there was a law that only  
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Then he sighed; and rested his head on  
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And he answered, bitterly—  
"Because I am a fool, and want the  
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known what true happiness was."

He had raised his head and was staring  
before him; in the misty, evening light  
he looked so handsome and so miserable;  
Bonny's innocent, childish heart quivered  
with pity.

"I am so sorry," she said tenderly. "I  
wish I could do something to make you  
happy."

"You wish you could do what you and  
you alone can do?" he asked.

As he put the question he framed her  
face in his two hands, gazing down upon  
it with those great sleepy eyes, then bend-  
ing her head, pressed his lips to hers, and  
the next second Bonny's frightened face  
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"Bonny! my little girl! my little love!  
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rather dilated upon that small service he  
rendered her, and Mrs. Adair now took  
the opportunity of thanking him for his  
exceeding kindness. She shook hands  
with him too, but she had not what her  
daughter termed her extra company man-  
ners, which generally appeared before  
strangers when she was put out. She had  
a way of drawing herself up and look-  
ing very stiff. On these occasions she  
was always extremely gracious, but not  
nice; in fact, most people found her  
irritating. She was blissfully un-  
conscious of this; she was a duchess at  
times in her own imagination, and she  
was a duchess on the morning she first  
made Du, e's acquaintance.

"So very kind of you," she said, lan-  
guidly, dropping Topsy upon the sand.  
"Bonny, that terrible dog has been fight-  
ing again, or rather a dog fought him. He  
would have been killed had not old Mr.  
Jones and someone else separated them. I  
really think they ought to muzzle the  
dogs, but then South Bay is so behind the  
times."

"Don't they muzzle them down here?"  
Doyle questioned, staring down at the fat,  
asthmatic pug, round which they were  
standing. "He's a fine old fellow," he  
taking the brute's limp paw.

"If you had said 'fat old fellow' it would  
have been nearer the mark," Bonny re-  
marked, digging the tip of her shoe into  
Topsy's fat back, and making him shift  
his position uneasily.

"Why do you bring out a snubname?"  
her mother asked, as she unfurled a large  
umbrella. "You look like a pipey—and  
no gloves. Bonny, when will you grow  
wiser? I am going now to Maple's for  
some flowers. Will you come with me?"

Of course Bonny had to say "yes," and  
Alec found, a pretty, soft little hand laid  
in his for something less than a second,  
while Mrs. Adair again thanked him for  
his kindness to her little girl, and having  
smiled a freezing smile upon him, left him  
before he had time to say anything pleas-  
ing. Bonny, looking down, just lightly nod-  
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men, and wondered what Lenore could  
see in Ted Charteris. Then Mrs. Adair  
said she was tired of sitting still, and  
would like to walk up and down; so off  
they started.

Bonny felt her knees tremble as she  
passed those good-looking, well-dressed  
people, from whom she kept her eyes  
studiously turned. As they came back  
they met Alec Doyle sauntering towards  
them; he at once raised his hat, and turn-  
ing, walked beside Mrs. Adair, who, be-  
fore five minutes had elapsed, thought  
him a most gentlemanly and agreeable  
man.

He had so much to say that was worth  
listening to, and he was so considerate;  
when Mrs. Adair thought she was tired  
found a snug corner for her, and stood  
talking to her, while Bonny, of course,  
sat beside her mother. Then Doyle  
thought he was tired too, said he had  
been walking all the afternoon, and so  
sat himself beside Bonny; but still he did  
not say much to her, though every now  
and then the girl would meet a glance  
that set her pulses throbbing wildly, and  
brought the color to her face.

Ever after, Bonny Adair remembered  
that evening; remembered how the sun  
sank in the west, and the moon rose up  
above the sea, and poured down its pale,  
cold light upon them; remembered the  
very smell of the damp, cool air, and  
with the remembrance there always came  
the sobbing refrain of a waltz the band  
had played—a plaintive, sorrowing air,  
that died away in the evening stillness,  
leaving them silent and thoughtful.

Afterwards Doyle walked home with  
them, and thanked Mrs. Adair for her  
invitation to call; she had turned to go  
in, and Bonny was following when, the  
sound of her own name just breathed  
reached her; she paused and hesitated,  
and he held out his hand across the  
gate, but Bonny pretended not to see it.

"Good-night," she said, lightly, with-  
out moving towards him.

"Shake hands," he pleaded; "but she  
only shook her head, and without a word  
followed her mother; afterwards they met  
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heart, Bonnie Adair, I can no more help  
loving you than I can help breathing."

he whispered, passionately, with his face  
close to hers as he held her tightly pressed  
in his arms.

The girl answered him never a word;  
the joy, the perfect bliss of being loved by  
him—her idol, her hero—was painful in  
its intensity. She could only cling to  
him, silent and trembling, while she felt  
his beloved arms about her, and his  
warm breath on her cheek, as he told her  
how he loved her—calling her his dar-  
ling, his love, his sweetheart.

Bonny, in her ignorance, even felt that  
was the supreme moment of her life;  
nothing could ever quite come up to it.  
Whatever happiness the future held in  
store for her, could never rival those  
priceless happy moments—all too short,  
all too fleeting.

A sighing breeze swept across the  
heath, making the hawbells tremble and  
swaying the tall ferns; it was then that  
Bonny drew herself away from those en-  
circling arms, and stood holding both  
hands to her blushing face, which had  
such a joyous light upon it. Doyle looked  
at her, and then away with an impatient  
movement, then once again turned to her  
and again drew her to him.

"Bonny, do you love me? Say you  
love me, little one. I want to hear you  
say it."

Bonny whispered something that was  
quite unintelligible—at least, to any but  
lover's ears.

"And if I had gone away, Bonny,  
and had never told you how terribly I  
cared for you, would you have been  
sorry?" he questioned, raising her face  
and scanning it anxiously.

The bright, clear eyes looked into his  
with that wonderful, new expression  
as she answered ever so softly, "Yes."  
"I thought you had gone," and some-  
how, in those simply spoken words, Alec  
Doyle knew what it would have meant  
to her if she had really gone.

"Whatever misery comes to us after-  
wards, I shall not regret it," he said, with  
an old, passionate defiance. "Oh, Bonny,  
little sweetheart, would to heaven I could  
spirit you away to some enchanted island,  
where you and I could live just for one  
another without another soul to interfere  
between us. Just you and I, Bonny, love,  
only you and I."

She could not understand all that was  
passing in his mind, the dark thoughts,  
the guilty conscience, which robbed that  
interview of much of its charm for her.  
She