



Mr Sherwood

And moves grandly up the river—
Such a river! None can match it
In America or Europe—
Deep and green and limpid water
Mirroring the banks majestic,
Charming every sense of beauty!
Lewiston at length—and "cherries!"
"Cherries nice and ripe for eating,
"Five a bunch, sir, cherries, cherries!"
And a pack of little urchins
(Merchant princes of the future)
Thrust their baskets in the faces
Of the disembarking people:
Follow them up the steep stairway,
Dog them to the railway station,
Stick to them with "cherries, cherries,"
Till the train is nearly starting,
Then with baskets almost empty
Cut the prices—"Two for five, sir!"

On to Buffalo—grimy city—
Past the Falls you've heard of, maybe—
Here you're landed at the depot,
At a point they call Exchange Street,
Whence you go in cab or street car
(Latter marked Louisiana),
Just a run of some ten minutes
To the N.Y.L.E.W.

New York, Erie Lake and West-
ern)

Get your ticket for Chautauqua,
Ticket reading *via* Mayville,
On the Pittsburgh branch, and,
look you,

Offer 'em no "Canady money,"
'Cept it be a little silver;
For they seem to have a notion
That we're shaky, Mr. Foster;
Bank bills, yea, and legal tender,
Called Dominion notes, they
sneeze at—

Treat 'em all as mere waste paper.
All aboard! A pleasant journey
Through a very pretty country,
Where you see the happy farmers
Rolling in the meadows, laughing
At the millions they are making,
All because they are protected
By McKinley's blessed tariff!
(This remark is wrote sarcastic)
"Mayville—all change for the
steamer!"

Here she lies, just near the depot,
Small, but very neat and natty,

Dancing on bright Lake Chautauqua.
Seated 'neath the grateful shadow
Of the upper deck verandah,
You may sweep with eye delighted,
As the steamer leaves her mooring,
Up and down the lovely landscape
Of the banks, with farm and cottage
Grove and field in summer sunlight.
Right across from quiet Mayville
Goes the boat to Point Chautauqua,
Whence again she crosses over
To the wharf of the Assembly—
And you're at the summer city!
Here—but what's the use of trying
To compress, condense, and boil it
Down to any space in reason,
All the joys that now await you?
Reader—send to George E. Vincent,
Or to genial W. A. Duncan,
For a copy of the *Herald*,
Which will tell you all about it,
And if you've a week of leisure
'Twixt this date and end of August,
For a glorious summer outing
Which will cost but little money
While it gives you ample pleasure,
Go and see this modern marvel,
Go and revel in Chautauqua,
You will find no place to match it:
MR. GRIP's been there and knows it!

J.W.B.

LOVE AND LEARNING.



"I was on the piazza of the
Hotel Chautauqua. The
sun was finishing his day's
outing, and the western
sky was ablaze with golden
fire; the sunset was doub-
ling its glory by
repeating it in the
placid waters of
Lake Ontario. In
a comfortable arm-
chair, with a
weighty volume of
the "Principles of
the English Lan-
guage" upon her
lap, sat Miss Ma-
bella Marion St.
Jackson, gazing
with poetic mien

through her eye-glasses at the splendors of the dying
day. Anon a step is heard—a gentle, hesitating step—
and Mabella is conscious of another presence, though
her maidenly reserve prevents her from turning to iden-
tify the new-comer. She is almost sure, however, that it
is Alonzo Parkinson, and she is right. It is he. But
oh, she can never know how the mere vision of her
lovely and learned self is making his heart beat with
almost thunderous pulsations. Nor has she the slightest
notion that he has long dreamed of and watched for such
an opportunity as this! The fire of high resolve lights
up his eye, and suffuses his manly face with a blush that
tells the story of his love more eloquently than words
could do. He is determined to know his fate at once;
this golden moment must not be lost. He will ask her
to be his wife! With a few rapid strides he is at her
side. She looks up, and greets him with a not unkindly
smile. Hope sets his heart aglow! The sweet lips
open, and the becoming eye-glasses glisten as she says
gently, "It's a lovely evening, is it not?" "Lovely," he
echoes—"it is indeed lovely;—Miss St. Jackson—
Mabella, do you know what *love* is?" A pretty, puzzled
look, which adds tenfold to her entrancing beauty, comes
into her face. "Love?" she murmurs. "Yes," he
repeats, trembling with hope and fear, "do you know
what it is?" "Well, it all depends, you know," she
replies, with the most charming earnestness, "it may be
used either as an active transitive verb, or as an abstract
noun." At this moment the sun disappears beneath
the western waves, and Alonzo Parkinson's heart sinks
with it.

A THOUGHTFUL GIRL.

ATTENTIVE DAUGHTER—"Oh, pa, you won't
be going out again this evening, will you?"

FATHER—"No, I think not, Julia. Why?"

ATTENTIVE DAUGHTER—"Well, here are your slippers.
You'll be much more comfortable if you would take off
those heavy new boots, which will blister your feet if you
wear them too long, and put on these nice easy slippers."

FATHER—"Ah, thank you, Julia, I think I will.
(*Aside*)—That girl is unusually solicitous for my comfort
lately. Oh, I'm onto her game now. Sure enough,
there's young Swellerton dodging around the gate-post.
That accounts for it."