

FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



MONSIEUR VILLENEUVE,
THE NEW MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

JOSEPHUS, THE LONGHEADED. A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

"NO, sir, you shall not marry my daughter!" said the old man, drawing himself up haughtily, "none but her equal in wealth and social position need aspire to her hand, so get thee gone!"

"Oh, sir, listen to me," pleaded the enamoured youth, who was a noble specimen of manhood, standing over two yards high, with lovely picrust coloured locks falling in artistic disorder over his manly shoulders.

But the old man would not listen to him, and stamped his foot with anger as he cried, "Begone, I say."

Then the impassioned youth fell on his knees, and with the tears streaming down his classic countenance pleaded with the old man. "Oh, sir," he cried, "you cannot know me, I am an artist, a genius—I shall be famous; I am of noble blood, I am 7th cousin to a baronet; see, here is a picture—'The Boy stood on the Burning Deck'—I did it myself, I—"

Then the old man, drawing himself up scornfully, said: "Genius! nobility! what care I for these? Shall my daughter marry from sordid motives such as these? Never sir! it is money, and money alone we want."

"I will earn money," said the artist, "listen sir,—"

"I will not!" cried the old man in a tremendous voice, and catching up the artist in one hand and the 'Boy stood on the Burning Deck' in the other, he cast them both through the window.

CHAPTER II.

Sixteen long and weary years have passed away. Almira Moseley is still unmarried, and is as beautiful as ever. Her cheeks are rosier than in the old days, but she is often sad—she is almost as young as she used to be; 16 years ago she was 21; she is only 23 now. Since Josephus went away so abruptly 16 years ago, she has had plenty of suitors, dowered with beauty, genius and nobility, but they were one and all ignominiously cast into the cruel world by her father. They had no money.

Almira dresses in sombre hues, and does not bang her hair so often as she used to, but the neighbours say that she bangs the piano more than in the old days, and sings in accompaniment, "Come, love, come and fly away with me." And when anyone comes her avaricious father finds out if he has any money, and if not, an effusive dismissal follows.

CHAPTER III.

One day as Almira was sitting pensively at the piano, warbling the ditty mentioned in the foregoing chapter, the door suddenly burst open, and a figure darted into the room crying "Almira! Almira! my love!" Almira turned, and then rushed into the arms of Josephus.

Yes, Josephus returned after 16 years to reclaim his Almira! Josephus was little altered; he was still handsome, though a little stouter, perhaps, and his head was clean shaven and shiny on the top; he had on a new tie and a 15 dollar black coat; some of the blush which suffused Almira's fair cheek came off on his coat, but he did not mind, and it was a new coat, too—such is love.

When Almira's father entered the room and saw her talking to a strange man, he rushed savagely at the intruder. But Josephus, turning, faced him and cried, "Hold! I am Josephus; 16 years ago you spurned me from your window—I fell on my head—lo, I now return your equal,—your superior. I have loads of money—heaps, and I know where to get plenty more," and in proof of what he said he jerked out the fattest roll of greenbacks the old man had ever seen.

"What do you do? What is your business?" gasped the old man in a hoarse voice.

"I am an Alderman," said Josephus, sticking out his chest.

"Shake!" said the old man, "it is a good business. Where are you an alderman?"

"Montreal," said Josephus.

This was too much for the avaricious old man, he fell on his future son-in-law's neck and wept tears of joy.

Josephus and Almira were married the next day.

POETICAL GLEANINGS.



"AND THEREBY HANGS A TAIL."