



A TENDER SPOT.

Gamin—"Shine yer boots, sir?
Swell—Such impudence, by Jove! A downright insult to my understanding!

THE BELLE OF CABBAGETOWN;
OR,
THE BLIGHTED BARMAN.
A ROMANCE.

CHAP. IV.—TROUBLE.

Delia's meditations were shortly interrupted by the entrance of her ma, who bounced somewhat unceremoniously into the room.

"What are you reading, Delia?" said the old lady, "Sure I hope it's not Marmion of the young girls of New York yer afther perewsin'!"

"Nay, mother, how could you think I would read such ribald publications 'Tis Baxter's Saints' Rest I've been looking over." (The ingenuous young girl was not in danger of being found out, as Mrs. D.'s education was sadly neglected in her youth. In point of fact she was reading the life of Jesse James, a volume her lover had presented to her.)

"But, Delia, who was that I heard ye talkin' with on the front stoop?"

"Only Bernedetti, mama."

"Is it young Barney Casey, the barman, ye mane? Now I'll have ye know that the next time he calls here he'll get a pailful of hot wather over him! Barney Casey, indeed, sure he's only got five dollars a week!"

"But, mother, see what he can 'knock down,'" said the artless girl.

"Faith, he'll get knocked down himself if I catch him here again. Now, Delia, there's William John McClosky, a solid man from the County Armagh, and he fairly dotes upon you. A fine liquor store he keeps, and has a large intherest in a brewery. I've promised ye to him, so the sooner you give up Casey and accept McClosky the better for ye, I can tell ye."

"Oh, mother, do not ask me," exclaimed the now half-distracted girl. "I hate old McClosky, and I won't give up my Bernedetti!"

"Faith, we'll see about that," said the old lady, and she bounced out of the room, banging the door after her.

CHAP. V.—MCCLOSKEY.

Mrs. Donovan had hardly taken her customary chair in the kitchen, when, to her great

surprise, Mr. William John McCloskey, with a stealthy and panther-like stride, entered by the door. After cautioning Mrs. D. to remain calm, he hoarsely muttered, "Are we alone?"

"The sorrow a one is here but ourselves," said the lady, "but what's the matter, Mr. McClosky? sure it's pale ye're lookin'!"

"I'll jist tal ye what's the matter, mem. Everything's the matter, elopement's the matter, robbery's the matter! and I tal ye all about it. As I passed yer house about half an-hour ago I hard voices, male and faymale, in the front porch. I recognized both voices. One was yer innocent daughter ma'am, and the other belonged to one Barney Casey, who tends bar in one of my saloons. I own the place, ma'am, ye understand, though me name does not appear. The young villian has it all arranged to fly with the gurl tomorrow night, but feth I'll carcumvant him. The polished rascal has been robbin' me for months, which accounts for diamond ring and pin—feth, I'll pin him though! I'll have detective Hodgins here to-morrow evening, who will put the Government bracelets on him, and the remainder of the night he'll pass in No. 1. As for the poor delevded gurl, I'll talk till her afther, and in the meantime, say nothing about what I've tould ye." So saying, McCloskey departed.

"More power to ye, Mac, but it's the fine ould schamer ye are," exclaimed the old lady, glad to see a way to rid the family of the obnoxious Casey.

CHAP. VI.—THE ARREST.—ALL SERENE!

Next evening, as the hour of meeting approached, Bernedetti Casey went behind his bar, scooped in all the change left in the till, put a couple of pints of champagne in his ulster pockets, and hurriedly wended his way to the abode of the fair Delia. He approached within a few yards of the lights in the front window where doubtless his charmer was awaiting him, and soliloquised thus, "Now, if I bolt with Delia, and the old woman don't come down with the stamps, I'll be in a bad fix, but go I must, as I fear I've been too heavy on the knock downs, but—come, what?"

"Come along with me," were the words that interrupted his cogitations, and the fly cop placed a pair of handcuffs on his wrists and escorted him to No. 1 station.

"What's the matter with me?" asked the chop-fallen lover of his escort.

"The Colonel will explain overything in the morning," said the urbane Mr. Hodgins, as he was ushered down stairs by a man in blue.

Next morning, the once flash Bernedetti was placed between the battle axes, the case was proven by the triumphant McCloskey, and the prisoner was condemned to six months penal servitude in C. P.

Now return we to the cottage.

"Alas! he cometh not," said the weeping Delia, whose traps were all packed ready for a start. "What on earth keeps him?"

"I'll tal what keeps him," shouted William John McClosky, who rushed into the fair girl's presence. "That villian has been robbing me for months, and it is the Central Prison that keeps him. Yes, the villian has been robbing my saloon for months."

"Your saloon," ejaculated the young girl in surprise.

"Yes, Delia, my saloon, although the schaming robber didn't know it. But, Delia, I yet love you. Forget your Barney, and find in me one who will make your future comfortable. What d'ye say?"

"Agreed!" said the fickle fair one. "Take me, McCloskey." He did, and on the pleasant banks of the Don, in a spacious mansion, may at any time be seen Mrs. Delia McCloskey, surrounded by several junior McCloskeys. Bernedetti Casey is running a billiard parlor in Winnipeg.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.

I have been asked by several of my literary friends who have seen the above tale in manuscript, why I introduced Castle Frank, the Observatory and storm signals in the first chapter thereof—being quite irrelevant to anything contained in the story. In explanation, I beg to say that I deem it very proper to have a castle introduced in a romance, and as Castle Frank is the only one in town, barring Boulton's, and, moreover, being in the surroundings of the scene of the tale, I naturally patronized it. As to the observatory and the storm signals, I don't know as they bear particularly on the subject of the story, still I think they would be conducive to that serious frame of mind so essential to the reader of romance.

THE AUTHOR.

Girls, if you care a straw for your matrimonial chances, don't teach school! It will take all the maidenliness and loveliness and attractiveness out of you quicker than all the other trades and professions heaped together. You may not think it, but one year of school teaching will make you stare at people instead of looking at them—will make your mouth hard and your jaws horrible—will make you walk like a grenadier, and talk in a forthputting, down-putting way that will scare the ordinary law-abiding citizen seventy miles away—will give you the aspect of vinegar, and utterly ruin you for home use as well as for exhibition purposes. For pity's sake don't go to teaching, or you will rue the consequences. I have just been refused by a school teacher, and I know.

"Mother, what does 'Marmion' mean?
I often see the word;
It comes out in the newspapers,
And on the streets is heard."

"My child," the mother answered back,
In mingled rage and pain,
"Such shocking language from your lips
Don't let me hear again!"

As a tonic and nerve for debilitated women nothing surpasses Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." By druggists.



THANKSGIVING DAY.

Doctor (to acquaintance)—"Mr. Jones, I am glad to see you have recovered."

Mr. Jones—"Yes, you have saved my life; how can I thank you sufficiently?"

Doctor—"I saved your life?—Why, I didn't attend you."

Mr. Jones—"Yes—and that is why I am so grateful."