

# CLOSING ON A CHESTNUT BURR.

AN AMERICAN COUNTRY STORY.

BY E. PEA ROW.

Of all seasons of the year none are to my mind half so charming as the American autumn. See the apple orchards laden with their wealth of splendid fruit, suggestive of toothsome pies and luscious "sauce"—fruit to be looked upon but with one painful thought, that is, of the unregenerate making of a great portion thereof into the noxious and soul-corroding apple-jack and hard cider. Autumn in America is undoubtedly the festive season. Summer brings its strawberry festivals, its pleasant tea-meetings and its rural picnics, but the innocent jollities of autumn are undoubtedly more pleasurable. What merriment at the jovial paring-bee, what shouts of happy laughter rise to the rafters of the old-fashioned kitchen at a corn-husking, and what innocent joy beams from the radiant faces of the young men and maidens as they walk in a circle hand in hand, singing "We are a marching to Quebec," or engaged in the childlike games of telling fortunes or spinning plates. Ah! it is hard to think that these innocent gaieties are becoming rapidly superseded by the tame quadrille, the romping cotillon and the voluptuous waltz.

It was at one of those happy gatherings last fall that Jehial H. Pettigrew met Martha Jane Doty. Jehial was in every respect a young man worthy of admiration. He was at that time teaching school at the brick schoolhouse at the intersection of the Town Line with the 10th Concession Road, and Martha Jane Doty was his favorite pupil. His scholars, boys and girls, numbered about thirty, at different stages of advancement, and far above them soared aloft in all branches, reading, writing, spelling, geography and arithmetic, Martha Jane Doty. Martha Jane was a pronounced blonde, with hair of that lovely golden red so sung of by the ancients. Her nose diverged slightly from the Grecian, and was of that type styled by the French *retroussé*. Short in stature, she was nevertheless bountifully developed, even to *embonpoint*. True, some of the rude boys would often call her "sorrel top" and "bolster," which provoked the wrath of Jehial to no small degree, for in truth Jehial was in love with Miss Doty, and Miss Doty in love with her tutor.

"What say you, Martha," said Jehial to that lady one Saturday half holiday, "to spending an hour or two this delightful afternoon chestnutting?"

"I should like it above all things, Mr. Pettigrew. Hank, my little brother, will bring a basket to carry the nuts home in. Wait a moment till I get my hat, and we'll be off," returned Miss Doty, with animation.

Away the lovers started for the chestnut grove, attended by their Esquire Hank with the basket. The ground beneath the stately trees was fairly littered with fallen nuts, so they in a short time filled their basket and sat down together at the foot of a huge tree to rest and, if the truth is to be told, to "talk soft nonsense."

"Well, we've had a delightful afternoon, Mr. Pettigrew," said Martha Jane, smilingly.

"Martha," replied Jehial, solemnly, "call me mister no more. Call me Jehial. Matters have proceeded too far between us to allow of the ordinary conventionalities of society. Martha," he continued, "I got a valentine last February where I was described as 'a lank, long-haired, big-footed crank.' Martha, is that a truthful description?"

"Why, Jehial, no!"

"Then you do not spurn my addresses?"

"No, Jehial, I don't."

"Then, dear Martha, we will go home; I will speak to your father at once," said the happy Jehial as, hand in hand, he and his fiancée returned to the parental mansion.

[It may here be necessary to state that while Jehial was reclining on his left side in the grove, wooing his innamorata, Hank, with that inherent love of mischief peculiar to boys of his age, stuck a huge chestnut burr of the dimensions of a small porcupine and almost as formidable, to the rear of Mr. Pettigrew's tightest-fitting garment.]

"Wall, laws a massoy mo! Mr. Pettigrew, why, how do you do?" was the greeting he received from Mrs. Doty.

"Why, how de do, Mr. Pettigrew? Glad to see ye," said Mr. Doty. "Take a chair."

Jehial obeyed. He sat down rather suddenly on one of the old-fashioned basswood chairs, when with a yell that brought the big bulldog to the door and scared the chickens off their roasts, he jumped almost up to the ceiling.

"Great gosh! Crotch all hemlock! Hades!! I'm bit by a gold darn snake! Let me git! Let me git!" and Jehial bolted through the door and never stopped till he reached his own home, and since that day he has never looked upon the face of his Martha, but has given up his school, and has sought a home on the prairie where there are no trees of any kind to remind him of his misadventure in

CLOSING ON A CHESTNUT BURR.

At the Toronto Exhibition the first prizes in all classes of clothing were awarded to R. WALKER AND SONS. Their stock of Fall and Winter materials is now complete. Place a trial order for a suit or overcoat.



## A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.

Clara.—I understand that Mr. Fotherly paid me a very pretty compliment to-day.

Ethel.—Yes! What was it?

Clara.—He said that among the most beautiful young ladies at the party was Miss Clara Smith.

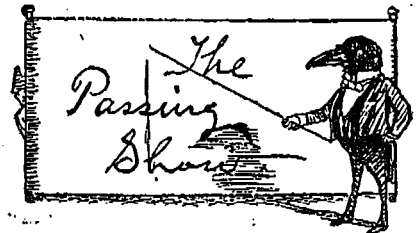
Ethel (with a cough).—Yes, I noticed you among them.—N. Y. Sun.

## A NEW WORK IN TWO VOLS.

"I am introducing just now a new work to the public," said an energetic book agent to old farmer Barnstubble, who lives out on the town line of York and Peel, the other day. "It is entitled 'Canada from Jacques Cartier to the Young Liberal Convention.' It is by Professor Goldine Smygthe, and is considered his best and most interesting work. The price is only \$12, and the illustrations alone are worth double that amount. You will scarcely feel the outlay, as the payments extend over a year. Here is the new work, sir. Look at it! Elegantly bound in Morocco and calf."

"Young man," said old Barnstubble, solemnly, "I don't want it, and I won't look at it. Perhaps you wouldn't think it, but I am about introducing a new work, 'On the Understanding,' by Professor Shoemaker, bound in cow-hide. You need not look at it, but I will make you feel that it is a solid work."

So saying, the grim yeoman arose, seized the E. B. A. by the top of his coat, and kicked him through front-door and "stoup," down garden path, and finally with one fell boost landed him in the middle of the Queen's highway. Then, slowly returning to the house, he mused, "I have the second volume left for the next pesky critter that comes round."



Mlle. Aimée, in the sparkling comedy, "Mamzelle," is delighting the patrons of the Grand this week. The play is very good, and it is needless to say that the leading role is performed with the *chic* and *abandon* for which Aimée has long been famous.

## A GLORIOUS TIME.

OUR VISITING BANK PRESIDENTS, CASHIERS, EMBEZZLERS, ETC., HOLD HIGH REVEL IN CAMP.

Exclusive Correspondence to GRIP From Our Very Special Commissioner Drum.

HARMONY CAMP, ONT., Aug. 31.—First Day.—Amongst the many camp meetings which have been held in Canada, that which opens here to day promises to be the most novel and interesting. The location of the camp is eminently suited to the tastes and requirements of its patrons. The auditorium, which is open to the sky, is enclosed on its sides with high banks, which run to a point at the further end, thus holding in check any drafts that might otherwise collect. The camp is crowded with visiting, it is not safe to mention the word defaulting, bank presidents, cashiers, tellers, embezzlers, and till tappers, accompanied with their sisters, cousins, and aunts. All wear their broadest and beamiest smile and choicest raiment, and stroll contentedly around humming, "It is our opening day."

At one o'clock those present made their way towards the public platform to take part in the opening ceremonies. The chair was occupied by ex-President Youkno, U.S., who was supported on all sides by the *crème de la crème* of the visiting banking fraternity. A choir, composed of the sweetest-voiced till tappers and embezzlers obtainable, assisted by a select number of the sisters, cousins, and aunts, and conducted by Professor Noteworthy, led the singing, and distinguished themselves in several choice selections during the camp.

The chairman, after formally opening the camp, alluded in feeling terms to the suddenness with which most present had had to leave their homes. Yet their sorrow was somewhat alleviated; in fact, he might safely say, judging from the smiling faces he saw before him, their sorrow was *altogether* alleviated by the reception they had received from the kind-hearted Canadians. There was not to look back, but rather to look hopefully to the future, deriving consolation from the charming couplet:

"He that steals and runs away,  
Lives to steal another day."