

courage failed him, and after five minutes of agonising silence this unhappy young man, now in a dreadful state of nervousness, stammered out something about the weather being fine. Ada slightly thawed, coldly said, "Very, Mr. Lawrence," and froze again.

This won't do, thought Harry, so with a desperate effort he said, "Miss Fauchler, this is the day on which you promised to answer my question."

"What question do you mean, Mr. Lawrence?"

Harry, seized with dismay at the idea of having to go over the whole thing again, made another brilliant attempt: "Why, that question that you—I mean—that I asked me—that is, you, at the picnic last week, you know."

But Ada wouldn't know. With provoking calmness she said, "I think you asked me several questions that day, Mr. Lawrence; will you repeat the particular one you allude to?"

"Dearest Ada, I asked you to be my wife. I love you devotedly, Ada, will you be mine? My darling, if you love me, as I think you do, do not keep me in suspense. Oh, Ada, say yes, and make me happy for ever."

"Well, I don't exactly know about that, Mr. Lawrence. Are you really sincere?"

"Most."

"Don't interrupt me please. I know you have publicly recanted your absurd notions about married life; have you also given up smoking?"

"I haven't touched—"

"A simple yes or no will do, Mr. Lawrence."

"Yes."

"And can't you find any better form of declaration than that?"

Harry smiled at the oddity of the question, but began, "Dearest Ada, no form—"

"A simple yes or no, Mr. Lawrence, please."

"No."

"Well," sighed Ada, "I wish you had; I don't care for that way at all; It isn't one bit like the way they do it in the novels. At all events, you must give me three months to consider the matter."

"Can't do it," said Harry, plucking up courage as he remembered the adage, "The woman who hesitates is lost!" I should be in the grave long before that; the uncertainty of my fate would drive me mad in a week, and kill me in a month."

"Oh my, Mr. Lawrence, how dreadful. But you must at least give me a week."

Harry now, very properly, considered himself master of the situation, so passing his arm around Ada's waist he drew her towards him, and tenderly said, "My darling, I cannot wait so long; tell me now, sweet Ada, that you love me."

A pair of bright eyes for a moment looking into his, then dropped again, spoke in a glance a love the tongue would not reveal. Harry clasped her in his arms, and murmuring softly, "My own, own love," imprinted with passionate fervor on her lips the seal of their betrothal.

After this the reader will not be surprised to learn that (after satisfactory interviews with, by, and between the paternal relatives of the high contracting parties) the day for the marriage was fixed for an early date, that dressmakers and their familiars appeared like magic on the scene, and reduced the male portion of the household to a state bordering on madness, and the female portion to a

condition of ecstatic frenzy, that the wedding (which took place at Maker Church), and the honeymoon (to Switzerland) went off without a hitch, and to this day Harry says that never for a moment has he regretted his "change of mind."

Written for the Companion and Teacher

Jones' Devotion and its Consequences.

BY MARVIN SEATON.

Mr. Augustus Jones, whose star of destiny had cast his lot in the Forest City since the Western Fair, in the present year of grace and hard times, was a youth who passed for thirty summers among the "swells" of that enchanting place. If Mr. Jones' respected mother had been closely cross-questioned in regard to the precise date her son made his advent in this vale of tears, the venerable lady would have said that interesting event had occurred some forty-three years prior to the Christmas of '66. However, as such an examination was rendered impossible by the eternal absence of old Mrs. J. (for Augustus was an orphan), Mr. Jones succeeded in deluding the ladies of his acquaintance into the impression that he was of the buoyant class of youths whose susceptible hearts had not yet become scared and blighted by a prolonged contact with the asperities of the cold world.

He might state, in confidence, that his wig, teeth, etc., were genuine, having been especially manufactured for him by a fashionable artist of Bond St., old London.

Mr. Jones had several idiosyncrasies. Amongst these were a fixed idea that he was capable of performing anything anybody else could, and that his attractions merited some blooming young lady with a long purse, to solace him and keep him "in sickness and in health" during his declining years. In fact, as he pathetically declared to a fellow-boarder at Mrs. —, on Vanity St., he felt a throe of surprise when he reflected that no fair damsel had yet cast herself destructively at his feet. Then he quoted Byron, sighed and went to bed, with a "night-cap," of course.

One evening, about the 10th of December, Mr. Jones sat in very close proximity to Miss Petroleum, on her father's sofa. Miss Petroleum was young; Miss Petroleum was handsome; Miss Petroleum was rich. Is it any wonder that Mr. Jones' heart throbbed anxiously beneath his irreproachable waistcoat? His hopes were high. He saw himself nearing the goal of his fondest aspirations, and his teeth gleamed brighter every moment, as smiles rippled over his face. Forgetting the warnings of his youthful days, he indulged plentifully in metaphor. In fact, he told several monstrous lies with an easy assurance that would have charmed Talleyrand himself. For the moment he was a diplomatist, and the narrations of his possessions, ancestors, travels, &c., were exceedingly eloquent.

Miss P. was evidently charmed. The self-possession of Augustus would have charmed Diana herself. But, alas! some discordant demon possessed Miss P. to introduce the subject of skating. She waxed enthusiastic on the subject, and of course the hapless Augustus cordially agreed with her.

"You skate, of course," said the fair devotee of the "swan-like" pastime.

"Hum; well, not much since I was a—a— young"—he was going to say "man," but checked