

A CHAPTER FROM A FORTHCOMING NOVEL



ILDLY beamed the sunlight on the morning that followed the night of the party at Mrs. Highflight's, and Amelia Ann looked bewitchingly pallid after rising at half-past eleven, and breakfasting at twelve, her head surmounted by a magnificent *chignon*, as she reclined on the green rep sofa in the parlor of their residence, in the western suburbs of the city. Her face wore a pensive look; for she was deeply meditating on the style of dress she would wear for that afternoon's promenade, and she had not yet come to a conclusion. On the "What Not," in the corner, were some pieces of music, several copies of Beadle's Dime Novels, and certain odd copies of *Harpers' Bazar* that appeared during the course of the past winter. But thoughts of a higher consideration claimed her now.

At the same time, Charles Choker was on his way to the mansion. He traversed the macadamized road mounted on his high-spirited velocipede, and his kid-gloved hand clutched convulsively the gilt cross-head of the bicycle; for he had determined on knowing his fate at the hands of Amelia Ann. Besides the conchoidal pieces of recalcitrant limestone rendered his journey somewhat difficult.

He arrived at the paternal mansion, and was ushered into the parlor, where the *chignon* of Amelia Ann received him with a graceful inclination.

After a few ordinary salutations, the young man thus opened his heart through the portals of his lips, partly hidden by his superb black moustache:—

"Once more, dearest Amelia Ann, must I declare the sentiments I have long cherished towards you, and ask—ask you again—to be mine forever; for really the suspense that I endure is insufferable."

"I must say, Mr. Choker, that you are not indifferent to me; but it is such a great sacrifice to make, to get married at my time of life; besides I never could think of marrying one whose business does not yield him more than a hundred dollars a month; I would require the half of it for pocket and dress money."

"Business will increase, dearest, and then your gratifications will be supplied. In the meantime, we would try to economize."

"Economize! I could not possibly find time for such efforts. There's Kate Jones married a gentleman with five hundred a-year, and she tells me they have hard work to live and keep up appearances."

"A fig for appearances. With you, dearest, I could live in a hovel, and breakfast off a crust!"

"O, what a horrible prospect! No, no—the party I select must have sufficient money for all my requirements; so at present, Mr. Chokey, I cannot hold out to you any encouragement."

"Enough, proud girl! If money will win you, you will yet be mine; for from this moment I am determined to make money or perish in the attempt!" and, seeing his hopes crushed for the present, the young man rushed from the house, bounded on his velocipede, and dashed through the open gate in a spirit of desperation!

MRS. BROWN IN KANNIDAY.

No. 2.

MISTER DYOGENYS.—My last letter ended at Highland Pond (as is a deceivin' name as there ain't no pond wisible there) where we got the wurst kind of a tea I ever did see; the table was covered with lots of sassingers, as is a cheep bisness as no folks likes to heat 'em, thro' bein' made of pork as is 'ighly dangerus thro' them beasts as they do say breeds in 'em, as Brown and me went to see at the Puler-tecknick shown by the magick lanturn, as a 'ole familee of six died thro' them eer hanima's a eatin' up their hinsides. I wish I never 'ad tasted that beefstake, as cost me thurty shillin a l along of me leavin' my false tooth (set in gold, as I 'ad put in to please Brown), in a sinue of it, and a swallerin' of it for a bit of bone. Then the bread was that un'olesome thro' bein' stuffed full of soder and them Yankey Bakin' powders.—Saleratus, I believes they calls 'em,—as I could not heat it. One of them waitin' gurls says to me, "Will ye'r 'ave a cup of tea, and does ye'r take cream and sugar?" "Thankee," says I, "I will;" thinkin' as ow I was to 'ave some good cream such as we gets at 'ome in the storberry time in them Tea Gardens, when the young 'oman brought me milk, as looked for all t.e world like wot Mister Perkins, our milkman, was taken up for sellin' thro' avin' used a mixtur of chalk and water.

Well, I got in to the train after 'avin paid fifty sents more for heatin', and another fifty sents for a bottle of what was libelled "Scotch Ale" (but was no more like the raal thing than chalk's like cheese), and settled myself down for the journey, when the gard said to me, "Would you like to go in the sleepin' car?" "Young man," says I "what are you a-talkin' about? Give me none of your himperence, as I comes from respectable parents, and 'opes to die so." 'Owsund'ever, a lady alongside of me hexplained as 'ow 'ee meant no 'arm; but it was a kind attention of the railway directurs to let you get a little sleep, thro' not knowin' 'ow long you might be a-goin'. So I went into the sleepin' car, and wished myself out before many minits, as I never was accustom'd to see strange men pullin' hof their boots and coats, etsetiree, and a-gettin' redly for bed, a-thinkin no more of it than a-combin' their air. Says a 'oman follerin' behind me, "Don't be shie; ye'll soon get accustom'd to it, as 'ow all folks in this country do." Well, the young man of the car made up a bed for me; and thinks I to myself, "When in Meriker, do as the Merikans do." And what with all the trouble and annoiance I came thro' I were soon asleep, and never woke up till I found mys'f thrown, that wiolent into the arms of a strange man the other side of the carridge, and my spectikles as was in my pocket smashed to fifty bits. I picked myself hup, and ran to the door, and says to the gard, "Goodness gracious! what 'as 'append?" "Nothink," says 'ee; "we 've only run of the track and down a small embankment." "Lor!" says I, "do you call that nothink? mind, if I'm 'urt afore I gets to Montreéal, Brown'll sue the Company for damidges." Says 'ee to me, "Take it easy, old gurl, and get into the other car, for we're a-g'in to detach this one," as was a-smashed up like matchis, and not much damidge done to any person, tho' I seed many lafable scenes all along of the passengurs bein' all asleep tumblin on to each other. Well, I quieted myself down, and didn't rest till we got to Montreéal, as was late in the arternoon, all along of the haccident. When we got across the river, as is a mity one, and were a-runnin' tremendjus 'ard with floatin ice on it, we found as 'ow the train could'nt get no farther than Peint Saint Charles, thro' a flood from the river, as they said, 'ad nearly drowneded hout the poor people. Well, I 'ad my baggidge hexamind there by a most purlite