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CHAPTER III.

THE waggon I was waiting for had come long ago, and if I hang much longer about the garden gate, a cold of unsatisfactory intensity will be the result. I know what you are thinking about, in regard to this long-looked for vehicle, and its discharged cargo. You suppose there must be a young lady in connection therewith, and that "as sure as fate" I must fall in love with her. You have the synopsis of our joint biographies in your plotting noddle. I will propose in stereotyped "honest Saxon phrases," or in nature's pantomime. She will either reject my overtures, and supplications, with supreme feminine scorn, or, with hereditary cunning, hang me, for an indefinite time, on the hook of jealousy, baited, barbed, and cast, with all the skill of a cunning angler. The signs and symptoms will be as pronounced as those of measles or small-pox. We will act silly; talk "spooney;" gaze at the moon in *Cupidical* reverie; no sleep for the *pleasure* of the *pain*; threats of suicide when clouds lowered; being fools generally, and particularly; having a few hair-breadth escapes; and at last get married; do as well as could be expected; drop languishing sentimentalism for prose and porridge; see a dozen photographs, "be the same more or less," *kickative* and jubilant, and coloured, in the back-yard; get, in the last stage of our eventful history, hoary-headed, sober, sage, senile, and sickly savage; (the alliteration was not intentional,) drop through the trap-doored