

For the Favorite.
TO EMMA JANE S...

BY J. R. HANWAY.

O that thy nose had crooked been,
Or eyes were squint, as some I've seen,
I would not feel so bad.
Even if a lump were on thy back—
Or thy white beauty had some lack—
I often wish it had.

If thou wert fashioned anyway
Without so much perfection, say
A limp, or voice to bawl,
'T would help to let me down, but, loved,
Sheer from hope's pinnacle I'm shoved
And nothing breaks my fall.

In mercy cultivate a squint,
Or some defection, for a splint
To bind my broken heart.
Try, probably the green band,
Or waterfall would make an end
Of me, or of my smart.

Yet, I've seen others shaped as well,
Surely to them thy magic spell
Was wanting or withheld
Which, from the first I looked on thee
Never an instant let me be
From being so compelled.

Say something bitter, O, be mean!
Put on reproachful smiles, and wean,
Or warn me from the flame!
But, 'tis too late—I've seen the light,
Which thou'rt too hide, the thrilling sight
In memory burns the same.

THE BLONDE WHISKERS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Sitting up, Em? What a little goose! Crying! Why, what's the matter? Anything happened?"

"Anything happened? Oh, George, it's half-past one o'clock. Yesterday it was twelve, and two, yes, two o'clock, Thursday week."

"Time does it," said George. "How late I used to stay with you in courting times, eh? Remember, Emmy?"

"Remember!" repeated Mrs. Harkaway. "Oh, I never thought then that it would come to this."

"I did not know you had such a temper then, Emmy," said George. "Didn't think you could scold. What have I done? What has it come to?"

"To my spending my time alone, for the most part," said Mrs. Harkaway. "Not a year married, and day after day, evening after evening, here I sit and mope. You are absolutely out all the time."

"Why, Emmy?" said George lazily, lighting a cigar. "I'm home every night, I'm sure."

"Ever, right! Oh, George Harkaway!" said Mrs. Harkaway, with a hysterical sob, and left the room and, I am sorry to say, banged the door after her.

"O dear!" said the poor little woman to herself, as she stood alone in the next room. "Who could have believed that he didn't care anything about me? He made love to me, I'm sure. He wouldn't let me speak to another man. He sat with his arm about my waist whole evenings. He called me an angel, and said he'd lay down his life for me; and now—Oh, I wish I was dead!"

And this not because her spouse had actually done anything cruel, or that she suspected him of being unfaithful, but that he had behaved just as so many an American husband does behave to the little girl he marries.

He takes her from papa and mamma, brothers and sisters—from the thousand and one pleasant flirtations—from the friendships, platonic or otherwise, which she has perfect freedom to make. He makes love for a month or two, whisks her away on a wedding tour, and then is "always home every night." How she is to amuse herself in her upper room at a boarding-house, or her apartment at the end of a hotel corridor, he never asks. He forgets, or perhaps remembers too well, that she can properly have no other escort—that she cannot even receive calls from gentlemen as she used—and then he wonders that she mopes and fades.

Cards and lager with a bachelor friend; the theatre, without the necessity of dressing as when in lady's company, with the same companion; long fishing excursions, also in bachelor society—these filled out George's non-business hours, and left little Emmy alone. He had never spoken a cross word to her. He always kissed her when he came in. He cared not a sou for any other woman, but—Oh, please forgive me, dear ladies. "You know how it is yourselves."

Emmy poked over her breakfast next morning, and gave no response to George's parting salute. Indeed she was so chilling that he felt uncomfortable, and resolved to surprise her by coming home to lunch, and being very good that evening. He carried the plan out, and they had what Emmy called a "nice, old-fashioned time." But alas, there was Bob Cherry still alive. And this old-fashioned time was but an oasis in the desert. Emmy was in despair. She was in a great city at a great hotel. She was shy and timid, and instead of going out to walk in her new bonnet, she staid at home and looked out of the dull back window, from which she sometimes saw other ladies sitting at

other windows of the great hotel as disconsolately as she sat at hers. Gongs sounded and bells rang. Waiters and chamber-maids rushed across the bit of pavement at the bottom of what looked to Emmy like a stone wall. Out in the hall, people were always passing her door. Down in the parlor, the pleasant and comprehensive stare which American ladies bestow upon strangers of their own sex, daunted her.

One poor little sparrow, a city bird, afraid of nothing, sometimes came down from the eaves, and perched upon her window-sill. It was a great comfort to Emmy to feed it with bread crumbs. One day she actually did go out and buy a geranium in a pot, bringing it home in her own hands; but trying to make the pretty plant flower again in that sunless window was a hopeless task. She was nipping it with her scissors one day, when she heard a whistle—a long, low whistle—from a window just above her. She looked up, with a start. A gentle-



HALF A BREAK.—"I SEIZED THE GUARD'S LAMP."—SEE PAGE 45.

man in a linen travelling coat was leaning out of an upper window, and as she caught sight of him her cheeks flushed, and she burst into a low, pleasant laugh. He drew his head in; she did the same. Then she ran to the glass, adjusted her crimps, put on a new necklace, settled her sash, and went back to the window.

In ten minutes a waiter knocked at the door, and handed her a little note.

"Emmy," said George, as he suddenly turned from the looking-glass one morning, not long after this, "what are you looking at?"

"What is there to see out of this window?" asked Emmy, not looking at him.

George gave her a singular glance, and crossed the room.

"Impertinent rascal!" he said. "I'll swear he was staring into this room."

"O no, he wasn't, George," said Emmy.

"Shut the shutters," said George.

"Nonsense!" said Emmy.

George shut them himself.

"Hotel men are always insolent," he said.

"A fast lot, generally. You mustn't look out of that window so much, child."

"Ah, mustn't I?" said Mrs. Harkaway.

"No," said George.

He was not stern with her, but positive, as a father might have been with a child.

Emmy meant no harm, but she was not cautious enough. However, when he came home earlier than usual to dinner, there was his wife at the window again.

"And, by heaven!" cried George, "that fellow with the light mustaches at his too!"

"Well, what harm," said Emmy.

"I'm astonished, Emmy," said George. "One would think you a child."

"I don't feel like one," said Emmy. "I wish I did. Going out to-night, aren't you, George?" George looked at his wife.

"It seems as though she wanted me to go," he thought.

To be sure he had not staid at home with her when he saw that the putting on of his hat brought tears to her eyes, but he felt hurt now—hurt and indignant.

"I think not," he answered.

"Ah, well," said his wife. "There's a book to amuse you. I promised Mrs. Smith to run into her room a few moments."

"Who is Mrs. Smith?" asked George.

"A lady in the house," said Mrs. Harkaway.

"From Washington, I believe, indeed. You won't mind, I hope, George. I'm going to dine with her."

"Glad you've made such a friend," said George sulkily.

He ate his dinner alone, but he did not stay

ladies seldom don to call on other lady friends in the same hotel. He saw, and groaned in spirit.

"Good Heaven! can Emmy really be deceiving me?" he said. "I'll make sure of the truth to-night. I'll be in doubt no longer. I'll follow her."

He seized a soft hat and put it on; he turned up his coat collar and glided down the stairs. At the first landing-place he paused and peeped over. A lady in a mauve silk and white opera cloak was just taking the arm of a tall gentleman with blonde whiskers.

The enraged husband felt inclined to pounce upon the pair then and there; but a second thought altered his impulse. To follow them would be better. He knew of a flight of stairs which led to a side door, and turning toward these, slipped out into a cross street. In a moment Emmy passed him, leaning on the stranger's arm.

Maledictions burnt in George's heart, but he restrained himself, and crept after them. They went straight to the theatre, and he porpoised followed. He sat only a few seats behind them, and looked at them in a way that attracted more attention than he knew. They were very familiar; he had never seen his Emmy so familiar with any gentleman friend.

"Ah! good Heaven! Why did I leave her so much alone in a strange hotel?" thought George Harkaway. "I know it was something I should not have done. Now it is too late. I can never forgive her. There must be a separation, and yet it is partly my fault. She is very weak and wicked, but it is partly my fault."

He could have wept with anguish. That play, a lively sketch of society, might have been a five-act play for all he knew. The hours seemed interminable. And when the curtain fell, and he followed his wife and her companion out, he felt as Rip Van Winkle did after his twenty years' nap. Youth seemed gone; like a different thing; and the being who was so dear to him, his Emmy, where was she? This that counterfeited her fluttered before him on the stranger's arm. He would see all, he would know the worst. And then—Ah! then! And in this mood he watched them through a window, as they sat and nibbled cake in a fashionable saloon. Where would they go next? Straight to the hotel, it seemed. At its door he stopped between them.

"You shall answer for this!" he whispered, hoarse with passion. "You shall answer for this, whoever you are. This is my wife, sir."

"Indeed," said the gentleman. "Glad to know you. If you want to see me, I'm at number twenty-four," and was gone on the instant. George had sense enough left to hurry Emmy up to her own room before he said another word.

"Now," he said, as he shut the door with a crash, "now, Madame?"

"Well, sir," said Emmy.

"Explain," said George.

"Well, I've been to the theatre with a nice-looking gentleman," said Emmy. "I've had some cream, and I've enjoyed myself."

"Mrs. Harkaway," said George, "this is serious business. How long have you known that man?"

"Well, George," said Emma, "you see, I had a lively time when I was a girl—bouas and brothers to take me about and Uncle Rupert too, whenever he was on from the West; and you've left me alone a great deal of late, and taken me nowhere, and /aid out until morning, and all that; and once, this gentleman kissed his hand to me from a window, and I kissed mine back, and he sent me a note; and I've seen a good deal of him since, and I hope I shall see more, for I really do love him, George, and he loves me."

"What a horrible confession!" said George.

"Are you mad, Emmy?"

"No," said Emmy. "I'll add one little word in explanation, for really this is growing too bad. That gentleman is Uncle Rupert. He's waiting to be sent for, I know. Mother's brother Rupert, George. He's only forty, and I—Forgive me, dear, but I thought it would do you good to be a little jealous. Why George?"

For the man had dropped his head upon his hands, and was crying.

"You see, dear," said Emmy, kneeling beside him, "it might have been just as bad as you thought. I'm too highly principled, if hope, but if I hadn't been—a neglected wife is a very miserable woman, and miserable women do desperate things sometimes. I don't want you to be my slave, or to be foolish; but please remember that you are the only gallant I have a right to now, and act accordingly."

It was pretty hard for George to kiss Emmy, but he did it; and though no miraculous change occurred at once, I am glad to say that Emmy's behavior was not without effect, and that George Harkaway is as good and attentive a husband to-day as any woman need hope for.

Professor Peraza has named the two planets lately discovered by him (Nos. 125 and 127) Gerdia and Brundilla, and communicates to the American Journal of Science the elements of their orbits. The orbit of Gerdia is remarkable for having both the inclination and eccentricity very small—a coincidence not found in any other known asteroids except in the case of Ceryx. The planet No. 124 is now known as Aletta, and at the time of Dr. Peters' communication had the appearance of a star of a little less than the eleventh magnitude.

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