

THE ORIGIN OF A BROKEN NOSE.

So you want to know how I got my nose broken! Well, it was broken through a woman and a newspaper paragraph. Seems rather queer, doesn't it? but it is true, nevertheless. Yes; a woman and a newspaper paragraph caused the disfigurement of my most prominent feature. The woman was the direct and the newspaper paragraph the indirect cause. A woman's at the bottom of everything, you say? Yes, that she is. Tell you all about it? All right, I will, as it is not such a long story, and I like to make myself agreeable to folks.

When I was a young man, and all alone in the world, I lived in M——, one of the chief cities in Canada. There is a peculiarity about the streets of M—— which I would like to mention, but am afraid to on account of certain little unpleasanties which might arise. However, I will say this much about them—they are so interesting that the M——ers find them a never-failing topic of conversation. The elders of the city meet within the gates and talk about their streets; fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters have family conclaves about them, and strangers visiting the city make a point of seeing the streets if they see nothing else.

Well, as I said before, I lived in this favoured city. I was a clerk in a dry goods store, worked hard, and had very little time to spend in, and very little money to spend for, recreations.

One dreary evening, in the early part of December, about 8 o'clock, I was sitting in my room bemoaning the hard fate which had left me fatherless, motherless, sisterless, brotherless, and, worse than all, girlless. If you don't understand what this means, let me explain to you that once upon a time I had had a girl—a girl that I used to visit regularly three times a week—a girl with the sweetest blue eyes and softest brown hair—a girl on whom I used to spend all my spare money in candies and ice cream, and for whose sake I wore a battered old hat for three months when I needed a new one badly, thereby making myself a laughing-stock, in order that I might take her to see a play, but who, alas! had ungratefully and heartlessly thrown me over for another fellow who had intentions—at least that is what the girl's father told me. As to me, I did not then, and do not now, know what intentions are.

I was sitting in my room, ruminating on all my troubles, when my eye fell upon an evening paper which lay on the table before me, and the following paragraph attracted my attention:—

"Young men of M——, the time has come for you to distinguish yourselves. We are sure you are all dying to do so, and now is your chance. Do you not live in M——, a city famed far and near for its peculiar streets—streets which are so constructed that they afford the gallant youths of the nineteenth century every opportunity to prove that there are as many true and chivalrous knights now-a-days as there were in the days of King Arthur—and at this season of the year are not these streets covered with ice, upon which many a fair maiden may slip, thereby suffering great and serious loss and damage, and is it not the duty of the stronger sex to protect and help the weaker? Knowing this, do you not think it would be not only a duty but a pleasure for you to sally out in goodly numbers, station yourselves at the corners or wherever the walking may be dangerous, and be on the look-out to help any unfortunate maiden who may chance to come to grief?"

There was a great deal more to the same effect, but I will not inflict it upon you. I pondered over this article long and earnestly and at last came to the philosophic conclusion that it was no earthly use to sit moping over a girl who showed herself to be utterly devoid of sense when she threw over a man like me, and that it would, perhaps, be a good scheme to try and get a little pleasure out of life, while, at the same time, doing what was, obviously, my duty.

Now, I am a man of action, and when an idea enters my mind, I generally carry it out at once. I looked at the clock, and seeing it was only about half past eight, put on my cap and great

coat and hurried into the street, bound to do or die.

I soon found a nice, slippery corner, and there I stationed myself. People passed to and fro, and I helped along a couple of old ladies and a lame gentleman, and had the privilege of preserving a drunken man's head from coming in contact with the pavement, but I noticed that all the girls were light and sure of foot. Besides, most of them had escorts, so I had really very little chance to exercise my gallantry.

I was just beginning to think that the man who wrote that paragraph was a humbug, when I espied, advancing timidly, a solitary female. I could see that she was pretty, young and well dressed, and thought I to myself: "Here is a first-rate chance. She will be sure to slip when she passes this place, for she has ventured out without rubbers, and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that this night's weary corner waiting has not been all in vain; that I have saved one pretty girl from an ignominious tumble."

The girl tottered along on the slippery sidewalk, and I waited, expecting every minute to have to go to her assistance. When she was about a foot from where I stood, her body appeared to me to bend slightly forward. I thought she was going—I really did. I sprang towards her. Then—I felt my feet slip from under me, and, with a crash, I fell nose forward, the girl, for all her tottering, getting past the perilous place in safety.

Words cannot express the terrible sensations which ran through every nerve as I lay prostrate on the ground, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, oblivious to all sights and sounds.

"Now, this just serves you right, young man," said the harsh, angry voice of a policeman, as he pulled me roughly to my feet. "What do you mean by molesting peaceable citizens? I have noticed you for nearly an hour standing at the corner, trying your best to annoy the passers-by."

I did not answer, because I could not. I stood motionless where he had planted me, the blood running from my nose.

"Come with me to the station," he said, taking hold of my arm, but, before I had time to move, the girl through whom I had come to grief, and who had turned back, with other passers-by, to view me in my distress, walked fiercely up to the policeman, and says she: "What! take him to the police station? No, you never shall. He is a hero. He——" She could say no more, for, either angry passion at the indignity I had been subjected to, or pitiful compassion for my miserable state, choked her utterance; but she looked like a tigress bereft of her young. (Isn't that the orthodox way of describing a female in a passion?)

Surely I knew that voice. Was it—could it be—my girl, Amelia, who stood there, with flaming cheeks and indignant eyes? Yes, it was—it was.

"No, you shan't take him," she repeated. "He knows me, saw me coming along, thought I would slip, and in trying to save me from falling, fell himself."

The policeman looked from one to the other. "Oh!" said he, "That's it, is it?" He evidently had his own views about the matter, but Amelia's eloquence had some effect, for he released his hold of my arm and allowed me to walk off with her.

So that is how I broke my nose and got back my girl, for Amelia threw over the fellow with intentions, and I again basked in her smiles, under the influence of which I unintentionally married her some months after.

To this day she confidently believes that I knew she was coming down the street, and waited there purposely to help her, and I think it wise not to shake that belief.

Though my nose has made me a man of mark, there are times when, standing before my glass, viewing that appendage, I say naughty things about the writer of that newspaper article and the woman for whose sake I slipped not only on the ice, but into a noose. But those times are few and far between, and if I were to meet that same man, when I am in good humour, I would shake his hand heartily and thank him for giving me the privilege of calling the dearest little woman in the world my wife.

EDITH EATON.

THE UPPER OTTAWA.

I love this hunting lodge, secluded far
From that loud world which strives and toils in vain.
My one oasis in a desert life;
Still to my soul 'tis as the Polar star
To the vexed sailor tossing on the main,
Heartweary and outworn with ceaseless strife.
Oh, rest and peace! here is thine ancient reign!
Beneath these heaven-kissed hills no tumults mar
The soulful calm—no rampant greed for gain,
No state intrigues, nor thunderbolts of war.
Rolls on with stately tide Ottawa's stream,
Mine own romantic river! on its way
Through leagues of forest pine, whose emerald gleam
Crowns the bold headlands that first greet the day.

W. R. ROBESON.

THE INDIAN'S SONG.

With spread wings for ever
Time's eagle careers,
His quarry old nations,
His prey the young years;
Into monuments brazen
He strikes his fierce claw,
And races are only
A sop for his maw.
The red sun is rising
Behind the dark pines,
And the mountains are marked out
In saffron lines;
The pale moon still lingers,
But past is her hour
Over mountain and river
Her silver to shower.
As yon moon disappearath,
We pass and are past;
The Pale Face o'er all things
Is potent at last.
He bores thro' the mountains,
He bridges the ford,
He bridles steam horses
Where Bruin was lord;
He summons the river,
Her wealth to unfold;
From flint and from granite
He crushes the gold.
Those valleys of silence
Will soon be alive
With huxters who chaffer,
Prospectors who strive;
And the house of the Pale Face
Will peer from the crest
Of the cliff, where the eagle
To-day builds his nest.
The Redskin he marred not
White fall on wild rill,
But to-morrow those waters
Will turn a mill;
And the streamlet which flashes
Like a young squaw's dark eye,
Will be dark with foul refuse,
Or may be run dry.
From the sea where the Father
Of Waters is lost;
To the sea where all summer
The iceberg is tost,
The white hordes will swarm,
And the white man will sway,
And the smoke of his engine
Make swarthy the day.
Round the mound of a brother
In sadness we pace,—
How much sadder to stand
At the grave of a race!
But the good Spirit knows
What for all is the best,
And which should be chosen—
The strife or the rest.
As for me, I'm time-weary,
I await my release;
Give to others the struggle,
Grant me but the peace;
And what peace like the peace
Which death offers the brave?
What rest like the rest
Which we find in the grave?
For the doom of the hunter
There is no reprieve;
And for me, 'mid strange customs,
'Tis bitter to live.
Our part has been layde,
Let the white man play his;
Then he, too, disappears,
And goes down the abyss.
Yes! Time's eagle will prey
On the Pale Face at last,
And his doom, like our own,
Is to pass and be past.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.