

UNDER THE ROD.

A NOVELLETTE FOR GIRLS.

CONCLUSION.

The momentary unpleasantness caused by Mrs. Jevons' manner soon passed off, and Julia was allowed to enjoy her first party in London. She was engaged for nearly every dance, several of them with the Hon. Cecil Grosvenor, who, when the evening was over, took her in to supper. Mrs. Jevons sat opposite, beside her an old gentleman in a wig and with a generally artificial appearance, to whom Julia's mamma showed great deference. "That is old Lord Silenus," said Cecil, "a great friend of a certain very exalted personage, and one of whose morals it does not do to speak before ladies. He is talking to your respected parent, and he is looking towards you. You'll see he'll send to ask you to take wine with him. I hope you will stand by your principles." He and Julia had been talking much on the very subject on which she differed from her mamma. The young nobleman, disgusted with the artificiality and laxity of morals of the society around him, looked with undisguised admiration on the beautiful, high principled, and modest Canadian girl. "I told you he would send," he added, as a servant came round with a message from Lord Silenus, asking Miss Jevons to take wine with him. Julia felt her mother's eyes to be fixed on her; coloring deeply, she sent a reply that Miss Jevons regretted that her principles prevented her accepting the honor of his Lordship's invitation. "As to the matter of evening dress," said Cecil, "I quite sympathize with the Canadian ladies; their ideas of decorum are those I should like in a sister, if I had one, and in a wife. Just look at that girl opposite! how the transparency of her lace suggests a fairer neck than it reveals!" "But what magnificent diamonds," said Julia, anxious to change the topic that seemed personal, "that cross must have cost hundreds of pounds!" "Oh no," replied he, "you know the poet says, 'things are not what they seem.'"

Upon her neck a diamond cross she bore,
Which Jews might price at dollars twice a score.

"Stop, sir," said Julia, smiling. "I like Pope, and I detest parodies." And so they talked on, Cecil being more and more charmed with his companion as he saw that she cared for something higher than mere fashionable folly, and could follow him through regions of thought where the ladies he had hitherto met little cared to penetrate. They talked of the great American writers with whom Cecil was familiar, and Julia described some of the cartoons and repeated some poetry from her favorite GRIP. Cecil was delighted, and said so. Meanwhile the carriage had taken Julia's papa and mamma home—it was to return for the young ladies in a few minutes. During these, Cecil led Julia into a conservatory where they could be alone, then, amid the fragrance of blossoming orange and myrtle, he asked her the one all-important first question in Love's catechism. He was not rich; as a younger son, he said, he would have but a few hundreds a year, but from all he had heard he wished to live in Canada; would she go with him? "Where thou goest I will go," was her reply in those sweetest and most tender of loving words recorded in the ancient Hebrew idyl. They had but a few moments more together, a number of mutual explanations and confessions, an arrangement to meet next morning at eleven in the gardens of the neighboring square, and a parting kiss, the record of that interview. Then Julia drove home so absorbed in the new happiness that she hardly noticed the cold looks and altered demeanor of her sisters.

Next morning Julia breakfasted by herself, her father had gone to his office, and the young ladies were with their mother. After

breakfast Julia received a message from the governess that her mamma desired to speak with her in her own private *boudoir*. "And Miss Julia," added Miss Spifkins, "do let me advise you to submit to your dear ma's rule, she means it for your good; she has punished each of your sisters in the same way, and I assure you the occurrence has scarcely led to an hour's suspension of the good understanding that has ever prevailed between us all. Julia did not reply. In the boudoir stood her mother, tall, pale and very determined-looking. Beside her were the two girls, reinforced by Miss Spifkins. Mrs. Jevons held in her hand a wooden implement covered with green cloth, and furnished with a number of lashes of thin but knotted whipcord. "My daughter," she said, "you have shown a spirit of marked disobedience and insubordination ever since your arrival here from Canada. You have insulted my friend, Lord Silenus, when he did you the great honor to ask you to take wine with him; and you have insulted me by refusing to wear the ball dress which I took the trouble to provide for you. You set your sisters an example which I will not tolerate. Because you are eighteen, you are not beyond the range of a mother's authority. Prepare yourself instantly to receive the chastisement I intend for you; if you do not do so I shall call in the servants, and your disgrace will be the greater!" "I will never submit to such an insult!" cried the girl, "the disgrace will be yours, not mine!" The sisters at that moment screamed hysterically, as Mrs. Jevons rang the bell, which was answered by three stolid looking British servant women, accustomed to obey like slaves a mistress whom they hated, and glad to see the disgrace of one of her daughters. Julia was seized and held down. She felt but one stroke of the lash on her shoulders, and then fainted. When she awoke she was in her own room, a fresh breeze from the window blowing towards her the fragrance of a bouquet sent by Cecil. He had been informed that Miss Jevons was ill.

Mrs. Jevons, according to her usual practice after such a vindication of her authority, tried it every way to show kindness to Julia. But her daughter made no response. Her engagement becoming known gave her a somewhat more independent position in her family, and when the routine of courtship had been duly gone through, a splendid wedding took place at Mrs. Jevons' house. When the "twain of yesterday" had been made one by a bishop hired for the occasion, and the guests were seated at breakfast, Julia's father proposed the health of the bride. Cecil replied. He said, "I know, though Julia has never told me, the whole history of her home life since she returned from Canada. In her name I decline to reply to the health you have proposed, and we leave behind us in this house the presents, costly as they are, which are valueless from a mother who has outraged a daughter's self-respect." Of course there was a scene, but Julia left with her husband, and without tasting a morsel of that sumptuous wedding breakfast. They left London *en route* for Canada, where Cecil fixed his abode, having taken a house in Toronto in order that he and his wife might be on the spot to obtain the earliest obtainable copy of GRIP on the day of publication. Cecil's father and elder brother died, and he became an Earl and Julia a Countess. She sent money from time to time to Mrs. Jevons, but would never consent to visit that person. Of course it was wrong in her not to honor her mother, but a mother cannot expect that duty from a child, who does not set the example of honoring her daughter.

When a guest at the Lindsay hotels asks for some "albuminous protoplasm" the girls get mad and consider it improper. They prefer the good old-fashioned name of hen fruit.



GOT HIS ANSWER.

SWELL.—Is that animal any relation of yours?

RURAL PARTY.—No; just an acquaintance, like yourself!

ESSAYS ON DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

No. 1.—THE CAT.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

Next to the baby the cat is the pet animal about the house. Of course the canary is a pet too, so much so that the cat wants to chum with it, but the appetite for feathers of the one is too great for the personal safety of the other. To look at a cat when it is good natured is as common-place a sight as can be seen. There is nothing at all odd about it except its tail, which is odd because it is singular. The cat has a taste for architecture, which taste may be discerned when it forms a Gothic arch out of its back, and elevates its tail like a Corinthian column. The cat does this only when its blood is riled. It has also a great taste for spring chicken, steak and new milk. This is its most cultivated taste.

The only people who like cats are children and old maids. (Sausage makers like them when pork is scarce.) Allow a child and a cat to play together for three weeks, till the child has cut off the animal's tail, and removed what little hair it had, and if that cat doesn't feel as miserable as a Grit on June 21st, then I want to be a cat. About one of the most interesting trios in the world is composed of a cat, a cup of tea, and an old maid. There is something touching about the love and esteem that an old maid has for a cat. No doubt the reason is that having thrown away bushels of love on false men, and having received none in return, she showers all that is left on the cat, said cat having no objection to being the recipient of such attention. Tabby is the old maid's *confidante*. If she could speak, she could tell us the old maid's age, if those cork-screw curls are false or not, if the old maid would like to be married, and if she really hates men as much as she says she does.

The cat is a formidable rival of the Spanish lover who serenades his love on a summer's night. Being possessed of a voice melodious as a steam-whistle, it gives open-air concerts every summer night—weather and health permitting. It serenades promiscuously. It does not endanger its lungs and life by singing to one citizen, but taking a position on some back fence within hearing distance of the neighboring houses, it throws its whole soul into the attempt. Its efforts are appreciated, for although hot-house bouquets are not plentiful at