

he far away in my old Canadian home—up in the room allotted to me in my aunt's house—out among the gay throng there in the drawing-room—anywhere away from the man of whom I had conceived such an unaccountable dread and hatred; but it seemed impossible for me to move; I appeared to be in a charmed circle from which escape was impossible.

He probably mistook my silence for a dreamy quiet joy inspired by his words, deemed my neglect of his roses a girlish freak; at all events he took from his pocket a diamond ring, and holding it between his thumb and finger, let the light so shine upon the gem that it blazed in many colors. It was a costly bauble, a large diamond, and evidently one of the first water.

"I have brought you the present I promised you in the morning, as one that would be more enduring than the poor roses. Will you accept it, and promise me that you will not throw it away as you did them?"

"I will certainly promise you that I will not throw it away," replied I in a quick voice, "because I cannot accept such a present at your hands, neither that nor anything else. It was the consciousness of having done wrong that made me leave your roses on the music-room table. I had no right to accept even a handful of roses from so unkind a stranger, the acquaintance of a few weeks, one whom I had only known as the guest of my aunt."

"It is because you know so little of the world that you are so fastidious," replied he; "other girls accept flowers and gems from those they have known only a few days. I have seen so much of you, sat beside you at the board, attended you in your rides and walks, the past eight weeks have embodied more to me, unfolded more of your character, shown you more of mine, than we could in ordinary cases have known in as many years."

I could not bear the way in which he spoke, asserting an intimacy and familiarity which he had no right to. I was getting hot and feverish. I felt as if my passion was again rising, and if I sat there I must strike him on the face. With a mighty effort I burst the charm which seemed to give me to my seat, and, starting up, I made a step forward to leave the balcony.

"Euralie, dearest," said he, holding me by the arm and detaining me forcibly as he spoke, "hear me say one word. I come to this balcony in order to ask you to be my wife. My happiness or misery for life hangs on your answer."

I endeavored to disengage my arm from his grasp. It was impossible; but a strength was given me such as a few minutes before I could not have looked for.

"Colonel Devereux," said I, looking him steadfastly in the face, "you surely have not thought for a second of your words, nor of how utterly at variance your age and my own are."

"My age," said he with a look of unutterable surprise which he most assuredly did not feign; "why, what age do you take me to be?"

"The age my aunt gave you on my arrival here, and which made me, a girl of twenty years, fancy I ran no risk of my motives being misunderstood in receiving common-place politeness from a man ten years my senior."

He was looking in my face as I spoke, his lips firmly compressed, his face drawn down in white lines. He essayed to speak twice ere the words passed his lips, and then he said in a cold stilled voice:

"Am I to understand that no effort of mine can change your decision, that you have been trifling with me all this time only to fool me and send me adrift when you brought me to your feet?"

"You are to understand, Colonel Devereux," replied I, in a voice as firm and distinct as his own, "that I never for one instant thought of you as a lover. As I before told you, your age prevented my doing so. Had it been otherwise, I could never have encouraged an Englishman as my lover. If I ever marry, it will be one of my own race and my own tongue, one who will live and die in the beloved land which I own my birth."

"Be it so," replied he, loosening his grasp from my hand; "you have made your choice, time will tell whether for weal or woe. I gave you love strong as death, and you trampled it under your feet. In tears to come, if I live, I shall give you hatred cruel as the grave, and therefore it shall fold you in its arms until you lie down and die in misery and disgrace."

In an instant he was gone from the balcony, and I sat down that I might recover from the shock his terrible words gave me.

(To be continued.)

THIS is the way they do up an Enoch Arden romance in Oshkosh, Wis.: The Western did not come back and get through the window at the felicity of the reconstructed household and then go into the green and yellow melancholy business not any. He kicked the bow husband out, sorted over the children and sent his brats after him, and then after trashing his wife, settled down into a peaceful and happy lead of the family.

CHRISTMAS CHARITY.—Of all times in the year the Christmas tide is that at which hearts and parsonages should open widest in thoughts and deeds of charity. Those should give who never gave before, and those who are charitable always should at this season give the more. Some of our overflow of happiness should not fail to reach the poor and miserable, whom Father Christmas, an aristocratic fellow, is otherwise apt to slight. To give is more blessed than to receive, especially when such so little so much happiness may be brought about. The most of these best able to give, who are apt to be verily unacquainted with the misery of our great city and the proper ways for its relief, will do well to contribute to the many organizations organized charities, which reach all classes.

For the Favorite.

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

BY EMMA NAOMI CRAWFORD.

"What mortal his own doom may guess." —BRONX.

"Now, George, don't be so ridiculous!" and Patty Rivers glanced half-laughingly, half-angrily down into the blue eyes raised imploringly to hers, and shook her head in a very determined manner.

You must not imagine from her looking down into those eyes that George was of lowly stature and Patty a fine woman, as that expression is generally understood. No; she was only enabled to do so by reason of the beautiful humblity which kept her lover on his knees at her feet, in utter defiance of dow and pobbles.

"But, Patty," urged the discomfited George, as he slowly rose to a very dignified height, "you take all the poetry out of a fellow! Byron doesn't impress you any more than—"

Language apparently failed to interpret his feelings, and he maintained a dignified silence for some minutes, pulling his cherished moustache sulkily, and thinking, rather resentfully, what a very pretty picture she, his unpoetical betrothed, made, standing there in the full tide of moonlight, which shone and glistened over her wavy brown hair and soft brown eyes. Then he thought that white muslin and pink ribbons were becoming to that style, but that, of course, was mere millinery, and then he thought himself very badly treated, and "he knew why!"

"I hope," he remarked, with a polite air of enquiry, "that your friend, Mr. Hollis, will soon arrive. I hear that he is going to remain all summer," and he looked keenly at the pretty face turned half away.

Patty started, and glanced up into his composed but gloomy countenance.

"Yes," she replied, after a moment's hesitation, "we expect him to-morrow. He is very nice, and rich too."

"Very nice, and rich too," echoed George; a delectable friend—very."

"Papa thinks him nearly perfect," said Patty, gayly. "But, George, don't be so cross!"

"I cross!" ejaculated that gentleman. "No, Patty. Whatever my feelings might be at finding myself treated as I have been, I have the soul, I imagine, of the Spartan Boy, and they remain hidden from careless observation. They are of no consequence to you!"

"I think your feelings might have been of consequence to me, when I denied myself the pleasure of seeing a gentleman of your attractions at my feet on the damp gravel. It must have been uncomfortable!"

George did not deign to answer, but stood digging his cane into the gravel; and, seeing that he was in what she called his "heroics," Patty turned away, and with great wisdom kept a profound silence.

Moonlight is beautiful, silence often soothing, but one is apt to turn from the contemplation of nature as seen under the beautifying rays of the moon and the impressive solemnity of the ether with a certain ill-defined resentment against them, when the object of one's young and tender affections can be seen by the former to turn her face from you, and helps to preserve the latter herself.

Patty's brown eyes gazed solemnly at the moon, until, at length, George spoke:

"It's very hard on a fellow to be obliged to come sneaking round a girl's house after dark to see her, and then see other men walking with her, and trying to cut a fellow out! It made me mad to hear you singing with Bob Sowers, at Mrs. Brown's last week, and the fellow put on such an air of devotion that I could have choked him. And I must say, Patty, you looked awfully sentimental."

"I was thinking, George dear, of you," said Patty, slipping her little soft hand into his, "and how hard it was that papa would not consent to our marriage, and wondering if he ever would, for I will never, never marry without it."

"He never would tell me what objection he had to the idea, and I'm sure I don't know," said George, with a deep sigh. "And there's Fairy-Hill all ready for you, Patty. I even made Mrs. Turner get a kitten—though she hates them—to make it look more homelike, you know."

"And papa is so good-humored, too, and kind," said Patty. "I'm sure I never saw any one so fond of jokes and such things. He very nearly killed himself laughing this morning when Nipper ran into the parlor with his head firmly fastened in one of the butter dishes, and we had to break the dish to get it out!"

"Nipper's rather too fierce for me," remarked George; "he doesn't like me very much, I fancy."

"Hush, George! I hear papa calling me!" exclaimed Patty in a low voice of extreme terror. "I must go now, or he'll come to look for me!" and she ran quickly towards the house, while George, having watched the last flutter of her white dress through the trees, turned and walked slowly through the tall clover until he reached the highway, moaning over her father's hard-heartedness, and turning over various means for his overthrow and defeat.

We cannot tell of what his dreams were that

night, but in her's Patty saw herself the mistress of that charming abode mentioned by her lover, and, seated on the chintz-covered sofa in the drawing-room, declined with regal scorn the hand of the Shah of Persia.

"You are looking very mysterious, papa," said Patty, about a week afterwards, as they sat at breakfast. "What is the matter? Has anything happened?"

Mr. Rivers did look very mysterious, and as he handed his cup to his wife for some more cream, a triumphant smile spread slowly over his broad face.

"No, I, Patty?" he exclaimed. "Well, I should too, for I have a secret."

"Not a gully one, I hope, Mr. Rivers," said a dark-eyed young woman who sat beside his potted daughter, and she laughed.

"Well, there's guilt connected with it, Mrs. Hollis," said Mr. Rivers, "and I suppose, like all ladies, you would like to hear it?"

They made a very cheerful party, in that large, cool dining-room. Indeed few people could persistently gloom in Mr. Rivers' society, and a gay assent from Mrs. Hollis showed him that his profound remark was as clear-sighted as original. Her husband, a delicate-looking man, with a large fortune, and a most expensive taste for literary ventures of the wildest sort, smiled at Patty, who smiled back at him, and Mrs. Rivers looked anxiously at her husband:

"Well," he commenced, with a bow to Mrs. Hollis, "last night I felt very restless, couldn't sleep in fact, and so I got up and went down to the verandah to smoke a pipe. It was all very quiet, and after a time I turned to come in, when I heard Nipper, who had some way broken his chain, come dashing up to me. I thought I might as well chain him again, and so I walked down with him towards the orchard. I saw a shadow moving along by the orchard fence as I came near, and thinking of those Cochin-bins that were stolen last week, Patty, I crawled quietly round to the corner of the fowl-yard. Sure enough, in a few minutes I saw him coming, and the rascal had a bag under his arm, which seemed pretty full. He didn't see me, and up he came to the corner just as I let Nipper go! You should have seen him struggle, but he never gave so much as a groan! I called the dog off, and before he had time to get up, I dragged him by the collar into the yard, and not caring to rouse any one, I bundled him into the coop he took the Cochins from, and threw his bag in after him."

"The wretch!" cried Patty. "He might have murdered you! Is he there now, papa?"

"I don't think Nipper would be likely to trust him on parole," said her father, laughing. "I left him sitting with teeth watering with delicious anticipations before the coop."

"I propose that we go and interview the monster," said Mr. Hollis; "it will be nearly as exciting as a circus."

"Oh, yes," assented Patty, and, headed by Mr. Rivers, they all rose and left the room.

As they neared the fowl-yard, a very curious sound reached their ears, and Mrs. Hollis and Patty, who were in advance, gazed towards the novel prison with some astonishment. What could it mean? It was not the voice of Nipper, nor was it the clucking of the hens? No! In fact the marvellous sound bore a strong resemblance to the dulcet strains of "O come, gentle," as heard from a violin, and filled with a pardonable curiosity, they opened the gate and entered.

They say that true nobility of appearance will reveal itself under the most unfavorable circumstances, but I will admit that, despite his six feet one his broad shoulders and blue eyes, George Grey was not seen to advantage as he peered through the bars of that hen-coop at his betrothed wife!

And Nipper, a huge bull-dog with a black patch over his left eye, rose, in no way fatigued by his long vigil, the hours of which, doubtless, had been cheered with hope, and thrusting his massive head into Patty's hand, looked for the approving pat which usually rewarded his faithful efforts, but which, for once, was wanting.

Mr. Rivers could not resist a joke, and the consequence was that a few mornings afterwards George said to Patty:

"I meant to play that serenade under your window, Patty, but since my cooping was the cause of your father's consenting to our marriage, and I'll have plenty of time to play to you in the future, I'm rather glad that I had the opportunity of improving the musical tactics of your Shanghai, though there is some room for improvement!"

A CHRISTMAS LEONARD.—In the year 1812, an old English chronicler relates that several young persons were dancing and singing together on Christmas Eve in a churchyard, and in their noisy merriment they disturbed one Robert, a priest, as he was performing midnight mass. He in vain entreated them to desist—the more he begged, the more they out their capers; whereon priest Robert prayed that they might dance without ceasing. The historian says that they continued to do so for a whole year, feeling neither heat nor cold, hunger nor thirst, neither decay of apparel, but the ground, not having the same miraculous support, gradually wore away, and, before the expiration of the year, they were dancing away sunk in a hole up to their waists. It is further said by the ancient chronicler of this unique pastime, that one Bishop Hildar came to the rescue, and the dancing ceased. Some of the young people died immediately afterwards, others slept profoundly three days and nights, and then went about the country publishing the strange event.

WIT AND HUMOR.

BURNING MARRIAGE.—Rabbits. A STRIKING FACT.—The church clock. STRANGE DEED.—Three sheets in the wind. A LATE COOK.—One that "critters" away her time. AN HEAVY ON MAN.—A woman's attempt to marry him.

THE SAVING CLAW.—Hands clutching the drowning man. What does a man see in the wild, wild waves?—Sea foam.

A MAN recently knocked down an elephant. He was an anticleric. THE FEAST OF IMAGINATION.—Having no dinner, but reading a cookery-book.

If twenty grains make a scruple, how many will be required to make a doubt? WHY is a philanthropist like an old horse?—Because he always stops at the sound of woe.

LOVE is said to be blind, but know lots of phobias in love who can see twice as much in their gals as I can.

WHAT was might be expected to claim tears from a Yarmouth bloater?—An "erring brother's" disgrace.

WHY is the captain of a Thames Penny Boat likely to have a good supply of eggs?—Because his boat lays too at every pier.

WHICH railway would be in a better position, one on the broad, or one on the narrow gauge?—The narrow; because the other would be more gauged (sworaged).

A GENTLEMAN in Kansas had a reception at his house the other evening, and when the guests went away, it took him all night to wash the tar and pick the feathers off his person.

AN instance of throwing oneself about was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party, in the case of a young lady, who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head and then pitched her voice.

"YOU say," said a judge to a witness, "that the plaintiff resorted to an ingenious use of circumstantial evidence; state just exactly what you mean by that."—"Well," said the witness, "my exact meaning is that he lied."

A YOUNG lady in Titusville, who has two or three very countable girls, placed a notice on his front door one night, which read: "Shut down for thirty days. No store in the parlour, and but one lamp."

A WRITER says: "Fathers remembering their own boyhood, should make some little allowance for their children." But the worse of it is that many of our children, after spending their "allowance," go in debt for double the amount.

AN artist was so remarkably clever, that having exercised his skill on a very deaf lady, indeed who had hitherto been insensible to the nearest and loudest noises, she had the happiness next day of hearing from her husband in South Australia.

THEY've got Froude down to a pretty fine point in New York. A statistical student says that in the first twenty-five minutes of a recent lecture he put his hand in his pocket twenty-one times, and lifted his coat-tail thirty-five times, by actual count.

AN individual whose patronymic was Silence, when about to give evidence in a civil case was told to state his name. "Silence!" he roared out with rather stentorian lungs, and was nearly being committed for contempt of court, before the mystery of the seeming impertinence was cleared up.

AN old lady called at a country post-office the other day, and asked, "Is there a letter for John Jones, if ye please, sur?" There being several persons of that name in the town, and a letter for one of them, the clerk asked if this John Jones was in business? The innocent answered, "No sur, he's in gaol."

I FIXE Tim Larry \$5 for assault and battery on Pat Malone. Pat—But your Honor I want more damages. He blacked me eye, and if I had been invited to a tea-party, I couldn't have gone. Judge—The court knows nothing about consequential damages. You must carry your case to Geneva.

THE Courier-Journal says: "Louisville should take warning by the fate of Boston and Chicago. Every good citizen will now put a barrel of gunpowder under his building, and be prepared for emergencies. The fact that a building amply provided with powder goes up quicker the second time than it did the first is well known among architects."

A GRAND Jury ignored a bill against a huge neer for stealing chickens, and before discharging him from custody, the judge made him stand reprimanded and concluded thus: "You may go now, John, (shaking his finger at him), and let me warn you never to appear there again." John, with delight beaming in his eyes, and a broad grin displaying a beautiful row of ivory, replied: "I wouldn't bin here dis time, judge, only de constable fotch me."

THE English mania for betting is illustrated by the story of a young Briton. He wagered that a spider which he would produce, would cross a plate quicker than a spider to be produced by a friend. Each spider was to have its own plate. His spider, however, on being started, would not stir, whilst its rival ran with immense speed. The bet was consequently lost, and the loser soon found out the reason why—his friend had a hot plate.

WE call the following Positive Philosophy. Will our "Medicine Men" take notice. One of the P. U. medicine men," says a Dakota paper. "I lately told his fellow Indians that when he died if they would cut him to pieces, his body would unite and he ascend to Heaven in a cloud of smoke. An experimental savage killed him at once, and the crowd out him up, departing in disgust at the fallibility of his doctrine when the parts lay as they were left."

NEW PERFORMERS.—Some Journal of undoubted authority states that several new performers are about to be added to the orchestra. Among these new performers are mentioned.—The man who fiddles with his watch-chain; the man who harps on one string; the man who blows his own trumpet; the man who is up to the horns of a dilemma; the man who knows the symbols of algebra and the triangles of Euclid; the man who rings the changes; and the man who drums on the table.

A GENTLEMAN doctor—celebrated almost as much for his love of good living as for his professional skill, called upon a certain eccentric nobleman whom he found sitting alone at a very nice dinner. After some time, the doctor received no invitation to partake of it, said, "My dear lord, if I were in your lordship's place, I should say, 'Pray, doctor, do as I am doing!'"—"A thousand pardons for the occasion," replied his lordship. "Pray, then, my dear doctor, do as I am doing, and eat your own dinner!"