

LANCET'S LOVE-MAKING.

By S. R.

"Barbara Clifton, eh?" repeated Mr. Lancelot Marchfield, slowly taking the cigarette from his mouth, and allowing the spirit of blue vapor to wreath themselves fantastically into the upper air.

"Barbara Clifton—a sweet, musical name, whose syllables melt upon one's lips like the odors of love. And she is pretty?"

"As pretty as a spring flower!" enthusiastically answered Fred Langborn. "I tell you, man, if it hadn't been for a previous possession of the citadel by Connie Bruce, I should have fallen in love with her myself. Complexion like a magnolia leaf—eyes of chocolate velvet—the dearest little dot of a dimple on her left cheek, and jet black hair, rippling like a lake when the wind blows over it."

"Fred, old fellow, you are waxing poetical."

"Because the subject inspires me."

"She is really all this?"

"She is really all this—nay, I'm rather inclined to think that my description falls short of the reality; and, moreover, she has a neat little fortune of her own. She is a delicious little peach, only waiting to be gathered—a rose ready to be plucked. Lancelot Marchfield, is your own fault if you don't go down to Drake Court at once and settle your destiny for life, before some other fellow goes to win."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at its ebbs, leads on to fortune—and all that sort of thing. Take Shakespeare's advice, *mon ami*, and pack your valise at once."

"How can I pack a valise or do anything else on this crowded globe of ours as long as you are making such a riot?" demanded Marchfield, with some asperity.

"I'm off now, old boy, to write an eight-page letter to Connie Bruce, down at Drake Court. An revoir. Don't repent your ill-temper when I am gone, that's all."

And Mr. Langborn, for once, was as good as his word.

Lancelot Marchfield smoked out his cigarette in meditative silence when his friend was gone, and the upshot of his musings finally passed itself into one definite sentence, at last.

"I'll go. She is pretty—and she is well-dowered. I'm the last man in the world to marry merely for money, but when a pair of bright eyes are balanced by a purse of gold pieces, the scales weigh just right, according to my humble way of thinking. It's worth the trial at all events. The weather is equatorial. Drake's Court is a fine old place, embowered in elms and ivy trellises, with a hazy of young people there. Yes—I'll go."

And Lancelot Marchfield went.

The journey by railway was a good deal like other railway journeys, but dusty and intolerably wearisome—but at Drake Court a regular old country stage awaited all passengers for Drakeville, the place nearest to Drake Court, one of those antique moving mountains of wood and leather, such as we see in old pictures, and which—nowadays the play—have nearly vanished out of our land. And in this wheeled foundation tower sat already two passengers—a prim lady, well past the thirtieth year, and a young man, with a head of powdered hair, and vainly striving to veil the hollow in her cheeks, and a thin pair of lips stretched over an unbecoming set of false teeth.

A parrot, screeching noisily in its cage, was fastened to the inside of the stage; a wheezy King Charles spaniel sat in the lady's lap; a bottle dangled by a slender gold chain from her wrist, and a gray cat, portly and silvery-colored, curled on the other side.

"Hopkins," said this lady primly to the other passenger, a ruddy dame of two or three and twenty in calico and red check.

"Ma'am," said Hopkins.

"Close the opposite window, the draft is so annoying."

"Yes, ma'am," said Hopkins.

And Lancelot, loosening his blue silk necktie, began to wonder whether the lady preferred an atmosphere like mine the Black Hole of Calcutta.

"Hopkins," again minced the lady.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Can you feel quite faint?"

"The gentleman," with a sickly smile in the direction of her, "would oblige me by getting me a glass of water."

But just at this juncture the stage rolled heavily away, and the lady was too busy in preserving the equilibrium of the parrot, cat and spaniel to think any more of her own faintness.

"Delightful weather this air," smiled the lady, after having waited in vain for the time for Mr. Marchfield to break the silence. "When Nature is decked in all her summer radiance, the heart naturally pulses in harmony."

"Ahem—yes, ma'am," said the other with an impatient movement toward the back of the stage, as if he vainly would retreat from the lady's graceful advances.

"I do so on the sweet rural country," sighed she.

As no direct answer was required, Lancelot Marchfield made none.

"Don't you?" pursued the lady.

"Yes, ma'am," said Lancelot, stilly.

"Hopkins," said the lady, "give me that volume of Byron's poems."

"Ma'am," said the handmaid, in evident trepidation, "it was left out. After your box of 'New Cornation Rogues' was packed in, there was no room for it."

"Left out?" exclaimed the lady, turning green under her coat of satin, white enamel; "my Byron left out, when you know that I can't travel without a sympathy of soul? You stupid, good-for-nothing creature! I've a mind to discharge you on the spot!"

"Please, ma'am," pleaded Hopkins, "I'll never do so no more."

"Where are we stopping now, Hopkins? Bless me, I do believe there is a bookstore. Perhaps I could there obtain a copy of the great Enchanter of the world—the divine author of Manfred and The Corsair!"

She looked appealingly at Marchfield; but Marchfield stared stolidly out of the window.

"Assist me to alight, Hopkins," said she, much disgusted at the want of gallantry evinced by her traveling companion, "and we will try our luck."

The spaniel, left alone by the momentary absence of his mistress, sprang howling to the window, knocking a small reticule off the seat. "Lancelot," cried the lady, "it is here, and read, on a card tied to the handle by a bit of blue ribbon, the name, 'Barbara Clifton!'"

He dropped the reticule, and then pale feeling himself grow red and then pale.

"Barbara Clifton!" Was Fred Langborn playing off one of his absurd practical jokes on him? Or had the glitter of Barbara's wealth so dazzled the eyes of those around her that—poor! it was simply out of the question, or, possibly, striving by main force to push her mistress into the vehicle, spurred by the impatient "All aboard—now, then, look alive, madam," of the stage-driver.

"Be careful, Miss Barbara—one step

higher up, Miss Clifton—there, now we're all right!"

So this was Barbara Clifton.

Lancelot took one more glance at the faded, comely-featured complexion of the *passage* dame, set off by corkscrew curls and glittering, false teeth, and then leaned back in the corner of the coach, with closed eyes and folded arms, meditating deeply on the mutability of human anticipations.

"Well, old fellow, have you seen Miss Clifton?"

This was the first question asked of Mr. Marchfield by Harry Drake, his young host of the court, as Lancelot entered the drawing room, now all aglow with wax candles, bright dresses and sparkling eyes.

"Seen her?" echoed Lancelot; "yes, I have seen her—a hideous, wrinkled, pedantic old maid, forty if she's a day!"

And Fred Langborn actually told me she was pretty."

"What a ridiculous idea!" said a dimpled, cherry-cheeked little beauty of eighteen, drawing nearer to him, with a mocking light in her lovely brown eyes.

"I came down here," went on our hero, no wise disinclined to accept sympathy from so fair a comrade, "fully prepared to fall in love with her, from description; but now, I solemnly aver, I would sooner take laudanum than marry Barbara Clifton."

"A very proper spirit," said the young lady, mischievously.

But here Harry Drake, who had been tormenting Lancelot since one of the other of the guests, interposed.

"I beg your pardon—I don't see what I can possibly have been thinking of. Mr. Marchfield, allow me to present you to Miss Barbara Clifton."

Lancelot Marchfield recoiled in horror; the brown-eyed beauty executed a low and graceful courtesy.

"Too late, Harry," she said, her sweet voice full of mirthful fun. "What is the use of introducing 'em? Mr. Marchfield is a hideous, wrinkled pedantic—"

"Stop, stop!" cried Lancelot, in sore dismay. "I didn't mean you."

"But my name is Barbara Clifton!"

At the same moment the door was thrown open, and the old maid of our hero's morning journey, seated in, accompanied by her train of dog and cat, and radiant in artificial bloom.

"There she is!" gasped our hero. "I traveled with her all day!"

"Dear Aunt Barbara," said the reluctant little Hebe, tripping forward, "do let me introduce to you formally a gentleman who has already fallen in love with you at first sight."

Lancelot looked imploringly at his lovely tormentor, Aunt Barbara, and she tossed her head until all the false curls trembled in unison, and immediately commenced a conversation on the beauties of nature, while Barbara, the younger, mischievously enjoying the mischief she had made, took refuge amid a group of her young companions.

Was it to be wondered that Lancelot answered Aunt Barbara's questions entirely at random?

It was not until his companion had diverted her attention to an elderly widower with a bald head and eye-glasses that Lancelot could escape to Barbara the second.

"How could you serve me such a trick?" he asked, plaintively.

"After the opinion you expressed of me, am I not justified in taking any revenge?" she demanded, archly.

"But you know very well it wasn't I, Barbara—I mean Miss Clifton—do let me explain."

And he offered her his arm for a stroll on the dewy moonlight of the garden.

The explanation took an unnecessary long time, and at its close, Miss Clifton and Mr. Marchfield were the best friends in the world.

When he left Drake Court, a month afterward, he was engaged to the plump little Barbara, with the seductive smile, the rippling, jetty hair, and Aunt Barbara was still writing sonnets to the moon, and sighing over Byron's works.

"Didn't I tell you you couldn't help falling in love with her?" asked Fred Langborn, triumphantly.

"It depends upon which of the Barbara Cliftons you mean!" was Lancelot's merry reply.

John Morley on Emerson's scholarship. Though Emerson was always urgent for "the soul of the world, clean from all vestige of tradition," yet his work is full of literature. He at least lends no support to the comforting fallacy of the indolent, that originating power does not go with assimilating power. Few thinkers on his level display such breadth of literary reference.

Callie Woodworth, who was content with the "soul of the world," was content with a few tattered volumes on a kitchen shelf, Emerson worked among books. When he was a boy he found a volume of Montaigne, and he never forgot the delight and wonder in which he lived with it. His library is described as filled with well-selected authors, with curious works from the English world, with many editions in both Greek and English of his beloved Plato; while portraits of "Shakespeare, Montaigne, Goethe, Dante, looked down upon him from the walls. Produce a volume of Plato or of Shakespeare, he says, somewhere, or 'only remind us of their names,' and instantly we come into a feeling of longevity. This is the scholar's speech.

Kingston Road Tramway, TIME TABLE.

To take effect on and after May 20th, 1884 GOING EAST.

GOING EAST.					
Don Bridge.	Les- liville.	Wood- bine.	Don Lam's	Rough avenue.	Vict. Park.
Leave.	Leave.	Leave.	Leave.	Leave.	Arrive.
a. m.	a. m.	a. m.	a. m.	a. m.	a. m.
6.00	6.10	6.20			
7.00	7.10	7.20			
8.00	8.10	8.20			
9.00	9.10	9.20	9.40	9.45	9.50
10.00	10.10	10.20	10.35	10.35	10.40
11.00	11.10	11.20			
p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.
12.00	12.10	1.00	1.15	1.15	1.20
1.00	1.10	1.20			
2.10	2.20	2.30	2.50	2.55	3.00
3.00	3.10	3.20			
4.00	4.10	4.20			
4.20	4.30	4.40	5.00	5.05	5.10
5.00	5.10	5.20	6.10	6.15	6.20
6.30	6.40	6.50	7.10	7.15	7.20
7.00	7.10	7.20			
8.10	8.20	8.30	8.50		
9.00	9.10	9.20	10.05	Sat'dy only.	