

## HOW CAN I WAIT?

How can I wait until you come to me?

The once fleet mornings linger by the way.  
Their sunny smiles touched with malicious glee  
At my unrest, they seem to pause and play,  
Like truant children, while I sigh and say:  
How can I wait?

How can I wait? Of old, the rapid hours  
Refused to pause, or loiter with me long.  
But now they idly fill their hands with flowers  
And make no haste, but slowly walk among  
The Summer blooms, not heeding my one song:  
How can I wait?

How can I wait? The night alone are kind,  
They reach forth to a future day, and bring  
Sweet dreams of you to people all my mind,  
And Time speeds by on light and airy wing.  
I feast upon your face, and no more sing:  
How can I wait?

How can I wait? The morning breaks the spell  
A pitying night has flung upon my soul.  
You are not near me, and I know full well  
My heart has need of patience and control  
Before we meet, hours, days and weeks must roll:  
How can I wait?

How can I wait? Oh, love, how can I wait—  
Until the sunlight of your eyes shall shine  
Upon my life that seems so desolate.  
Until your hand-clasp stirs my blood like wine,  
Until you come again, oh, love of mine  
How can I wait?

## MR. RODMINGTON'S EXPERIMENT.

## A ROMANCE OF THE CARNIVAL.

BY W. S. HUMPHREYS.

Robert Rodmington, Esq., sat in one of the cosiest of the many cosy rooms for which the Windsor Hotel is justly noted. He was busily engaged in opening and perusing letters, of which a great number lay on a table before him. Some of the letters are thrown aside as soon as glanced at, while others are more carefully coned over, and laid in a little heap at his right hand. None of the epistles appear to be of any great length, but nearly all of them have either pinned or gummed in a conspicuous place on the sheet a small clipping from a newspaper. A glance shows that this clipping reads as follows:

"PERSONAL.—A young gentleman, comparative stranger in the city, wishes the company of a young lady to the Carnival Ball at the Windsor; satisfactory references as to social standing. Address "D 1513" STAR office."

Robert Rodmington, Esq., is the young gentleman above referred to. He is a young man of some twenty-five years of age, about five feet ten in height, of fair complexion, blue eyes, silken moustache and whiskers, brown hair, athletic build and of fine proportions. Altogether a very fair specimen of manhood.

That he is an Englishman can be seen at a glance. His nationality is stamped upon his countenance in an unmistakable manner. Besides the name appears in the hotel register as "Robert Rodmington, The Grange, Rodmingtonshire, England," which is of itself sufficient guarantee of his nationality, for no American or Canadian would be found guilty of such an atrocity as to place in a hotel register, open to the vulgar gaze, the name of his residence, no matter how high-standing that name might be. Your true-born American or Canadian would content himself with inscribing plain "John Smith, New York," or "James Brown, Montreal." Of course this may be for the simple reason that the said John Smith or James Brown are not the possessors of such fine residences as "The Grange," being merely owners of brown stone or grey granite mansions in the busy cities in which they reside, with perhaps a little "nest" of a cottage at some of the watering places. Or perhaps we do Mr. Rodmington an injustice. It may be that he never entered his name in such a pretentious manner in the register of the hotel. It is quite possible, indeed, that the entry was made by one of the busy clerks, who by this means escaped the worry and annoyance of reporters for the daily papers who are for ever haunting the different hotels of the city in quest of "prominent arrivals." Be this as it may, the name is there, "Robert Rodmington, The Grange, Rodmingtonshire, England," and Robert Rodmington himself is, as before stated, in one of the cosy rooms of the hotel, diligently going over the different answers he has received to his "Personal" in *The Star*.

The answers are numerous, but very few appear satisfactory to Mr. Rodmington, for one after another is cast aside, while but a couple are added to the little pile at his right hand. At length all are opened, and Mr. Rodmington takes up the selected ones for re-perusal. There are only five, and for some moments he appears undecided which one to choose. At length, however, he has made up his mind. He stretches himself languidly in his easy-chair, as languidly opens a cigar-case, selects a prime Havana, languidly takes a match from a stand at his side, lights it with a languid effort, languidly raises the match to the cigar in his mouth, and after taking two or three languid "whiffs," languidly mutters:

"Yes, I think this will do. Cursed pretty name, too—Rose. If she is as pretty as her name, there is no reason why we should not have a jolly time together. Let me read it again."

And languidly lifting a little pink missive, from which exhaled a delightful perfume, from

the table, where he had placed it during the somewhat laborious operation of lifting his cigar, Mr. Rodmington read as follows:

"If the advertiser will call at No. — Sherbrooke street, at 8 o'clock this (Saturday) evening, and ask for 'Rose,' he may meet a young lady who is very anxious to go to the ball, but has nobody to take her."

ROSE.

"Pretty writing, — pretty paper, — pretty name—sweet perfume!" ejaculated Mr. Rodmington, after he had finished reading, "and surely with all these pretty things in her favor, I ought to meet a pretty little lady. However, I can but try, and if the young lady does not suit me, I shall have to go elsewhere. In the mean time how shall I pass the hours till eight o'clock this evening?"

Throwing himself back in his chair, he remained in thought for some moments, then muttered:

"Ah, yes, I will go and see how they are getting on with the Ice Palace, and then saunter down towards the river to look at the rinks."

A few minutes afterwards Mr. Rodmington emerged from the entrance of the Windsor, and started on his journey to kill time.

Eight o'clock in the evening found him in front of one of the large residences on Sherbrooke street, and after assuring himself that he had found the correct number, he rang the bell, and awaited the opening of the door. He had not long to wait. A trim maid soon appeared.

"Does Miss Rose reside here?" queried Mr. Rodmington.

"Miss Rose—yes, Sir—please, step in, sir. What name shall I say, Sir?"

Mr. Rodmington put his hand in his pocket, drew out a morocco case, found a card, and placed it on a salver presented to him by the maid.

He was then ushered into a parlor, told to "please be seated," and left alone.

"Rather a peculiar adventure," he muttered to himself when left alone; "but I have gone too far now to draw back. And," glancing round the room, "from appearances here, there is every prospect of my adventure being in every way a pleasant one."

He was interrupted in his musings by the entrance of a lady. She came timidly forward, as though half afraid to advance. Mr. Rodmington rose to receive her, and could hardly repress an exclamation of surprise—nay, admiration—at the pretty picture presented to his gaze.

The young lady was not exactly what one could call beautiful, but she presented a truly pleasing appearance. There was something fascinating about her—something that caused any one who might chance to meet her, to gaze upon her a second time. She was not very tall, nor was she short, her stature being a happy medium between the two extremes. A brunette, with that pretty dark skin that some members of the male sex go into raptures over; long, flowing dark brown tresses hung down her back, reaching almost to the waist; a well-chiselled nose; teeth of perfect whiteness; cheeks, glowing with health,—or blushes;—a well-proportioned figure, slightly inclined to plumpness,—tastefully arrayed in becoming garments—such was the apparition that appeared before Mr. Rodmington, and sent from his brain the carefully worded speech he had prepared as some sort of apology for the means he had taken to secure a partner for the Carnival Ball.

It was some moments before either spoke—each stood gazing at the other. But finally the lady overcame her shyness, and said, in a soft, modulated voice:

"You are Mr. Rodmington, I presume?"

"Yes," answered that gentleman, "and I trust you will pardon the means I have taken to secure your acquaintance?" she answered in a matter-of-fact manner. "I thought of all the consequences before I replied to your 'Personal.' But, under the circumstances, I suppose I must introduce myself to you. Permit me, then Mr. Rodmington, to make you acquainted with Miss Rose Sterrington, of Toronto, at present on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Buxton."

"And permit me, Miss Rose Sterrington, to introduce to you Mr. Robert Rodmington, of The Grange, Rodmingtonshire, England, at present on a visit to Montreal, and stopping at the Windsor."

Saying which the gentleman bowed profoundly to the lady, who returned with an equally profound courtesy.

"And now, since we are acquainted with one another, continued the gentleman, "I trust you will not consider me impolite if I enquire how you, a fashionable young lady, could possibly have committed such an indiscretion as to answer a 'Personal' in a newspaper?"

"Oh, that is easily answered," she laughingly exclaimed. "As I told you I wanted to go to the ball, very much indeed; but being a stranger in Montreal, I knew no gentlemen who would take me, with the exception of one, and with that one I did not want to go. Therefore, when I saw your advertisement, I just jumped at the chance, my only fear being that you might decide upon somebody else."

"And will you, then, trust yourself in my keeping, not only for the ball, but for all the festivities of the Carnival week?" queried Mr. Rodmington, eagerly.

"I will, upon one condition."

"You have but to name it," he interrupted.

"It is that you make no enquiries concerning myself, from this date till the end of the Carnival. If you agree to this condition, I will en-

deavor to help you amuse yourself the whole of the coming week."

"Oh, I will pledge my word to that," quickly answered Mr. Rodmington.

"Mind not a word," she playfully impressed upon him. "When you want to see me you will simply ask for Miss Rose—nothing more—and except something very unforeseen transpires, Miss Rose will be ready to receive you."

"I pledge you my word I will not endeavor to lift in the least degree the veil that you wish to enshroud your identity until you give me permission to do so," repeated the young man.

After a short time spent in pleasant conversation, Mr. Rodmington rose to depart. The young lady gracefully held out her hand to the young man, who clasped it with a gentle pressure, then with a promise to call for Miss Rose on Tuesday evening, he left the Sherbrooke street mansion with far more joyous feelings than he had entertained on his arrival a short time previous.

Mr. Rodmington was elated. He walked along Sherbrooke street with a jaunty step. His mission had been far more successful than his brightest anticipations had led him to expect. He had secured what he most ardently desired—a young and beautiful partner to accompany him to all the festivities the coming week.

"What a pretty little thing she is," he muttered as he merrily sauntered along. "And how charming her manners. I wonder who her parents are? But no, I must not think of that. I wish, however, that I had persuaded her to allow me to call upon her to-morrow or Monday, that I might become acquainted with her. I wonder whether she would think me very rude if I were to drop in in a casual way to-morrow evening. No, that is not to be thought of—I must not call upon her till Tuesday evening. Three whole days! What shall I do with myself in the interval? I wish I knew what church she attended; then, perhaps, I might have a chance of meeting her on the morrow. However, I will go to the Cathedral in the morning, St. James' in the afternoon, and St. Paul's in the evening. In one of the three I may perchance catch a glimpse of the charming little lady."

By this time Mr. Rodmington had reached the Windsor, and entering, he proceeded to his room, threw himself on his easy chair, and gave himself up to dreams of the being that filled his thoughts. Sunday morning he was up betimes, after having made a careful toilet, he followed out the programme he had sketched the evening before—attended the three churches in the order named, discreetly glanced about him in search of a pretty face that he thought he should know anywhere, and after the services, he actually found one of the group of young men who congregated at church doors, and carefully scanned the faces of every young lady that came out of the sacred edifice. But his search was in vain. This young lady who disturbed his peace of mind was not among the number of worshippers, and Mr. Rodmington returned to his lodgings in a very disconsolate frame of mind.

The two succeeding days were most wretchedly passed by Mr. Rodmington. He could not eat—he could not smoke—he could not read—he could not walk—or he fancied he could do none of these things. All he could do was to think of a charming young lady who had taken his heart captive at first sight, and it was a very difficult matter indeed for him to restrain himself sufficiently to prevent him from calling upon her before the appointed time.

But time flies. Tuesday evening at last arrived, and found Mr. Rodmington ready and eager to once more visit the Sherbrooke street mansion. He had ordered a sleigh to be at the Hotel at half past seven, but long before the appointed time, he was striding impatiently up and down the sidewalk in front of the building. Precisely at the half hour, the merry jingle of sleigh-bells are heard, and a handsome sleigh, drawn by a beautiful pair of horses, stops in front of the Hotel.

Mr. Rodmington hurried forward, jumped into the sleigh, gave the driver the necessary directions, and was rapidly whirled to his destination.

His enquiry at the door for "Miss Rose," was speedily answered by the appearance of that young lady herself, equipped ready for the drive. And very charming she looked in her closely fitting seal costume, the color coming and going on the pretty face.

With a somewhat bashful greeting to Mr. Rodmington, she allowed herself to be assisted into the sleigh; the fur robes are nicely adjusted to protect her from the cold. The young gentleman jumps up beside her, the driver cracks his whip, and the horses start off on a sharp trot.

Mr. Rodmington is happy. To be once more seated by the side of the charming Rose is bliss indeed, and it is some moments before he can collect his thoughts sufficiently to address the lady.

Miss Rose, too, is silent, but what her thoughts are it is difficult to surmise. That they are pleasant ones is patent from the smile that ever and anon flits across her expressive countenance, and the merry twinkle that shines in her dark eyes.

Thus they speed along Sherbrooke street, in the direction of Peel street.

The lady was the first to break the silence:

"Are we not going to see the opening of the Ice Palace?" she asked.

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Rodmington, arousing from his reverie, "I forgot to tell you that the

opening of the Palace is postponed till to-morrow evening."

"Then, where are we going this evening?"

"If you do not object, Miss Rose, we will go and see the different toboggan hills. I very much desire to see the sport. I have been such a short time in the city, that all your Canadian pastimes are new to me."

"I am quite willing," she answered, and the sleigh went merrily along, the young lady in the meantime giving her companion an insight into the different Canadian sports.

Arrived at Peel street, the party found further progress blocked by a long line of sleighs, who were either waiting for "fares" or who had brought parties to enjoy the exhilarating fun.

At the suggestion of Rose, the couple alighted and proceeded up Peel street to better enjoy the sight. Mr. Rodmington was much amused at the novel spectacle, and watched the rapidly descending toboggans with great interest.

Rose, however, became excited. A thorough Canadian, she was an ardent lover of all Canadian winter sports, and longed to form one of the merry parties rushing gaily past.

"Oh, I wish we had a toboggan!" she said.

"But I could not manage one, Miss Rose," answered her companion.

"I could, though," she spoke up, enthusiastically.

"And do you think you could go down that steep hill alone?" incredulously.

"Yes, I am sure I could, and could take you safely down, too," she returned, with confidence.

"But where can we get one?" questioned Mr. Rodmington.

"Oh, they are easy enough to be got, if you like to pay for them."

"Come, then, and show me where to get one," exclaimed the young man.

"Do you mean it?" she cried jocosely, "Oh, you dear good fellow."

And she gave his arm such a gentle little squeeze that sent a thrill through Mr. Rodmington, and amply repaid him in advance for whatever expense he was about to incur.

The sleigh was soon found, the drive to a fancy store on St. Catherine street quickly made, a toboggan purchased, the return journey completed, and before Mr. Rodmington was fully aware of it, he was being whirled rapidly down the hill, with an admonition from his fair "steerer" to "hold on firmly."

They arrived safely at the bottom of the hill, and were so delighted with their first experience that they made the journey many times, Mr. Rodmington becoming as enthusiastic in his praise of the sport as his charming companion.

And so the evening wore away, and parting time was at hand. Then a quandary arose.

"What am I to do with this, Miss Rose?" queried Mr. Rodmington, pointing to the toboggan.

"Oh, if you don't mind, I will take charge of it till the end of the carnival, then you can make final disposition of it," she answered.

"Will you, though? I shall be so awfully glad if you will accept it altogether."

"We will see about that at the end of the week," she answered, archly.

Once more in their sleigh both appeared very merry.

"Are we not good friends," said Rose, "who would have thought that we could have become so well acquainted at so short notice?"

"Oh, Miss Rose," he returned, "the evening has not been half long enough for me, and to think I shall have to wait a whole day before I shall see you again."

"Greedy fellow! But I am afraid you will have too much of me before the week is out. However, as we are to be comrades for the week suppose we drop formality. Leave out the 'miss' in addressing me, and call me plain Rose."

"Oh, may I?" he returned eagerly, "sweet Rose! and you will call me—"

"Robert, yes. But here I am at home."

Jumping lightly from the sleigh, Mr. Rodmington assisted his fair companion to alight, then giving her hand a gentle squeeze, he said regretfully:

"Good night, sweet Rose, till to-morrow."

"Good night, Robert."

And the door closed upon her, leaving Mr. Rodmington to pursue his way alone to the Windsor, there to dream away his time till the coming morning.

His dreams were pleasant ones. He was fascinated, charmed and bewitched by a young lady whom he had met but twice. What were his feelings towards her? Was it possible that he, Robert Rodmington, who had passed unscathed the darts of the lovely maidens and the ploys of man-o'-wringing mammas in England, should fall a victim at first sight to the charms of a pretty little "colonial?"

Mr. Rodmington made an attempt to analyze his thoughts, but went to sleep to dream of the morning, when he should again have the pleasure of once more meeting and pressing the hand of sweet Rose.

This first night of the carnival was but a prelude of all the other evenings of the week.

Mr. Rodmington was early on hand Wednesday evening, and found his charmer awaiting him. If she was fascinating the night before, she was bewitching this evening, arrayed in blanket snow-shoer's costume, tastefully trimmed with fur, with short dress, from which peeped enticingly a pair of pretty feet, encased in beautiful moccasins. For she had persuaded Mr. Rodmington to make his first attempt at snow-shoeing, and both were prepared to join in the procession.

Mr. Rodmington was supremely happy with