



ELOPEMENT A LA MODE.

board—with a 2.15 gait he reached his favorite jeweller's store, into which he precipitated like a bolter into an Ottawa bar. "Give me the gold of Ind. barbaric pearl, rubies from Burmah, bright Golconda's gleam, silver from Cyprus"—commenced Alphonso, in his delirious anxiety for the dumb jewels, but before he could finish his original quotation, the storekeeper yelled to his boy, "Charlie, shut up the front and give Mr. Brown the store." These words of business brought Alphonso to his senses and he inspected the show-cases. He selected a pair of snake bracelets, a turquoise brooch and a mother of pearl fan, inlaid with rubies. As the storekeeper was wrapping them up, a street-car pass'd, and Alphonso, with a yell of delight, rush'd madly to the front. He jumped for the platform a moment too late; the car had started, and Alphonso nestled softly in the mud, murmuring—"There is a tide in the affairs of man which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." A policeman picked up the seal-skin coat and found Alphonso inside, unhurt. He was rewarded with a free pass to the next Poor concert and a quarter, which had rolled out of the hero's pocket. Remembering his purpose, Alphonso rushed again into the jeweller's shop, seized a parcel from the counter and dashed to the house of Araminta. The family were at supper. Nothing daunted Alphonso said he would wait, and composed himself upon the piano-stool in the drawing-room. In the course of an hour Araminta entered. She was ashy pale and held an unfinished cigarette in her taper fingers—Alphonso did not know that she smoked; but, ready for any surprise, he remarked:—

"Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest."

Araminta listened in silence and then asked him to repeat it. He repeated. Drawing her pencilled brows

together, she said in chilled steel tones:

"Do you desire to insult me?"

Alphonso dropped on his left knee, which was free from rheumatism, and replied:

"Araminta, it is high time this farce should end or it will turn into a tragedy. I have brought you a souvenir of my undying love. Let the past be wiped out of your recollection when you gaze upon the tribute of my affection."

The cigarette fell from Araminta's fingers and slowly smouldered into the carpet, as she seized the packet Alphonso held out to her. With trembling anxiety she bit through the string and tore away the paper. With a shriek she threw the contents at Alphonso. It struck him on the nose and fell with a mocking jingle at his right foot. He moaned and lifted up the bauble. *It was a baby's rattle.*

"Leave this house, perfidious man," she cried, "for the third and last time," as she threw open the hall door, "you are a heartless monster." And her papa

came out hurriedly and exclaimed, "I endorse that sentiment," as he kicked Alphonso down the garden path. The bull-pup retired to his kennel with a mouthful of the seal-skin coat, and tranquility reigned once more in the house of Van Goldstein.

Alphonso repaired to the jeweller's and found he had taken away the wrong parcel.
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MRS. PENCHERMAN ON GENERAL CONVERSATION.

WHAT on earth has become of it all? I declare except at the sewing society where everyone talks at once, I haven't come across anything of it this many a day. It's all *tôt-à-tôtting*. I don't deny that the fashion has its advantages for lovers and the boys and girls skirmishing for such positions, and for balls, but for little sociable gatherings and small tea parties, these *solitudes-a-deux* give some of the company a feeling of *de drop-ness*. The old people of dear polite France must have known something of the feeling to have such very adaptive expressions. I have felt it more than once in my own drawing-room, at some of the entertainments we are so justly celebrated for in Rural Dell. Of course, as a mother, nothing gives me more pleasure than to see the girls enjoy themselves, yet I've often wished my part on these festive occasions could be more lively than that of a mere overseer, as it were. Lucius says its all rubbish my "sitting up in state," and that I'd be a deal better in the parlor, and let the young people be by themselves, but I like things to be done in 'ton, and know that it is more in keeping for the Misses Pencherman, daughters of an M.P., to have a proper chaperon with other fashionable families, and then I like a little amusement whenever I can