

## MAN'S SMILE—HEAVEN'S FROWN.

BY NED P. MAH.

When we have done the deed that others praise—  
Do the world's noisy plaudits always raise  
Echoes within?

It is our faults that make us seem like brothers.  
The touch of nature which, to hearts of others,  
Makes us kin.

Success, of merit is the worldly test.  
And, among men, he ever is the best  
Who most may win.

Thus, oftentimes, man knows not of the name  
Of God's own heroes. Lost their fame  
In the world's din.

And, as reward of noble sacrifice,  
A sense of His approval must suffice  
Who sees within.

Then live we so that, when the world shall bend  
No more in reverence, and its smile shall end,  
God's may begin.

## NEARLY CAUGHT.

I was young, I was green, I was a bank-clerk,  
I was also enthusiastically fond of music; which  
said enthusiasm caused me to become the hero  
of the romance I am about to relate.

Having a fortnight's holiday, I decided to  
spend it in New York, as I had never yet seen  
that city. Accordingly I packed my valise, bade  
adieu to my landlady (with permission to let my  
room for a fortnight, if she could) and started  
from T— I refrain from mentioning the  
Canadian city where I dwell, in case some kind  
friend should recognize me; my name, too, is  
not at all like Woodbee Green, but that will  
do very well in print; it is awkward to have no  
name in your first autobiography.

Arrived at the American metropolis I put up  
at one of the best hotels, for I had a little spare  
cash (unlike most bank clerks), so I thought I  
might as well do the grand, and also be thor-  
oughly comfortable. And now I set to, to en-  
joy my brief holiday.

What a city it was, to be sure! I believe I  
visited every place of interest that was to be  
seen. I beg you to understand, O reader, that  
my amusements were of a perfectly refined char-  
acter, for I was a well brought-up youth. No  
gambling, no midnight orgies for me. Sight-  
seeing during the day, and in the evening, the  
best theatres and concerts that were going. I  
went to the opera, and saw and heard fair, charm-  
ing Christine Nilsson, with the voice of silver.  
I fell in love with her at once, but wisely fell  
out again, upon hearing that she was going to be  
married on her return to Europe. I saw "Di-  
vorce," and was so much affected that, at the  
last scene, I became conscious of a slight mist  
somewhere in the region of my eyes, but, upon  
my looking furtively round, I saw several other  
fellows with a like blurred vision, so I took  
heart of grace, blew my nose vigorously, and  
recovered, glad to find that mine was not the  
only damp countenance present. I revelled in  
Thomas's Orchestra (no girls there to upset one,  
either), and even thought wildly of offering my-  
self and my flute, gratis. All these little par-  
ticulars, you see, are necessary, in order to show  
you how very susceptible I was to refining in-  
fluences.

There was a Grand Piano at the hotel, upon  
which I occasionally meandered, for I could play  
a little by ear. I had, too, my beloved flute  
(without which I never travelled) in my room.  
This instrument, I fancy, was not appreciated  
by my next-door neighbor, for the way he used  
to glare at me whenever we met, after my tootle-  
tooting some sweet melody I had lately heard.  
Some people have no soul!

I had been about a week in New York, when  
one evening I found myself disengaged, there  
being no special attraction at theatre or concert  
for which I cared. I therefore resolved to be a  
dutiful son and affectionate brother, and write  
home to my mother and sister. Just as I  
gathered together my writing materials, I was  
startled by hearing a remarkably rich and  
sympathetic voice singing in the drawing-room  
Arthur Sullivan's lovely song, "O, Fair Dove."  
No one had sung since my arrival, so it must  
be some new comer. I remembered now, that  
at dinner, the day before, I had noticed at a  
table near mine, three fresh arrivals—a very  
pretty fair girl, a very ugly dark woman, and a  
middle-aged gentleman. I put them down in  
my mind as father, daughter, and maiden  
aunt, or chaperon (if the latter, with perfectly  
safe attractions for the most ready-to-be-consoled  
of widowers, were the gentleman of that per-  
suasion.) Well, the singing went on. I could  
stand it no longer, my mother and sister must  
wait another post, and I must rush to the draw-  
ing-room and hear that fair girl sing—something  
told me it was she, for I had met her several  
times that day in the elevator, with a roll of  
music in her hand. I hurried from my room,  
and summoned the genius of the elevator.  
"Drawing-room flat," said I.

"All right, surr," said he.

Down I went, and was just stepping out,  
when, the singing ceased, I paused, uncertain  
whether to go back or remain, on the chance of  
hearing my songstress again, when, who should  
walk quickly from the drawing-room but the  
pretty fair stranger! Reader, although I was  
young and green, I had not before paid more  
than ordinary attention to this fair little girl,  
but now what a difference! Her face assumed

the dreamy beauty of an Undine. I read the very  
soul of music in her blue eyes and trembling on  
her rosy lips. She was my young songstress,  
then; I was right in my surmise. She held up  
her pretty little hand to arrest the elevator.  
That decided me. I re-entered, after her, of  
course, and up we soared to the top flat—the  
young lady's, evidently—I forgot to stop at my  
own. I politely stood aside to allow her to pass.  
She bent her head slightly in acknowledgement  
and vanished from my sight.

The genius of that elevator was an Irishman,  
not long from his native clime, if I might judge  
by his brogue, also, he was possessed, I could  
plainly see, by a fund of humor impossible to  
control, as I very soon found out.

"Are you ready now, surr, for your own  
flat?"

"Yes," said I, unconcernedly. "I really  
forgot we had passed it. These lifts are so  
swift."

"Shure, surr, they are. Good-night, surr."

I stepped out, and he slid down, and I am cer-  
tain I heard a smothered laugh, above the groan  
of the machine taking its departure.

I re-entered my room. I would resume my  
letters; accordingly I began: "My Dear Sister  
Jane—O fair Dove"—Pshaw! what was I writ-  
ing? It was no use. I could not get the words  
of that song out of my head. Never mind. I  
would write to-morrow, and go to bed now. So  
to bed I went, and a nice night I had, to be  
sure! For about three hours I kept awake.  
Whenever I closed my eyes I heard that voice,  
saw, in imagination, those rosy lips parted in  
song. At last I slept an unrefreshing slumber,  
distressed with visions of doves with blue eyes  
and flowing fair hair, becharming me to soar  
aloft in an elevator, composed of feathers and  
music paper, presided over by a cupid, with the  
face of an Irishman! The fickle god held in one  
hand a fiddle bow, and, in the other, a grand  
piano; he was in the act of shooting the piano  
from the bow into my breast, when I shouted  
for mercy, and, with a fearful jump, awoke. It  
was time to get up. I dressed, and carefully  
shaved (yes, I had something to shave), went  
down and made an apology for a breakfast.  
When the waiter leaned confidentially over my  
shoulder and inquired my wants, I said, "Oh,  
anything—a cup of coffee and omelette with  
dove—"

"Beg pardon, sir. Omelette with—"

"Ham"—correcting myself. "Don't you  
see, here it is?" pointing to the carte.

"Yes, sir; certainly sir."

Away he went. I looked over the morning  
papers. A new opera this evening; never  
mind; I would not go. She might sing again,  
and this time I would be quicker getting down.  
I could easily walk up and down my corridor,  
close to the elevator door, and touch the bell the  
instant I heard her begin. My breakfast came.  
I made a pretence of eating; the waiter looked  
quite concerned.

"Nothing more, sir? Headache, sir?"

"Yes, a little," said I, and hurried away.

I tried the letters again; no use. I would  
go out. I put on my hat and overcoat and left  
my room. The morning attendant of the ele-  
vator was a different sort of man to his Irish  
companion. I did not mind him; he was stolid;  
an old hand to whom romance was but a name.  
As I entered the machine, I raised my eyes, and  
there beheld my divinity, dressed for walking,  
and by her side was the other lady. Heavens!  
what a mouth was hers, positively cavernous!  
and such a swarthy skin! I was really almost  
sorry for her excessive plainness. I ventured to  
bow to the younger lady on the strength of  
last night's acquaintance—if it could be called  
such. I was about also to remark that it was a  
fine morning, but my tongue failed me. We  
descended, and I had the pleasure of holding  
open the door to allow them to pass into the  
street, thus obtaining a grave bow from the elder  
lady, and another shy, smiling one from Undine  
(as I had begun to call her to myself). After  
allowing them a fair start, I went out myself,  
and wandered about until lunch time.

"Ladies just gone up, surr," said the genius,  
with a joyous grin, as I entered the elevator.

"Ladies! What ladies?" I asked coldly.

"Shure, surr, the purty young lady and the  
ould one. I beg pardon, bedad! all the dear  
craters is young!"

"I don't think the ladies would be over-  
pleased at your manner of speaking about  
them."

"Shure, surr, and I meant no harm."

I went to my room and did, at last, contrive  
to write some sort of a letter home. I next  
performed a few expressive airs on my flute, and  
then—as I had had such a restless night—I lay  
down, after hearing that next door neighbour of  
mine utter a profane sentence anything but  
complimentary to myself!

I slept for some hours, but was suddenly  
awakened by hearing again that voice—her  
voice! Up I jumped, looked at my watch; it  
was six o'clock. I dined at half-past. So I  
plunged my face into cold water, brushed my  
hair, smoothed my necktie, and—the song  
ceased. Aggravation! Then another began.  
Rapture! I should be in time now.

The genius was very taciturn this time. I too  
was silent; but he stopped (mechanically, it  
seemed) at the drawing-room flat—the wretch  
knew she was there, well enough! I hurried  
out and was half way to the drawing-room,  
when suddenly "The lover and the bird" ceased  
in the very middle of a verse, and I heard a  
man's voice say: "Come, Edith, we really  
must not stay any longer; it is just upon half-  
past six."

"Oh, papa, as late as that?" Then a scuffling  
and rustling, and out came the three of them—  
my Undine with a large music book in her arms.  
"Papa," she said, "I will first take this book  
up stairs, and join you at the table. 'Do, my  
dear.' She hurried to the elevator. I touched  
the bell for her. She blushed and dropped the  
book. I sprang forward. 'Allow me,'—and  
picked it up. We entered together; the genius  
was again taciturn, but with an ugly smirk on  
his broad face. Of course this time I was obliged  
to go up to her flat, for was I not carrying her  
book? As she stepped out I gave it to her with  
a bow, and stammered—

"You—you seem—very—very—a—a—fond  
of music."

"Oh, passionately!" she replied, with a  
heavenly smile and blush.

She then passed on, leaving me entranced.  
Manners forbade my waiting. I therefore de-  
scended to the dining-room, but did not see  
Undine—or Edith (ah, what a delightful name!)  
They must have been at the other end of the  
room. I had hatched a plan by which she could  
not escape me this evening, at all events. After  
dinner I went up to my room, and taking with  
me a book—to make a pretence of reading—I  
sallied forth to the drawing-room. I would not  
stir, but would lie in wait for my prey. I did  
not stir, and the prey did not come! I missed  
my tea, but gloomily went down to take some  
supper about midnight. I ordered some oysters,  
and, whilst waiting, looked about—and lo!  
there they were, all three—the ladies with their  
hats on—just returned (as I gathered from their  
conversation) from the new opera which I had  
deprived myself the pleasure of hearing! This  
was almost more than I could bear. In a few  
minutes I left my supper, and returned to my  
room.

I knew now that I was in love—desperately,  
rapturously, deliciously in love! I did not  
pause to ask myself what cause I had for my  
sudden passion; enough that she was young and  
fair, and sang like an angel. Of her mind and  
disposition, of course I knew nothing; but  
could I not read both in her charming singing?  
What a thrice fortunate fellow was I! That I  
could win her I never doubted; she was very  
young, and therefore most probably free. I  
flattered myself that even on the few occasions  
we had met she had regarded me with some fa-  
vour. In fact, I must win her, and would set  
about it the very next day. I had only three  
more days in New York, so I must make the  
matter safe and sure before I left. If she re-  
jected me—but no, she would not (here I glanced  
at my own reflection in the glass.) "No,"  
thought I, "she will not; I feel sure."

I sat for another hour picturing the bright  
future before us—Edith and me! My thoughts  
generally wandered to the hour when I should  
return home to our late dinner (probably I  
should be Bank Manager by then), and after  
that repast spend the evening listening to that  
mellow voice—sometimes blending with it my  
own rather mild tenor. At last I went to bed;  
had a few more night-mares rather worse than  
the previous one, and awoke in the act of falling  
—falling—falling clean down from the top flat  
to the bottom one, through the elevator space—  
that machine disappearing as soon as I put my  
foot into it!

This day I did not despise the goods of the  
earth, but took my meals like a man, and a  
hungry one too—for I had eaten scarcely any-  
thing lately. I felt calm and serene. One plan  
which I had made during my last night's reverie  
was to spend nearly the whole day in the eleva-  
tor, under pretence of getting acquainted with  
its mechanism, and thus be sure of catching my  
fair enslaver on her way to the drawing-room;  
follow her to it, and, whilst she was warbling,  
get into conversation with her father and the  
elder lady. On second thoughts, however, I  
adopted the same manoeuvre as my previous  
one, viz: to stay in the drawing-room during  
the evening. Somehow I had a dread of the  
malicious twinkle in that wretch's eye. I knew  
very well he would never believe I wished to  
learn the intricacies of his minute mansion—no  
good trying to deceive him.

Evening came, and, taking with me *Harper's  
Monthly*, I descended to the drawing-room.  
Even during the few seconds I was in the ele-  
vator my tormentor tried to upset my calm-  
ness.

"Ladies just gone down, surr."

I pretended not to hear, and commenced  
whistling vigorously. I entered the drawing-  
room with (I was persuaded) an air of perfect  
nonchalance. The middle-aged gentleman was  
skimming an evening paper. My idol sat in a  
low chair near the piano, turning over some  
music; and the chaperone, cousin, aunt, or  
whatever she was, was in another chair bending  
over some "art needle work." At least I sup-  
posed it was "art needle work," because all the  
wool looked faded and sickly, and the stuff they  
were being worked into was about as coarse as a  
door mat. I remembered little Nellie H— at  
home told me all about it. "Wonder if she  
sings now. I have not seen her for two years,"  
was my passing thought.

I began to feel anxious. I must certainly  
make a beginning to-night—sing or no sing.  
Presently the gentleman began to yawn over his  
paper; "not much news, girls." Now was my  
opportunity; I seized it. "Allow me, Sir, to  
offer you this month's *Harper's*." "You are  
too kind. I fear I am depriving—" "Not  
at all; I have read all I wish to see in it." The  
ice was broken; the gentleman and I began to  
converse affably. I told him my name. He  
told me his, and introduced me to his daughters

(who could have thought they were sisters!)  
At last I adroitly led up to an article in *Harper's*.  
"Is it really so? Then I must look at it. Ex-  
cuse me, I beg." He began to read the article,  
and I lounged round to the side of Undine. How  
sweet she looked! Not a great deal of expres-  
sion in her face, even I admitted—but that  
would come when she was older. I began to  
talk to her, and found her very vivacious. She  
laughed at nearly everything we both said.  
"Ah," thought I, "how little would the care-  
less crowd suspect the thrilling chords which  
agitate this innocent young heart!" We chatted  
on—the elder sister silently working, or only  
putting in a word here and there. However, I  
did not desire to converse with her on that  
evening, although I supposed that in the bright  
future I should have to sometimes make myself  
agreeable to my awfully plain sister-in-law. "I  
hope," said I, insinuatingly, "that I shall have  
the delight of listening to some music this even-  
ing!"

"Oh, yes," with a sweet upward glance;  
"Papa is sure to wish for some also." "It is  
not often," I resumed, "that you hear such a  
voice and such artistic culture as it has been my  
happy lot to hear within the last ten days."  
"Yes, Mr. Green." And Mr. Brown now joined  
us. "I believe I may be acquitted of partiality  
when I say that I certainly never heard any ama-  
teur to compare with my daughter Edith." "In-  
deed, Sir, you are right. I have heard most of  
the great singers of the day (recollect I had been  
over a week in New York!) and there is not  
one whom I would prefer to—to—Miss Edith  
Brown."

"Come, Edith, my love; this gentleman is  
like myself—an enthusiast in music. Let us  
have one of your sweet songs."

"Certainly, papa."

I jumped as if shot. Powers above! What  
did I see? Yes! There she was—that woman  
of women for ugliness; gathering up her sickly  
wools and her door mat! A hope flashed across  
me, fool that I was! Of course she was going  
to accompany her sister. I looked towards  
Undine; but alas! alas! she sat just where she  
was, idly turning over the music leaves. Then  
she started up. Bliss!

"Oh! Edith, do sing this," she exclaimed.

"Very well, Rose." Then the song began.  
I made a desperate effort to recover my self-  
control. In spite of the fearful mistake I had  
made I could not choose but listen with true  
delight to Miss Brown's voice. The song was  
again the sweet "O, Fair Dove," and the  
melancholy of its sentiment suited my then  
state of mind. At first I looked at the song-  
stress whilst she sang, but (I hope she won't  
read this story) her mouth was simply too much  
for me! She ceased, and her sister said, with  
another laugh—

"Is't that sweetly pretty?"

"Child," said her father, gravely, "that song  
is something more than sweetly pretty."

"Do you not sing," asked I, with a faint  
hope that perhaps she might sing even as well  
as her sister did.

"I; oh, no! I like to hear Edith, of course,  
and plenty of others; but I have no voice. I  
play a little; that's all. Don't you just adore  
that 'Blue Danube'?"

"It—it—is very nice," stammered I.

She stammered it for my benefit.

"Thank you," I was obliged in politeness to  
say. Then I suddenly looked at my watch;  
for I could stand it no longer. "Pardon me,  
ladies; pardon me, Sir, but I find it is late, and  
as I have to catch an early train to-morrow  
morning (so I had, for my mind was made up  
to that effect about half an hour since), I must  
make some arrangements. Good evening. Pray  
excuse me; good evening."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Brown. "I  
trust, Mr. Green, that we may meet again;  
here is my card. You see I do not reside very  
far from New York. If you ever come our  
way —"

"Thank you; I shall be charmed," I mut-  
tered, and then hurried away. "Meet again!  
Never, never—if I could avoid it."

I gave a fierce push to the elevator bell, which  
must have surely injured its internal economy  
to some extent. Up popped my friend the  
genius. He slid open the door with his usual  
alacrity, and off we set. I was so full of my re-  
cent disappointment that I never noticed how  
far we were going. When—slide—went the  
door again, and lo—here we were at the top  
flat!

I turned sternly to the man—"Why do you  
stop here?"

His look of pretended surprise was a caution  
—that fellow should have been an actor.  
"Shure, surr, could I take you any further  
without going clane through the roof; and  
bedad! but it's a could night to take a bird's  
eye view of New York!"

I could have pitched him off the highest pin-  
nacle in America with a sense of complete satis-  
faction. However, as there was no such pin-  
nacle at hand, and as he had the best of the  
game, which he perfectly well knew, I contented  
myself with a dark scowl at him, and ordered  
him to land me at my own flat—muttering  
something to the effect that he should "hear of  
this!"—(which he didn't, you may be sure.)

Arrived at my own room I flung myself into  
an easy chair, and ruminated deeply. What a  
raving idiot had I been! Why, in another hour  
or so I might have gone too far in my attentions  
to that little insipid girl to retract without  
rousing the fatherly ire of Mr. Brown! Yes; I  
called her "insipid" now; so she was. Why,  
she had not literally one sensible word in her