

for you when I want you," and downstairs went Sue to obey the summons at the door.

On opening the door she beheld quite a different looking gentleman from the one she had expected to see, for there stood a travel-worn son of Erin, with a carpet-bag on the end of a stick over his shoulder. He had on a "stove-pipe" hat, the crown not unlike an hour-glass in shape; a gay pink necktie was at his throat, forming quite a contrast to a red flannel shirt and blue coat; a short fringe of red beard adorned his chin, and his nose vied with Sue's roses in brilliancy; the stem of a clay pipe protruded from his pocket, and he was altogether a creature not beautiful to look upon.

"Good afternoon," said Sue.

"Good-day, mum; good-day to ye; an' is this the residence of Miss Edna Marshall, an' is the young lady within?"

"Miss Marshall resides here and is at home," said Sue, with great dignity. "If you have any message for her I will take it to her."

"I'd rather see the young lady myself, mum. Please tell her that Mr. Clarence St. Ayr has come."

"Indeed!" said Sue. "Where is Mr. St. Ayr?"

"Why, mum, I'm the gentleman."

"You?" exclaimed Sue, retreating a few paces, and holding up her hands in astonishment. "I do not understand you, sir."

"Mebbe not; but I'll clear up the mystery, if yell let me come in an' set meself down, for it's tired enough I am, shure."

"Very well," said Sue, "follow me," and she led the way to the parlor, where she expressed herself as willing and anxious to hear the gentleman's story, which was as follows:

"Ye see, mum, my name really ain't St. Ayr, but Tim Galligan; an' it's all through the doin' of me young master, an' a sorra wild boy he is, that I'm here. I've lived with him some years, and I've managed to lay by a few pennies, an' I've a pig, an' a cow, an' two feather beds, an' three chairs, an' a shtool, an' a brass kittle, an' some more things; an' so thinks I, I'll hev a home of me own if I can foind me a wife; an' shure me master sez, 'Tim, me boy, advertise yourself,' an' I sez, 'I don't know how,' an' he sez, 'I'll do it for ye,' and off he went a-laughin'; an' I didn't know he'd advertised me until Miss Edna's letters come; an' as I know no more nor a dumb brute about writin', me master done all the writin', an' ye'd jest ought to see how he'd roar when Miss Edna's letters come: an' one day he said Miss Edna wanted me to come, an' we'd be married, only I was to

call meself St. Ayr; and here I am, ye see."

At this juncture of the proceedings a loud giggle was heard from under the sofa, and out crawled Tom, and went through such a wonderful series of laughing and giggling that Sue asked him if he were crazy.

"I'll bring Miss Edna down," she said to Mr. Galligan, and upstairs she went to Edna's room, where she found her sister just putting the finishing touches to an elaborate toilette, and in a great flutter of excitement.

"Oh, Sue!" she exclaimed, "is it he?"

"It is he," said Sue, with great dignity, although there was considerable twitching of the corners of her mouth, and her black eyes twinkled mischievously.

Downstairs they went, Edna's heart beating violently, and her cheeks flushed with excitement.

"Mr. St. Ayr, my sister Edna," said Sue, her eyes twinkling merrily, while Tom sat laughing to himself in a corner.

"How do ye do, Miss Edna?"

And Mr. Galligan came forward with outstretched hand.

Poor Edna! with a little scream of terror she fled from the room, crying out:

"Don't come near me! Go away! go away!"

"You both have been deceived," said Sue, kindly, to the astonished Mr. Galligan. "I think you have been sinned against more than sinning. I am afraid your young master is a man of very little principle, and I suppose you have found out that he, to use a slang phrase, sold you badly; but you must bear your disappointment like a man, and remember that advertising for a wife is a very poor and uncertain method of obtaining one."

"I guess, mum, yer 'bout right there," said Mr. Galligan, preparing to take his departure. "I axes yer pardon, mum, for me intrusion an' the fright I gave the young lady, an' good-day to ye," and off went Mr. Galligan, just as Tom, unable to control himself longer, fell on the floor in a perfect paroxysm of laughter.

It was many a day before he could be induced to call Edna by any other name than Mrs. Tim Galligan, and the health of the pig and cow was daily inquired after, until Edna, with tears in her eyes, begged that they might never again be mentioned, promising that she would never again involve herself in such a difficulty. We are glad to say that she never did, and the result of that correspondence was that Miss Edna was cured of many of her romantic and foolish ideas.

## FROM PRISON.

By R. D. Gordon.

Ah, love, could I but spend one fleeting hour

With you, one hour, snatched from the cruel gods;

If only that brief respite I could claim,

For ever could I scorn their bitter rods.

Then might they beat me onward to my death,

I would remember to my latest breath—

How I had spoken, how, with eyes down-cast,

You had received my tale of love, and how

You whispered back, you loved me, while the blush,

Illum'd with tell-tale red, your face and brow,

How, for a moment, in these arms you lay,

I would remember to my dying day.

Aye! in these arms, now loaded down with chains,

While your dear lips met mine; ah, sweetheart, now,

My lips are parched and dry; and bitter pain

Has writ its ghastly sign upon my brow,

And deep, the galling chains have burned and bit

Into my flesh; yet all alone I sit.

Yes, quite alone; and thro' my wretched mind

There pass the memories of those days of gold

When on my lips, my love, all waiting hung,

Alas, my poor love, that was never told,

Heartsick, regretful, to my grave I go—

And you, my love, my love, will never know!

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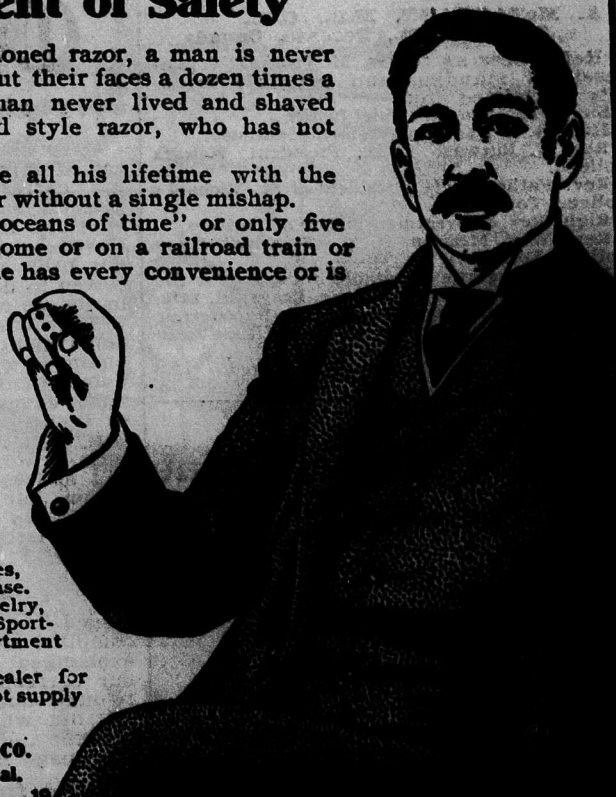
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