

CHARMING SIMPLICITY.

(From the French of Chevalier de Bouglers.)

"Love is a baby full of wiles."
(Thus oft my mother spoke)
"And, though bewitchingly he smiles,
Will sting you, like a snake."
Still, I would dearly like to know
How a blind boy can injure so
A girl that's wide awake!

To-day, I watched young Lyons greet
My playmate Lalaie:
He murmured accents, low and sweet,
That seemed from falsehood free.
He told her of a charming God,
The very same—how very odd!
My mother dreads for me.

But I've a cunning plan to prove
How groundless her alarm:
With Damon's help I'll look for Love,
Close guarded by his arm.
Then, should the archer try to sting,
With two to one, the poor blind thing
Can't do a deal of harm!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

HUFF AND TIFF.

Who were they? They were Mr. and Mrs. Thwaite, and had been so for a few weeks only. They became Huff and Tiff when they married.

Although they were well-to-do citizens of great New Lancaster, they had not been married grandly in church, because they were so young; and if the truth must out, it had been a runaway match. No one could understand why they had run away, as the opposition to their marriage had been more of a postponing character than anything else; but Mr. Thwaite had suggested that the former Miss Featherly had too little money for his son's intended wife. There had been a stormy scene, in which the two vessels, old and young gentleman, had come into collision, amid claps of thunder. Is it necessary to say more? No; surely all persons of twenty will see why young Thwaite married precipitately, and flew with his charming wife into lodgings.

"Huff dear, I'm all ready," said his wife, entering the room.

She was dressed for walking, it being near dinner-time, and she wore her bending string hat and her clinging buff gown. Her teeth glinted, her eyes darkened, as she looked down at her husband, who had been reading a novel of Victor Hugo.

Thwaite glanced up, stretched, sprang to his feet, and bustled about, getting his hat, gloves, cane. Then he clasped his wife scientifically.

"You have your purse?"
"Yes," says he. "You have your parasol?"
"Yes," says she.

They went and had their dinner.

Thwaite had been silent all the way home from the hotel restaurant. When they got back to their pretty parlor, he sank into a chair, and stared before him fixedly.

"What's the matter?" asked Tiff, catching sight of something unaccustomed about him.

"Oh, nothing, Tiff. Don't trouble yourself about it. Only—" his lips remained open, but no words followed.

"Dearest, have you fallen ill?"

"No; partly, though. I've fallen into ill luck. I thought I had some money in an inner compartment of my purse, and—it is not there!"

"You've spent it?"
"Certainly not! That is, I suppose I must have."

"And what have you in the outside compartments of your purse?" asked Tiff, lazily fanning herself and putting her two dainty feet on the hassock.

The only answer Thwaite seemed likely to make was to begin feeling of all his pockets.

"Hey!" said Tiff.

"Why, none there now," answered Thwaite, shortly, as if of course he hadn't.

"Good gracious!" said Tiff, snapping her bracelet, "how unusual, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, that's what troubles me; I never was out of cash in all my life before this."

"Aren't there such things as checks?" asked Mrs. Thwaite, turning her eyes upon him lovingly.

Thwaite laughed.

"I should think so! But then I haven't any about me."

"There are so many banks. Where do you cash your checks?"

"When I have them," said Thwaite, going to the mantel-piece to light a cigar, "I cash 'em at the first bank I come to."

"Perhaps if you go to a bank they'll give you a check to cash," said she.

"No, hardly."

"Aren't there such things as accounts at banks?"

"Heavens, Tiff, why not?"

"Well, then, go to the bank where you have one."

Her husband took his cigar from his lips, growing pale.

"What the deuce am I to do! I have no balance."

Mrs. Thwaite shook out a fold of her dress with a gentle wave of the hand. Her husband was again staring fixedly into the desert of his dilemma. She rose, and going to him, laid that graceful hand of hers upon his shoulder.

"What difference can it make?" said she—"about money, I mean! Something will happen. Perhaps you have money in your

trunk. It is quite funny to think of two people who care about each other as we do, talking so much about such a vulgar thing."

"That's all very fine," Thwaite murmured; "but what are we to do for breakfast?"

"Breakfast!—breakfast?"

"Yes; and we shall break on it, according to present indications."

"Pshaw! I'm sure I can do without it just for once," Tiff assured him, almost laughing.

He meditated, convinced that he could not get along without it, even for once; and although he had just heavily dined, he began to feel symptoms of hunger. The imagination is everything.

Thwaite was stunned; but before morning he had realized that he must find work. What did work mean to him? A fine walk, at worst; gloves, cane, refreshments, diplomacy; a governor with the money, a dread of being sent to Europe.

Tiff was as fresh as a rose the next day. She popped her head out of the window, and sniffed the air.

"How perfectly sweet it is this morning!" said she. "I mean to wear my gray linen."

"Where are you going?" asked Huff.

She turned slowly, and gazed at him. "Oh yes, I do remember now. No breakfast!"

"It is too, too cruel, my love," says he, leaning against anything he could find, in despair. "But I shall go to a place or two of business I know of, and get something profitable to do at once. Upon my word I will soon be back, fully equipped for a hearty lunch. As you say, nothing serious can befall two happy beings like you and I."

Off he went into the sunshine, and Tiff sat down demurely, curious to find out what would happen next.

She had to wait till evening for the "next thing," unless a series of strange phases of feeling could be counted as interesting. It was then that Huff Thwaite burst into the room, his face gleaming whitely in the dim light.

"Tiff! oh, Tiff!"

She did not answer, but in a moment slowly raised herself from the sofa, her hand to her forehead.

"My child, are you famished?" exclaimed her husband, with glistening eyes.

"Only—very—dizzy," whispered Tiff, faintly, winking rapidly, and panting in the greatest trouble. "Where am I? What have we been doing?"

"Oh, my dear, I have been up and down the city all day, finally securing a capital connection with father's rival insurance company, but, by the beard of Moses! I have had nothing but a glass of wine and a biscuit since last evening. As soon as I was fairly launched in business this afternoon, I realized that of course I could not expect to receive any cash the first day, and I became almost wild with anxiety. Yet it was imperative to smile. Do you not know that it is imperative in business to smile?"

"I don't care if it is!" retorted Tiff, with some show of life. "And you should care more that I am very, very ill. I have read Hugo until I am as hungry as a giantess."

"But, Tiff, I have one profound hope in this terrible dilemma, in which it now seems as if we should literally starve unless my hope proves well grounded. Have not you any money?"

Mrs. Thwaite threw her head back daintily, shrugged her shoulders in mockery, her pale lips smiling, her lustrous eyes glancing scornfully over her husband's head.

"Do not keep me waiting for your answer," he cried, kneeling before her.

"Why, certainly I have money," answered she. "How could I have pin-money else? Huff, you are beyond your depth, I think."

"Bravo! we are saved!" exclaimed Thwaite, springing up, and waltzing a few steps with his cane. Then stopping, he asked, "How came you not to mention it at once last evening? Give me your purse without delay, dearest Tiff, and let us start at once for our pretty little table at the restaurant."

Tiff walked over to the encouraging figure in the middle of the room, her hands behind her sloping waist.

"Huff Thwaite," she demanded, "do you mean to say you would use my pin-money to support us?"

"I say we're in a deuced fix, and any money would be rather acceptable. Haven't you pins enough? Or are you in a condition to starve another twenty-four hours?"

"Huff Thwaite, I never could have believed it."

"What?"

"That you could not take care of me." She began to cry, and spent all the tears she had longed to shed during the day, but would not shed them because Huff was taking care of her.

He was wretchedly hungry. His pulse was awfully high, or low, he did not know which; and as for his wife, she might die before morning for want of an oyster patty. Upon the top of these dire facts lay the purse in her pocket or upper drawer. He was deeply angered. Something whirled round in his heart, and sent the blood to his forehead, and he bit his lips before he knew that he was inclined to. He sat down in a bowed position, his thumbs in his pockets. He heard the light pattering of a spring shower in the gathering darkness, and he also heard his wife feeling about in the next room, turning a key, and coming back to where he sat. She said "Here!" dramatically. He looked up, and saw a pretty purse before his nose. The next instant Tiff Thwaite was looking at her husband in blank dismay. Huff had risen with

a bitter and graceful elegance, and the purse had skimmed through a pane of the window with a tinkling crash.

Tiff turned to the sofa, and threw herself down at full length, gloriously wretched.

Huff vanished. He went out into the drizzling rain to hunt for the purse. He struck matches that sizzled, and was several times on the point of being run over by vehicles, and there is scarcely any doubt that his misfortunes were further augmented by the use of words after which the faithful historian draws an exclamation mark and supplies by a blank. All in a moment, however, he thought he had stepped on a mouse, and then he knew that he had come upon the plush wallet. In the hall he opened it hastily, expecting to find a few gold pieces; but his luck was far better than he had expected. What could Tiff have been thinking of to forget about it or withhold it, dear little goose! How could her charming ghost have profited by her pin-money, supposing they had both starved?

In a couple of hours more Tiff's headache had gone off like mist, and they both looked even gay than before the terrible ordeal of that day had set in.

At nine o'clock there came a knock at the door. The servant stepped over to Mrs. Thwaite, and said something in a low voice. Mrs. Thwaite replied in the same manner. Who could have supposed that there would be a serious sequel to such a slight occurrence? When the servant had withdrawn, says Tiff, "Please, Huff, hand me five dollars."

"Certainly, Tiff. But, on second thoughts, remember how careful we must be for a month."

"I wish you would reflect that the laundress must be paid."

"Oh, we can't spend money in so lavish a way as that at present. She must wait."

"Well," says the blooming wife, unconcerned one way or the other, "I'll go and send her off."

She left the room, and did not return for five minutes. Then, after sitting down again, and reading a few pages of Mrs. Browning, she looked up with a smile as if at some joke, which was inexplicable under the circumstances, "I had to give her the clothes," said she.

"Did you? I thought you always did."

"I mean, of course, the laundried ones she had brought."

"Weren't they just right?"

"Huff, you are getting obtuse. She took them in payment."

"Mercy!"

"I can make my things last just about a month that way."

"But how am I to manage with only twenty-four shirts, and at least seven thrown to the dogs a week?"

"That does seem a problem," mused Tiff, laying down Mrs. Browning's poems temporarily on her knee. "Couldn't you buy a flannel shirt, and wear it ever so long?"

"Couldn't you get a bathing-dress?" demanded Huff, with withering sarcasm.

"Oh!" gasped Tiff, "how fearful you always are!"

Suppose the quarrel over, and for a day or two intense peace. Then came an episode.

"Well, dears, how do you do?" The speaker was a fine girl, joyous with early morning air and unusual excitement.

Huff and Tiff were transfixed. They were just starting out for breakfast.

"I was determined to find you in, and so I came at this hour," went on the visitor. "It has taken us a good while to find you, since papa would hear of it. The detective says you drank Steinberger Cabinet yesterday—"

"How dare you enter the same air we breathe?" thundered Huff, striding up to his sister and taking her round the waist for a stout kiss. "We ignore your existence."

"What a lovely room!" exclaimed Esther, sitting down with Tiff upon the sofa, with a sweep of the eyes, and then bending sideways toward the bride's cheek until cheek and lips met. "You dear!"

"You love!" says Tiff, and they embrace.

"Papa says you must be married over again; go through the form, and all the show and importance," remarked Esther, with the most fascinating, lazy nonchalance. "He said he never saw anything go off so like cotton into flames as you did, brother; just as though any one was more in love with your Bessie Featherly than he was. He don't remember forbidding the marriage at all."

"Please tell my father," said Huff, severely, looking down at his wife, who held her chin in her hand, "that I remember his forbidding it (or as bad as forbidding it) very distinctly. And please add that from this time forth my father, yes, and all the rest of you, is—are—dead to me!"

"Dreadful words those, Will," sighed his sister, glancing up with compressed lips. "Don't you think so, Bessie?"

Mrs. Tiff shook her head and smiled. "Mr. Thwaite is never in the wrong," says she, and feels a little awkward at her own assertion.

Esther thought a moment, and then said she believed she would not stay any longer just now. Huff said he would see her home, and then reflected that he could not very well carry out his intention. Esther upon this explained that she had come in the carriage. When she had bowed herself through the open door, she stopped to throw over her shoulder a rousade of genial laughter.

"By the way," Will," she called, "if we were in the fashionable set, what a terrible no-

toriety you two wild things would have! As it is, it's like a nice play. Adieu!"

"I wish my mother would come now," said Tiff, after the door had closed upon her husband's buoyant sister—who was also a school friend—and after a pause, or something equivalent to one. Huff had not descended to the carriage with Miss Thwaite, for fear of catching sight of the world-dreaded grin on the footman's visage.

"Your mother is a woman, dear," answered Thwaite, as if that meant something unusual, "and it will take a long time for her to come round as my father has done."

"But you are as unrelenting as you can be," suggested Tiff.

Huff would like to have said that as a young husband he could not be otherwise than he was, but as he felt that this might be too brilliant a revelation for Tiff, he remained silent.

In the evening they were sitting, as was customary, in the cheerful blue-tinted room, Huff feeling very cozy and aloof from the world and annoying relatives, and remembering his day's occupation in the rival insurance office as if it were a dream.

The door was opened hastily, and a figure presented itself which dashed their united calm to atoms.

It was Esther, pale and trembling, her ashen face emphasized by a black veil around it, and over her colored dress a heavy black shawl. Thwaite hurried to her, and took her ungloved hands in his.

"My sister! what has happened to you?"

"Let me sit down, or I shall faint," whispered Esther, dropping her head against his arm. Thwaite led her to an easy-chair, and helped her down upon its soft cushions. Tiff was alert in opening the window, and then running to Esther's side, finding her, however, a little less faint, her eyes looking rapidly from one to another, as the two sympathetic young people bent toward her.

"Dear sister," sobbed Tiff, "has something terrible happened?"

"My father," said the white-faced girl, in low tones, shutting her eyes.

"Father! father!" cried Thwaite, deeply agitated, and clutching his sister's hand in a firmer grasp. "What news of him?"

"Dead!"

The young couple sank on either side of Esther, crushed and horrified. Without opening her eyes, Esther spoke on:

"When I told him how you received his loving messages, brother Will, in one moment—"

Thwaite's distress was agonizing. Esther stopped speaking, opened her eyes, and leaned forward eagerly.

"Was it right to be so harsh and unyielding to your own father, Will?"

Her brother had withdrawn to the other side of the room, his face buried in his arms against the wall.

"Oh, Esther, have we no hope?" Tiff sobbed.

"Why, yes, there is hope in this case," Miss Thwaite said, in a different tone. Will Thwaite turned, his face covered with tears. "You said it, brother, and you can undo it. Dead to you!"

Esther had played a dangerous game, but she was a determined girl, and felt equal to the emergency. Her strong presence and sound good cheer buoyed up the two victims of her scheme, and enabled Thwaite to recover from the shock he had undergone.

She drew a letter from her pocket which had been written by Will's elder brother in Chicago to his father upon hearing of the runaway match. He praised Will up to the skies, and declared that any girl he chose must be a priceless jewel, whether she possessed any or not, and he begged his father to do the handsome thing by them both. "And so," concluded Esther, "papa wants to give you a magnificent reception."

She had thrown aside her black drapery, and dusted the powder from her cheeks with a flourish of her scented handkerchief, and now ran to the parlor door, and called, "John!" in a business-like way. In another instant a walking hill of flowers emerged from the shadows of the entry, and John, in dark green cloth and silver buttons, set two huge baskets of flowers upon the carpet. "Papa sent them to you, Bessie, with his love," says Esther. "And I shall soon be here again, shall I not?"

"Oh do!" answered Tiff, hiding her face on Huff's shoulder with a twining of arms.

"Give our love to the governor," roared Huff, flushed, grinning, jubilant.

Esther laughed merrily, caught up her black drapery, and ran down stairs, followed by John, with a contortion about his lips.

ROSE H. LATHROP.

REACHING out after the unreachable and intangible is when a man sits down where in mistaken confidence he believes a chair to be.

AN editor wrote a head-line—"A Horrible Blunder"—to go over a rail accident, but, though it was the printer's fault that it got over the account of a wedding, the editor was then thrashed all the same.

A maid, as by court records doth appear,
Whom \$30,000 made so dear,
Unto her waiter lover sternly said—
"Forego the weed before we go to bed.
For smoke takes flame. I'll be that flame's bright
faner
To have your Anna, give up your Havana."
The wretch, when thus she brought him to scratch,
Lit his cigar and threw away the match.