

"There, Rosa! Oh, if this isn't rich! Look over there."

"Oh, Corney!" I whispered back, "it can't be aunts."

"It's a true bill," said Corney, shaking the poor old bench with his smothered laughter.

If there wasn't aunts coming across the lawn in the moonlight, and oh, I nearly screamed with surprise, for Professor Mastodon had his right arm round her waist, the oddish thing swinging by the tail from his other hand, and every second stop he was—he was kissing her.

"Keep quite still," said Corney in my ear, and I crammed my handkerchief into my mouth lest I should giggle right out. The shadow of the willows was so deep, and we kept so quiet that they never noticed us, and came and stood directly before us.

"Link between de angels and de humans creatures," said the professor. "de little child Love has de wings for ever, al'ays in de poem and de painting. Himmelf! let us fly together, mine turkey-dove."

"Playful creature!" said aunts, tapping his arm tenderly, and feeling her complexion, to ascertain if the dew was peeling it off. "Whither and how shall we fly?" from the coarse gasp of an unsympathetic wad to some bleat little Eden lighted by a sudden moon of enchantment, where we shall be indeed alone.

"Mit mine dried specimens and de little child Love!" replied the professor. "Mine angels, we vill fly our ways on a little sheep dat is von friend of mine, and leave de young peoples so quiet and so lovely as never was."

"That is de worst of it," said aunts. "I can't trust dat forward little Rosa alone. She might elope in my absence, and I hope to break off that foolish engagement of hers before she comes of age. A trying thing for one young creature to be agreed into the guardianship of another, dear professor!"

"Ach, mine angels, vens you and me and all mine little pets in de bottles and de glass cases is returns here, I vill say to Corney, 'Vop, doo, tree, get out of dis mansions or I vill make you, in double and quick times, Pig and Slave.'"

"I thought he was a great friend of yours," said aunts, sweetly.

"Yes," said the professor, enthusiastically, squeezing aunts' waist; "but von de little child Love vrips his little wings, friends is nothing. De angels' women is all, every thing. Her wishes is laws. Vly mit me on de little sheep, mine beautifullest specimen. Speak dat you vill!"

"I vill, you eccentric darling!" said aunts, letting her head fall carefully on his shoulder, "but when?"

"I have no monies but in Sharmany," said the professor, shaking his head. "Monies is needful to set de little child's wings going. De little sheep is von friends of mine, I can have him for nothing, but we must eat and drink, and de krait and de bear cost de monies, mine pretty loves."

"Would a thousand dollars be enough, dear?" sighed aunts. "I drew that amount from the bank to-day, and it is yours if you wish."

"Ach, you most beautifullest! adorablest, angel-cabbage as never was!" ejaculated the professor; "we vill vly to-morrow night on de little sheep of mine friends' Dove, and ven we come to von little town dat knows me, we vill be wedded by von old friend of mine, and den returns here, and 'von, doo, tree, Herr Corney.' Ey, mine sugar loves!"

"And I can lock Rosa into the house until we return," said aunts; and oh, didn't I long to pinch her when she said it. "And it's all so deliciously romantic, quite 'Love's young dream,' I may say."

"And then the malicious old thing, and that nasty, traitorous old wretch that poor dear Corney had thought so much of walked off into the cottage; and Corney made things worse by rolling over on the damp grass, nearly black in the face with laughing, and only behaved himself when I began to cry and said he couldn't care very much about me when he could find the idea so droll of my being locked up for ever so long."

"That brought him to his senses, and after talking for some time we went into the drawing-room and found dear Honora and Mr. Dove singing a duet in the piano, and aunts and the professor examining that abominable fish in the darkest corner, behind a banner screen."

"Mine pretty rose-bud," said the professor, as Corney and I came in, "come and learn de science of mine specimen. Improve your sugar little minds!"

Make hay  
Every shining hour,

as de Pard say, and as your lovely aunts do so wretchedly. He are de incense more and more."

"If you please, mem," said Tilly, coming in, "the house has been robbed. Jane left the basket from the store in the hall for a minute or two, and some sneak-thief stole that dried cod-fish you ordered, mem."

"Vas it like this, mine good girls?" said the professor, eagerly, holding up his specimen.

"The very moral of it, sir," said Tilly, and the professor nodded and beamed on us all round.

"Just mine words," cried, "Ach! I told you, mine angels, dat he vas de same family. I could not mistake. De science and de Love are unmislikeable-for-ever-always!"

Captain Bobbles loquiter.

"When Mr. Dove comes to me and says,

"Bobbles," says he, "she'll be a-waitin' to-night for a little run, by a friend of mine and a lady, and do, Bobbles, try and keep yourself and the crew from gettin' nervous. He was too delikable-minded to put it plainer, I know, there vor somethink unkindness in the breeze, and says I, 'Skipper, when them little crafts is in tow, Billy Bobbles is not the old serpent to do anything unbecoming, call it nervousness or wotsumever you please. Steady's the word on board the 'Rosalluda.' 'Thank you, Bobbles,' says he, panding me over a plug of rafe Cavendish; 'then make all ready to cast off from the wharf about midnight, and make for'—well, I'll call it Briarport, though that wasn't the name he said, no more nor my name's Briarport, which it stands to reason it ain't when Bobbles it is."

"He seemed in a queer kind of takin' for sich a mild little chap as him, and me and my mates talked it over and fixed up a yarn in our heads as how it was a 'loperment most like, and we bound ourselves to keep steady on our pins, and stand by the skipper and wotsumever little craft he's got in tow, for though me and my mates is a bachelors and two in bidin' from wives as was too much for them, our 'aris is where the charity shows 'em to be, and every one know that's the right place for 'em. Well, the night come on as black as a tar-bucket, though the stars was afloat very plentiful, and as the city clock went twelve, up rattled a cab to the wharf, and Mr. Dove, he brings a lady and a gentleman on board, and most unkindness sharp spars she seemed to have, though I couldn't get a glimpse of her finger-head, she'd so much canvas furled round it. But of all the queer crafts I ever seed, the one to whose ship she was hooked was about the queerest. He looked for all the world like them puffer-fish, he was that round and chunky, and a head of hair like a ship's awb a-baughin' down his back, and green barnacles, and a beard, and whiskers, and mouse-taches all run into one, and a dirty green coat hangin' to his heels, and the head of a dried cod-fish stickin' out of the tail-pocket. Here are your passengers, Bobbles," says the skipper, "Miss Pebbledash and Professor Mastodon. I—I wish you every happiness. Consider the 'Rosalluda' your own, and he was that overcome that he choked, and me and my mates we thumped him on the back until he come right again."

"Ach!" says the professor, in the strangest furin' grunt you ever heard; "mine good friends, he is von lovely little sheep, I tell you."

"There ain't no sheep here," says I, kind of disgusted, "nor yet no old cod-fish, in gin'ral that is," and I looked hard at his coat-tail.

"Mine dry specimen!" says he, pulling the creature out and a paper along with it. "Ach! and here, mine loveliest humans angels is de license. He 'ave got us inoense, too."

"Oh, oh! you naughty man," says she, "you make me blush."

"Mine angels!" says he. "Herr Dove, you will grasp your tongue about our little affair!"

"Surely, surely," says the skipper, in a great hurry to be off—"Good-night, Miss Pebbledash."

"You don't blame a young heart for its ardent tendency to romance," says she, do you, Mr. Dove?"

"He said as how 'No, not in a general way, he didn't,' and in five minutes we was spinnin' along oobore as sweet a little breeze as ever raised a white-cup. We made the run in two hours, and very jolly the professor made himself, what with readin' over the license to her by the light of a ship's lantern on the bench beside them and lookin' at the codfish, for he seemed a queer sort, he did. We thought, me and my mates, that she liked hearin' the license the best of the two, but there's no tellin'."

"Briarport's a most unkindness quiet place you ever seed, and when we threw the bawser to the wharf it was as long as a churchyard."

"Now," says the professor, "mine beautifullest loves, you must say mit Herr Bobbles on de little sheep vile I go to rouse mine friend de clergymans."

"She was awful awillin' to let him go alone, but he overpersuaded her, and by the moon, that had got up, we seed him trollin' very fast up the lawn, and it wasn't ten minutes until who should come rushin' over the wharf, but Mr. Dove, that one-armed Capting friend of his and Mr. Coltsfoot, toarin' like mad savages."

"Holloa!" roars the capting; "the Rosalluda ahoj there!"

"Hide me, save me!" shrieks Miss Pebbledash. "They will tear me from him. Petrovna, Petrovna, save me. Oh, Bobbles, protect me!"

"Ay, ay, sir," says I, callin' back; "don't be afraid, mum."

"Is Professor Mastodon yet on board?" yells Mr. Dove, "and the lady?"

"He ain't," says I; "he's been gone this quarter of an hour."

"The ruffian!" roars Mr. Coltsfoot. "Let me at him to murder him," yells the capting."

"He deceived me into lending him the yacht, and he a married man," cried the skipper.

"With a wife in Germany," roared the capting. "And ten small children," yelled Mr. Coltsfoot. "And my thousand dollars," screamed Miss Pebbledash.

"They all came rushing on board at this."

"I am in time, then, to save you from the

traitor," says the capting, "but fancy what a position you have left yourself in, aunt. You'll be in all the papers to-morrow morning, and you can never show your face again in society. Flopping with a married man!"

"I'll die in it," screamed Miss Pebbledash. "Corney, you shall marry Rosa to-morrow if you silence these people. Oh, what will Mrs. Testlighter say? And my thousand dollars. Oh, couldn't some one get the abominable wretch garrotted?"

"I'll do my best, aunt," says the capting, "to hush it up, but only on condition that you give your solemn consent before my friends here to my immediate marriage with Rosa."

"I do," she said, and went off immediately into highstricks.

"Well, we turned right round again, and after makin' the old lady comfortable in the cabin, the capting came on deck and shook Mr. Coltsfoot's hand with the queerest grin you ever seed."

"Professor," says he, "where's your dried specimen?"

"And your wig, mine friends?" said the skipper.

"Rosa and I are your debtors for life," says the capting.

"I don't know," says Coltsfoot, slapping his pocket; "a thousand dollars pays for a great deal, and the rest we'll put down to friendship."

Rosa Latouche speaks:

"Of course dear Corney refunded that money to aunts. Dear Honora Dove and I got a lovely set of jewels each, exactly the same, as we were married the same day, and poor dear aunts never knew the real reason Corney ordered an exactly similar one for her."

"Baby's name is Thomas Coltsfoot Latouche."

## MR. BUMPUS ON CURIOSITY.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,  
OF MONTREAL.

Curiosity is a bad thing. Mrs. Bumpus is very curious, and always wants to know where I have been and what I have been doing, when I happen to come in late at night. But the worst of it is, that she will insist on saying that I am curious, and nearly all my friends are of the same opinion, and call me "Paul Pry," "Busybody," and other names not at all pleasant to hear.

Now this is most unjust. I am not curious. Phenologists have never discovered a full-blown lump in my head which they call the bump of curiosity; so it is unfair to say I am curious. But I do confess that I like to know what is going on about me. It appears to me that I could help my neighbors better if I knew what they wanted; and as the bump of benevolence is largely developed, I generally like to inquire into other people's affairs. This is quite different from mere vulgar curiosity, and is simply a desire to benefit my fellow-men. But mankind is ungrateful, and my efforts to assist my neighbors are almost always misconstrued, and sometimes lead to disastrous results. I remember about two years ago, my desire to assist a female in distress got me into a terrible scrape, and made Mrs. Bumpus horribly jealous—but I write all about it, that it may serve as a warning to old fellows, like myself, of an inquisitive turn of mind.

One evening, about two years ago, I was walking down Bonaventure street, thinking over a lecture which Mrs. Bumpus had delivered for my benefit that morning, when suddenly a window on the opposite side of the way was opened, and a very pretty young girl put her head out, and waved her handkerchief three times. This was mysterious. Once I should not have minded, but three times evidently meant something. I looked up the street and down the street; there was no one within two blocks of the house except myself. This was more mysterious; the young lady would scarcely wave her handkerchief at no one; there was certainly something strange going on. Now, I am not curious, but do dislike to have mysterious circumstances occurring about me. If people will tell me what they are about, I am not the least bit inquisitive, and don't care to know; but the moment any thing is hidden from me, I want to find it out. I passed the house, and then slowly repassed. The signals were repeated, but this time more rapidly. A thought suddenly occurred to me; the young lady was telegraphing to me. Ah! poor thing! perhaps her grandmother had the toothache, and she wanted me to run for the doctor; or perhaps a cruel parent kept her confined against her will, and she was calling on me to help her. Of course I would help her. I'd help anybody that needed assistance, and so I immediately crossed the street, and, approaching the house, politely raised my hat, and was about to address her, when—down I went the window, and the lady disappeared. This was very strange; but perhaps she was coming down stairs to let me in at the front door. So I ascended the steps, and while I was waiting took the number of the house for future use. Just then the area door opened, and a violent little Frenchman, armed with a spit, bounced out, and began exclaiming a kind of Indian war-dance around me, accompanying the same with sundry pokes of the spit, which it required all my skill and agility to ward off with my umbrella.

"Ah, sacré! By dam! You are von villain!" shouted he, dancing around me like an insane monkey.

"My excellent little friend," said I, "what is the matter with you?"

"Vat is de matter, eh? De devil is de matter. You are von dam—vat you call, eh?—rascal!"

"But, my friend?"

"Ah-ha! I am no your fren—it is mine wife is your fren, you old, dam scoundrel! I sal. vil kill you!" and he made a tremendous lunge at my nose, entirely demolishing my spectacles, and almost carrying off my left ear.

"Hang your wife!" shouted I. "I don't know or care anything about your wife!"

"Hang mine wife! No, sar. It is you sal hang. I vill call ze police," and he immediately vociferated "Police! police!" at the top of his voice.

There is not a more law-ov'ing or law-abiding man than I am. I honor and respect its majesty; but I am constitutionally bashful, and object to being made the centre of attraction; so as soon as the armed representative of the law, in blue coat and brass buttons, made his entry at one end of the block, I made my exit at the other. Man is a creature of impulse, and my first impulse was to run. I am almost ashamed to own it, but I did run; just as fast as my age and weight would permit.

I ran, and the policeman ran, and a crowd of men, women, and small boys, all ran after me shouting "stop thief," "catch him," "hold him," etc., but not thinking that any of these epithets applied to me I steadily held on my course.

Fortune favored me, the wind was in my favor, and I was almost gaining on my pursuers when, on turning a corner, a sportive young gentleman said playfully "look out, old bugger," and extended his right foot across my path. I was conscious of a check to my career, a concussion caused by my head coming in violent contact with the sidewalk, and ere I could regain my feet, a long-legged policeman had caught up with me and grasped me by the shoulder.

I lodged that evening at the expense of the public, and the next morning, no one appearing against me, I was dismissed, after receiving a slight lecture from the judge.

Surely this was punishment enough for my inquisitiveness, but unfortunately my little French friend got it into his head to be jealous of his wife, and sued for a divorce. What my feelings were on being summoned as a witness, it is impossible to express. I know nothing of the French lady's intrigue with a festive knight of the pole (barber's), but her husband declared that I was acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and had assisted in planning an interview which he had discovered. It was no use my pleading ignorance, I was compelled to tell "all I knew" about the lady; and as that only related to my adventure, the Judges and Jury, and everybody in court laughed at me, and I was noticed in all the morning papers under the caption "Adventures of a festive old buck: etc., etc." How Mrs. Bumpus did scold! I scarcely thought Ann had such a temper, but she did say some very unpleasant things, declaring that I was a very bad old man and ought to be ashamed of myself.

So I was; very much ashamed of allowing my curiosity to lead me into such a scrape; and so I formed a resolution, never again to interest myself in matters which did not concern me, and in order to help me in keeping my word I joined The anti-poke-your-nose-into-other-peoples-business society.

## CHINESE BURIAL PLACES.

Than the Chinese, no people profess more veneration for the memory of their fathers; and the worship of their tombs is by far the most solemn, and apparently sincere, ceremonial in the shape of religious worship they exhibit. In order to perform its rites, men (women take no part in it) who emigrate to distant lands often return, at much expense and trouble, to the place of their birth; and their fond clinging to the memory of the dead, more than love for its institutions, seems, and is said to be, the strong bond that binds the Chinese to their country. But they have no consecrated place of interment, and, if they have any rite analogous to Episcopal consecration, it must be so simple and easily executed as to have effect anywhere. At any rate, they have no accumulation of graves in particular inclosed spots; they do not set apart a few acres for that purpose and surround them with walls, separating the silent tenants from the living world, and forming a great prison-house for the dead. On the other hand, every one chooses the spot he likes best for the final resting-place for those he loved. The country residents bury their dead on their own land, often very close to their own dwellings. On the hillside, especially in sunny, barren places, are seen tombs and graves, thinly scattered in rural districts, and more numerous in the neighborhood of towns. The choice is wise, and its effect anything but unpleasant to the eye. The tombs are often of porphyry, finished with some minute chiseling, and sometimes in tolerable monumental taste. Placed on rocky eminences, often in particularly picturesque situations under the shadow of oaks and cypresses, they present here and there objects of pleasing, perhaps profitable, contemplation.

St. GEORGE'S DAY was very generally observed at a national holiday in the various cities of the Dominion.