

OUR CANADIAN COUSIN.

"I am quite sure," said Gladys the languid, "that she will be quite an impossible person."

"I think she will be to understand by 'impossible' questions Arthur the matter-of-fact."

"My fair cousin Gladys glances calmly across the breakfast table at her brother, and proffers the information that 'an impossible person is one who is difficult to take about with one, who does not know people—or—how things go generally, is perfectly goodly deformed or that, but,' with a slight shrug of her perfectly gowned shoulders—'is out of the way in fact.'"

Arthur says, "oh, thanks, very much," and turns to regale Emeralda, the family cat, with a piece of ham, favored finely with strong, very strong mustard. Emeralda does not seem to favor the bestowal, and does not before the face of her benefactor.

"I know if I were to ask my cousin Gladys to-morrow, why this very fine morning, to marry me—she would do it. Doubtless, if the charming prize were out of my reach, I should very much desire it. If I were poor and Gladys rich, I might gaze after her with longing eyes, I might, I say, but after all, I do not think I would. She is 'divinely tall, and most divinely fair'—possesses eyes as blue as a summer sky, brown hair, luxuriant, and, as far as I know, all her own, charming hands and feet; and is generally satisfactory and fair to look upon. Why I cannot fall in love with her, besides my understanding, I have taken myself seriously to think about it two or three times, as Aunt Cecilia really seems to wish it.

"I am fully aware that in a world which is so full of good matches, I have two thousand pounds a year of my very own, and if I am a good boy, will have another thousand to add to it, when my bachelor uncle 'shuffles off this mortal coil.' I am very good-looking, at least, as I fully understand of the fact, and no one has been rude enough to contradict me as yet. Aunt Cecilia is the dearest old lady in the world—the mother of Gladys, and is more than willing for me to marry her. 'Aunt C.' is as good as dead, and I have no one to care for me, and not for my bread and butter, as I will know, and so I do not imagine all her kindnesses are owing to her desire to have me for a son-in-law.

"At present I am a member of the Lister family, although my home is some miles distant. I come and go as I please in this quiet household, and 'Cousin Fred's' is always ready to receive him whenever he thinks fit to put in an appearance.

"The topic under consideration on his particular evening is the expected arrival of a new cousin, one although unknown to us all, and in fact even unheard of until a few weeks before, when a letter came to Mrs. Lister from her half brother in Canada, in which he asked her if she would take his daughter into her home for a few months. He also said that it was impossible for him to come to England just now, and he was anxious that his daughter should see the land of his birth and some of his own people.

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"This letter is now in Aunt Cecilia's hand and she has informed us that 'your cousin will be here, my dears, on the Wednesday of this week. Dear me that will be to-morrow. I hope Parkins has seen her room. You must not let me forget about it, Gladys dear.' Gladys dear gives her opinion on what the coming woman will, and will not—'is not upon my brother Arthur, who, after the vanquishing of the cat, further gives his opinion that 'no doubt she will be no end of a jolly girl, lots of our fellow new Canadian girls, and they were not half bad and it was quite the thing to admire 'La Belle Americaine.'

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"Ah, Fred, my boy, this does not sound very encouraging, but she is not my cousin, although, as she belongs to my friends, I will have to be civil to her of course.

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"We have all rushed, with the 'laudable, but public desire to see from a window, which looks out on a lawn at the back of the house, what is going on at the front, where the breakfast room door is thrown open, and 'Miss Hoy's' announced in John's very best manner. We turn, amazed to behold—oh! most ill forbidding and now scorned and triumphed over Gladys—the typical backwoods maiden, unkempt, and as well as to clothes and general appearance, not yet, but 'true American,' dainty and piquant, noticeable among and distinct from English people where ever she goes, but a quietly dressed young lady, with nothing very noticeable about her, except a pair of violet eyes, dark, deep, and shaded by lashes 'golden brown,' a woman of medium height with a pale almost colorless face, were it not for the slight tinge of color our evident surprise at her coming has wrought there.

"Aunt Cecilia is the first to recover herself. Going forward with both hands outstretched, she makes her guest welcome.

"You did not expect me," Miss Hoy says, I fear you could not have received my father's letter—Aunt Cecilia declares it was her own stupidity in mis-

calculating the time of her arrival, and bustles about getting the stranger coffee, froth, and marmalade. 'What no breakfast but you really must have known dear. A glass of wine then.'

"Miss Hoy will have a cup of tea, if Aunt Cecilia pleases, as she feels just a little done up by her journey from Liverpool. I can see by the eyes of Arthur, that he has fallen in love with his cousin at first sight. She has been in the same room with him for just one quarter of an hour, and he is already besotted.

"Now this is simply absurd. I can see the poor little thing is awfully tired and it is nothing but politeness, and the barest civility in me to ring the bell for the tea, but why that gabby of an Arthur should rush to do the same thing, so that we both reach the bell at the same moment, and, of necessity, stand over him glaring at each other, I fail to see. The tea is brought, I am nearest to Aunt Cecilia, and so manage to hand her cup to Miss Hoy, (I could call her 'cousin Grace' of course, but then she might not like it.) The splitting of the violet eyes, and the dearest little 'thank you' ever uttered by mortal life, gives me better payment than I deserve.

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