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That's My Boy!

Big blue eyes with roguish twinkle;
Dimples ever running riot;
Busy tongue that's never quiet;
Forbidding hair, with a certain twinkle;
Chattering lips of sunny hue;
Nose a little snub, 'tis true—
That's my boy!

Fun and mischief never stopping;
Teasing now "pans and boots,
And a truly good that shoots,
Kisses on my cheek fast dropping—
Then away with shout and hop—
Till I cry: "Oh mercy, stop!"
That's my boy!

Never ending, still beginning;
Pockets full of dirt and crumbs;
Crazy over horns and drums;
Noise in all things ever winning;
Bringing me of "Jim" 'tis master,
While I run for white court-plaster—
That's my boy!

Do you hear a fearful noise?
Do you see a burning smell?
Do you hear a curdling yell?
Lend an ear for twenty boys?
Do you hear while at your prayers,
Some one tumbling down the stairs?
That's my boy!

So it goes—some pain, some pleasure,
Under a "twain" and smile,
Will it be thus all the while—
Joyland grief in equal measure?
Shall I cry, in bitter sorrow,
In some dread, far-off to-morrow,
That's my boy?

Ah, no, no! Mothers' eyes look far ahead,
And mine see, with tender pride,
By a gray-haired woman's side
One whom, now that years have sped,
Brave, yet gentle, is her stay;
One of whom she'll proudly say,
That's my boy!

Cora E. Campbell Sibbery.

TEN DAYS IN LOVE.

It was a cold night in January. People were hurrying along through the blinding snow-storm, battling with the wind that howled and moaned out by turns its story of woe.

Hugh Remington and his friend Williams, glad to be out of the storm, had settled themselves for a quiet evening at home. The shutters were closed and the curtains drawn, and on either side of the hearth were placed the favorite chair of each. These friends had lived together in their bachelor quarters for more than two years. Everything in the apartment showed refined taste and wealth. Some said that it all belonged to Hugh, and that he made it a home for his friend. No one, however, knew this to be true. Hugh was quiet, reserved, seldom spoke of his affairs to any one, never laid any special claim to anything, but allowed it to appear that all things were equally shared. After the evening papers had been read and discussed, the two sat talking of days gone by, of little episodes in their lives. Hugh was in a talking mood, and had told several good stories of his past life; stopping suddenly, he exclaimed:

"Did I ever tell you of my love for the widow?"

"No," replied Williams. "Let's hear it."

"Well," said Hugh, taking another cigar and looking very serious as he leaned back in his great easy-chair, "I met her in Paris."

"Met who?"

"The beautiful widow. Be content that I am telling you the story, and don't ask for names. I thought of her as 'the widow.' It is a sufficient title."

"Well, I won't interrupt. Go on."

So Hugh continued:

"I was calling upon my old friend Mrs. Lee, and she had a maid and a servant to take her card, an odd piece of bric-a-brac standing in the corner of the room attracted my attention. I got up and went over to examine it. While thus engaged, the door opened. I turned, thinking that it was Mrs. Lee, who had come to see a beauty met my sight—so small that she looked like a child, large deep blue eyes that came out from under a mass of light golden curls, a small nose, and a rosebud of a mouth. She was dressed in deep mourning, and I thought, as I looked at her, that I had never seen more beautiful picture. She didn't see me until I made a slight movement, which startled her. Coming forward, I said:

"Yes, I was not aware that there was any one else waiting for me, waiting for Mrs. Lee?" And she gave me the sweetest of smiles, showing a most perfect row of teeth.

"Before I could answer, Mrs. Lee appeared, and introduced us. Mrs. Lee was making Mrs. Lee a short visit prior to her departure for her mother's home, and she was glad that, as I should then have the pleasure of seeing her again.

"The evening passed only too quickly, and I arose with an apology for staying so late. Mrs. Lee invited me to dine with them informally the next day. She said her friend preferred being quiet, so they should be quite alone. You may be sure that I accepted the invitation, and was there promptly at the hour. The widow was more charming than on the previous evening. I longed to stop the hours from rolling on. Having been in the habit of dropping in at Mrs. Lee's at all hours, my name had almost daily visits were not noticed as anything strange or unusual. Mrs. Lee thanked me for coming to them in their loneliness, and the widow would give me one of her sweet smiles, and I was thankful in my inmost heart that they were alone, and that I had no one to cheer them. So the weeks passed, until the time came for the departure of Mrs. Lee's friend.

"Now I had intended passing a month or two in England before coming home, but when I found that the widow was to return in ten days, I began to feel that my duty called me back to my business. The more I thought of it, the more important it seemed to me to go.

"Do you know of any one going on the 15th?" the widow asked me one evening, in her dove-like way.

"No one but myself," I answered,

"Business has called me sooner than I expected."

"How delightful!" from the widow; while Mrs. Lee exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Remington, I am so glad! I couldn't bear the idea of my friend going entirely alone, and you of all others will know best how to take care of her."

"We then began to make our plans. Mrs. Lee intended making a visit of a few days to some friends in London. I was going direct to Liverpool. Mrs. Lee and I drove down to see our friend off, and I looked forward to the pleasure of meeting her on board the steamer. My last day in Paris was spent in saying 'good-bye' to old friends, and buying presents for sister Nell and the children. I got very nervous about the time I could find, and felt well pleased with my selection. At last I was on the steamer, and I looked back at the ship move away. By my side was the widow, and I thought that I had never seen her look so lovely. I exulted in the knowledge that she knew no one aboard. I was the only friend, consequently I should have her to myself; this was what I said to myself, what I had for weeks been longing for. Was I in love? That question had not occurred to me. I felt supremely happy, and thought the situation delightful. I was ready to do anything for this fair creature. She looked very miserable and very pretty. "The following morning I came out on deck very early, and was surprised to find my little lady already there. She looked very miserable and very pretty. The morning salutations over, I asked her how she had slept.

"I haven't slept at all," she said, in a fretful, childish way, which I thought charming. "Such a noise all night," she continued, "I could not get to sleep; and the smell was simply dreadful. I must have another room. I'd rather sit up here all night than sleep in that horrid place again. Don't you think, Mr. Remington, if you asked the captain or somebody, he would give me another stateroom?" and her big eyes looked inquiringly into mine.

"Certainly," I said. "I will go at once and see about it, and if there is no other, you shall change with me. Take my room, which is a good one, and as I don't mind either noise or smells, your room will suit me well enough."

Here Hugh leaned over his chair to knock the ashes of his cigar, and said to his friend: "I must have had it pretty bad—eh, Williams?—to have said that, for you know that I can't endure either a bad odor or a loud noise. But I forgot everything when under the influence of those eyes, and when she exclaimed, 'Oh, no; I couldn't let you do that, I felt that my fate was sealed, and that I should take the noise and the smells, and the smell of a loud noise. But I forgot that my lady had no such chair. There was only one left, and that had been spoken for; but I paid double the amount and the chair was mine.

"You are so kind, Mr. Remington," she said. "I don't know what I should have done without you. I am not fit to travel alone, and I don't like to be alone. I longed to press her to my heart and tell of my love; and if she would but let me, it would be the joy of my life to care for her. I looked at this; I am sure I did. But there were too many people about me, and I could not speak. She sat with her hands folded in her lap, and looked divinely unconscious.

"The third day out the weather became bitterly cold.

"I am almost frozen," said Mrs. Lee. "What shall I do? I have nothing to wrap around me, and I shall have to be alone, and oh dear! it is so uncomfortable!" The face turned up to mine was that of a spoiled child.

"Now I had a fine English rug, which I had used at night, for you know everything at sea is so horribly damp. It had been a great comfort to me, and I knew that she would like it. But what if she couldn't see the woman I loved suited? So I got it, and tucked her all up in it. Her delicious smile repaid me for the sacrifice.

"Oh, how nice!" she said, as she put her hands under the warm rug. "It seems to me, Mr. Remington, that you have everything to make me comfortable. I never heard of such a man. I am so glad that I came under your care."

"I was so love-stricken that I did not reflect upon her apparent unconsciousness of the fact that I had deprived myself of these comforts in order that she should be made comfortable. She seemed to take it for granted that I was a sort of traveling missionary, with extra wraps, staterooms, chairs, and anything else that one might need; and I was such a slave to her fascinations, that I had not thought of the impossible, I should have attempted it.

"Every day I had it upon my lips to tell her of my love. Each day courage forsook me. We walked the deck day after day. She would put her little sweet hand on my arm in the most comforting way, look up at me from under her curls, laugh her low, sweet laugh, and ask the most childish, innocent questions.

"We were walking this way on the sixth day out. I had carefully rehearsed my part, and was about to tell my story. Her conversation seemed to lead to it, for she said:

"You will come to see me when you are in New York, won't you, Mr. Remington?"

"Nothing," I said, "would give me greater pleasure."

"You will come often? Promise to dine at our house once a week. You won't forget me? and the blue eyes sought mine.

"I looked into them, and my look told what my tongue had refused to say. I pressed the little hand close to my heart, and after a pause said, below my breath, "Forgive me, I should have poured forth my love when she gave me a little scream, and cried, 'Oh, my wife!' There, sure enough, was the confounded blue thing sailing before the wind, and all the passengers, it seemed to me, after it. Of course I had to go too, and my belief to capture it. I never had anything so much as I did that day of blue gauze. I couldn't go aboard, and continue my story from where it was broken off, and indeed, the widow seemed quite shy of me.

"The incident had given the passen-

gers an opportunity to speak to her, and when I joined her (without the veil, for it had, I hope, struck bottom) she was surrounded by a group of people. I had no chance that day, nor the next, to get her to myself. I tried to think of something that I could show her that would amuse and detain her. It seemed as though I had exhausted all my resources, when at last a brilliant idea occurred to me; I would show her the presents I had brought for sister Nell. They were all in my little sea trunk, and I knew that she couldn't resist their attractions. She came up on deck bright and beautiful as ever.

"Isn't it delightful," she said, "to think that to-morrow we shall be at home? I can hardly wait for the time to come; and yet—and her voice dropped into the desirably low tone—your voyage has been most charming one, owing to your kindness," she added, brightly.

"I longed to launch forth my tale of love, but thinking it more prudent to wait until I had secured her wholly to myself, I asked her, in the most ordinary manner, if she wouldn't enjoy looking at some little trinkets that I had picked up in Paris. Her eyes sparkled.

"Yes, indeed," she said. "Nothing could be more delightful than to get a glimpse of Paris while at sea."

"I went below and got all my pretty novelties, and brought them up to her. Placing a chair in a quiet corner, and hid her from the other people, then drawing mine up beside her, I began showing one by one, my collection of odd things.

"Where did you get them, Mr. Remington? I hunted all over Paris, and found nothing half so pretty. What exquisite *porte bonheur*!" she whispered to another of my carefully-chosen bracelets on to her little plump wrists, and turned them first on one side and then on the other.

"I knew Nell's taste, and had searched for something uncommon, and was well pleased with what I had brought. But Nell and everything were forgotten with this bewitching creature by my side, and when she made a move to take them off, I said, laughingly, to her, 'Oh, don't disturb them; they look so well where they are, and it is so pleasant, you know, to get a glimpse of Paris while at sea.'

"She kept them on, and I opened the other boxes. There were rings, crosses, medallions, chatelaines and many other ornaments of curious design. The widow decked herself, and was in high glee. A child could not have enjoyed it more. I watched her with loving eyes, and held her where each one came from, and helped fasten them on.

"I feel like an Indian princess," she said, "and ought to have a throne and a crowd of kneeling courtiers, and the people would be completely."

"You don't imagine a throne?" I said, "and take me for kneeling courtiers. Wouldn't my love compensate for the admiring crowd?"

"She looked up quickly, and was about to answer, when one of those eternal oil drops that, no matter when you cross the sea, are always to be found on a shipboard, came up, and began telling of his early reminiscences; that the sea was twenty years ago—as though the sea had first changed—and now, when he had first crossed, his friends never expected to see him again. He had been met by his wife, and his wife, though he were to be forever lost to them. I assure you that I silently wished in my heart that he had never turned up again. Without saying a word, I got up, took my boxes, and left my Indian princess, and she was thoroughly angry with the old fellow, who interrupted her *tele-tele*, and seriously annoyed with Mrs. — for listening to and answering him. I made up my mind that that game had been played long enough. I would ask her the simple question, the first chance I got, and know my fate at once. But the time did not come as soon as I expected it would.

"She went to her room with a sick headache, so she said, and I paced the deck alone. We were a long way up the harbor when she made her appearance the following day. She said that she had hurried with her packing, thinking that we were nearer than we really were to the city.

"Oh, Mr. Remington, I had no opportunity of returning your jewelry, and so I packed them with my things. But you are coming, you know, to dine with me on Saturday, and I will then give them to you."

"Certainly," I said. "There is no time for us to change them now. Wear them until I see you again."

"I had fully made up my mind that as I had been baffled so often, I would now wait until I had seen her in her own home before I opened my heart to her, or rather before I asked her my fate. She already knew my heart. There was no time to talk; it was excitement; we were rapidly approaching; handkerchiefs were waving from the decks. The widow was straining her eyes, and suddenly leaving me and going forth forwardly, I saw her throw a kiss. How I longed to catch it! I looked with jealous eyes to see who would take it up and answer it. Foremost among the crowd was a great big man—six feet, and broad in proportion. It was he who was returning her kisses. Could it be her brother, or was it a friend, and this merely a pleasant greeting from a distance?

"I watched him come on board, and what did the big idiot do but catch her up in his arms—my sweet one, whom I loved so dearly. I stood and watched, and when she touched—and kissed her over and over again! I could have knocked him down.

"On drawing near to them, I saw that neither of them noticed me. She had forgotten my existence. With a heart-sick feeling I turned away. The widow was straining her eyes, and suddenly leaving me and going forth forwardly, I saw her throw a kiss. How I longed to catch it! I looked with jealous eyes to see who would take it up and answer it. Foremost among the crowd was a great big man—six feet, and broad in proportion. It was he who was returning her kisses. Could it be her brother, or was it a friend, and this merely a pleasant greeting from a distance?

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