

#### TO MY NOSE.

Fair Nose! whose rubies red have cost me many a barrel  
Of claret wine and white,  
Who wears in thy rich and sumptuous apparel  
Such red and purple light!  
Great Nose! who looks at thee through some huge glass at revel,  
More of thy beauty thinks,  
For thou resemblest not the nose of some poor devil  
Who only water drinks.  
The turkey-cock doth wear resembling thee, his wattles;  
How many rich men now have not so rich a nose? To paint thee, many a barrel  
And much time I allow.  
The glass my pencil for thine illumination;  
My color is the wine,  
With which we painted thee more red than the carmine.  
By drinking of the fine.  
Tis said it hurts the eyes; but shall they be the masters;  
Wine is the cure for all;  
Better the windows both should suffer some disaster;  
Than have the whole house fall.  
—From the French.

#### ALL HALLOWEEN.

BY ALMA M'KEE.

##### PART I.

"Retract those cruel words, dear father, and call me your own Luella once more."

The speaker, a young girl of eighteen summers, with hair and eyes the hue of the raven's wing, cheeks flushed scarlet with emotion, sat in the midst of evergreens, myrtle, and holly, pleading in vain with an erect yet aged man of sixty-old years—her father.

"Never!" came the firm, decided answer. "Gilbert Ainsley shall never be a son-in-law of mine; I swear it!" and he set his teeth firmly together.

"But, father, dear, I love him. In days gone by, when you were young, did you not love my mother even as we two love? Think twice, dear papa, ere you doom me to a life of misery and seclusion."

She arose from her verdant seat and stood before him, her beautiful eyes full of a world of pleading in their liquid depths; her hands clasped beaming before her. Who could resist such eloquence and beauty?

"Enough!" he thundered. "Did you ever know me to say one thing and mean another? Accept Danton Merrivale with his £500 a year, and all will be well; refuse, and a father's curse follows you." After this cruel threat, his form assumed its usual height, and he left the little salon, slamming the door behind him until the glass trembled, by way of emphasis.

With a heart-sick moan the suffering girl threw herself upon her knees, and, burying her face in the cushion of the friendly chair, wept aloud.

The sound of many approaching footsteps awoke her to a sense of self-pride, and, springing quickly to her feet, she hurriedly bathed her swollen, aching eyes in cologne water, kept there in case of an emergency.

No sooner had she resumed her seat than the door opened with a crash, and a bevy of pretty, teasing girls, and as many fun-loving boys, entered the quiet sanctum.

"Here you are, Lu," exclaimed a couple of the most care-free, "like a hermit in his cell, and, I presume, quoting the old words of Burns: 'I care for nobody, an' nobody cares for me.' To which witty saying all responded with a merry laugh, until the room fairly shook in striving to echo the sounds with justice.

"Oh, girls, do be quiet," Luella Farleigh exclaimed, with a playful shake of one forefinger. "Only see! I have but one wreath completed and a cross begun. Had I better use this arbutus? It is lovely! See how beautifully it trails over the white japonicas and fuchsias." And she held up the trailing vine admiringly.

"Use your own taste, dear!" mocked Danton Merrivale, his head cocked comically on one side, in imitation of the unconscious Nellie.

"Observe that dude!" exclaimed saucy Kitty Frazer, pointing one dainty finger at the dauntless Merrivale. "Boys, why don't you put him out? He is a disgrace to our society."

"Oh, for the superior sense and wisdom of our forefathers," exclaimed Sally Norton, a mock serious-faced figure, her bright, merry face.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated young Newman, with superior forethought. "If to-morrow eve isn't Halloween, and preparations just begun. Why don't you work faster, girls?"

"Why don't you permit that wonderful gold watch to rest in your pocket for one moment, and use your hands at something useful? It will do you no harm, Mr. Newman (emphasizing the title), to be as useful as you have been hitherto ornamental." And Kitty Frazer flourished her holly-branch tragically.

"Will it take a ton of wreaths to trim that one hall?" quizzically inquired Bob Merrivale, brother to Danton.

"We wish it to appear especially nice for this particular occasion; for you know that is the place that we are to try all of our tricks," explained Lucy Grey, brightly.

Their gay sallies were interrupted by the entrance of a newcomer in their midst; the merry blue eyes and constant good-humor which characterized him made him a universal favorite among them all.

The young ladies all arose, with the exception of one, with one accord, and ran toward him, exclaiming in a chorus of great enthusiasm:

"Oh, how lovely moss-roses!" "Do let us see them!" "Wherever did you find them?" "You'll not refuse me one of those lovely buds; will you now, Gilbert?" "Oh, Gilbert, do say that you brought them for us!" etc.

One figure sat as before—silent and motionless, except when one slender hand was lowered to capture a required branch or flower.

The last comer slowly wended his way thither, and, bending one knee, silently placed a beautiful bud just opening among the glossy, jet curles. Then, arising, the yellow and black hair for one minute mingled, as he fondly whispered:

"Darling, wear one to-morrow eve at the doing, if you accept my offering—my heart."

A vivid blush, for a moment only, stained the fair cheek of the lovely Lu-

ella, then vanished, leaving her face as pale as before.

Envious whisperings now went the rounds among the fair ones, while significant glances sped from eye to eye.

"How can he admire that dusky thing?" asked a faded blonde, whose general make-up was artificial.

"Indeed, I cannot imagine!" replied pig-nosed Belle Irvine, with a coquettish toss of her tow head.

"Some people do have such queer tastes," remarked Kitty Frazer, exhibiting a becoming pout.

"The amount of the matter is, Gil," Bob Merrivale wickedly remarked, "each and every one of these worthy young ladies over here is inclined to be very much offended that you do not slyly whisper something nonsensical in their delicate sea-shells—vulgarily termed ears."

"Why, Bob Merrivale!" "How dare you?" "You bad, bad boy!" many similar pouting expressions followed the daring speech.

As the proposal was now made, and acquiesced in by all, to repair to the hall to hang their tasteful wreaths and garlands, the chatter for a time ceased.

##### PART II.

Among the bonny winding banks  
Where Doon runs, rippling clear,  
Where Bruce once ruled the martial ranks,  
And shook his carmine spear.  
Saw every pretty country folk  
Toothed and come.  
To burn their nuts and pull their stocks,  
And hold their Hallowe'en  
Full blithe that night.

The festival was at its height. Lads and lasses all had thrown grim care to the winds; all were blithe and gay. Tricks were all the sport.

Cabbage had been pulled, until timid Luella began to expatiate on the propriety or safety of continuing in that branch longer, as the garden was her father's pride.

Burning nuts next ensued, until when near the close of this, she was well assured that the one designated Gilbert was in no wise to leave the side of the one named Luella, then she turned her back upon them for fear of being detected watching them.

Then lots were cast to determine which of the ladies present should proceed to the kiln, a quarter of a mile away, and throw into the pot a ball of blue yarn, wind it in a ball off of the old one, and toward the latter end, when the expected something held the thread demand, "Who holds?" their answer would come from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of her future husband.

The lot fell upon Kitty Frazer, who, with a rapidly beating heart, left the company for the kiln. While she was absent, the game of going alone to a looking glass with a candle; eating an apple before it; and combing her hair the while; was conferred on the little faded blonde, who simpered charmingly at beholding the grinning features of Bob Merrivale peeping over her future husband.

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