

## MISCONSTRUED.

BY ALMA M'KEE.

"To-night! Will you be the shore, Captain?"  
She a-ked, with bawlding smile.  
"The clouds are of inky-blackness.  
And night-birds crying the while.  
Shall you hug the sea?" He cried, "Nay, nay!  
I much rather hug the Cape of May."

"Oh, nay!" cried she, with a toss of her curly hair.  
"You surely must be deaf!  
She willows your fairy-bark kiss to-night."  
They would overturn the craft.  
But he cried, with a laugh at her dismay,  
"What care I, while I kiss the lips of May?"

"I thought that you loved the wide, rough  
Sea well, with indignant tone.  
You have sung its praises oft to me—  
To me, and not me alone."  
"That I love the sea is truth, I say!  
But far dearer to me is my peerless May."

"Go wed your Cape of May!" she said;  
"We'll make a stormy bride."  
Her eyes were filled with unshed tears;  
Her words with wounded pride.  
"You misconstrue!" he cried, "Nay, nay!  
This is not the Cape, but you, my May!"

## GID'S ADVENTURE.

BY LILY M. CURRY.

Gideon Foster had been three weeks a resident of the metropolis, and was shortly to "go into business," under the supervision of his uncle, Mr. Archibald Fuller, of the prosperous firm of Smith & Fuller. Gideon—or Gid, in the language of his intimates—was a healthy young Southerner who, during the past year or so, had penetrated Western fastnesses, investigated mines and ranches, attained his majority, and succeeded in convincing his sturdy old, Tennessee father, a well-off farmer of advanced age, that the city was the correct place for young men of push and talent. Gid was tall and strong; he had small, keen eyes, a beaky nose and a long upper lip. His complexion was an artistic mixture of tan and sunburn. He had at times a nervous twitching of the long upper lip, accompanied by a slight sniff. He had an excellent opinion of himself, and was given to citing "what we think down our way." For his age he was well informed on general topics.

Gid's uncle, a handsome, portly bachelor, yet in his thirties, had thus far kept a kindly eye upon his relative, feeling measurably responsible for the young man's safety and well-being in the great and alluring city. But Gid was beginning to chafe under the friendly espionage, and mentally longed to break from all accountability. Particularly vexed was he one afternoon when—but this is the way it happened: Gid, being idle and unacquainted, was standing in the street before his hotel, when a couple of handsome, well-dressed ladies chanced to pass. One of the ladies glancing up, caught his eye, blushed, and fluttered a little. Gid was alive in an instant; quite ready for a sly flirtation. At home, as in any small village, no harm was thought of such things, the best young ladies being given, at times, to little adventures of the sort. He never stopped to consider that city customs might be different, but started in pursuit of the blushing and mischievous damsels, raising his hat at an auspicious moment and meeting an unmistakable welcome. He thought them very pretty; their complexions were marvelously fine. The trio proceeded slowly down the promenade, laughing and chatting as they went. Gid was quite in his element—he was devoted to pretty girls—and awaited an invitation to call, when, he felt sure, his credentials and his own candor would win over the "old folks."

They had proceeded in this fashion for some distance, when Gid looking up, perceived his uncle approaching. As the latter came close, his countenance appeared to grow suddenly stern—with horror. Really, Gid had never before seen him look so, and wondered what could have happened. Mr. Fuller came quickly on, and, as he stood abreast the trio, scarcely paused. "Gid" he said, in a terrible tone, and motioned with his head toward the hotel, then passed on.

Gid excused himself and followed after, intending to rejoin the fair ones. He caught up with his uncle at the hotel entrance.

"Well?" he said.

"Well!" fairly thundered the elder gentleman, pushing him into a corner of the hall. "What under heaven do you mean by such conduct?"

"Conduct? What have I done?"

"Do you mean to tell me you didn't know the character of those women?"

"Character? Why, they are very nice girls."

Mr. Fuller regarded him in silence, then spoke compassionately:

"Well, you are simpler than I thought, and for all your Western travel! How did you meet them?"

Gid hesitated.

"Why—why, I met them—"

"You flirted with them! Now, that might do in a village, but city folks don't make acquaintances that way. And, if you're going to stay in the city, you don't want to label yourself 'Sucker! With cafe' do you?"

With this well-meant severity Mr. Fuller turned away.

Gid was deeply mortified, and hardly knew what to do with himself. His mortification lasted all the evening, making him seem so low-spirited that Maclean, a young Southern friend, chaffed him sadly, and asked if he were lovesick.

"I'll take you to see a pretty girl to-morrow," Maclean said, consolingly, "at her studio; she is an artist."

Gid roused little, asking:

"What's her name?"

"Daisy Darrow; Miss Margaret Darrow, more correctly."

"A fact?"

"Is she really pretty?"

"I think you'll say so. She paints well; doesn't need to, either, for she is an only child, and her father is well off. He's in Europe now; she lives with her aunt; mother's dead."

Maclean was really very glib with the young lady's pedigree, considering how shabby he knew her. "She's just back from the country, and she'll be off to the seaside before long; so we must surely go to-morrow."

"Suits me to a T," said Gid, forgetting his woe.

A little after eleven the next day, Miss Darrow sat in an easy chair at her

studio, on the third floor of a building given up to studios and the like. Miss Darrow had just arrived in company with her boon companion, Miss Mamie Hallett, a feminine faithful Achates, a dazzling blonde, as devoted to her pen as Daisy to her brush. Miss Hallett shared the studio with her friend, having a very literary-looking, paper-littered table in one corner. The studio was charming, as are usually such places. Miss Darrow was dark-eyed and dark-haired, with a clear, pale skin and very pretty, crimson lips. She wore a most becoming dress of old-gold lawn and ecru lace; a black hat with an old-gold scarf, and boots with old-gold tops. She was in truth a golden harmony. Miss Hallett wore white myrtle green ribbons, and sat very erect on the sofa, while Daisy lounged languidly in the easy-chair.

"Well, Pearl, my darling?" asked Miss Hallett. She always called Daisy "Pearl," the name was infinitely fitter for the tall, pale, deliberate-voiced aristate, with her patrician beauty. Miss Darrow replied disconsolately:

"My love, I am in despair. I am out of the mood for landscapes. I feel a desperate longing to do a portrait. Couldn't you get me a new model?"

"Of what style, pray?"

"O, a strong face; an odd face—homely, rugged, uncouth! Anything! Only I want novelty."

Miss Hallett shook her head.

"I don't know where to look for it, unless down in Mulberry street; and I'm in deadly fear of the cholera."

Daisy yawned.

"Some one is coming up stairs," she said, without troubling to move. "To see us, I suppose; there's nobody else home on this floor."

A moment later Maclean's well-meaning, short-nosed visage intruded itself through the door.

"Good-morning, ladies; may I bring a friend?"

Miss Hallett arose with vivacity.

"You are quite welcome; we are trying not to be dull."

Daisy had put out her hand, languidly.

"Are you having your vacation?" she asked.

"Then, as she perceived Gideon, she sat up, suddenly revivified, and became cordial.

Gid looked admiringly about the room.

"It's very warm to-day," he said, presently.

"It is, indeed; we have some lemonade—and Miss Hallett proceeded to dole out thimblefuls in tiny, colored glasses.

The gentlemen made thus a pleasant call, and went away delighted, exchanging, when they had reached the street, the following impressions:

Maclean—What do you think of her? Pretty, eh?

Gid—You just bet she is! Tall and slender. I used to like girls who were pay-teet; I like tall ones better now-a-days.

Maclean—She kept her eyes on you all the time. Think you made an impression, Gid.

Gid—Wouldn't mind if I did. She's good-looking; I wouldn't mind introducing her to my uncle. You say her father is well-off, too.

I am not quite sure how Miss Darrow would have felt had she herself thus patronized; she, accustomed everywhere to the most delicate flattery, was not, however, strong-minded, nor was she a misogynist; on the contrary she had her own select circle of admirers, and there was one—at present in Europe—to whom she would probably, in due time, be more than fiancee; one who had the highest confidence in her talents and wrote her the most encouraging letters. "Persevere," he wrote.

Gid replied in a practical tone. He was sorry, but the engagement could be broken with Mabel. Alas! poor Mabel, whose voluminous correspondence was no longer carried about next his heart! Poor Mabel, who crossed and recrossed her footscap in flowing school-girl hand to such little purpose! Besides Mabel, Gid had also a little Indiana sweetheart, who wrote him pining epistles. So it will be seen he was something of a lady-killer in his own circle.

The quartette made an excursion the following week to Coney Island, the only peculiar feature of which being, in Daisy's mind, the dinner order of Mr. Foster. She spoke of it next day to Mame.

"He ordered roast turkey, dear, and—only fancy!—boiled eggs! I saw the waiter smile. Only to think of it—eggs for dinner!"

Miss Hallett shrugged her shoulders:

"I wouldn't care if he had eaten shells and all."

Daisy was painting away at the portrait.

"I'm not satisfied," she said, pausing to regard it. "I'm going to ask him to sit to me."

"But what will he think of the costume you put upon him?"

"Oh, I'll work that in afterward. I only want to catch the expression. Wait till he comes again."

He happened to come that afternoon. Mame retired to the adjoining room, for fear she should smile. Daisy had covered up her easel, and reclined picturesquely in the easy-chair. Gid came alone; he didn't know where Maclean was.

"It's just as well," said Daisy, blandly, "because I have a confession to make, Mr. Foster." She lowered her eyelids, and displayed beautiful eye-lashes. "I hope you will pardon me," she began.

"There isn't anything I wouldn't do for you," said Gid, very impressively.

Daisy paused and thought: "Was that outrageous Mame giggling aloud in the other room?"

"Then, would you be very much offended if I should ask you to allow me to make a sketch of your face? You know we art-students are constantly on the watch for countenances that are not insipid and common. A face like yours, for instance, is indicative of strength of character and—ambition, perhaps."

Gid was smiling broadly. "You don't know how complimented I feel," he said.

"I'm glad to hear you say so. Will you sit for me a little while to-day. To tell the plain truth, I've begun work already; but of course it don't look a bit like you, yet." And she uncovered the easel.

Gid sat for an hour, with eminent satisfaction to both.

He came every morning now, and Daisy made hay. Mame Hallett was always present, but always deeply engrossed with her writings. Maclean could come no more, his vacation being at an end. Gid was becoming entangled in the meshes. His remarks amused the fair artist.

"What I can't understand is, how you can paint so well, at your age," he said, one day. "I guess you ain't more than 20, are you?"

"Not much more," said Daisy.

"You two may go," said Daisy determinedly, "and I will wait here. Mr. Foster may arrive at any moment; and I am not at all thirsty."

She fell into a reverie, as they hurried off, from which she was presently aroused by the excited voice of the station door-keeper in loud remonstrance.

"That's no way to come up! You want to come up the other door, and get your ticket."

"I'll buy my ticket," cried an impatient, rather nasal voice, and Daisy, looking up, saw Gideon Foster, crimson-faced with hurrying through the heat. (She, afterward, in describing his appearance to Miss Hallett, declared, "Do you know, he came up the 'exit' stairs, and really, I believe he must have vaulted the gate; for no train was passing, and of course the gate was shut! Yes, he must have scrambled over that high fence; he looked as red as a turkey, too!")

"Ah," said she, with half a smile.

"You have come? Well, perhaps you'd best buy your ticket and deposit it. The others will be here directly, and we can catch the next train."

It was not bad at all, at the park. They boated awhile, viewed the menagerie, promenaded the mall, and brought up at the restaurant. It happened to be a concert-afternoon, the restaurant was very much crowded. The ladies waited at the door with Maclean, and Gid went ahead to find seats. He had no hesitation in asking a strange gentleman to relinquish his table in favor of the "ladies in our party." The stranger looked injured and inquired, "Where in—naughty word! do you want me to go? Out in the street?"

Other seats were vacant at that moment, and Daisy and Mame came up smiling; they had caught the drift of the stranger's remark. The latter looked crestfallen. Daisy's beauty was of the serene sort that inspires admiration at the first glance. The ladies sat facing their escorts. Gid would have preferred to sit beside Miss Darrow.

"Do you drink beer, Miss Hallett?" asked Maclean.

"Everybody drinks beer," said Daisy, who really was not fond of it, but wanted to study all possible expressions in the face of her model.

Beer was, therefore, ordered with the ice and cakes. Daisy observed that Gid drank with the gulps of a novitiate. She smiled, and let the beverage trickle slowly down her throat.

"Down our way," said Gid, "if a lady drank beer, she'd be ostracized."

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