

## MISCONSTRUED.

BY ALMA MCKEE.

"To-night will you hug the shore, Captain?" She asked, with bewildering smile. "The clouds are of ink-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, sea!" cried she, with a toss of her curls. "You surely must be daff!"

Should the billows 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?"

"But I thought that you loved the wide, rough sea."

She said, 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; "I will make a stormy bride."

Her eyes were filled with unshed tears; Her words with wounded pride. "You misconstrued!" he cried. "Nay, nay! 'Tis 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 unoccupied, 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 slight 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 damsel, 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 'Buck!' With care! 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 a 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 lately 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 vow.

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 artist, 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 revived, 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 heard herself thus patronized; she, accustomed everywhere to the most delicate flattery; she, who was quoted as "rare, pale Margaret," "pearl," and "queen of women!" Perhaps she would have frowned a little, then laughed; for she was not a vain girl. She had good eyesight and a fine French mirror at home; she knew herself thoroughly, and was therein content. Perhaps she would have been otherwise affected by the young Southerner's allusions to matrimony. For a moment I believe she would have longed to box their ears—impudent, presuming creatures! Miss Darrow was devoted to art. She 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 fiancée; one who had the highest confidence in her talents and wrote her the most encouraging letters. "Persevere," he wrote.

"I look for great things from you if you will but work. Be self-centered, and scorn outside allurements (*only me!*)"

But, of course, poor Gid had no way of knowing all this.

As for the young ladies, they had preserved a well-bred silence until quite sure their guests were out of the building.

Then Miss Hallett interrogated her friend with a wicked wink and smile. Daisy had relapsed into arm-chair and meditation.

"Eu—eu—eu—What's that word, Mamie—that word beginning with U?"

"Eucher, euphony, European, eupespy."

"Nonsense! I mean—Eureka! I have got a model!"

"You mean the Tennessee, love? I saw you studied him closely."

"I could sketch him already. Take his face just as it is; crown the hair with a ragged straw hat; put a fannel shirt on him, opening carelessly from his long neck; plenty of red and tan!"

"Will you ask him to sit?"

"I dare say; he'll probably call again soon."

Nor was Daisy greatly surprised when they received, some two hours later, by messenger, an invitation to join the young gentlemen that same day for a ramble in the park.

"The assurance!" exclaimed Miss Hallett. "We—and they! Ramble in the park, indeed! Snub them, gorgeously, dear!"

"Snub them!" repeated Daisy. "You forget, dear; I can't snub my model. On the contrary, we must accept."

And immediately she dispatched word to that effect by the messenger, asking Maclean and his friend to call for them at the studio.

At the appointed hour Maclean arrived, alone.

"It's all right," he explained. "Gid was detained; he'll meet us at the elevated railroad station."

They reached the station ahead of time, and sat down on a platform bench.

Just then Miss Hallett discovered she was perishing with thirst, and Maclean insisted upon an immediate adjournment to a neighboring drug-store, for soda-water.

"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."

"O, 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 Mamie 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 ices and cakes. Daisy observed that Gid drank with the gulps of a novice. 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."

"Would she?" asked Daisy, thinking what a capital name for the portrait was "Down-our-way."

Gid couldn't help feeling a little surprised, when Maclean and himself had seen the ladies to the door of Miss Hallett's residence, that there had been no invitation to enter. But he forgot it presently in Maclean's congratulations.

"You're making fine headway, Gid; but what about that little girl down home?"

Gid replied in a practical tone. He was sorry, but the engagement could be broken with Mamie. Alas! poor Mamie, whose voluminous correspondence was no longer carried about next his heart! Poor Mamie, who crossed and recrossed her footsail in flowing school-girl hand to such little purpose! Besides Mamie, 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 Mamie.

"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 if it will do."

"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. Mamie 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 eyelashes. "I hope you will pardon me," she began.

"There isn't anything I wouldn't pardon in you," said Gid, very impressively.

Daisy paused and thought: "Was that outrageous Mamie 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, indicative of strength of character and—ambition, perhaps."

Gid was smiling broadly.

"You don't know how complimented I'd 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 doesn'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. Mamie 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.

"Then I guess I'll be about two years older than you in September."

Daisy—Indeed? Gid—A fact.

Daisy (after a pause)—Well, that's a good age to begin business. You ought to succeed.

Gid—Own fault if I don't. (Spits through his teeth and over his shoulder.) I guess I've got money enough to back me.

Daisy—That's a bright lookout.

\* \* \* There; how am I getting along with the picture?

Gid—Well, I guess I'd be pretty fortunate to get as good a one again. What do you mean to do with it, any way?

Daisy—Do with it? O—ah, why—put it on exhibition, I suppose.

Gid—You wouldn't sell it, I suppose—to me?

Daisy (slowly)—Well, frankly, I'd rather keep it myself.

Gid (suddenly)—I wish I had one of you!

Daisy (raising her voice)—Mame, please come here and criticize.

Gid was certainly in the net. When the sittings were at an end he summoned courage to ask permission to call at Daisy's home. Daisy was very pleasant.

"To call?" she said, smiling. "Really, I should like to ask you; but, you see, we are going to the seaside next week, and the house is closed. So, much as I should like it, I cannot ask you to call."

Gid bore the disappointment like a hero. Had she not painted his portrait and refused to sell it—even to him?

"My dear Pearl," said Miss Hallett, "your model is smitten, I fear."

"Nonsense, my sweet. But if he were?"

"I'd be extremely sorry for him."

"So should I," said Daisy, ingenuously. "But he'd suffer in a noble cause—the cause of art."

Gid continued to come to the studio. "I'll have to lock the door," said Daisy, one day, "or I'll never have a chance to work up the costume. I must finish it this week, for Aunt Sarah is complaining because I don't arrange about my wardrobe."

"You'll never want any wardrobe," said Mamie, resignedly, "if you close the door such weather as this. You'll melt or stiffen in one short hour."

"Then I'll risk his coming, and leave it open."

Arriving late next morning, Miss Hallett found Daisy in her easy-chair, studying over a letter.

"What are you doing precious?" asked Mamie, throwing down her coaching umbrella.

"I'm considering a proposal."

"Indeed? That's diversion. You must have gotten here at seven. How funny the portrait looks! It's just killing! If he could only see it!"

Daisy frowned at "Down-our-way."

"I'd like to burn the old thing."

"But you couldn't, dear; thank fortune there's no fire to tempt you."

"Listen to this letter," said Daisy, and began to read aloud:

"MY DEAREST DAISY: (When I say dearest, I mean it in the full sense of the word.) Though I have known you so short a time, I do not believe you will be wholly surprised to learn that I have come to regard you as far more than friend. In fact I have grown to care for you more than I ever thought I could for any girl. I almost believe I can never be happy without you. I think you have been sufficient of me, and this to feel that I am a gentleman. I even flatter myself that you like me some, already, and will grow to like me still better. It only remains, therefore, for me to say that I can offer you a name upon whose honor no stain has ever fallen. Of course, we are both too young as yet for marriage; but may I not hope that you return my feelings, and that some time we may become all in all to each other? I will call to see you this afternoon at two, and hope you will give me such answer as will render me happiest of all. Till then, and always, your own, GIB."

Daisy ended with a sigh.

"Can I help you, love?" asked Mamie.

"Suppose you take the cars to Rockaway, and let me tell him you're gone to the seaside."

"My own! With all my faults, I never shrink unpleasant duties." And Daisy covered the portrait and waited for 2 o'clock.

As I said before, Gid had no mean opinion of himself. Many a girl, at home, had angled for him, to his certain knowledge. And now he'd show his uncle a thing or two. He had already told him a little about Daisy and his matrimonial hopes.

"A nice way to treat Mabel Clare!" growled Mr. Fuller. "I'd like to know what's become of your Southern sense of honor."

"I've higher ambitions," said Gid.

"Very well; go ahead, and see where you'll bring up."

Gid gave his head a little toss.

"I guess there ain't many girls but would be glad of a chance at me," he said, and started off to see Daisy and receive his answer. Of course she'd be shy at first, and deprecate the notion. But gradually she'd come around. He bought a fine bunch of daisies and hurried to the studio, running briskly up the stairs.

Daisy was alone; she sat examining a number of new flower studies. She smiled, and took his flowers gracefully. She motioned to the sofa. "Pray sit down," she said; "you look heated."

Gid drew up a chair, and opened the ball.

"You received my note?"

"Your note? O, yes, of course!"

Gid's confidence was unmistakable.

"And what do you think of the idea?"

"What did I think? Why, of course, I thought you meant it all as a joke. I'm sure I hope you did," she said, frankly, "because, you know, or, rather, you ought to know, though perhaps you don't know; and I'm sure I'd feel dreadful if I thought you'd been led to suppose—" she was perfectly calm, and smiling beside. "The truth of the matter is, Mr. Foster, I'm engaged—to a gentleman who is now in Europe!"

Gid turned pale.

"Engaged?" he cried, tragically. "Why, for that matter, so am I! But I'd break any engagement for you!"

Daisy rose, with a grave expression.

"I am sorry to hear you say so. I have heard so much about Southern honor."

"But you won't decide at once," he stammered. "Only promise me to think it over!"

Daisy looked at him coldly.

"I think you could not have understood me. I said that I was engaged. There is nothing further to say, and—will you please excuse me?" She turned to enter the other room, and Gid had no choice but to retreat. He was in such a state of mind, between disappointment and chagrin, that he left his hat lying upon the sofa, and bolted out bareheaded, and down into the street. He ran almost a block before he discovered why people were staring at him. How he hated to go back! But the hat was new, and Gid was just a little close over unnecessary expenditures. He therefore returned, and climbed the stairs softly, hoping that she might still be in the inner room and would not hear him enter.

But, as he reached the threshold of the studio, he was greeted with a most startling little drama. Not only Daisy, but also Miss Hallett, had emerged from the inner room, apparently in the highest state of exhilaration. They stood with their backs to the door, and were convulsed, at moments, with laughter, over a picture upon the easel, which now stood in the center of the room.

"Heavens!" cried Mamie. "It is a splendid likeness!"

"I might pity him," said Daisy, "if he wasn't so capable of pitying—himself."

Just then they moved, and Gid caught sight of—his own portrait, ragged-hatted, flannel-clad, and bearing a huge title placard, "Down Our Way!"

For a moment he was fairly stunned; then turning, he fled, hatless a second time, and choking with gasps of rage and mortification, to the street. He ran several blocks in this condition, before he ever thought of a hat-store.

He kept out of his uncle's sight that evening and for several days after. But gradually he came to himself, and wrote to the long-neglected Mabel.

A Country Singing-School.

Did you ever attend a country singing-school in the days of "auld lang syne"? If you never did, you have missed a rare treat. I remember when I used to walk a mile to where my girl lived, and then go two miles further to singing-school, full well.

There was the teacher (professors were scarce in those days), with two or three charts on which were the full notes, looking like boldly outlined goose-eggs, and the halves the same, excepting that the ladders with which they were being lifted from the pot were visible and the quarters were great, black balls, just colliding with long, frail bats. The teacher owned a tuning fork, and when he wished to find out the starting point for a song, he would tap it on the dusty, scarred desk in the old frame meeting-house (churches were as scarce as professors then), and say "do, mi, sol, do, do-o-o," then gradually went up to "mi" again, and said "do" in the same key, and then we all tried to repeat it in the same way, and ranged all the way from an octave, to above half an octave below.

After harder work than it takes to saw a cord of wood, we all agreed on the right kind of "do," and then the teacher kept us "do-ing" until he led us up to the note on which the song in hand began, and then we "fa"clawhille, and then he began counting "one, two, one, two," until we got to bobbing our heads up and down, and stamping with our feet, when he suddenly broke the monotonous style of counting and said "one, two; one, ready, sing," and half of us started out all right, a quarter wrong, and the remainder not at all. Then we had to begin again, and in due time we all were singing. To be sure, some of the tenors would hum bass, and it was difficult to keep the contraltos off the soprano cleft, but we got there, all the same, even if there were two young fellows, one of whom was writing about it at this moment, who never could keep their voices in line, and were usually singing "air," as they called it, although assigned to the group of tenors.

In about three weeks, we began to sing "round" songs, when one-fourth of the class sang one-fourth of the song, and began on the first, and took to their heels on the third quarter, when the third fourth started in on the first, and were coming down the home stretch like a greased organette by the time the last installment became due, and then started in again with all the rest hard after them in regular order.

In due time, of course, we began to pull up on the leaders, and before we knew it, we would all be coming in on the home stretch together. When we had conquered this difficult branch of the art, we regard ourselves as perfect, and were ready to challenge any other school in the universe. Oh, yes! Those were grand, good old days, I tell you!—Through Mail.

Ice Worms.

Not content with discovering many species of ugly animalcule in our drinking-water, the scientists propose to fan the opposition against St. John to a fiercer heat by asserting that even the ice with which the Schuylkill water is cooled for drinking swarms with disagreeable worms. At the last meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences the President, Dr. Joseph Leidy, stated that a member had recently given to him for examination a vial of water obtained by melting ice used for cooling drinking-water. The member who submitted the vial had noticed living worms in the sediment of a water-cooler, but had supposed that they were contained in the water. Upon melting some of the ice, however, the worms were still observed. These worms, which were from four to six millimeters long and colorless, belong to the same family as the common earth worms—the lumbricidae. Their bodies have thirty segments bearing spines. Besides this cheerful discovery, Prof. Leidy found in the vial several dead worms with large ciliated infusorians, vegetable hairs, and other debris. It has been supposed that ice was free from the impurities of the water upon whose surface it was frozen, but this discovery is against that theory.—Philadelphia Press.

ABOUT love, Queen Elizabeth of Rumania writes: "If one forgives, one loves no longer, for true love knows nothing of forgiveness." "The jealousy of those who love us is the grandest flattery." "Man