GOODBY.

Goodby, my dear, goodby!
We said it with sighs and tears,
But hearts may sigh, and while life remains
Hearts may be breaking at the willow—
Goodby, my dear, goodby!

Goodby, my dear, goodby!
We said it cheerful-like,
And hard words had with cruelty gone
And journeys to take drizzly rings—
Goodby, my dear, goodby!

Goodby, my dear, goodby!
The sun is hot, you say,
But summer from a friend is long,
Though faith and love and hope are strong—
Goodby, my dear, goodby!

—Lucy Larcom in Yankee Blade.

HONEYMOON HALL.

The sun strikes hot at Kurrachee, in Scinde.

Kurrachee is built upon the sand, and sand is a terrible spoilsport. With no pip sticking, scoreboxing and no cricket except on sand yielded into asphalt, the chief amusements of the British warrior are beauty and soda and flirtation.

Kurrachee is the lovemakingest station in all the glowing east, and the lovemaking is of the sort that ends in surplices and white favors—a hot of malice aforethought on the part of the man, but because there is no help for them. There is sand all around and they cannot run.

The wary mother of marriageable "spins" knew this, and regards Kurrachee with the calm content of a huntsman, who has got all his coverts nicely stopped.

Thus it was that a great want came to be felt at Kurrachee in Scinde. There was no place to spend the honeymoon in. In that great sandy plain, the acquisition of which cost England oceans of blood, and one awful pow—grim old Charlie Napier's "Peccavi"—there was not an house big enough to accommodate the smallest pair of love birds that ever billed in a coo.

At length the grumbles of royally mating couples grew so loud and long that they reached the ears of one Cornelius Rosdymoney Bottlewallah—all Scinde Forwa Minister with an eye to the main chance.

Cornelius set about rectifying matters in a truly commercial spirit. He selected a site five miles out in the desert, wrested it from its lawful owners, the jackals, and there builded and furnished a large bungalow, which he dubbed Honeymoon Hall.

From that day to this Honeymoon Hall has lived up to its nomenclature, and Cornelius Rosdymoney Bottlewallah's rupee bags have grown plethoric.

Of all the officers in her majesty's Two Hundreth Foot who arrived at Kurrachee in a state of single blessedness, only two remained who had not passed through a period of retirement at Honeymoon Hall.

Colonel Spraggins and Charlie Hancock remained as yet unaptured—solitary monuments to the score in Variable bachelorhood of the regiment.

The chief was a confirmed woman hater and never gave the ladies a chance, while the gay lieutenant was such an arrant flirt that the most strategic mamma could not lay him by the heels.

The colonel and Hancock sat in the veranda of the snow bungalow. It was the day before the regimental ball, and the two were discussing arrangements.

"Look here," growled the colonel at last, "I hope to goodness, Hancock, you won't go and get floored tomorrow night. I need have one unmarried man in the regiment besides myself for common decency's sake."

"Right you are, colonel," laughed Charlie; "never fear for me. We'll be the last of the Mohicans together—but I mean to have my bit of fun tomorrow all the same."

"There's that Miss What's her name—Bella Bramish, isn't it!—she's got her knife into you right. She'll land you as sure as fate if you aren't spry."

"She is a dear little thing," said Hancock, "but her mother's a terror."

The chief dived into his peg glass. When he came out again he answered oracularly, "It's my private opinion, Charlie, that the widow is just as busy on her own account as on her daughter's."

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Hidden in the maze of imported gossamer the string band of the Two Hundreth was reeling out waltz after waltz. The assembly rooms were full to overflowing.

Behind a group of palms in one of the recesses a pair of tired dancers were sitting out. If they were not tired they ought to have been, for out of the seven times on the programme that had been negotiated, they had danced nine—together.

There was an air of proprietorship about the lady and of suppressed excitement about the gentleman, which would have agitated the colonel had he seen them.

"Well, that's all settled, then," said he. "I'll tell the pater to be ready at the church at 8 or 9 o'clock morning, and we'll put it down strong on the quiet. I should never have the face to break it to old Spraggins after the way I've vowed never to!—"

"But, you silly Charlie," interrupted Miss Bramish, "the colonel is bound to know all about it long before we come back to the lines. Besides, you'll have to get leave."

"Oh, I'll tell the old boy I'm going to hunt sandflies in the desert—spewers, you know. I don't mind tackling him afterward."

"And what am I to do about poor mamma with all this secrecy! Isn't she to know about it till afterward?"

"Certainly not. She won't mind; I'm very sure of that. And, Bella, dearest, that gives me a chance to say something. I've always had a horror of mothers-in-law. I shall be glad to do the civil to Mrs. Bramish, but I can't consent to live with her, you know—not for a single day. A mother-in-law under the same roof is the—I mean she's a trimmer of lectures to a stalled ox, or something of that sort, as somebody says."

"Charlie, I believe that remarkable one old colonel has made you as bad as himself; but I suppose I must be delighted and give in. And, Charlie!"

"Yes, dearest."

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The colonel's ruffled was finished. But it not been for snarling treasons on his favorite aide's behalf, the chief would have been in a tolerably complacent frame of mind.

"By the get of war he's dancing with her still," ejaculated the colonel from the doorway; "and he was dancing with her two hours ago. I mind get angled and tied to me tiny ark before it's too late."

The mate marrow tacked into the corridor with the intention of making a detour, and so getting to the other end of the ballroom without having to traverse it.

But as Spraggins disappeared from the doorway to start on his round, a lady rose from among the chaperons at the other end of the room and slipped out of the door nearest to her—the one for which the colonel was making.

Thus it was that he espied a female form, no longer young, but not without pretensions, advancing to meet him along the corridor.

"Oh, Colonel Spraggins," said the lady, as they met, "do show me which is the shakedown. I've lost my bodyguard and want to get an office set of my headlines."

The colonel grunted something unintelligible and opened the door of one of the rooms on the opposite side of the passage. Here was a vast array of feminine wraps neatly stacked, a few stray powder puffs before a cheval glass and a tray full of pins. But the shakedown told off to keep track of the finery was nowhere.

"Oh, never mind, colonel," replied his companion politely. "You'll do just as well. Come, let's have a go for good hunt together."

The wretched man turned to the lady in search of the attendant—too late.

The door of the shakedown shut to with a click; the lock was shot from the outside, and the great Scamper, Cornelius Rosdymoney Bottlewallah, shambled off down the corridor.

"By the hand of fire," exclaimed the Parsee to himself, "the colonel is weak and the Mamsahib is very strong. In a quarter of an hour she will propose marriage to him. Two aunts have been scarce of late and business must be attended to."

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Cornelius Rosdymoney Bottlewallah sat in his gardeen surrounded by bales of "Europe" goods. To him entered a Hindoo Kulmutjhar—Runnaway Buz by name—a personage with white garments and a shifty eye.

After greetings, duly exchanged, the body servant, being bidden, seated himself on a heap of carpets and took up his parable:

"Runnaway Buz is commanded by him whom it is his privilege to serve—Hancock Sahib of Pulton Two Hundred—to seek the Mountain of Commerce, Cornelius, and to make business with him of importance. The sahib is about to take to wife—whisper it not in thy bazaar, O Cornelius, for it is an exercise by Twelve of Silence—he is about to take to wife a beautiful Miss sahib, the daughter of the Mamsahib Bramish. He would fain hire of thee for the month of sweetness the bungalow in the desert known as Honeymoon."

Cornelius Rosdymoney Bottlewallah's mild brown orbs twinkled.

"Ho, ho!" he laughed, "as Hancock sahib has yielded to bright eyes at last. It is good, but thy master comes too late to ask for Honeymoon Hall. It was let only yesterday for a month from Monday next to another sahib, whose illustrious name I am not at liberty to mention. But, as you know, O Runnaway, I have much sympathy for those whom the moon goddess has struck silly. Think you that your master would be happy with the half of Honeymoon Hall?"

"Thy servant believes that the sahib would be happy anywhere."

"Well, then," said Cornelius, "go to him and say that Honeymoon Hall is at his disposal, and bring me back a month's rent—200 rupees—in advance, of which sum ten rupees shall be thine own dustoor, O Runnaway!"

Then when the sahib receives the bungalow in the desert say to him that the half of Honeymoon Hall has been let to another party. The moon goddess will have made him so silly that he will forget in his bliss that he has paid for the whole."

* * * * * *

"And how did you manage the colonel, Charlie?" asked the lady. "What did he say to your application for leave?"

"Took it like a lamb. I can't think what's up with old Spraggins the last week or two. He's going away for a month's leave himself this morning. He told me."

"Now I'm married I mean to relinquish by cutting that dreadful old colonel. He did his best to prevent the match, Charlie."

"Oh, you mustn't be hard on poor old Spraggins; but have a seat."

Honeymoon Hall is a great rambling one storied bungalow, with the usual veranda running all around it. Runnaway Buz stood on the veranda to welcome his master and mistress.

As the eyes of the mild Hindoo fell upon the manifest visage of the bridegroom his heart was smitten with a great fear. Runnaway was not a confirmed of Cornelius Rosdymoney Bottlewallah, and his faith in the powers of the moon goddess to strike his master silly had all along been halting.

The sahib would be savage when he was undeceived that he was only a part tenant of Honeymoon Hall, and that another pair of occupants were to arrive later in the day.

Now, when a Hindoo has to save his master he has without thought of offense commenced. Immediate necessity from the sahib's foreign is what he puts before him as the one and only goal. Runnaway's lie, prompted by the moon goddess, was the means he adopted for absent—without leave, took to itself, like an other practitioner, the form of a serpent.

With hands moved to forehead and stooping in deep salaam the aide-de-camp approached. Our carriage and addressed Hancock, but in the vernacular in which he had conversed with Cornelius, but in the English of the bazaars.

"Sahib, it is my sorrow to tell your a misfortune considerably large. Master and mamsahib must keep this side the house. Other side great treacherous cobra house, in the floor, with his wife and whole brood of his relatives. Floor very rotten, and they pop in and out the bungalowah. This side floor all right."

"All right, Runnaway," replied Hancock carelessly.

By little time the bride and bridegroom had settled down into their new quarters, and had explored that part of Honeymoon Hall which Runnaway's lie had reserved to them.

After the meal Charlie began to rest about for something to do, and bethought him of the cobra.

"Look here, Bellamy," said he, "let's go and have some fun with those snakes. The regiment does on music, and I've brought my banjo and a key bugle. We'll have a jovial snake charming session in the Hindoo style, and fetch 'em out of their holes."

The instruments were brought, and the happy pair stole along the veranda around the corner of the bungalow toward the snake infested rooms. Outside a window that was veiled with a coarse matting the aforesaid snake charmer paused.

"This room will do," said Hancock; "we'll start the music first, and then peep through the blind and see if there are any results."

The bride twanged the banjo, the bridegroom put his mouth into the bugle, and between them they raised such a din that the jackals ate off in their dens much have imagined that a real tribe of their own species had taken possession of Honeymoon Hall.

But not for long. In another moment silence—grim, sudden, terrible silence—reigned over those desert solitudes.

For the one-case fatty was torn aside, and there, scowled and speechless, stood the nonpareil spraggins and Bella's mamma.

The two parties glared at each other without a word. Then the fatty was dropped.

"By jove, it's a duplicate job," was the chief snake charmer's sole remark, as he led his partner back to review the position.

* * * * * *

Colonel and Mrs. Spraggins returned to Kurrachee fully three weeks before Lieutenant and Mrs. Hancock, preferring, it is supposed, the consolations of the environment to the state of society which prevailed at Honeymoon Hall.

The only extant explanation of the speedy departure of the other tenants is to be found in a remark which the lieutenant afterward addressed to Mr. Cornelius Rosdymoney Bottlewallah.

"Go, you old scoundrel, I shan't see you for the balance of the rent. I took it out of the colonel."—Boston Globe.

Dead Bodies in Lake Superior.

The bodies of the drowned are said not to rise to the surface in Lake Superior. They are refrigerated, and the decomposition which causes the ascent of human bodies in other waters does not take place. If one interesting contribution to my notes is true, and there be depths to which Bibles do not descend, it is possible that many a hapless sailorman and voyager lies as he died a century back perhaps, and will ever thus remain, flinkless and natural under the shrinking veil of those emerald depths.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Will Canada really succeed in annexation the United States this time?

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