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THE WHEELMAN'S SONG.

I. Good-morning, good Pedestrian—I'm glad to see you out. The day is full of healthfulness—the birds are all about. There's a quiet breath in all the pleasant air.

II. Good-morning, good Equestrian—a noble steed you ride. It is not seem to frighten him—so here he is by your side. It is a feast of happiness to smoothly bound along.

III. Good-morning, Mr. Horse—you're a trotter that is fine. I never would disparage him, or say too much of his fine line. Your horse is full of mettle, sir, and bravely bears his load.

IV. Good-morning, Mr. Carriageer—you have an easy ride. Those cushions are luxurious, and pleasantly you glide. To have a carriage to himself, and travel so well.

V. Good-morning, fellow-wheelmen—here's a warm fraternal hand. As with a rush of victory, we sweep across the land. If some may be dissatisfied to see the way we ride.

MASTER TOM'S ENGAGEMENT.

Old Mr. Molyneux was immensely proud of his position as a county magistrate. He lived in a feudal castle which he had bought cheaply, having taken over at the same time the good will, so to speak, of its former owner's social influence and dignity.

Unfortunately Master Tom was rather a scapegrace, and his father preferred to let him see a little of the world before revealing the high honors that his son should store for him. The fact was that Tom showed no predilection whatever for the Lady Florence, and he was just of that democratic age when a youth is apt to undertake social advantages.

One day, however, the young man came down from town, where he was ostensibly studying for the bar, and with a very grave and determined air announced that he was engaged to be married.

"Why of course. It is ridiculous," said the old gentleman, swelling with self-importance. "What does it matter if a poor out-at-elbows devil of a clerk in the city."

"Just as Lady Florence would be marrying me," said Tom, looking wondrously innocent.

"Nobody—only I have an idea that you wish me to marry out of my station," retorted Tom.

"What I mean is, father," said Tom, doggedly, "that I see no more harm in marrying below one's station—to use your own term—than in marrying above it."

"Well, my boy, what are you carrying to do?" "I'm going to shoot over Bailey's farm," replied Tom.

"What! you have written to break it off?" said Mr. Molyneux, feigning surprise. "No, guv'nor, I haven't," said Tom.

"I should be very sorry to disobey your father," began Tom gravely. "But—"

"I don't owe much," said Tom, quickly, with a well-timed bluntness. "I don't owe a cent to anybody."

"I'm going away for a bit, guv'nor," said the lad, who winced a little at his father's belated good humor, and seemed half ashamed of his conduct.

"By all means, my boy," cried Mr. Molyneux, secretly delighted that his son should leave England for awhile at this juncture.

But he was very much startled and disgusted on hearing that his solicitor had been asked to accept service of a writ on Tom's behalf in a suit for damages brought by Miss Fabian against her

faithless lover. The news upset him considerably, for such a scandal would set all the papers gossiping about his antecedents, while Tom could hardly fail to cut a ridiculous figure with the neighbors.

"I was successful in his main object, referring to the damages which he had to pay," said Tom, with a certain complacency.

"What is the matter?" inquired old Mr. Molyneux, as Tom paused in confusion.

"I'm still clinging to the hope that you will consent to my marriage with Miss Fabian," said Tom, desperately.

"I should be very sorry to disobey your father," began Tom gravely. "But—"

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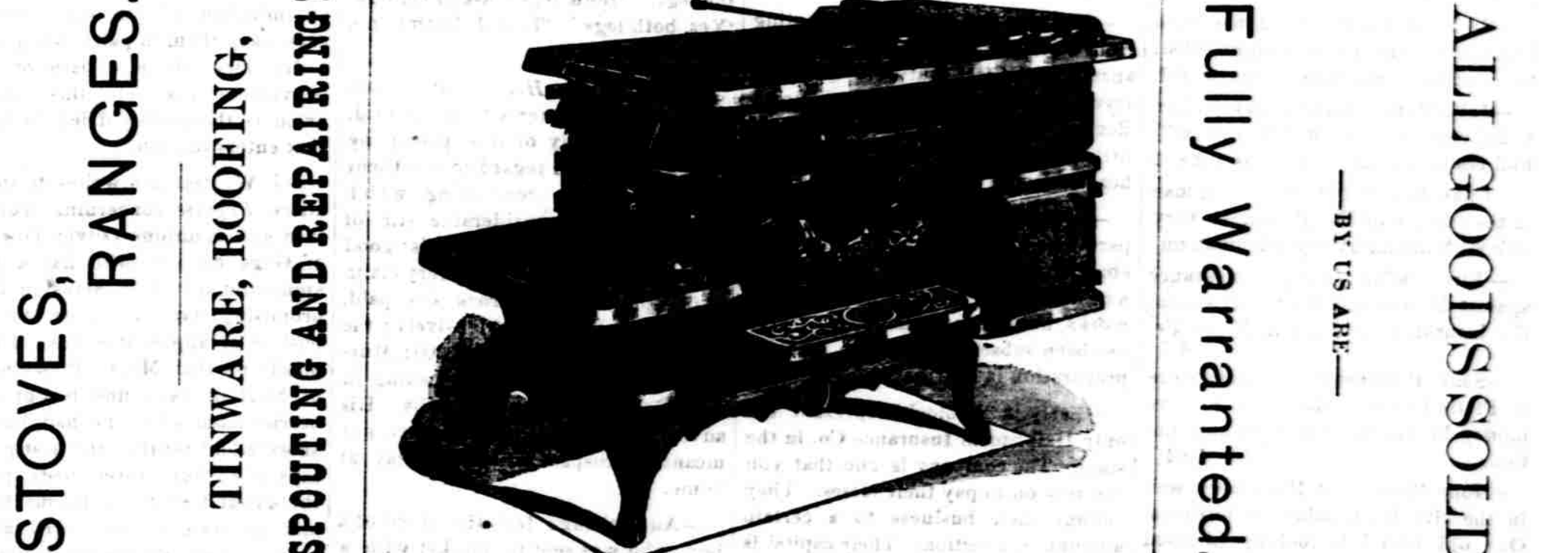
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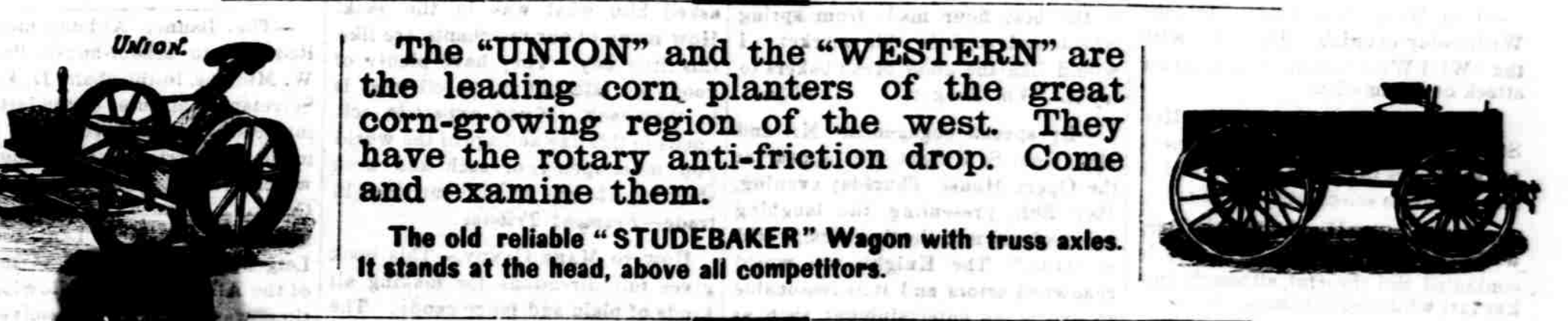


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