

*Boston. Tarte a la citronille.*

*Oranges. Noix. Cafe Noir.*

*He*—"May we eat no more pies until we eat such as these in our own land."

*She, delightedly*—"Then you are going home?"

*He*—"Do you think I could stand calmly and see the Atlantic grow between us."

*She*—"I am so glad, so glad."

*He*—"It will be about Christmas time when we get home. The first light snow will be falling, and the newsboys will be blowing their fingers and howling through the square. Chestnuts will be roasting on every corner, the shops will be gay with greens, and the bells will be crashing away in their windy steeples, and the very air will smell of Christmas. It will be good to be at home. At last! Your mother is getting ready to rise. You will go with me onto the terrace? I must see you alone. There will be star-lit nights on the Atlantic as we go over—"

*She*—"It will rather cold on the deck, my dear."

*He, as they rise*—"Well, never mind; there will be nights and nights, the stars will last forever, the stars and love."

*She*—"Signora Donati is frowning at you. She will call you to account to-morrow, and what will you say to her?"

*He, grasping her hand rapturously behind the portiers*—"America for Americans."

W. CATHER.

### An Innocent Abroad.

When speaking of the patriotism of the "Boys in Blue," it is customary to relate, at full length, their noble deeds, and to tell how they suffered in defending the flag under which they enlisted. There is, however, another phase to this subject, which, if viewed in an after dinner light, may not prove quite mirthless and uninteresting. It is not my purpose to depreciate the deeds of our nation's defenders, but to show how, in times of peace, old soldiers may display their loyalty.

The "G. A. R." holds a great many reunions, so many indeed that the average veteran expends all the money he makes between times, in going to and from, and in staying at these jubilees. It is to describe my going to, and to depict my staying at

one of these reunions, that this paper appears.

While recuperating before entering the U. of N., I determined to attend the reunion held at Boston, in order to stock up my knowledge of human nature. In due time I was affectionately commended to the tender mercies of all the bunco steerers on my route, and was then allowed to set out. To avoid the rush I started early. There were others who did the same and I soon found myself sandwiched in between as motely and as variegated masses of humanity as I ever desire to see. Here was the two-babied, one armed veteran with his wife and grip-sack. There was the grip-sack with its accompanying mass of humanity. Everyone was happy though uncomfortable; so it was not long before patriotism ran high. As soon as we were fairly in Iowa, it was helped along by artificial means.

On the train was a man with some firewater inside and two bottles of it outside. His friend, a worthy prohibitionist, managed to get outside of the remaining bitters, and patriotism ran higher.

By this time life was becoming rather burdensome. One or two of the freely advertised chair cars would have made the scenery look more enchanting. As it was the scenery was nearly all contained by the ordinary coach, and consisted mainly of those little biting jumpers that have such a faculty of making one's sleep resemble his first broncho ride.

Finally, I reached Niagara Falls. Pondering sadly over the price of a Canadian breakfast, I threw myself down before nature's wonder and tried to be poetic; but the poeey had all flown from my nature. I watched the stream of bridal couples of which Howells speaks in "A Wedding Journey." For the first time, I was lonely. But, delaying not, I quickly saw the sights and bidding adieu to Sam Patches grave of prolonged memory, I went on my way rejoicing.

Whirled along the bank of the Hudson