

## The Non-Attendance of Mr. Wynn

Much to the disappointment of the ladies and much to the satisfaction of the gentlemen, none of whom possessed his elegance of person and for that reason perhaps were a little envious of him when in the presence of the fair sex, Mr. Wynn failed to attend the afternoon At Home of the Honorable Mrs. Airy. Of course he had received the customary pastebord inviting his respected self to join the festive gathering, and known to be fond of such affairs, it was difficult for the feminine hearts to understand his absence. However, it is not of the disappointed ladies, nor of the satisfied gentlemen, but of the non-attendance of Mr. Wynn upon which hangs my tale.

To begin with, then, it was the afternoon of a cloudy Saturday in autumn. In the city everything looked gray and cheerless, from the clouds rolling one after another overhead to the streets below. Men hurried along with hands in their overcoat pockets and shoulders shrugged in vain endeavor to keep out the chill which crept into their bones and made their teeth chatter in spite of them. Yes, it was a bleak day, both indoors and outdoors. At any rate so concluded Mr. Wynn as he sat before the grate fire in his bachelor apartments. But just such a day to make a good horseback ride, he thought, and he thought, a ride into the country along sequestered roads where nature was bewitching autumnal garb.

"Egad, I'll do it," he exclaimed, clapping his hand upon his knee.

Now Mr. Wynn was a victim of whims. Everything he did was done instantaneously too, many things without thought or consideration—on the spur of the moment, to use a hackneyed expression.

As he often said, he detested people who required an eternity to make up their minds, who weighed a question first on one hand, then on the other, and back again to the first, only to be as far from a conclusion as when they began. No, Mr. Wynn was not of that species. He would rather toss a copper, to be governed by the way it fell than go into a long "thinking" of the subject. Not only in matters trivial was this characteristic dominant, but in the most important. For instance, Mr. Wynn was a lawyer, and a clever one it is said, but the selection of a profession was the outcome of a whim, just as was almost everything else he did. "I'll be a lawyer," said young Wynn in a whimsical mood at the age of nineteen, and in the next breath, "I'll be a doctor." Then there was a clash, but to be a sure copper soon decided the matter, tails—lawyer, heads—doctor, and so he became a rising member of the bar—Gerard Wynn, Esquire, of Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

A member of a club downtown and of a club uptown, keeping a stylish cab and natty dog-cart at Bobon's, Mr. Wynn cut quite a figure in society. He had, too, the faculty of making friends, which is always advantageous to one, and as a result his circle of acquaintances was large. A jolly, free-and-easy fellow, with the young men he was of course popular; a good-looking, well dressed, agreeable and above all eligible, made him a favorite of the ladies, all of which qualities, in addition to the fact of a clever young lawyer and brilliant talker, gave him an enviable position in the estimation of the older people. Still Mr. Wynn at twenty-seven was as restless and erratic as Mr. Wynn at nineteen. In little everyday affairs one could depend upon him no more than a trail canoe could be relied upon to safely cross the broad Atlantic. It was one made an appointment with him and he kept it, well and good; if he failed to do so, well and good, too, one would say, for he was not a victim of whims? Such was Mr. Wynn.

Perhaps some would call him unprincipled—a very bad trait indeed—and maybe he was, in trifling things, but that a despicable action ever emanated from him, that he ever slandered a friend or abused confidence reposed in him, no one could truthfully assert. The only fault to be laid at his door was that of being restless, unsettled, whimsical. Whimsical! Why, the very moment he decided to go riding was there not an artistic gem in the form of a square card, with the faintest odor of violets about it, on his table, which politely requested his presence that afternoon at the "At Home" of the Honorable Mrs. Airy, in every respect a most desirable acquaintance to cultivate, for bless you, was she not the leader of Toronto's most select? But while the invitation of this estimable lady certainly had priority over the whim which had seized Mr. Wynn, the latter must, as usual, be satisfied no matter it all the Honorable Mrs. Airy's in Canada stretched forth their hands to welcome him.

Therefore Mr. Wynn no sooner thought of a horseback ride than he jumped to the telephone. "Hello, Bobon! Have my horse saddled and sent up immediately. Immediately, do you hear, or egad, I'll break every bone in your man's body when he comes."

Then lighting a brain-stealing cigarette as he called them, yet in which he inconsistently indulged, he flew about the room like a madman as he changed his clothes for a riding suit. In what appeared to him an interminable time the man appeared with the horse, but instead of breaking every bone in the fellow's body—and upon my honor it was a poor lean one that stood holding the prancing beast—Mr. Wynn slipped something into his hand which made him smile expansively as he stood gazing at that "ansome gem'un" gaily cantering off, and then the smile on his lips yes, and in his eyes, too, slowly faded away to re-appear whenever he thought of the shining piece which lay snugly in his waistcoat pocket. Poor fellow! What pleasure a little generosity wrought in him. If the heavy purses would but think—well, to follow Mr. Wynn.

Handsome, well dressed and well mounted the young man attracted considerable attention as he rode through the streets, and much to the disappointment of mischievous boys vain to ridicule his very elegant white riding breeches, and to the chagrin of the lively young women who cast fond eyes at him. Mr. Wynn rode merrily on, utterly unconscious of his surroundings, perfectly satisfied with himself if not with all mankind. Where would he go, he mused, east, west or north? Ah! Good idea, he would follow the sun as all civilization did and go west. Then he smiled and a passing damsel blushed because she thought it was meant for her,

whereas Mr. Wynn was thinking what a funny thing it would be to race with old Sol, to ride on, on, and overtake him where? So at the idea he laughed.

The favorite rendezvous of Toronto's devotees of the saddle is away out Bloor street beyond Slattery's. Slattery's with shadows of the past hanging about it, recalling a world of pleasure, for who does not know Slattery's and who forgets the good old days when the antiquated place rang o' nights with youthful joy and merriment, where time after time gay spirited young men and women tripped the light fantastic to their heart's content? Ah, me! young men and women who have grown faded and worn just as the once familiar haunts has, just as we all are taking on old age, rheumatics and gout. Past Slattery's then, along High Park and beyond, there are sandy paths and shady roads along which one can gallop as much as one pleases, where, if desired, quiet nooks can be picked out in which to dream away the live-long day, hob-nob with nature, moralise and philosophize without interruption and be as much alone as was ever Robinson Crusoe on his isolated isle, for indeed it is a quiet and lovely spot.

So Mr. Wynn cantered on, leaving behind him the noisy city. Passing Slattery's he drew rein, and having at all times an eye for the beautiful picturesque scenery about did not escape his admiration. Truly, he thought, the soul would be dead that could not see the loveliness of those hills and valleys, those tinted leaves that seemed flushed by a fever killing them.

"How like am I to those very leaves," he mused, "for have I not bloomed to manhood only to fade away in old age, and those crushed ones lying there on the ground are unnoticed in the presence of the living loveliness, just as I shall be forgotten when I take the inevitable drop from the tree of life. But there is a glorious hereafter for man! Yes, that is the reward for struggling on through this tumultuous stretch of time. Then if those leaves look so beautiful with nothing but destruction awaiting them, how grandly magnificent man should strive to be in the light of what is to come. A restless feeling overcomes me when I think of the broad expanse of this world which I have never seen—the work of an infinite Master given all to enjoy, but which I have only a small part. Egad, I feel as poor Don Quixote of old might have felt, for I could wander on and on like this for ever, seeking new fields, admiring God's handiwork, as I jogged along, living as a child of nature in green fields and sylvan dells. Polly, old horse, you would be my Rozinante, common sense my Sancho Panza, the beautiful about me my lady Dulcinea, the world, the flesh, and the devil the monsters I would fight against. Pshaw! The world's prosaic. I would I had lived centuries ago when men swore by their heads and the cross of their swords." But unfortunately for Mr. Wynn, he lived in an age of stern reality, no matter which way he looked at it. Above him a telegraph wire stretched along the road, from which came a mournful hum like a song full of weirdness. It annoyed him and clashed with his dreaming, so he drew his horse off the main road to a quiet path running from it. Here he stopped, dismounted, threw himself upon the ground, drew a brain-stealer from a neat little case, and smoked. "I wonder," he mused, "if it is not better for a man to be a little insane than wise; not that I am a sage, in fact I sometimes think I lean towards the crazy side. Crazy, forsooth! I would rather have a lively imagination, approaching insanity even, that would make—er—well, giants of windmills as Don Quixote did, than have none at all and everything in its hideous reality unmasked of the idealism which might be put into it."

"Ha! ha! ha! That is good, Mr. Wynn. I am pleased to hear a member of that stern profession—the law, you know—admit, even to himself, that there is still left in him a little of the sentimental."

"Miss Gwynn!" exclaimed Mr. Wynn, springing to his feet at sight of a young lady before him, who continued laughing at what she had overheard.

"Yes, Mr. Wynn, Miss Gwynn, out for a little exercise on that dearest of beasts, Zip. Miserable day in town, nothing to do, no place to go—"

"The Honorable Mrs. Airy's?" interrupted Mr. Wynn.

The Honorable Mrs. Airy's! No, no. Of all places spare me from such as that. Too oppressively stately for me anyway, Mr. Wynn. So not wishing to succumb to *ennui*, I broke the bonds of propriety and hid me here alone, hoping to shake off the depression in a jolly gallop, when, behold, sauntering gaily on I espied a riderless horse grazing on the highway, which I found to be Mr. Wynn's Polly.

"What an adventure," I exclaimed, and with wild thoughts of brigands of old breaking out afresh in this peaceful country I grew alarmed for your safety when happening to look down this quiet path I found Mr. Wynn sitting against a tree calmly smoking a cigarette just as if it were a sultry day in summer. Concluding that Polly, not caring to be a party to her owner's dreaming, had wandered away unnoticed in search of something more interesting, I brought her back. Ha! ha! What an adventure indeed."

The merry speaker, who had dismounted and stood before Mr. Wynn in her well fitting riding habit, was young and beautiful. What more is necessary to say? Whether she had the golden tresses of a blonde or the raven locks of a brunette, whether her years were eighteen or twenty, whether her nose was turned up or turned down, her eyes blue, black, or green for that matter, is of no consequence at all. That she is young and beautiful is quite sufficient, so beautiful indeed that to look at her was like some of us beholding a masterpiece of art which we know is beautiful but to save our lives could not tell just wherein the beauty lay.

Mr. Wynn leaned against his horse, slowly puffing his cigarette and watching the smoke as it rose in the air and died away. Miss Gwynn, suddenly springing into the saddle, turned her horse towards the road.

"Well, Mr. Philosopher, as you seem inclined to silence I shall proceed upon my lonely way and leave you with your meditative thoughts. I would not for the world have disturbed your profound reverie had I known you were given to such spells. Ah,

me! Happy is the philosopher. Hh! ha! Good-bye!"

Away she was in an instant, out of sight, leaving the echo of her merry laugh in the heart of Mr. Wynn.

Now had that young gentleman followed his first impulse he would have mounted his horse and pursued the flying beauty, but it ended in being overthrown, not by wise consideration, but by impulse number two, which was to throw himself upon the ground, giving vent to round rebuke of himself for being such a "duffer," as he called it.

"Egad, I have known the time when I would give my right hand for such an opportunity to have a quiet talk with that divinity of creatures. To tell the truth I would, for a fool, an idiot, to let such a chance escape you. Oh, my darling, love of my heart, return to this disconsolate mortal!"

But the beauty returned not and Mr. Wynn again resorted to heaping rebuke upon his head. To tell the truth I would not like to repeat the hard names he called himself, for I am sure the language was not in the estimation of the older people which I have mentioned.

"Confound society," muttered Mr. Wynn, at a loss perhaps for something to turn his ill-humor against, "a lot of over dressed women (outside the ball room) and coxcomb men. Damme, I'll get out of it. I hate their nice phrases and their empty talk, their glaring flattery, under which lies deep hypocrisy. Bah! 'tis all a sham, a glitter, and hollow as a drum. Confound those sickly cigarettes, too," and he threw away the little white thing, "Henceforth I'll smoke the old clay pipe which has made better men than did ever those tissue paper stripes. Come, Polly, we'll go home and turn Bohemians."

So, having exhausted his spleen, Mr. Wynn mounted his horse and rode towards the city, with a scowl on his face, his hat drawn over his eyes and wearing a most dejected mien altogether, far, far different from the dashing young man of a few hours before.

Oh, women, women, what misery you can cause in the heart of man!

"Confound everything," growled the lonely horseman as he proceeded on his way, and it his Polly did not take flight at sound of her master's voice it was not because she knew it, for the tone was so gruff that it might have come from where Mr. Wynn felt his heart had sunk—away down in his boots, as he put it.

"Well, you are a pretty fellow to talk of idealism."

The speaker was the beauty, if Mr. Wynn could believe his eyes and ears.

"Why, from where did you come, like a ray of sunshine in the darkness?" inquired Mr. Wynn, his dejection and gruffness of voice giving place to the merriest mood and the sweetest of voices.

"Overtook you, of course," answered the beauty, "which you might have discovered before had you been philosophizing. Ha! Ha! Mr. Wynn, the philosopher! What a joke! But, as I said, you are a pretty fellow to talk of idealism when you would leave poor me—an ideal creature surely—to pursue my way alone."

"My dear Miss Gwynn," replied Mr. Wynn, "you might leave your praises to be sounded by others."

"Come, come, Mr. Wynn," laughed the beauty, "I am not going to quarrel with you, for I know you want company and I do not object to your escort—that is, not much, you know."

"Oh!" from Mr. Wynn.

"Oh, indeed?" from Miss Gwynn.

"Well, turn back and have a spin. Besides, Miss Gwynn, I—I want to say something to you."

"Oh!" from Miss Gwynn.

"Oh, indeed?" from Mr. Wynn.

"Now, Mr. Solomon, what have you to say? Something in the philosophical line, I suppose?"

"Fairness of women," cried Mr. Wynn, in mock seriousness, "dismiss that levity. I want to ask you to—er—to marry me—to be my wife, you know."

The beauty stopped her horse and Mr. Wynn did likewise.

"I—I did not think you could be so—so cruel, Mr. Wynn," she said, "to—talk of—of such a—serious—serious affair so—so lightly. I—I might have known better than—than—than—," and what did the lovely creature do but break down and cry. Here was a pretty state of things for Mr. Wynn. Oh! for a quiet nook where he could clasp the darling to his breast and tell her what a brute he was to talk so lightly; how, nevertheless, he loved her better than his life and seriously meant what he had said, although it might have been couched in words more endearing. But the best Mr. Wynn could do was to draw his horse up beside hers, put his strong arm around her fair waist and tell her—well, bless you, what a different aspect an explanation will put on things misunderstood. So it was with the beauty, for her tears soon vanished and her merry laugh again took their place. But—let me whisper it—I do believe the laugh was a great deal merrier, and I am sure anyone could have seen there was a brighter light in her beautiful eyes.

On they drifted, walking their horses all time. What they talked of has, of course, nothing to do with this story, which is just as well, for it would take volumes to tell of all they said. At any rate they talked so much, regardless of their surroundings, that before they knew it darkness was fast approaching, with them far from the city. What cared they, though, if the north pole were close at hand? Not a bit. However, instead of being near that frigid and mysterious spot they found themselves not far from a country tavern by the roadside, from the windows of which gleamed a comfortable and inviting light. In fact, so comfortable and inviting did it look that at Mr. Wynn's suggestion they decided to enter, have supper and return to the city by moonlight. Ah, me! Ah, me! What bliss is the lover's.

Two guests from the city, especially of so distinguished appearance as Miss Gwynn and Mr. Wynn, was a little out of the ordinary to mine host.

"If they would not mind the delay," quoth he, "would they please step inside the sitting room while supper was being prepared?" So they entered the room, where a cheery fire burned upon an old-fashioned hearth. Mr. Wynn took possession of an easy chair and sat before the fire "toasting" himself, as he said, while Miss Gwynn sat in another. Of course how near to one another they sat is none of my affair, should not concern the reader and has no possible bearing on this story,

but the fact that Mr. Wynn—perhaps you will not believe it, but nevertheless 'tis true—overcome no doubt by the long ride and fresh air, went to sleep in the presence of the beauty, has a great deal to do with this tale. No disguising it, no use attempting to shield him from the contempt he well merits, Mr. Wynn dozed in the presence of the beauty and in the hour of his betrothal—the hour which should be the happiest in a man's life. Still, contemptible as it seems, Mr. Wynn slept on placidly until awakened by a shrill voice yelling into the room:

"Supper!"

With a jump he was on his feet and lo, what do you think happened? Why, Mr. Wynn was standing before the grate fire in his city apartments just beginning to realize that it had all been a dream.

"A dream?" cried he. "The divine Gwynn, the horseback rider, the country tavern, and oh, those kisses full of bliss, all a dream? Bah!"

"Bah!" was really not what Mr. Wynn said, but it looks better in print and sounds better too.

After raving about the room a few moments he threw himself into the chair again.

"What! Have I been sleeping and dreaming here all afternoon like an overgrown infant? Have I missed the Honorable Mrs. Airy's affair where no doubt the beauty was and where I anticipated such a glorious time? Bah!"

When his landlady's Abigail called him to supper the second time it was fortunate for that young woman that she did not put her head in the doorway again, for I am afraid that in his mood then Mr. Wynn would have done serious damage to that head.

He swallowed his disgust and disappointment as well as he could, but for the rest of that night the friends he met wondered what new whim had seized Mr. Wynn for, as they said, he was like a bear with an afflicted cranium, whatever that means.

However, as the illustrious William put it, "All's well that ends well," and as I received a short time ago a neatly printed card upon which the names of Miss Gwynn and Mr. Wynn significantly appeared I take it that everything ended smoothly and satisfactorily as a fairy story of your youth.

Now ladies, so much disappointed when Mr. Wynn failed to appear at the Honorable Mrs. Airy's At Home, you know the true cause of that gentleman's non attendance.—Toronto Saturday Night.

### THINGS OF VALUE.

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### Feeling in the Bones.

People usually imagine that their bones are of solid mineral construction, without any feeling in them. No one who has ever had a leg or an arm cut off is likely to indulge in such a mistaken notion. Comparatively speaking, little pain is felt when the flesh is being cut through, but when the bone is attacked by the saw, Oh, my!

You see, as a matter of fact, there are blood-vessels and nerves inside the bones just as there are outside. Anyone who has purchased a beefsteak at the market knows about the marrow in the bone. It is the same with other animals than the bullock, including human beings. Through the marrow run the nerves and blood-vessels, entering the bones from the flesh without by little holes, which you can see for yourself any time by examining a skeleton or part of one.

When the disease called rheumatism, which no physician understands, affects the nerves within the bones, no way has been discovered for treating it successfully. It does not do to smile when a person says that he feels a thing in his bones.—Pearson's Weekly.

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