

LOVE AND SORROW.

BY L. R. BAKER.

Fluttering birdlings softly chirping
For the warm sun sinks to slumber
Oh, the weary day is ended! Come you, too, and learn to rest.

Fold your tired hands till to-morrow;
rest in we're calm and sweet;
See the dark, uneven shadows lengthening,
Under the stars at our feet;
Till the hour when Love and Sorrow
are through the deepening shadows stray.

Love's fair face is shy and blushing,
Sorrow turns her eyes away,
When above the lonely mountain
lingers one faint beam of day;
Then they clasp their hands, and slowly
through the deepening shadows stray.

Let us rest while Love and Sorrow
roam about the echoing dell,
Hand in hand we, too, have met them,
and we murmur: "It is well."
For our fondest memories ever
with their vanished faces dwell.

UNCLE DAVID.

It was commencement week at the old university, a busy week and on the whole a delightful one. There were partings that were sad; there were partings that were tender; there was the break up of the life that had grown dear to many of these virile young men, but in the demands and the bustle of the parting hours unpleasant reminders were kept in abeyance.

A student of the senior year emerging from one of the gray old dormitories almost ran into a classmate who was hurrying by.

"Hullo, Foster."

"Excuse me, Craig. I didn't notice where I was going."

"What's wrong, old chap?"

He was a good fellow at heart, this Craig in spite of his father's money and the spoiling influence of a dotting mother and sister.

John Foster looked around.

"Nothing really serious. Just a disappointment."

Craig fell into step beside him.

"I need a little violent exercise myself," he said. "Which way?"

"To the telegraph office."

"Brownlee told me something about an engineering job you hoped to get. Has this something to do with it?"

"Yes. They have wired me to meet the chief engineer of the line in Chicago to-morrow. He's making up a party to look after their Arizona extension."

"Just what you wanted, isn't it?"

"Yes. I'm very glad to get the opening."

"And everything is all right at the college end of the line, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes. The dean knows all about it. He has given me letters of introduction to several people."

"When do you start?"

"This morning."

"Too bad you miss the show, but that isn't all that's bothering you, is it? Need any money?"

"No," Foster replied quickly.

"That's all right, then. It's the only panacea for trouble that I know anything about. Can't I help you in some way?"

They had not been at all intimate, these two. John Foster was a boy with little time to make in the world, a boy of very limited means. He had little time for amusement and could afford few friends. Arthur Craig was the only son of a millionaire. Life to him was largely play. His set was the liveliest and most exclusive in the university. There was really nothing in common between the two, save their allegiance to the same alma mater. Once when an unusually severe examination in a study that had especially bothered Craig was close at hand, Jim Brownlee had brought John Foster up to Craig's rooms, and they had put in several evenings together to such good advantage that Craig stood the test in a really commendable way. He had offered to recompense Foster for his services and had been emphatically repulsed.

Foster looked round at Craig with a quick smile.

"Thank you," he said. "I'm afraid it isn't anything you could remedy. I'd better explain. I'm worrying about my uncle David. You see he is to be here to-day. All through my four years he's been looking forward to commencement week, and to being here with me during the last days at the old school. I can't tell you how much I owe to Uncle David. He's taken care of me since I was a child of three. He sent me here. You can't understand what that means. He's only a farmer but moderately successful. Yet he has contrived to send me here and to send my cousin Helen—another orphan—to Vassar. Now he's coming to pay me that long expected visit—and I can't even be here to greet him when he arrives. And I counted so much on showing him around."

"That's too bad," said Craig, sympathetically. He paused for a moment. "See here, old chap," he cried, "let me look after your Uncle David."

"You!"

"Why not? I'm foot loose. I haven't anybody coming. Mother and sis are in England with my married sister, Lady Heathcote. Dad is in San Francisco. My time is my own. You trust Uncle David with me. I don't get a chance to do anything decent very often. Let me have this one."

Foster looked at him doubtfully.

"My uncle is a plain man, a man of simple tastes," he said.

"Not another word," cried Craig. "Tell me how to identify him, and what to say to him when I meet him."

"This is very good of you, Craig," said John Foster, a little brokenly. And he put out his hand.

Arthur Craig was on the station platform when the 10.30 train from the north came in. There were quite a number of passengers to alight, but presently he fancied he saw the man he wanted. He was a tall, slender man who stooped a little, a plain featured man with gray hair and a short gray beard. His clothes were gray, too, and so was his soft hat, and he carried an old fashioned leather traveling bag.

As he stepped to the platform he looked about inquiringly.

Arthur Craig came forward.

"Mr. David Rivington, I believe?"

"Yes," responded the old man, "I am David Rivington."

Arthur handed him John Foster's letter.

"This will explain the situation," he said. "I am Arthur Craig, one of John's friends. You will find me mentioned in the letter."

"Isn't John all right?" the old man asked with a little tremor in his voice.

"John is perfectly well and happy—at least he would be happy if he could be here to meet his Uncle David. But come, Mr. Rivington, you might just as well be comfortable while you are reading John's letter. This way, please." He took the old man's bag from his hand and piloted him across the station platform to where his runabout stood. Uncle David stared at the beautiful car with its shining trimmings.

"This is the second time I have been in this town," he said, with a twinkle in his gray eyes. "I remember they ran a bus to the hotel in those early days. This seems to be quite a striking improvement."

Craig laughed as he placed the bag in the car.

"They are running the same old bus," he said. "But we are not going to the hotel, and this car happens to be mine. All aboard, please."

"Yours?" said the old man. His kindly gray eyes turned from the shining car to its owner. "Do many of the college young men have them?"

"I need a little violent exercise myself," he said. "Which way?"

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Then began a round of wild dissertation for the good old man. Trips in the runabout, strolls through the college buildings, a baseball game between the faculty and the college team, luncheons and dinners and breakfasts.

It was on the second day that Uncle David said to Arthur Craig, "See here, my boy, why should you take all this trouble for a plain old man? Have you made a bet, perhaps, that you would do this? I have heard of such things."

He was smiling as he spoke, but his tone was grave.

"Nothing of the kind, Uncle David. I freely volunteered to look after you. I've no one else, you know."

"That's a little strange, isn't it?"

"It couldn't be here. My father is in San Francisco, taking on another railroad. I had a telegram from him last night. My mother and sister Grace are in England, where my married sister is ill. I'll get a cablegram from them to-day. So you see I have nobody but you, Uncle David."

There was a queer little twinkle in Uncle David's eyes.

"Perhaps," he slowly said, "the discipline will do you good." He paused. "Has your father always had money?"

"As far back as I can remember."

"You have had everything you wanted?"

"Always."

"I see," said Uncle David. Arthur laughed.

"I know what you are thinking. You are saying to yourself, 'And yet there's still something good about the boy.'"

"That's true," said Uncle David. When it came to the evening of the reception Arthur couldn't help feeling a little perturbed. How would Uncle David appear? There was no question about his manners. The old man had all the instincts of a born gentleman. But his clothes? But the ancient traveling bag's contents were not so bad. Uncle David, in a long-tailed black coat with a white waistcoat, looked like an old-fashioned picture.

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eligible. Mr. Rivington. You will bring him, Craig."

As they passed along the president caught the young man's arm.

"This is very well done, Craig," he murmured. "You are honoring yourself when you honor this good man."

Uncle David left for home on Saturday morning. He held Arthur's hand tightly at parting.

"You have certainly given me the time of my life," he laughed. "I can't say more than that, can I? And I'm going to write your father and tell him some things about his son that he may be glad to know. You don't object to that?"

"No," replied Arthur. "Not if you give him the plain facts."

"I'll make them as plain as your Uncle David's evening clothes. But there, the train is coming. I'd like to have you on the farm for awhile, boy. Come up this summer. I want you to come while Helen is at home. That's the finest compliment I can pay you."

"I'll come," responded Arthur.

"Good-by, Uncle David."—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NEGOTIATIONS BROKEN OFF.

Bargaining for rugs in Turkestan is always attended with possibilities of disappointment to the one party or the other. An English traveler in that country gives the history of one transaction in which he was concerned.

Between the wood smoke and the tanning effects of wind and weather, he says, many of the door-rugs acquire a tone which is not to be matched by any other process, and we took them eagerly whenever we could persuade the wrinkled old women to part with them.

First advances were usually made through the rosy-cheeked, cheery little children. A present of a few beads would produce ecstasies of pleasure; but it was not always that the children were allowed by their parents to keep the beads.

I remember one little damsel of six or eight whose delight was expressed in every line of her sweet little form when she first took a string of blue beads from my hand. Then she showed the beads to her grandmother, a wizened old hag who was watching proceedings with fierce eyes from the darkness of a kibitka interior.