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[For the Sunday Republican.]

THE LOCK OF GRAY.

BY THE LATE "ASA HARTZ."

The following poem, by Mr. McKnight, written some years ago, has never before been published.—[Ed. Rep.]

I sit alone!
The curtain of night is o'er the earth,
And my weary soul now feels the dearth
Of a pleasure gone.

In my silent room—
Alone with my thoughts—I sit and feel
A softened sadness o'er me steal—
A gentle gloom.

Dear souvenir!
While sadly I sit and muse on thee,
I'll spend the hour in converse free—
Of thee—with her.

Oh, loved one true!
As I gaze on this silken braid of white,
Tell me, did grief thy young life blight
To change the hue!

Did'st fondly love?
And were thy heart-hopes dash'd away
Ere dawned the joyous looked for day
Thy faith to prove?

Did not this tress—
When fever flushed thy throbbing brow
With color darker then than now—
Thy pillow press?

Emblem of years!
I care not what hath changed thy hue,
If she upon whose brow it grew
Be kept from tears.

Gently, oh, Time,
Deal thou with her! Creep softly years!
Soft flow the stream which gently bears
Her spirit home—to breath the airs
Of heaven's clime.

A WISE LITTLE WOMAN.

I.

Our morning studies with Scot were over, and I, Charles Brett, was lying down for my hour's rest before luncheon. Pennie was leaning, with folded arms, on the back of my sofa, provoking Scot as industriously as she could, while he slowly closed and put away the books she had left in confusion on the table. This room in which we studied was no regular schoolroom, but the pretty morning-room, which Pennie—sole mistress and sole daughter in the house—insisted on my appropriating; and opposite where I lay the wall was mirrored between the two low windows. In this mirror I could see just then a sunny, bright reflection of us all; and the contrast in our three faces struck me almost as it had never struck me before.

Pennie's came first (one could hardly help noticing Pennie first, in whatever group one saw her); a small, brilliant, piquant face, with merry, mischievous lips, and laughing, dark-blue eyes, that seemed to know no sorrow and no pain. Yet, though no one else in all the house had seen the gay eyes melt to infinite tenderness, or the arch curved lips quiver with sympathy, I had, many and many a time, as my little only sister knelt beside me in my pain. Before this radiant little face lay my own upon the bright blue cushions, thin and languid, but a little flushed just now—not from my studies, as Pennie said, but from the many wide thoughts of which she was the centre. Then, last of all, before my couch stood Scot Cowen, my tutor, yet scarcely older than I, with his pale, grave, thoughtful face, and slight nervous figure. He was looking across me into Pennie's eyes, and telling her, in the clear, earnest voice which I had learned so utterly to love and lean upon, that if she wanted her translation to be corrected she must re-write it legibly for him.

"I shall have to write it out legibly after you have corrected it," she said. "Surely that is enough labor to bestow on the tamest bit of all the book."

"I can not read it as it is," began Scot, but corrected himself, "at least I will not. To-morrow, Miss Brett, you will, I think, have prepared a readable copy for me."

Her eyes flashed upon him as he went quietly on with his work.

"Is Charlie's written carefully?" she asked.

"Yes; he gives me very little trouble that way, you know."

"I know," she replied, touching my hand softly, "and I give you a good deal. But let me assure you that you give me infinitely more, Scot. If it were not that you are oddly gifted with the power of bringing dead and buried facts (chiefly fiction) into the modern sunshine, for my small brain to grasp, I would not come and try to learn from you at all. So stiff you are, and stern and exacting."

Scot's lips at that moment were stern indeed.

"Then don't come in any more Pennie," said I, laughing a little, though I spoke with anxious earnestness.

"I must, because I must know all you know, Charlie," she answered, stooping impetuously to kiss me—a little act of hers which always thrilled me with pain when she did it in this room, while Scot was with us.

"If you had been anxious for instruction, you would have stayed at school, I should think, Pennie," I laughed.

"Oh, ladies can not teach," she said, in her pretty and thoroughly laughable little assumption of dictatorship, "no lady ever taught me anthing."

Scot laughed quietly. "No one can teach," he said, "unless the pupils respect their teaching. I can not teach you for that reason."

"Why, Scot," said Pennie, raising her eyebrows and pursing up her small, red lips, "I respect you intensely. I always feel a kind of awe shadowing me when you are near me. I would hardly dare to venture into your presence, only I must be as clever as Charlie, so I must be taught by Charlie's tutor."

"Charlie's tutor is always at your service," returned Scot, gravely; "but while I teach you, you must obey me. While I teach you that is all I ask. When lessons are over I claim no further authority."

"Of course not," laughed Pennie, "and your claim is small. From ten to one you require authority unlimited, and I think it is ten to one you will not have it."

"Then I shall decline to give you another lesson at all," rejoined Scot, quite in earnest, though he laughed a little.

"All right, Scot, only you see I have learned (among smatterings of dead languages) to know that you alway say that, and always don't enforce it. You should enforce your laws, my tutor."

Looking at Scot, and waiting for his answer, I saw his face change. While his hands were still busy, a patient, far-off look stole into his dark, grave eyes, and I knew without turning who had opened the door behind me. Walter Cowes, his half-brother, came up and leaned beside Pennie, looking never once at me, giving me no handshake, no thought, until he had feasted his happy eyes on the little winning face, which had brightened so wonderfully at his coming. Before I turned I glanced a moment into the mirror again, and somehow I could not help fancying that the whole picture was changed. Walter's handsome debonnaire face, and lazy, lounging figure had brought some new element into the scene—a quick, throbbing happiness, an idle, careless unrest.

Breaking in upon my sudden, silent thought, Scot's few quiet words had an odd effect.

"How is my mother to-day, Walter?"

"Complaining a little, as usual, old fellow, and, as usual, very unwilling for me to leave her."

"Did she send me a message?"

"Not a bit of it. Her only parting prayer to me was not to ride Satanella."

"And I suppose you mounted her immediately!" I asked, beginning to feel a little tired, and wishing they would go.

"No, for I was in the saddle when she spoke. You will ride with me this afternoon, won't you, Pennie?"

And Pennie, who loved these rides with Walter more than anything else through all her day, blushed gladly as she nodded her yes.

"Come now for a stroll in the garden. I came early on purpose for that," said Walter in the loving tone of approbation which led Pennie irresistibly.

She whispered good-by to me, and they went off together through the low, open window, their happy voices coming back to us on the scented summer breath. Day after day Scot and I had watched them walking together; yet though they filled our hearts we never spoke of them when we two were left behind.

"I shall leave you now, Charlie, for your nest."

"Where are you going?" I asked, for Scot generally sat with me reading through this hour.

"Not far, dear fellow," he answered, setting my pillows comfortably for me. "I shall be ready to drive you at our usual time."

Left to myself, I tried very hard to think of nothing, and, of course, thought of many things, trying to put them straight and pleasant for us all, but failed in the effort, as I had failed often and often before. Then I tried to let a quiet trust creep into my heart, and still the restless anxiety which was now its constant guest.

Years ago, when Scot was only a boy—head boy at the Easterwood Grammar School, and taking all the prizes, I guessed—no, hardly guessed; I knew—that he loved my sister better than any one else in the world. True, he had no very near relations of his own to love; but if he had had, I fancy it would have been just the same. I was a young fourth-form boy in those days, at home on sick leave three-quarters of the time, and Pennie a wayward, mischievous girl, attempting all my lessons, but never taking the smallest heed of her own; yet we never fancied Scot at all superior to us, because he was himself so thoroughly unconscious of superiority. He did not come to our house very much; he worked too hard for this; but his half brother, Walter—a very popular boy, who was a proverb of idleness, and who did not work his way into the shell until he was leaving—came so perpetually that he grew to seem a very part of our home life. He was such a pleasant, winning lad that his very vanity seemed excusable; his very selfishness amusing, and his love of pleasure natural and irresistible. Pennie noticed none of these qualities in Walter. She saw him from the first a handsome, daring protector and patron; a boy-lover, who took it for granted that she loved him, and won her heart for doing so. And now that Walter was a tall, handsome fellow of three-and twenty, and Pennie, with her gleam of childishness, and fitful, authoritative humors, was nearly eighteen, his love is just the love it had been from the first—unharrassed by any doubt; undisturbed by any quarrel; untouched by any passion; fresh and gay, and glad, despite the deep and troubled shadow which it cast upon the lonely path that it forever crossed.

Walter's widowed mother lived about two miles from us, at Easter Hill, and had a very comfortable property of her own, which, of course, Walter would inherit. Poor Scot, her step-son, had £50 a year of his own; but he had wealth enough in his deep, clear head; and there was as much truth in Mrs. Cowen's indifferent opinion, "Oh, Scot is sure to get on, penniless as he is," as she was in the proud addition, "Dear Walter would never have done to be poor." I don't think Mrs. Cowen disliked Scot at all, she was only utterly indifferent about him, and neglectful of him. Her heart was so entirely filled by Walter, that she really had no room for any one else; not even for Pennie, though I do believe she tried to love her because Walter loved her.

When Scot left Oxford, where, with his talents and fifty pounds a year, he had won himself glorious honors, he became my tutor for a time, and lived with us entirely. All my life I shall be glad and grateful for this, for he has taught me as no one else could have done; making my studies healthful and pleasant to me, and rousing me cheerily from the languid, idle life, which, in my weakness and inactivity, I might so easily have led. But during all Scot's lessons, I had one sore heart-ache, and this was through Pennie's determination to have lessons with me; to learn all I learnt, and for Scot to teach it to her. And she would not guess what I knew so well. Would not understand with what a dangerous mixture of pain and pleasure, and joy and anguish, she troubled all his days. Poor Scot! It would have been difficult work to teach her (with her puzzling questions and frequent inattention) if he had not loved her, but, loving her as he did, and knowing what he knew, I did not wonder at the old, still look which was creeping into his young face; my own watching eyes grew dim as I read its unwhispered struggle. And still, in defiance of all my entreaties, Pennie would insist on being taught with me; mastering quickly and brilliantly what my lower nature could not grasp; entering into Scot's opinions, and reading rapidly his own half-formed thoughts. Turning round and laughing at his pedantry; flashing scornful, provoking words and glances at him; then daintily and proudly, in his very presence, parading the happy, trusting love she gave his brother.

All these things I was thinking over, as I had thought them over many and many a lonely time before, when the luncheon bell rang, and Pennie danced in, then Walter gave me an arm.

"I knew Scot was out, because I saw him plodding up Easter Hill," she said. "What has he gone home for?"

I told her I did not know, and the looked across at Walter rather puzzled. Then she laughed.

"I know, Walter. He is afraid your mother may be frightened about Satanella, and he has gone to reassure her."

"I hope he may succeed," replied Walter, a little sneeringly.

"I hope he has ridden Satanella himself," I said. "Not walked all that dusty up-hill road."

"No; he was walking," answered Pennie. "You may depend that was the reason as I say. It is just the sort of thing poor Scot would be likely to do."

"Poor Scot, indeed!" echoed Walter. And I slipped my hand from his arm, and went alone into the diningroom.

Scot did not appear through the meal, but just as Pennie had declared her determination to drive me instead of riding, he came up to us; his face was very white, as it always was when he was tired or hot.

"I am glad to see you back to-day, Scot," said Walter, with a heavy emphasis, as he ordered Pennie's horse; "for we were nearly missing our ride. Come, Pennie, it will be doubly valuable to us now."

"Charlie," whispered Pennie, an old wistfulness in her big, bright eyes, "you look as if you didn't want me to go. Shall I drive with you instead?"

I laughed a negative; and yet I did feel strangely unwilling for her to go, guessing that this ride would bring them nearer together than they had ever been before. We watched them off. Then Scot took the reins and we followed them through the open gates, turning the opposite way. We spoke very little to each other; we were real friends enough to be silent together when we would, and I remember feeling oddly relieved when Scot drew the pony up again before the door, and I saw Walter lounging there with his cigar.

"Charlie, Charlie," whispered Pennie, coming in to me as I rested, and putting her arms round my neck and her eyes close to mine; "some day I am going to—marry Walter. Are you glad? My dear, dear brother, are you glad for me, and glad for Walter, and glad for yourself?"

What could I tell her but that I was glad? How could I but be glad for her, with the dancing, love-filled eyes so near to mine? How could I but be glad for Walter, knowing what her love made my own home? But how—well, there was enough to prevent the words being false when I told her I was glad.

"Really, Charlie?"

I kissed the quivering lips, and told her Walter would be a happy fellow, and I should miss her sorely. The tears gathered in her loving eyes, and I think we must both have behaved very childishly for a few minutes, there alone, in the tender evening sunshine.

I begged Walter to leave early that night, for fear his mother should be nervous about the young, scarce-broken horse he had brought, but he declined. He was so happy, and gay, and pleasant, that his refusal did not sound in the least harsh or unkind; and no one thought it so. He and Pennie were so entirely engrossed by each other that, my father being out, and Scot having left the diningroom early, and not appeared since, I slipped away into his study. Here Scot was sitting with his book. He looked up and smiled, but I laid down without a word, and he read on. The light failed.

Scot closed his book without ringing for lights, and still sat leaning back in his low chair. I heard Satanella's footsteps as she was being led down from the yard, and soon after Pennie opened the door softly and came up to me.

"Are you so tired, Charlie, that you could not stay with us?" she asked, bending over mine a face on which still lingered the parting smile which had been given and re ceived a few minutes before.

"You did not want me, dear," I said, half sadly, half jestingly.

"Indeed, indeed we did," she answered, earnestly, fancying, perhaps, that her own loving feelings must be shared by Walter too. "We always shall. Am I not your own and only sister, Charlie, and is not Walter going to be your own and only brother?"

Even in the dying light I could see Scot raise a sharp, questioning face, and, reading its agony, I involuntarily laid my hand on Pennie's lips. Then I laughed nervously at her astonishment.

"Scot is waiting to hear your secret from your own lips," I said, wishing with all my heart I had told him myself while we sat alone there in the twilight.

"Oh, Scot," she began, with shy hesitation, "I did not see you, else I would have told. At least I think so, if—if Walter hasn't."

"You have kept Walter so entirely to yourself, little lady," I put in, hurriedly, "that he can not have told any one."

"He—and I," said Pennie, in slow, happy tones, but with timid, shrinking eyes, as she look at him, "are—engaged, Scot."

"Yes," said Scot, quietly.

She paused a minute, waiting for him to say more, then tossed back her bright little head, and looked down comically at me.

"Ought not Scot to say he's glad, or something of that kind, Charlie?" Isn't it considered right?"

I saw that she was speaking at random, and that her cheeks had flushed and her eyes filled with tears as she read what was so sadly familiar to me in the grave, kind face.

"I think you need no congratulations, dear," I said vaguely, "you have enough in your own heart."

Her little fingers closed tightly on mine, yet she had recourse to her old petulant defiance immediately.

"Scot is hard, and stern, and cold to me, as usual," she stammered hotly, "Just because I made a few mistakes in a paltry translation."

Scot was standing against the table close to us then; his slight figure leaning a little; his face white and proud.

"If I can be hard and stern and cold to you, child, then let me be so, child, in pity, for under it all my heart burns with a wild, strong love, which I can not always govern. Let me burn it out if I can, whatever comes to take its place."

There was a long, motionless pause among us; then, with a startled movement, as if something was suddenly made clear to her, Pennie left my side and stood close to Scot. She laid her two little hands on his, and spoke with glistening eyes.

"Some day, Scot, when you have taught Charlie and me all that we shall be able to learn (it isn't much, you know), you will go out into the great world and find a happiness like mine, only deeper, and when you tell me of it—as you will do, because we shall be always friends—I shall say what you are saying to me now with your kind eyes: 'God bless you in your happiness!'"

Scot took the little earnest hands and held them closely for a minute; but if he spoke at all I did not hear what he said. Then he went away, and Pennie sat down beside me very still and silent; while the pitying darkness crept in and hid her face.

II.

"Isn't that a true verse, Charley—'Their's is the sorrow who are left behind?'"

Pennie was driving me home from the station. We had been to see Walter off to London on his way to the continent, where he was to spend six months with a party of old college friends. The reins were unnecessarily tight in Pennie's hand; the little rounded cheeks were very pale in the fickle March sunshine, and the young voice was bright only by a great effort.

"Which I suppose is a very soothing reflection for you," I said, smiling, "as you love Walter so much better than yourself."

"Yes; but I was thinking of some one else, too. May we drive on to see Mrs. Cowen? She said this parting would break her heart."

"Never mind to-day, Pennie. Scot is there. He is best to be with her now—best to be with her always, if she did but know it."

"Not better than Walter, Charley, she replied, her eyes all aflame in their sorrow; "not better than such a dear, dear, pleasant fellow. Scot is not the very idol of his mother's heart—like Walter."

"No; in consequence of his mother's heart being set against him." But I stopped with a laugh, for I would not vex Pennie to-day with this old argument of ours.

"Now Charlie," she said, her face so happy in its love, so wistful and tender in its first pain of parting, "in spite of all you choose to say of Scot's goodness and of Walter's thoughtlessness, you know very well that everybody likes Walter best. They can't help it. No more can I."

She seemed to miss Walter very much, and she was just her own willful self all the time—always waiting on me, teasing Scot, and acting the pleasant, demure little mistress of the house when our father came home at night. Often I felt very angry with her; and at last one day when Scot had had one of his old hard struggling mornings, I followed her out and told her I could not stand by and see his brave, patient pain.

"You ought never to come in to study with us," I said, hotly. "You should learn nothing all your life rather than learn from him now."

"But there is no one else to learn from," she pouted. "So I must."

"Then I wish to Heaven he would care less for my good and go away for his own sake."

"That would be very unkind, though I dare say that he will do so soon," said Pennie.

"You of all the world should judge Scot most tenderly and kindly, Pennie," I cried.

"And so I do, dear Charlie," she answered, with quick earnestness.

"Then leave him to himself. I shall miss you woefully, as you know; but I would rather you never came until our work is over, and we will meet on equal ground."

"Charlie," she said, in a voice of utter solitariness, "I am always lonely and restless and mischievous away from you; but I will not come in again."

And then, of course, I was miserable, though I had gained what I wished.

After that, Pennie's behavior to Scot changed. Day after day she forgot to join our studies; forgot it in the most easy and natural manner imaginable, offering no forced reasons, showing no conscious embarrassment, and day after day she grew quieter and quieter to Scot, but more thoughtful. She went alone very often to see Mrs. Cowen, but these visits never cheered her. The mother's blind and devoted idolization of the son, contrasted with the son's easy carelessness of the mother, fretted Pennie's tender heart sorely. I saw how her thoughts ran upon it after her visits, and at these times I never spoke a word against Walter. Yet sometimes, when Pennie told me how he said he had not time to write home, and so she must go and tell his mother about him, my impatient word would escape; and I said that a man who could not take a few minutes' trouble to please a mother who loved him so dearly, was not worthy to win any other love.

Walter had been away about three months, when one day Scot was sent for home in haste, Mrs. Cowen being ill. He was away all night, but at ten next morning, when Pennie and I strolled into the study, there he was waiting for me.

"Why, Scot!" I exclaimed, meeting him gladly, "I didn't expect you back; certainly not to work. Have you breakfasted yet? How is Mrs. Cowen?"

"A little better, thank you," he said, turning slowly from me to take Pennie's offered hand. "I have breakfasted long ago."

"Have you sent for Walter?" asked Pennie, her eyes fixed upon his face.

"Yes."

And then he sat down calmly in his place, and we read together, while Pennie stood silent, leaning against the window frame. I did not know whether she was glad that she should see Walter so soon, or sorry for his pleasant excursion to be interrupted.

Each day now, as soon as our studies were over, Scot went home; and in the afternoon Pennie drove me to Easter Hill, and, leaving me in the carriage at the gate, went up to the house on foot to see Walter's mother. She never stopped very long, though I am sure that if Mrs. Cowen had liked to have had her she would have taken up her abode there to watch and nurse by night and day. But the sick mother cared for no one; only counting the hours before her son should come, and fretting that Scot had not made him hasten. The day when Walter might have arrived had passed, and only then I could see how unquestionably Pennie had depended on his coming. She seemed bewildered, unable to believe he was not in the train, and she stood on the platform as it rolled away, her yearning eyes following it piteously.

"There were so many hindrances possible," I told her;" "so many unforeseen things might have occurred to delay him." But she never answered me a word; and then that whole week went by and still he did not come, her silence grew more distressing to me than passionate grief or anger.

On the last day the post brought two letters; one for Pennie, which she read with cold, tight lips, then threw across to me, and one for Scot, which he had taken away with him unopened.

The old lady was so fidgety. Walter wrote that it would be ridiculous to suppose that she meant him to come home from such a distance, and have the bore and expense of going back when her little attack of fear had subsided. She wanted him with her. In the meantime he had written to her and it would be all right.

I read no more. I folded the letter and handed it back to Pennie, asking her if she did not think it would be better for Scot to have a holiday for a time that he might not feel his duties pulling him two different ways.

"No, Charlie," she said at once. "Papa and I both think (as you would if you had been to see Mrs. Cowen) that it is better for Scot to have his old work. If he were constantly with her, fretting as she always is for Walter, it would harrass and weary him more than this change does. She never expresses a wish to have him always there; yet he is a tender, cheerful nurse, Charlie."

I did not answer, for just then Sc t came in, greeting us both with his gentle smile. He had been to the station—a fruitless errand now, and Pennie had never been since that first hopeful day—and I could see by her glance at his solitary figure as he came up that the old hope had been with her this morning. I had thought it would be so, because by this time Walter might have arrived, in answer to the letter she herself had sent urging him to come.

"I think my letter must have miscarried, Scot," she asked with a quiet wistfulness; "don't you?"

"Oh, he would be sure to come," Scot said, looking quickly away from her face. "There was no placing dependence on foreign posts."

"Suppose you were to write again?" proposed Pennie, deferentially.

That was exactly what he had been thinking. There must have been some mistake in the last address.

"Wouldn't it have come back in that case?" I suggested.

"We certainly ought not to expect it back so soon," he decided. But he would not wait for it, he would write again at once.

And after he had left us, I could not help telling Pennie what I had heard at the postoffice—that every night a letter went from Scot to his brother, with a large "immediate" on the envelope.

Pennie turned away from me in angry heat.

"What does he write then? Why does he not write what will bring Walter home, and not fret and worry him, yet keep him there while his mother is dying?"

Then her wrath and courage broke down, and she leaned her tired little head against me, and sobbed out the fear, and love, and disappointment which she had hidden so long.

After that she was very petulant with Scot; more petulant even than in old times. And when the subject which I knew to be always uppermost in her thoughts was mentioned, she would say impatiently that we all made a ridiculous fuss; that Mrs. Cowen was not really very ill, only fancying it; that Walter, of course, would come as soon as he could; and that she was tired to death of the worry there was in the house just through the stupidity of Scot's letters.

Saying nothing of her own letter, which had been equally unavailing, I would try to tempt her to read to me, or play, or drive; but she would only refuse me with a quick "No," and leave me suddenly, coming back presently to throw her arms around me and sob that she was a wretched, ungrateful girl, and did not deserve to be loved by me, or—Walter. And as this wearying time went on, she went about the house with small, tight lips and restless hands, and grew always harder and more contradictory to Scot whenever, she spoke to him at all.

Four weeks had gone by since Pennie's last letter had been sent to Walter, when early on one sunny August morning Scot sent a messenger to tell us that his mother was dead. I had to tell Pennie myself, and when I had done so in a few sad words, she broke from me and ran up stairs. Through that long, lonely day she never came near me, and I began to realize what it would be to live without either Pennie or Scot.

I sent a telegram off to Walter at once, announcing his mother's death—though I felt sure Scot had done so. And at last my father came in, and Pennie crept in her place among us.

Not once did she mention Walter's name to me; and on the night before the funeral, when, following the arrival of the London express, a cab drew up to the door, I heard her tell the servant she was engaged "to every one." He, knowing, he did not misunderstand her quiet, firmly-spoken order, told Walter so, and let him drive away in the darkness to the home that was so doubly darkened now.

III.

It was the morning after Mr. Cowen's funeral, and I was sitting in our pleasant study, basking, as invalids love to do, in the morning sunshine. Leaning at the window, in her old attitude, stood Pennie, looking out upon her cherished flowers, but seeing little of their beauty. Scot was s tting at his table, his head upon his hand. Whether it was the long, vain watching for Walter, or the sleepless nights and hard days' work, or the hidden grief, I did not know, but certainly his face was white and haggard as I had never seen it before. Suddenly he looked across at me with his own brave smile.

"Come, Charlie, we have been idle too long, dear fellow."

I had risen and was sauntering toward him, when the door was opened and a familiar face looked in upon us.

"Pennie, Pennie, darling! Fancy never coming to meet me!" Walter cried, throwing down his hat and coming forward, grand and handsome in the glowing sunshine. "Pennie, darling, here I am." And he was close beside her, his arms open to receive her.

She gave one look into his face, so swift that she only seemed to have moved her eyes from the garden into the room.

"Where are you going, Scot?" she said. "Please don't go away. This is your room, not ours. I am going myself when I have spoken to you and Walter."

"Pennie, are you angry, darling!" whispered Walter.

"No, not at all," she answered, moving from him and standing beside the table at which Scot had sat down again. "I can not now make myself feel even angry with you, Walter."

"Thank you. Thank you dear," he said joyfully. "Come out with me. I want to tell you how it was."

"Tell me here," she answered very quietly.

"That's hardly fair," he complained (with reason I thought); "but, of course, my darling, I never fancied my mother was really so ill."

"I told you," replied Pennie, still more quietly.

"Yes, you did say so," replied Walter, looking for the first time a little nervous and anxious; "but I knew she was always fanciful, and I thougt this was one of her false alarms. You ought to be sorry for me, Pennie. I thought you would feel for me in this grief."

She did not look into the face where was a shade of real grief; and he went on passionately in her silence.

"Pennie, I want to speak to you. Come away. Why do you stay here?"

"Because," she said, moving a little, and laying her hand on the back of Scot's chair, "because I would rather speak here. Scot, will you listen to me, and teach me once again—teach me what to do!"

She paused for a few moments. Walter, leaning against the table, looked down upon her in astonishment.

"Scot, if I have learned that I have made a great, great mistake in thinking that I loved your brother more than—any one else, isn't it best and kindest to tell him so now, before it is too late?"

Scot did not answer her, and she repeated the question, her beautiful eyes childlike in their pleading.

"Would it be right to tell him so, Scot, or to go on in the falsehood?"

"Right to tell him so," answered Scot, in tones low and quiet.

"Then, Walter," she said, raising her face to him as it flushed and paled rapidly, "I will tell you of my mistake now, before your brother and my own. There were once two gifts of love within my reach; and the one which my eager, ignorant hand grasped, because it seemed most bright and winning to my dazzled eye, was not the one which could satisfy my heart. I did not understand either then; I was as powerless to feel the deep self-forgetfulness of the one as the shallow selfishness of the other; but now that I know my own heart, Walter, I can not hide its disappointment. Some day I myself shall be old and suffering, perhaps—fanciful, too, I dare say; those who give much love, to win but little in return, often are—and I should not like to feel that when I summoned you to my dying bed you would not heed the summons. I should not like all through my life to pour out a wealth of love on one who could laugh at me for the exacting intensity of the gift. And so I am very, very grateful that I have read this in my heart before it was too late."

"This is nonsense, Pennie," interrupted Walter, with a forced smile. "Come and let me explain to you."

"You have done so," Pennie said, still with her hand on Scot's chair and still with her eyes clear and undrooping. "You have explained it all to me during the last few weeks. Now it is my turn, and I am trying to do so; only it seems as it I could not say much even now of what is in my own heart. Your mother had a faithful, careful nurse, Walter, in all her illness, and by him no duty was neglected, no pleasure sought. Charlie, did Scot seek his own pleasure; did he fail in any one of his duties through all the time that Walter was securing his own pleasure ceaselessly and failing in his one chief duty?"

"Not one," she repeated, the little hand tight on his chair, but her face never turned to Scot. "Not one. Did any remembrance of this pain weaken his hand or chill his heart? Did it, Charlie!"

"Never," I said again, looking for a moment into Walter's vexed and moody face.

"Never," she repeated. "Did any one thought of himself make him shrink from his duty to you, Charlie, because I made it better to him? or from his duty to his mother, because she blamed him always that her own idolized son had left her to die alone?"

"Not one."

"Walter, the love of such a heart is a prize to be grateful for through all years; and through all years I will be grateful that once this prize was mine. Scot, dear Scot, you have taught me all the little that I know; teach me what to do now that my heart is hungering wearily for such a love as that from which I turned away not long ago."

Not a word did Scot answer, while his face was hidden in his hands.

"I am waiting for your answer, Scot."

The hand that had been on his chair loosened its hold; the little standing figure slipped down, and kneeled upon the floor beside him; and both hands were laid upon the tremulous white fingers, pressed so tightly in his hair.

"Look Scot, how I am waiting for your answer," she breathed. "I have never been obedient to you before, much as you have taught me; but I am waiting to obey you now."

What a face it was that her gentle touch uncovered. I could hardly bear to look upon it in its wondering, bewildered joy, for it told so plainly of the anguish that had been lived through. Pennie's low cry burst involuntarily from her shaking lips when she saw it.

"O, Scot, forgive me for it all!"

With the angry scarlet burning in his face Walter left the room. I have not seen him since. He writes to me occasionally—short, gay, selfish letters; but month after month he delays his coming home, and the house at Easter Hill remains without its master. For some time Scot lived there alone, settling Walter's affairs for him; and still coming to me for our old morning studies; but Scot has won his home now. Yeasterday he was chosen headmaster of the Easterwood Grammar School; and it is the youngest headmaster which had been elected for a century they say. To-night we are expecting him back from Cambridge, and Pennie is standing at the window watching for him, the evening sunshine lingering on her bright head, and another restful, happy sunshine in her eyes. Earnestly do I know that the restive little pupil who used to give me so much pain has given him a deeper and more gladdening love than mine.

Ramie in the Prairie.

We copy this from the *Planters' Banner:*

From appearances the ramie will find a congenial soil in all of the Attakapas prairies, and it will thrive here as it will thrive in few other places. And as it has no enemies like the cotton plant, and no diseases, and as there are no losses from rotten seed, if the roots are taken up and planted at once, as they ought to be, there is no reason why the ramie may not take the place of both cotton and sugar as staple crops in this country.

The smallest farmer may raise an acre or two of ramie, and portable machines and presses may go from field to field, and make up small crops on shares, exactly the same as wheat is threshed in the field in Western States.

Suppose one hundred thousand acres were now cultivated in ramie in the Attakapas prairies, yielding a ton to the acre. That would be worth at least $2,500,000. And the expense of machinery to put this crop in marketable shape would be trifling in comparison to the ponderous and expensive machinery on the large plantations.

Nor does it require half the labor that either the cotton or sugar crop requires. After the stand is complete, plows and cultivators and harrows do nearly all the work in keeping the crop clean, a mowing machine puts it in order for the ramie machine and the press.

George Whitefield was once preaching to a seafaring audience in New York, when, suddenly assuming a nautical air and manner that were irresistible, he broke in with: "Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear the distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty. How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark—the tempest rages—our masts are gone!—the ship is on her beam ends! What next?" This appeal instantly brought the sailors to their feet with a shout: "The longboat—take to the longboat!"

Twenty years ago a Boston tailor retired from business on account of failing health. For a few years past he had suffered much from dizziness. A short time ago a surgeon discovered and extracted from his body a common sized needle, with double thread four inches in length attached. As he had used no needle of the kind for twenty years, the surgeon supposed he must have swallowed it anterior to that period, and is of the opinion that the working of the needle and thread through the system caused the dizziness. Since the operation the patient feels greatly relieved and is improving in health.

The New York *Commercial* says:

General Butler is thankful to his friends who would thrust gubernatorial honors upon him, and concludes to accept. We regret his decision, because we think he can ill be spared from the post he now so creditably fills. He is, take him all in all, the ablest member of the House, and should maintain his position if only as the spirited provoker of those intellectual riots, without which the proceedings of Congress would be stale and flat indeed.

MASSACHUSETTS POLITICS.

General Butler an Aspirant for Gubernatorial Honors—The General Explains his Bargain with Dr. Loring—No Chance for Topers Under Butler's Administration—The Prohibitory Law to be Enforced—Cautious Political Platform.

[From the New York Herald.]

Boston, July 15, 1871.—John B. Holmes and C. S. Watson, publishers of the *Sunday Chronicle*, submitted the following questions to General Butler a few days since concerning his intentions of being a candidate for gubernatiorial nomination in the next Republican State Convention:

First—Do you intend to allow the use of your name as a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts?

Second—Did you agree to support Dr. Loring for Governor, a few years since, when he came out in favor of your election as Representative to Congress from the Essex district? It is asserted that you did so agree, and you are charged by some with bad faith in permitting any suggestion of your possible candidacy at the present time.

Third—Did the political issues set forth in the editorial articles in the Newburyport *Herald* of June 27 express your ideas, or do they now meet with your approval.

Fourth—If you propose to permit the use of your name as a candidate for Governor, what policy would you adopt, if elected, with regard to the prohibitory liquor law?

To the foregoing questions General Butler sent the following letter, which will appear in the *Sunday Chronicle* of to-morrow morning:

GLOUCESTER, July 15, 1871.

GENTLEMEN—I have the honor to acknowledge yours of July 13, propounding certain direct questions which you say "seem to us the people have a right to ask of prominent political men." Fully acknowledging your right, I answer:

First—In view of the present political situation of parties in Massachusetts and of the withdrawal by the incumbent of the office of Governor of his name for renomination, I do propose to allow my name to be used before the convention for that high office. It is one that may fill the honorable ambition of any man, and, like every object of honorable ambition, is to be sought for by all proper means.

Your second question I have answered in my reply to the first, because if Dr. Loring had made any agreement, either expressed or implied, with me, by which I was to give him any support, however feeble, for the high office of Governor, in consideration of his advocacy of myself for Congress, such an agreement would not be a proper means by which that office should be attained; therefore, any intimation of such an agreement is a slander upon him as well as upon myself. The falsity of such assertion is seen when the element of time, which the detractors of Dr. Loring and myself do not seem to take into account, is observed. My first candidature for Congress, when Dr. Loring was at all in the field, was in 1866, two years only after he came into the Republican party, and when it is unreasonable to suppose he could have had any expectation or thought of becoming its candidate for Governor, or could have been making arrangements therefor. It was also during the incumbency of Governor Bullock, before Governor Claflin was even a candidate, so that any arrangement, as is alleged in some Democratic papers, of what should happen after the incumbency of Governor Claflin was physically impossible. The letter of withdrawal of Dr. Loring, which was published at that time, was written by him without any consultation with me and without my knowledge until it was in writing, and no word was said by Dr. Loring and myself, or passed between any friend of his or myself, upon the subject of your inquiry. I deem this denial, thus explicit, to be due to Dr. Loring as well as to myself.

To your third question, allow me to say that while I do not mean to be bound by the precise language of any expression of political views that I did not write myself, yet I have appended such portions of the article you refer to as express in their general scope views that I entertain of the present status of the two great political parties.

To your fourth question, relating to the propriety of the enforcement of the law, I reply: No law on the statute book, affecting the general welfare of the people, in my judgment, should be permitted to remain unexecuted. Law is a rule of action, and unexecuted law is a rule of action for nobody, and its place upon the statute book is a blot upon the code. It is the sworn duty of the chief executive to allow neither officials, corporations, nor any body of men whatever, to act their pleasure in obedience or disobedience to law. General Grant never gave expression to a wiser saying than the declaration that the best way to learn whether a law is obnoxious or salutary is to enforce it. The prohibitory law is either desired by the people of the commonwealth, or it is not. If not desired, it should not remain on the statute book; if desired, it should be enforced, and so long as it remains unrepealed, its enforcement is is a not-to-be-evaded duty. In regard to this, as to every other law, whatever may be the opinion of the executive upon its propriety or expediency, it ought to be fully executed

You will see that I have replied with distinct directness to your interrogatories, because I do not wish to conceal any opinion I may have upon any subject which may interest them, from the people of the commonwealth; but I had supposed that my political opinions upon all matters at present at issue before the people, and also my views upon the necessity of the enforcement of law, were too well known to be called in question; if they are not, pledges advance in regard to them upon the eve of an election are enough.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

In Behalf of Akerman.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

As this great nation has no longer an oppressed race to grieve over, and it is not just now particularly interested in any oppressed nationality, or other object deserving of sympathy and commiseration, we respectfully solicit a liberal exercise of those emotions in behalf of our oppressed Attorney General, Mr. Akerman. That officer's career has been a thorny one, ever since he was called from his Georgia home and requested by an appreciative chief magistrate to assume the functions of the attorney generalship. In the first place, a hue and cry was raised about his record for loyalty, and the Senate threatened for weeks to reject his nomination. When, after much tribulation, he was able to read his title clear to the office for which he had been named, Mr. Akerman had a fearful struggle to induce the American people to spell his name correctly. They would have it *Ackerman*, and so obstinately did they persist that only the apprehended resignation of the new Attorney General induced them to drop the superfluous c which had proved such a c of troubles to Akerman.

Then the Attorney General had the Pacific railroad bond case referred to him, and, deciding adversely to the company, had a large party of capitalists down upon his head for a long time—filling that offending member with arguments and statistics until the reason would have been utterly knocked out of the inside of it had it been any ordinary head.

Other trials followed; but they have never gathered in such threatening numbers as now, when it really seems as if all the cares of State were heaped upon the shoulders of this devoted officer. He is, apparently, the vicarious cross-bearer of all the departments of the government, including that of the chief executive. Thus we have been reading for some days of the travail which Mr. Akerman has been enduring in re Bowen, only to have it all rendered futile by the visit of a woman and a lawyer to Long Branch. Again, yesterday morning, we read of a fresh invoice of cares and responsibilities left at the Attorney General's door, some of which were these:

The Civil Service Commission desired an official opinion as to one branch of the subject under their consideration. Would the Attorney General examine and report at once?

Again, General Pleasonton was getting in a hurry to know whether he was answerable to Boutwell, or only to the American Eagle and the Goddess of Liberty direct. Would Mr. Akerman examine carefully the one hundred and nine sections of the act of 1868, together with the history of all the bureaus since George Washington's time, and give in an opinion without delay?

Again, the Civil Service Commission had run upon another ancient snag, very tough and deeply imbedded. Would the Attorney General dig it out for them, and be particularly lively about it?

Again, the President himself wants some advice on each of the points above referred to, and desires the opinion of the Attorney General, from bearings in nowise corresponding with the others.

Again, there is a difficult question to be met relative to the policy to be pursued under the Ku-Klux bill—two parties at the South and two more at the North, all of which the administration earnestly desires to propitiate, demanding directly diverse courses. Will the Attorney General shape a general policy in prosecuting the Ku-Klux cases, so that neither the radical and conservative parties at the South may see cause for complaint?

Indeed, it seems as if all these cares which infest Mr. Akerman's day, and which show no symtoms of "folding their tents like the Arabs," or silently stealing away to the watering places or elsewhere, were enough to make the head of the department of justice wish that there might be a department of mercy organized, to which he might appeal for respite on such occasion. The higher the mercury mounts, the more the public cauldron bubbles, bubbles with toil and trouble, for the poor Attorney General, who, if he do not escape to the mountain, in the interior of Georgia, before the dog days set in, may expect to have the Corean difficulty, the New York political imbroglios, the disagreements of the Washington doctors, and even the weather probabilities of the prophetic War Department, all referred to him for adjudication.

The Political Effect.

[From the New York Globe.]

Everybody seems to be quite as anxious to know what effect late events in this city will have upon partisan politics as they are solicitous about personal liberty, law and order, or religious toleration. It is well known that on Tuesday, after the promulgation of Kelso's order, the Republicans were supremely happy. If an election could have been held, beginning at four Tuesday afternoon and closing at nine that evening, or before any announcement of Governor Hoffman's proclamation, the Republicans would have swept the State by fifty thousand majority Nothing has been seen like it since the early days of the war, and none of us have forgotten how the State went then. But the next morning the Governor's proclamation checked the tide, and turned what was before a Bull Run disaster into an orderly retreat. That he recovered the ground lost—mind this is all in the spirit of practical political calculation from an independent stand-point—no one who knows anything about the matter for a moment believes. The Democracy have suffered a severe blow, and a blow which, this year, it is not probable they can wholly recover from. Hoffman has saved the State, but there will be a falling off on the popular vote, and the Legislature will more than likely be Republican.

It is most fortunate for Tammany that this is not a presidential year. If it were, they would not have any more left than in 1864. The only way to save the Legislature this year, and go into the fight with prestige next, is to come right up to the mark on the Governor's proclamation, indorse it to the extreme, and declare in the most emphatic terms that, on the twelfth of July, 1872, every Orangeman in the city can parade from the Battery to King's Bridge without peril to a hair of his head. This may be a bitter pill for the city Democracy, but it is the only way to save the country. If there is any wavering now, and any trouble next July, Grant sweeps the country as Lincoln did in 1864. The troubles of this year were all determined upon last July. If they had been nipped then with a firm hand the humiliation of this year would have been spared. Now is the time to save the Democracy for 1872. Will they see it?

An Anecdote of the Rev. Mr. May.

In early life he was settled over a small parish in Brooklyn, Connecticut, and rode in a one horse chaise about the country. Having prepared a day's journey for an exchange, he was advised by a neighbor not to go alone, as footpads infested the road he was to take. He heeded not the advice, and, when a few miles out of the village, he saw a man jump over a low fence out of a thick wood. He said to himself, "Mine enemy is upon me." When he overtook the man he stopped and said cheerily, "Good morning, my friend; I have an empty seat, will you not share it with me?" They had a long ride and a long talk, Mr. May giving his passenger a great deal of moral advice by the way. As they neared the point of Mr. May's destination he said: "I am a minister, and shall preach in the next village to-morrow, and if you would like to hear me, I am sure the friends who are expecting me will entertain you."

The man declined the invitation with apparent confusion, and when they alighted from the vehicle, said he would like to speak with Mr. May apart a few moments. When alone, he grasped Mr. May's hand, looked him squarely in the face, and said: "I must not part without confessing that when I sprang into the road I intended to blow your brains out, steal your horse and carriage, your watch and coat, and escape." "O yes!" said Mr. May, very pleasantly; "I knew that. I was warned against footpads on the road this morning, and felt sure you were armed when I asked you to ride with me." "You are a noble, brave Christian man," said the robber, with great feeling; your counsel to-day has sunk deep into my heart, and I hereby promise you solemnly that I will lead henceforth a temperate and blameless life." The promise was kept. There had been a correspondence between them for more than thirty years when Mr. May told us the story. No one but their Maker knew their secret. The repentant man prospered, and if he is living will but add one more to the thousands who weep for his benefactor to-day.

Quantrell—Is He Still Alive?

[From the Lawrence (Kansas) Standard.]

A sort of mystery seems to overhang the fate of the famous guerilla chief, Quantrell. It has several times been reported that he perished near the close of the war, but nothing definite and certain has ever been stated. He has good reasons for concealing his movements if living, and has heretofore done so. At different times, however, reports have arisen and been spread abroad to the effect that he was not dead, and we have good reasons for believing them to be true. Quantrell was seen in 1868 at the White Pine silver mines, in Nevada. A prominent citizen of this city, about two months since, conversed with a resident of Fort Lyon, New Mexico, who stated that in 1868 he met Quantrell at the White Pine silver mines. He was introduced to him as Quantrell, and talked to him of his adventures during the war and about the raid. Our informant vouches for the reliability of the gentleman residing at Fort Lyon, from whom he received the statement given above. Its truth is confirmed by another party, who was in this city about six weeks ago, and who also stated that he met Quantrell at the same place some time during the same year. These reports, coming from different quarters, confirm each other. This information comes from perfectly reliable sources, and would seem to indicate that this noted raider had survived the war, and is even now somewhere on one of our Western Territories We simply give the facts as stated to us, vouching for nothing but the reliability of our informants, one of whom conversed, not long since, with a resident of Fort Lyon, as we have stated. For the present we withhold names, although they can be given if desired.

A few nights since, at a late hour, the speaking tube at the office door of one of New Haven's popular physicians was used by some midnight wag to the following effect: The doctor was in a sound sleep, when he was partially awakened by a "halloo" through the tube, when the following dialogue took place: "Well, what do you want?" "Does Dr. Jones live here?" "Yes, what do you want?" "Are you Dr. Jones?" "Yes." "Dr. Simon Jones?" "Yes, yes! what do you want?" "Why, how long have you lived here?" "Some twenty years, why?" "Why? Why don't you move?" "If you'll stay there about ten seconds more you'll find I am moving!" and he bounced out of bed, but the patient was heard "moving" down the street at a rate that defied pursuit.