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WHITSUNTIDE.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Out from the city's flaming heart,
Miles but a dozen away,
I know of a mountain's secret alcove
Where lately I went to pray.

But my prayer was not for the smallest boon:
It was nothing but thanks and joy.
As I roamed through the scented woodland paths
With the heart of a happy boy.

As I touched the tips of the maple boughs,
Shaded with softest brown:
As the thistle showed me her armature,
Frosted with silvery down.

And, oh! the gleam of the birches' stems,
And the new green of the pines,
And the hemlock fringes sweeping low,
Till they touched the creeping vines.

And every bank was studded thick
With wild flowers sweet and rare,
While the ferns seemed made of spirit-stuff,
They were so slight and fair.

And the city was gleaming far away
Through a veil of thin white mist,
And billows of green rolled in between,
Till the land and water kissed.

It was only a dozen miles away
As flies the laden bee,
But to my free thought 'twas a hundred leagues,
And more, to the sinning sea.

Could it be, I thought, in the world with this
There was dust, and heat, and glare?
Could it be there was sorrow, and hate, and sin,
And terror, and wild despair?

Alas! it could; but for this one day
I would live as if it could not;
I would dream that the world, from end to end,
Was only this one dear spot.

All should be sweet, and cool, and pure,
All should be gay and free;
All men be as gentle, all men as true
As the man and the woman with me.

They had lived with the birds and the flowers so long
They seemed to have learned their speech;
Either it fell on my drowsy sense
Than the rain on a sandy beach.

They could call the trees and the flowers by name;
They could tell me of all their times;
And their talk was a poem that needed not
The help of a poet's rhymes.

Where was the service that day, think you?
Down in the valley below,
Where the sad faced people flocked to church
To list to a tale of woe;

Or was it there, on the mountain side,
Where the spirit, with two or three,
Was saying softly, in various speech,
"Let the little ones come unto me?"

—Christian Union.

ESPERANZA.

An Incident of Life at Spa.

Do you know the music room in the Redoubte at Spa? The large expanse in the centre of it is kept clear for dancing, and spectators whose minds and toes are not light or fantastic remain in the cloisters which surround it, and which are well supplied with comfortable chairs and sofas. Sometimes it happens that the young men are indolent or timid, and the young ladies stiff, and then the smooth shining floor is a desert, and, in spite of the floods of light and music, there is something depressing about the general aspect. But that was not the state of affairs one August night, although the majority of visitors present were English. There had been a great deal of fraternization at the tables d'hote of the different hotels; walking, riding, driving parties had been made up daily; the foreign element was just sufficient to correct the British stiffness, without being numerically strong enough to provoke its exclusiveness. Altogether a very pleasant little society was formed in the place that season. Millicent Lund was an attractive member of it; a handsome, high couraged girl; an orphan, sole surviving child of a drysalter, consequently an heiress. While at school, from the age of twelve to nineteen that is, she was happy, but her guardian's wife had patronizing manners, which Milly quietly put up with until she was twenty-one, and then took charge of herself—that is she engaged one of her governesses, who was getting too blind and too deaf to teach, and would consequently have been otherwise destitute, to accept the nominal position of taking charge of her, but of course it was a sinecure. People were shocked; but much Milly cared for that! She sat on a sofa behind one of the pillars, talking to a black-haired man of about thirty, who dressed rather too well for the expression of his features, which were intelligent.

"I am afraid of you, Mr. Bertram," she was saying.

"Are you?" he replied. "How people are maligned; I heard that you were afraid of no one."

"Perhaps you have been slandered also."

"Shall I tell you a romantic story?"

"O yes, please."

"Do not let your expectations rise," said Bertram; "there is nothing sensational about it. Upwards of a year ago I happened to be staying at Brussels during the carnival. The Countess G. had a fancy to give a masked ball, and I received an invitation. It was a very brilliant affair, and at the same time the company was select, for the hostess received all her guests on arrival singly and unmasked, in a small ante-room, so that none but those who were properly invited could gain admittance. I had not been in the room five minutes before I saw a blue domino, who produced the most extraordinary effect upon me that I have ever experienced. Up to that time I had laughed at mesmerism presentiments—everything which is connected with a mysterious intercommunication of spirits. But now the fact of the existence of secret sympathies was forced upon me. I knew at once that this was the only woman I could ever love. Of course I had often thought myself in love before, but now I saw that I had given that name to a passing fancy, which never reached my heart. I spoke to her, I danced with her. How the night passed I have no idea; it seemed gone before it had well begun."

"You saw her face before she left?"

"Not for a moment. Nor I was able to discover who she was, or where she came from, afterwards. That she was English I am confident, though she spoke Italian all the evening."

"I am quite interested," said Miss Lund. "What was her height and her figure?"

"Like yours."

"Indeed! And the color of her hair?"

"Yours exactly."

"And you have never met her again?"

"Not till this evening."

"Really, Mr. Bertram," said Milly, laughing, "you almost look as if you were going to claim me as your mysterious domino."

"No; I remember my promise."

"And what was that?"

"Not to claim her until she wrote or uttered the word 'Esperanza.'"

"Really, you have kept your word, and told a veritable romance; the lady has only to turn out a ghost or a ghoul to make it complete," said Miss Lund; but as she spoke she started and turned pale; it was only with an effort that she completed her sentence.

Bertram, looking round for the cause of this emotion, saw that a new arrival at Spa, a man whom he knew slightly in England, had just entered the room, and he experienced that pleasing thrill which animates a pointer on snuffing a gamey scent, or a dramatic author when the idea of a plot comes into his head, for he relieved the tedium of a somewhat lethargic existence by watching the little social romances going on around him. If he had been a tattler this might have proved a mischievous propensity, but he kept his discoveries to himself, or only intimated them to the principal actors, for his amusement consisted in knowing what other people failed to perceive. The young man who had just entered moved up the room, looking right and left for acquaintances. Presently he saw Bertram, who came forward and shook hands with him, asked him when he had arrived, what hotel he was staying at, and other little commonplaces, while he was answering which he saw Miss Lund, and could not prevent a slight start before he bowed coldly. The young lady replied with a distant bend of the neck.

"You know Miss Lund?" said Bertram.

"I have met her once or twice. But they are going to dance again, and as I am not in a mood of violent exercise, having only just swallowed my dinner, I shall go and have a look at the Trente-et-Quarente."

Though not a gossip himself, Bertram by no means objected to take occasional advantage of the gleanings gathered by members of that fraternity, so he went and sat down by Mrs. Cracket.

"So you have been making love to the heiress," said she.

"Rash, under your very eyes, wasn't it?" he replied. "But what is there between her and Graham?"

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't know?"

"How should I? I was not aware of Miss Lund's existence till this evening."

"Well, they were engaged for ever so long; he was at her house every day; most improper, with the poor old Miss Corney to act as chaperone; when suddenly she broke off the match. The airs these parvenus give themselves!"

"Was there no cause, then?"

"Oh, I suppose it was some jealous whim, and there may have been some occasion for it. You men are all alike."

This was quite enough for Bertram to start upon, and he made no more inquiries. But he enlisted himself in the troop of the heiress' admirers, which was pretty numerous, "took the Lund shilling," as he himself expressed it, and being an adept in the art of making himself agreeable, was soon promoted to the rank of a leading partner and first shawl carrier, vice Williams and Venables, told off respectively to Miss Corney and the lap-dog. This distinction did not put him up unduly, for the discriminating young man perceived that the preference was afforded him, because he seldom approached the topics of love or matrimony, and when he did, it was always in a tone of badinage.

Yet there were times when she assumed a coquettish air, which seemed to invite him to more serious flirtation, but this was when Graham was present and appeared to be observing her.

"Now," said Bertram to himself, "there are two courses for the male spoon to pursue—either to clear out the place altogether, or follow the female spoon's lead."

Graham adopted the latter course, and harnessed himself to the car of a handsome young widow, who dressed gorgeously, rode fearlessly, talked slangily, danced untiringly, and sat down to play.

The manners of the little English community assembled at Spa were very much relaxed from the standard set up by each individual member at home. Persons, even of different sexes, spoke to one another without a formal introduction; young ladies danced sometimes twice consecutively with the same partner. The majority only went once to church on Sunday, and devoted the rest of the day to long walks in the woods, the perusal of secular journals, and listening to the band, which played other music than Handel's. Many who frowned at sixpenny whist at home as gambling, staked their florins and five-franc pieces at roulette and rouge-et-noir. But there was one tacit law which the female portion of the British visitors adhered to religiously, and which forbade them to take seats at either of the play tables. They might stand behind and make their little stakes over people's shoulders, with an air of assumed indifference as to whether they lost or won, if they pleased. That was considered to be mere looking-on. But to sit down like a regular gambler, with a big G. was held to be a fearful breach of propriety.

And this crime Mrs. Geylass, the young widow, committed. She constantly took a seat, which was obsequiously vacated for her at the unsocial board, removed her gloves, took a card and pin, piled her stock of napoleons into little heaps in front of her, and went in for the thing in the most business-like way, her admirers clustering around and backing her luck on the principle, I suppose, that imitation is the sincerest flattery. The admirers alluded to were all men; their mothers, wives and sisters abhorred her to a woman. They would have cut her only her late husband's cousin was a lord and her own father a baronet, and she was rich. Blood and money cover more sins than charity, so they bowed and smiled, and answered when she spoke to them. But that was not very often, for the widow preferred masculine conversation.

This was the lady to whom Graham now devoted himself; he procured nosegays for her; he contended for the honor of her hand in the ball room, and her foot when she mounted on horseback, and his attentions were always most earnest when Milly Lund was present. Bertram smiled approval. "Graham is no fool," thought he; "he has selected the most attractive girl; just as the Lundy has selected the next (in her blinded judgment) most attractive man." This soliloquizer had no false modesty, you see.

Having thus ascertained that these two young people were desperately in love with one another, Bertram no longer gave himself the trouble of paying so assiduous a court to Miss Lund, and cultivated the acquaintance of Graham, who was too much a man of the world to show a reserve which might betray jealousy, if he felt any, which is doubtful. The two men had not chanced to meet often, but they had been thrown together some two years before in the settlement of a domestic matter in which Graham had behaved in a manner calculated to excite Bertram's esteem, and he was inclined to like the man who knew better of him than most other people did. For our loves and friendships depend quite as much upon men and women's opinion of ourselves as upon their own intrinsic merits.

They breakfasted at the same little table; they strolled afterward in the hotel garden, smoking; they also consumed their last cigars at night in the company, and waxed confidential. At least, the one who had something to confide did it, and Bertram learned that Graham was on the point of going out to Africa to shoot big game.

The other visitors at Spa made a totally different arrangement for the young man, and decreed that he was about to marry the lively widow forthwith. Mrs. Cracket announced the forthcoming event to Millicent Lund as an ascertained fact, and the young lady, believing it, went mad. I do not mean that she required a straight-waistcoat, or put wild flowers in her hair, or sang scraps of song, or danced with her shadow. She did not even show any emotion before Mrs. Cracket and the gossips, but smiled, and remarked that she supposed it was a good match; for she was not of an hysterical nature. But her mind was for the time unhinged, for all that, and she was quite capable of doing some desperate thing which society would have brought in temporary insanity. It was quite true that she had broken with Graham, but then he had no business to marry any one else, etc. How could she appease her resentment; how prove that she did not care one iota for the man she had once been betrothed to? If she could only take the initiative, that would be better still. No one can throw off the restraints conventionally imposed by their fellow-creatures with impunity; if Milly Lund had not indulged her tastes for independence and originality to such an extent; if she had had any experienced friend of her own sex, in whom she had confidence, to advise her, she never would have been guilty of writing, on a sheet of lemon-colored note paper: "Let me see you to-morrow morning—M. L.," and dropping it, with her handkerchief," at the Redoubte, when only Bertram was near enough to pick it up. The wisp of paper was not addressed to anybody in particular; that was the only shred of prudence she showed; but when she gave it almost with her own hand, which was very shocking.

"If Graham had known that I had this in my pocket, he would hardly have bidden me such a friendly good night!" said Bertram, on examining the note before going to bed. And then he put it carefully away in his pocket-book. When he called at Millicent's lodgings, he found her alone, not even Miss Corney being present. She had a wild look in her eyes, and a deep flush on her cheek; and directly the door was closed, she stepped hurriedly toward him.

"Do you know why I have invited you here? she asked.

Bertram looked as many volumes as he could, and bowed discreetely.

"*Esperanza!*" said she, turning away.

"What!" cried Bertram. "My sympathies were true; you are really"—

"The blue domino!"

Instead of throwing himself at her feet, seizing her hand, and calling her by her Christian name, as he ought to have done, Bertram said, in a musing tone: "Curious! I was never at a ball in Brussels in my life."

"Oh!" cried Millicent, shrinking away, covering her face with her hands, and shedding tears of bitter shame and humiliation.

"I hope you will forgive me," Bertram continued. "I had no idea you would believe my rodomontade, which was only made up at the moment for fun. Pray do not be distressed; I know all about it. It is pique which has impelled you to listen to the suit of so unworthy an individual; if it were otherwise, I should indeed esteem myself the most fortunate of men. As it is, it is happy that I am neither a needy adventurer nor an unscrupulous lover, or perhaps you might have been hurried into a marriage which would have proved the misery of your life; and Graham would be eaten by lions, hugged to death by gorillas, stamped out by elephants, poisoned by snakes and quinine, and—all sorts of things. By-the-bye, do you know that he is off for the Cape next month?"

Millicent was too much overwhelmed by the appreciation of the position she had placed herself in to reply; so Bertram went on:

"They had made up a story about his engagement to Mrs. Geylass. Absurd! If he can not marry one lady, I am certain he will never take another, unless perhaps an Ashantee. Not even for pique. I do wish, dear Miss Lund, that you would make a friend of me, and tell me the real cause of offense in Graham. Do not think me curious and impertinent; I only ask because I have a suspicion that I might be able to remove some false impressions. I was left trustee to a young lady, a cousin of my own, to whom Graham was once engaged; and I know that when the affair was broken off, he was very much blamed. Can that sad business have caused you to think badly of him?"

"Had I—not—a right—to do so?" sobbed Millicent.

"Far be it from me to place a limit to the rights of women!" said Bertram. "I only know that Graham was not one iota to blame in that sad affair, the fault being entirely on the lady's side, that he could have cleared himself in your estimation at her expense if he had not pledged himself to silence; and that he kept that pledge, when the happiness of his life was at stake, is very much to his credit. It is no romance that I am telling you this time, Miss Lund; I give you my word of honor that what I say is true. I was one of those to whom Graham made the promise of secrecy."

When you have nothing more to say to a woman who is crying, it is best to go away. So Bertam went.

When he parted from Graham that night, he said: "By-the-by, I have something to give you, old fellow." And, opening his pocketbook, he produced the little undirected note and handed it over.

On the following morning, Millicent had another caller—an unexpected one this time.

"I have got your note," said Graham, seeing that she looked startled. "What may I hope?"

"My note!"

Graham held it in his hand open. She took it, and read:

"Let me see you to-morrow morning.—M. L." "I have been informed that I—was hasty—once; and, if so, I am sorry for any unjust expressions I may have used."

She could not think what else to say. It did well enough.

"But," said Millicent, after an hour's conversation, "you were very proud yourself, you know, Harry, not to make an appeal to the trustee people to explain." And though he did not think so, he owned it; just as he would have owned anything just then.

He did not go to Africa to shoot gorillas; he stopped at home, and married the heiress. He is very fond of Bertram; but I do not think his wife likes his friend so well as she professes. That little scene was too humiliating.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Woman's Curiosity.

A certain lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows determined to have their lodge room done up clean and nice. It was resolved unanimously that Mrs. K. should be employed to do the job. After the meeting adjourned, the guardian who knew the inquisitive character of Mrs. K., procured a billy-goat and placed him in the closet that was kept as a reservoir for the secret things. He then informed the lady of the wishes of the lodge, and requested her to come early next morning, as he would then show her what was and what was not to be done. Morning came, and with it Madam K. with her broom, brushes, pails, etc., and found the guardian waiting for her.

"Now, madam," said he, "I tell you what we want done, and how we came to employ you. The brothers said it was difficult to get anybody to do the job, and not be meddling with the secret in the closet; we have lost the key, and can not find it to lock the door. I assured them that you can be depended on."

"Depended on! I guess I can. My poor and dead and gone husband, he belonged to the Free Masons or anti-Masons, I don't which. He used to tell me all the secrets of the concern, and when he showed me all marks of the gridiron made when he was initiated, and told me how they fixed poor Morgan, I never told a living soul to this day; if nobody troubles your closet to find out your secrets till I do, they will lie there till they rot, they will."

"I thought so," said the guardian, "and now I want you to commence in that corner, and give the whole room a decent cleaning, and I pledge my word and honor for the fidility to your promise, now, don't go into that closet," and then left the lady to herself.

No sooner had she heard the sound of his feet on the last step of the steps than she exclaimed, "Don't get into that closet!" "I'll warrant there's a gridiron, or some nonsense, just like the anti-Masons for all the world, I'll be bound. I will take one peep, and nobody will be any the wiser, as I can keep it to myself." Suiting the action to the word she stepped lightly to the forbidden closet, turned the button, which was no sooner done than "bah!" went the billy-goat, with a spring to regain his liberty which came near upsetting her ladyship. Both started for the door, but it was filled with implements for house cleaning, and all were swept clear from their position down to the bottom of the stairs.

The noise and confusion occasioned by such unceremonious coming down the stairs drew half the town to witness Mrs. K.'s efforts to get from under the pile of pails, tubs, brooms and brushes in the street.

Who should be first to the spot but the rascally doorkeeper. After releasing the goat, which was a cripple for life, and uplifting the rubbish that bound the good woman to the earth, anxiously inquired if she had been taking the degrees.

"Taking the degree!" exclaimed the lady, "if you call tumbling from the top to the bottom of the stairs with the devil after ye taking things by degrees I have them, and if ye frightened folks as ye frightened me, and hurt to boot, I'll warrant they will make as much noise as I did."

"I hope you did not open the closet, madam," said the doorkeeper.

"Open the closet! Eve eat the apple she was forbidden. If you want a woman to do anything, tell her not to do it, and she'll do it certain. I could not stand the temptation. The secret was there. I wanted to know it. I opened the door, and out popped the tarnal critter right into my face. I thought the old boy had me, and I broke for the stairs with the critter butting me at every jump. I fell over the tub, and got down stairs as you found us, all in a heap."

"But, madam," said the doorkeeper, "you are in possession of the great secret of our order, and you must go up to be initiated and sworn, and then go in the regular way."

"Regular way!" exclaimed the lady, "and do you suppose I am going near the tarnel place, and ride that ar tarnel critter without a bridle or a lady's saddle? No, never! I don't want nothing to do with the man that rides it. I'd look nice perched upon a billy goat, wouldn't I? No, never! I'll never go nigh it again, nor you shall nather—if I can prevent it, no lady shall ever join the Odd Fellows. Why, I'd sooner be a Free Mason, and be broiled on a gridiron as long as the fire could be kept under it, and pulled from garret to cellar with a halter, in a pair of old breeches and slippers, just as my poor dead husband. And he lived over it, but I never could live over such another ride as I took to-day."

Before the advent of railroads in the direction of Texas, beef cattle fatted for market would command only from $6 to $10 per head. Now, even in the face of a 700 mile drive through the Indian Territory to Abeline, the same class of cattle have been bringing from $12 to $15 at their native ranches.

THE WARNING.

[From Tinsley's Magazine.]

The morn was as bright as a morn could be,
Blue glowed the sky, blue laughed the sea;
Sunshine and flowers were met together
In the joy and glory of summer weather;
But the old man pointed, where far in the West,
Lay a cloud, like a sail, on the sky's broad breast;
And he said, as he looked at the ominous white,
"There'll be mist ere noontide, and storm ere night."

The dream was as bright as a dream could be,
He was so gallant, so fair was she,
As glad as the sunshine they moved together,
In their gracious love, through the golden weather,
Till a trifle jarred on the sensitive chords,
Smiles that were mocking and idle words.
And the old man said, "O youth, take heed;
The thistle grows from the chance-sown seed."

The flush of young love, and the break of the day;
What is so fair or so fleet as they?
Gather the buds while the dew-drops shine,
Garner heart's love in its birth divine;
From doubt and anger, from careless touch,
Who can guard the delicate bloom too much?
For the love forgiven, the sunrise o'r,
Renew their first glory, oh, never more?

BOB'S LAST RACE.

BY RICHARD FENWICK.

On a bright autumn day two good people, fair to look upon and fairly mated, and who were no others than Mr. Robert L—— and Miss Edith M——, who, in a moment of ecstacy, had promised eternal fidelity each unto the other, were walking a smooth country road at an hour in the middle of the cool afternoon.

There was a deep subject between them, for they talked earnestly and volubly. She seemed to be pleading and begging, and he explaining and arguing. They walked on and on, mile after mile, and the light began to fail and the shadows to lengthen.

She had his arm and they were both deeply interested, therefore they did not notice their surroundings. They came to a huge white fence, ten feet high, and extending either way for a long distance. Opposite to them was a grated gate which could be pushed up or pulled down as was required. Within the gate was to be seen a vast elliptical space and a series of high seats. The two walkers suddenly stopped.

"Here we are at the terrible race course!" said Miss Edith.

"Yes, here we are," responded the other with a touch of suspense in his tone. "I did not mean to come here, I am sure. It was pure accident; that is, unless you meant to bring me here." He looked at his companion with a smile.

"No, no, Bob," replied she, sadly; "I am doing my very best to bring you away from it, and I could not consistently wish you to even look at it again."

"Do you really hate and fear it so much?" asked he.

"Fear it, Bob! O if you could only feel how I dread it and its influence on our happiness. When you are my husband I can not influence you as I do now, and there will be always hanging over my head and over yours, too, this terrible risk which you love to take so much. I implore you to give it up, to free your hands of all business in it, to renounce the company of all the evil men who gather about it."

She clasped her hands upon his arm and raised her face to his. He looked at her. In the dim light he beheld her paleness, her tears and her trembling lips.

He reflected. He considered. He could not give it up as he would have given up any evil habit, for there were other interests than his bound up in the act. Still he loved the girl too deeply not to promise something. He rapidly run over in his mind what he might sacrifice.

"I cannot leave it off all at once, Edith."

"O Bob."

"No, listen. There are six horses entered for the race to-night, and my Eclipse is one of them. She is the favorite, and all the betting men in all the cities in the country have made bets upon her or against her, and if I should withdraw her my life would be in danger, and my reputation would suffer even with the most upright of men. I love my horses devotedly, but I would quit them all if you only breathed a wish that I should. True, you do not. You wish me to give up raising them for money. Edith, I'll do it. But I must run my horse to-morrow; and if I win I'll quit the turf after the race, and sell every horse but those we shall want for ourselves and for our own use."

"If you win! Suppose you do not!"

The young fellow waited a moment; it was an awkward question, and the spectacle of the dreadful consequences appeared to him in a very vivid light. He turned a trifle pale and thrust his cane deep into the sand.

"Tell me, Bob—suppose you don't win, suppose 'Eclipse' comes in third or last?"

"I cannot bear to dream of such a thing," responded he, in such a hollow voice, that she started a little. "I fear it would ruin me."

"Bob," said she earnestly and distinctly, "have you risked your fortune upon this one race, upon this venture, in which the smallest accident may destroy your chances and you?"

"Yes," said Bob, and he hung his head.

She said no more. Her slender figure shivered with agitation, but she wheeled about and walked her dangerous lover straight toward home again. Never a word crossed her lips about horses and racing until they were about to part. She spoke of other things and talked even pleasantly and cheerfully. But when they came to her door she put her arms about his neck.

"Bob," said she, "you say if you win to-morrow you will leave horse-racing forever and ever, and you also say if you do not win you will be a ruined man. Is that it?"

"Yes," said Bob, "I fear that is the case."

"Very well," replied she, "now I understand. Good night, Bob."

They said good night as lovers have said it from time immemorial, and were a long time about it as all lovers are.

But no sooner had the young man disappeared from sight than the young lady developed from an elegant girl into a creature of great energy and decision. She astonished her maid, a pretty minx, by asking her very suddenly if the groom of the race course stables was not a lover of hers.

"Y-yes, Miss Edith."

"Well, now, it he would oblige me would you feel greatly gratified?"

"Of course, miss."

"And if he should disoblige me?"

"Why, if he dared to do that, miss," said the per. beauty, "I'd give him such a wigging that he'd never get over it. Disobige my missus! I'd like to see him!"

She shut up both her fists and looked dreadful.

Miss Edith laughed.

"Now Polly, I want you to put on your hood, go directly to him and tell him I want to see him instantly, and when you are on your way back you may tell him what you just told me."

Polly disappeared, while the resolute Miss Edith vent to her supper (for even the most spiritualle and delightful of her sex must eat).

When she returned to her rooms she found the pretty maid already there. She was directed to bring her lover into a small sewing room adjoining. She stared, but obeyed.

The groom, not an ill-looking fellow, came in. He bowed, and turned scarlet.

Miss Edith proceeded to business cleverly. She put a series of sharp questions, such as you notice women always do when they take matters into their own hands.

"Is Mr. Robert L——'s horse is the club stables in the race course?"

"Yes, mem."

"Is every one admitted to the stables as they please to go?"

"Lor' bless you, no maim! If they was half the horses would be maimed by the roughs of the course, so as to make 'em lame on the day of the race—that wouldn't do."

"But the grooms sleep a little, especially in the night time, don't they?"

"Why—why—I dunno. We have to work precious hard, miss. We have to exercise the horses, and speed 'em, and groom 'em like babies. 'Taint surprising if we should drop off now and then."

"O no; I would if I were you. Tell me whose horse is favorite for to-morrow?"

"Mr. Robert L——'s Eclipse, ma'am."

"Whose is second favorite?"

"Mr. Lowell B——'s Telegraph."

"Lowell B——!" Miss Edith knew the name well enough. He was an oldish man of good family, great reputed wealth, but also a man of violent passions and evil character. He was handsome, but a Mephistopheles. He had once shown some regard for Miss Edith, but that young person placed a blight upon him so quickly that he had an opportunity to hate before he could love her. Therefore she heard that he was to be a rival of her lover's with little favor; nay, with actual distrust. She thought a moment.

"Has he got much money depending on this race?"

"Yes'm. So I'm told, leastwise. He thinks his horse better than Eclipse."

"Does he?"

Then she thought a moment more.

"Now, I'm going to ask a favor of you." (He cast a glance at Polly, who secretly shook her head menacingly at him). "I want to be admitted to the stable and to be hidden there where I can watch Eclipse all night long, and I want you to manage to get me in and out without being seen."

The groom gasped. "What, mem?" She repeated it. Then she gave him some money. Polly glared at him. He came to his senses, and in a few moments he began to think of it seriously. He began to make plans, and after a sore puzzle he assented, after another dose of money. This seemed to be a rather harum-scarum idea for a young lady to possess, but you only get them to love you and they will become giants of daring, invention and action.

At ten, Miss Edith, habited in a thick shawl and wraps, secretly emerged from her house and wended her way to the long and lofty stables alone. As she approached, a small door opened before her and she entered quietly. It was dark in spite of a lantern hung from the ceiling, and there was a loud tumult of stamping hoofs and heavy breathing of the horses. The groom showed her a grain closet. He pointed to it. She opened it. He showed her a ventilator in the door and pointed to a horse exactly opposite and whispered "Eclipse." She comprehended, and stepped within the closet and shut the door.

She peered out of the ventilator and began her vigil over the beautiful animal, who was of so much importance to her and hers. Thus did the anti-racing Miss Edith become an aider of horse racing. Not a movement of the horse escaped her eye. She became accustomed to the dim light and could see very clearly.

Eleven o'clock passed, then twelve, then one. Still Miss Edith gazed out with unwearied eye. She was not apprehensive. She was only persistent. Then two o'clock. Still the stable was undisturbed. The lantern shed down its uncertain rays, and still the horses breathed loudly and now and then kicked at their stalls.

Suddenly, at about half-past two, two men seemed to rise up out of the darkness like shadows. Miss Edith was wide awake. They cautiously approached Eclipse, who was standing up. They soothed her in whispers. Then presently one stooped down and gently lifted into his lap one of her hind feet. What Miss Edith saw done was developed on the next day.

At ten in the morning the report ran round the town that Eclipse was lamed. Mr. Bob, white as a sheet, ran to the stables. The groom had told Polly, and Polly had in turn told her mistress, who was nervous and agitated. She called her phaeton and drove at once to the stables. There was a crowd of men rushing hither and thither, furious with anger and full of oaths and imprecations for Mr. Robert L——, who was accused of rascality. Miss Edith demanded to see the horse. They led Eclipse up before her. The splendid, intelligent animal seemed to look imploringly at her; and he held one trembling hind foot just off the ground.

Miss Edith whispered to Bob, who was standing by.

"Can't you find the trouble, Bob?"

"No," said he, "we have looked in vain. It must be that she snapped some of the small muscles of her leg. I shall have to withdraw her. I suppose you know what that means, Edith?"

She laughed, and then quickly became serious and angry. She spoke to the groom.

"Take a knife, litt up the horse's lame foot and you will find a bit of silk thread tied tight about—about—well, the ankle I suppose."

The groom darted to the horse and did as he was told. A furious cry burst from the assembled men.

"Who did it, miss? Who did it?"

"I cannot tell you," she replied, calmly. "I know the gentleman, and you will also know him when he is safe out of the country. He belongs to your association, and I saw the act done in the stable at half-past two this morning. The gentleman will resign his membership within forty-eight hours." This was all. She would not say another word.

"Come, Bob, get in with me, and we will drive home at once."

"No, I must stay," replied Bob. "You have saved me thus far, Edith; now I will look after Eclipse until the race is over."

Eclipse won three straight heats without a balk or break. That night Bob left the club. Men stared. Could it have been Bob that lamed Eclipse? Then the secretary read she resignation of Mr. Lowell B——. Everybody hissed, and then ran to take Bob by the hand. He has quitted horses, and is devoted to training children.

Sure Test of Death.

To learn with absolute certainty whether a person is dead or not, Dr. Hugo Magnus suggests the following simple method: Tie a strong ligature tightly around a finger or toe of the supposed corpse, and if life is still present a reddening, which grows gradually darker until it becomes a bluish red, will occur in that portion of the member beyond the constricted point. Where, from exposure or toil, the skin of the finger has become very much thickened, a toe may be selected. On the other hand, if life is extinct, no change in color will ensue. The bluish coloration of the nails so often seen on the dead body, and also in certain cases of blood disease, need not be regarded as any source of fallacy, for after the application of the ligature, as long as life remains in the body the whole of the limb from the place of constriction to the extremity, will be uniformly blue-red; but if the coloration do not take place, or only occurs at a circumscribed spot, it can with certainty be concluded that the spark of life has vanished.

The deep-seated arteries carry blood to the extremities; the veins, which are more superficial, return the blood toward the heart. By the ligature the backward flow of blood is arrested, when, if still circulating, it continues to pass into the constricted extremity through the arteries, and there accumulating gives rise to the peculiar color described. The object of the above proceeding is simply to ascertain whether the blood still circulates, as the complete stoppage of this function, according to Dr. Magnus, is positive proof of death.

It is recommended in the application of this method that the large limbs, such as the arms or thigh, be not chosen, because the necessary amount of constriction can not be so readily obtained, the numerous large, deep-lying veins of the muscles not being sufficiently compressed by the ligature. In case the fingers or toes are not available, the lobes of the ear may be employed.—*Galaxy.*

A House Built in a Day.

The newspapers of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, publish an account of the building of a brick dwellinghouse in that city in ten and a half hours, the materials having been prepared and collected on the site previous to the commencement. The house is twenty feet by thirty on the ground floor, two stories in height, and contains eight rooms. There were in all upward of one hundred workmen employed. The cellar foundation was already laid, and at precisely six o'clock Friday morning the men went to work. The *Examiner* thus describes the labor:

"Mr. J. T. Reading, photographer, was present with his photographic apparatus, and took views every fifteen minutes of the building and the workmen while in motion, which, of course, produced some ridiculous pictures—men, white and colored, in almost every position, are to be seen represented. At 8 A. M. the structure was advanced to the height of one story, with two floors—ground and second—laid, partitions in, and lathed and partly plastered, doors hung, stairways up, and a view taken with the Doctor in the midst of his workmen. The scene is a busy and comic one—the bricklayers erecting scaffolding for the second story. 10 A. M., view taken of western front on Prince street; second story brickwork two-thirds up, with carpenters ready to lay the floor, and plasterers commence lathing; western front painted and brick penciled on first story, and masons run short of brick, and then some delay in consequence, but it was remedied in a short while.

Eleven o'clock A. M., the bricklayers are up to square of ceiling for third floor, with corners raised to the height required to receive the rafters for roofing. Tinners waiting. The process of white-coating is now about completed in the first story. 11:18 A. M., first rafter for the roof laid. At 11:21 the last brick was placed upon the chimneys, and the bricklayers are done. Roof sheathed and tinners begin to lay roofing. 12:50 scaffold all removed from building. 2:30 P. M., sash in windows of first story and painters finished up; washboards down and rubbish cleaned away. At this writing the tinners are leaving the building; roofing and spouting completed. Plasterers still at work in the second story. The building has been insured, and in the course of a few hours will be ready for a tenant."

Five dollars a day for poor accommodations, makes Long Branch a charming place to leave, writes one who has left.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

State of Louisiana vs. George Musback.

SUPERIOR DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No 2966.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the honorable the Superior District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, for State taxes for the year 1870, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on TUESDAY, September 16, 1873, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit—

ONE CERTAIN PORTION OF GROUND, in the Second District of this city, square number four hundred and sixty-two, bounded by Dumaine, Hagan avenue, St. Ann and Bayou St. John, measuring one hundred and fifty feet on Dumaine street, by one hundred and six feet in depth, and forming the corner of Dumaine and Hagan avenue.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—Cash on the spot.

W. P. HARPER.

au14 24 sel6 Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.

Wilhelm Lesser vs. Legal Representatives of John Diendorf.

SIXTH DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 5082.—By virtue of a writ of seizure and sale to me directed by the honorable the Sixth District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on WEDNESDAY, September 17, 1873, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit—

A CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND, with the improvements thereon, and buildings and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining, situated in the Fourth District, in square bounded by Magazine, St. Mary, St. Andrew and Constance (formerly Live Oak) and St. Azelia streets, and which lot of ground is designated by the letter C on a plan by J. A. D'Hemecourt, surveyor, dated twenty-first of March, 1870, then in possession of the late John Diendorf, and according to which plan said lot measures twenty feet front on Magazine street, by eighty-five feet four inches four lines in depth on the line nearest to St. Mary street, and fifty-three feet in depth on the line nearest to St. Andrew street, and running thence at right angles toward St. Andrew street twenty feet, thence running parallel with St. Andrew street thirty-one feet eleven inches five lines to the rear, and is forty feet in width in the rear and having a common alleyway with other property opening on St. Mary street. Said lot is formed of lot number six on a plan of A. Castaing, dated November 29, 1859, and part of lots numbers seven and nine on the plan of H. Grant, late surveyor, dated sixth of May, 1843, deposited in the office of William Christy, late a notary public in this city, as plan number thirty-one of book of plans number two. Said lot number six was acquired, with other property, from J. Michael, per act before Coffey, notary public in this city, dated thirtieth of January, 1860, and the balance from J. Michael, per act before J. Cohn, notary public in this city, dated second of June, 1853.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—Cash on the spot.

W. P. HARPER.

au16 31 sel7 Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.

State of Louisiana vs. John Armstrong and John Ray.

SUPERIOR DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 3268.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the honorable the Superior District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, for State taxes for the year 1871, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on WEDNESDAY, September 17, 1873, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit—

TWO CERTAIN PORTIONS OF GROUND, in the First District of this city, square number twenty-seven, bounded by Peters, Erato, Front and Galenie streets, one forming the corner of Peters and Erato streets, and measuring eighty-five feet by one hundred and three feet, and the other fronting on Erato street and measuring one hundred and three feet by eighty-five feet, known as lots numbers thirty-three, thirty-six, thirty-seven and forty one of said square.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—Cash on the spot.

W. P. HARPER.

au16 31 sel7 Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.

Citizens' Bank of Louisiana vs. John O. McCall and William J. McCall, act. pos.

SUPERIOR DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 4052.—By virtue of a writ of seizure and sale to me directed by the honorable the Superior District Court for the parish of Orleans in the above entitled cause, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on TUESDAY, September 9, 1873, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit—

A LOT OF GROUND situated in the First District, city of New Orleans, in the square bounded by New Levee, Tchoupitoulas, North Market and St. Joseph streets; said lot designated by number one on a plan drawn by Joseph Pilie, then City surveyor, on the fourth of March, 1841, and annexed to an act of sale