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### THIS IS THE END.

This is the end. I give my hand to you,
And you—you take it coldly as you ought;
We say good-by, a careless word or two,
That rather hides than interchanges thought.
You go your way—I mine, and this is best:
Our paths asunder lie, we shall not meet;
But oh! the longing pain, the wild unrest
That turns to bitter all that life held sweet!

You knew I loved you. From the moment, dear,
I heard your voice in some quaint, minor strain
Pour forth its sweetness, chastened, tender, clear,
The tearful echo of that sad refrain
Has wakened brooding thoughts to mar my ease;
Your fair face bending o'er the music sheet,
Your white hands moving o'er the ivory keys—
This is the picture—only this, my sweet.

So must it be. This constant thought of you
Is the rich legacy of those dead hours;
Hours when we sat and sang the "Zoe Mou,"
Toying with love songs as we toy with flowers;
Catching the fragrance of their honeyed breath;
Between fond looks that never found their fill—
Ah! joys like these are twin with Birth and Death;
The music hushes in its wildest thrill.

Once more, good-by! All that I ask is this:
On summer evenings when the light grows dim,
And, answering your fingers' loving kiss,
The organ trembles with the vesper hymn—
Give me one thought. I would not be forgot
When your pure prayer blends with the music's swell;
Memorare virgo! Give me one thought,
Though it but shape this whisper: "Fare thee well!"

### THE LOSER WINS!

[From All the Year Round.]

On a bright spring morning, a few years ago, my regiment marched out of Colchester en route for Ireland, where we had been ordered, to the unspeakable disgust of the youngsters, who looked upon duty in the Sister Isle as foreign service. The sadness with which we marched out of our pleasant quarters was deepened into profound melancholy by many days' marching from Dublin to our now station, and we took over our barracks with heavy hearts.

However, after six months' residence our feelings had undergone considerable change; half the regiment was at out-stations within easy distance of headquarters, where our band played twice a week, bringing together to croquet fights and afternoon tea the surrounding families, who returned our small attentions with boundless hospitality. Six months' dinner parties, croquet parties, riding parties and picnics had done their work but too effectually, for the mess casualties showed two captains married and three subalterns engaged.

The captain of my troop, Frank Egremont, was an easy-going fellow as any in her majesty's service; so, freed from the constraints of headquarters, our duties were confined to morning parade. We left stable duty to the special supervision of Providence and the sergeant major, and at 1 P. M., when the unfortunates at headquarters were confined to the stables, learning to hate everything in the shape of a trooper, we were generally to be found driving through the village to some scene of festivity.

Our station, Ballywilliam, was a curiously dirty village, in an undulating grass country, studded with comfortable farm houses, and some large domains and residences. The country was well wooded; the fields of that emerald green so seldom seen out of moist Ireland, where nature paints her most beautiful landscapes in water colors, and the sky line, broken by a serrated mountain range that supplied a background, leaves nothing to be desired.

A bird's-eye view of the country showed Ballywilliam set in the midst, like a refuse heap in a garden. A salmon river flowed by the barracks, and, in winter, hounds met four days a week within easy distance. The people of the neighborhood were hospitable; fishing and shooting without end were freely given us; so Egremont and I were fain to confess that our good fortune had drifted us into a capital station.

"Where away to-day, Jack?" asked Egremont one morning, as we sat smoking after parade in the room that did duty as a mess-room.

"I think I shall fish the Grangemore waters," I replied.

A shade passed over Egremont's open face as I spoke; he made no further remark, but immersed himself in the Field.

The Meredyths of Grangemore were our staunchest allies. A week after our arrival Mr. Meredyth had called upon us; in a month friendship had sprung up, and ere the summer had well come an alliance offensive and defensive was completed between the barracks and Grangemore. Need I say the attraction that drew us there almost daily was not Mr. Meredyth, nor yet Mrs. Meredyth, who was the organizer of every social amusement and won all hearts! Nor yet the sons of the house—one home from India and the other devoting his talents to the destruction of the various animals, birds and fishes, the killing of which comes under the head of "sport." No, I may as well confess at once—there was a daughter, and such a daughter! Of Adela Meredyth I shall not give an analytical description; she was dark, and even the ladies allowed, very beautiful, with a nameless grace in every movement of her beautiful figure, a heaven of lustre in her dask eyes, and that nameless insouciance that makes an Irish girl so fatal to the unwary, especially to an Englishman, accustomed to the more staid coldness of our English ladies. Her majesty's Twenty-ninth Hussars went down before her charms without the shadow of resistance. Ere the September gold had clothed the corn-fields, I was hopelessly in love, and as hopelessly despairing, for I saw that Egremont had also struck his flag to the Grangemore queen. A universal favorite, rich, handsome, and gifted, he was everything a woman could desire. I dared not hope, with him for a rival, and saw, with all the pain that jealous pangs could inflict, that while often silent and constrained with me, with him Adela Meredyth was always gay and charming.

Half an hour after my announcement to Egremont found me walking along the river bank toward Grangemore, ostensibly to fish, but in reality to enjoy, moth-like, the light of her presence. As I walked along, for the twentieth time I determined to "do or die," and to learn my fate if opportunity offered. Irresistibly passionate appeals shaped themselves in my brain; my spirit had already flown forward to Grangemore, asked the eventful question, been accepted, and reveled in a long life of romantic bliss, while my poor deserted body was unconsciously doing its four miles an hour along the well known path. Having in spirit been married for years, and gone the round of almost every earthly amusement, I was, I think, in the act of accepting a brilliant offer for my daughter, when my castle in the air was shattered.

"Hallo, Jack, where are you going?"

"Good morning, Mr. Brandon."

There they sat, Tom Meredyth and Adela herself, lazily basking on the cool river bank, where I joined them.

"Well, Jack, so I hear you are going to ride French's Chanticleer at the Crossbane races next Monday?"

"Yes, I hope to."

"It's a nasty course; have you seen it?"

"No; I am afraid a close inspection might develop my bump of caution too much. I shall walk over it before the race, on Monday."

"You will require to steady Chanticleer at his fences. You remember, Adela, what an awful cropper he gave French in the run from here last winter; he loses his head when other horses are galloping beside him."

"I hear Captain Egremont is going to ride also," said Adela.

The first remark she had made since I joined them! Jealousy and I had a sharp dialogue over the fact of her thinking of Egremont, and the conclusion was not a pleasant one.

"Yes," answered Tom, "and, I think, to win. I know nothing in the race to beat Warhawk at the weight, if he stands up, of which there is but little doubt, for he is a perfect fencer. Come, Adela," he added, "let's have a bet about the two horses; you shall have your choice, for half a dozen pair of gloves."

"Which shall I take, Mr. Brandon?"

"Whichever you prefer," I answered, with what I meant for a killing look of entreaty to show some preference for my mount.

"Then I think I shall take Warhawk," she said, with an air of unconscious innocence, most aggravating to a man in my state of mind.

"It's no use spending the day here," said Tom, as he jumped up. "I mean to seduce the wily trout from his shady retreat." And he left us.

At last we were alone, the long wished for opportunity had arrived, and I determined to seize it this time. But the question was how to commence? Should I plunge into the business, in *medias res*, and say at once, "Miss Meredyth I love you!" or ought I lead the conversation delicately to the subject, and when I had prepared her mind for the reception of the intelligence, declare that, without her, life would be insupportable? The first plan would be too abrupt, and, as for the second, all capability of framing thought in language suddenly left me; my brain refused to act; I was dimly conscious of an overwhelming desire to say something, but the immensity of my desire refused to be trammeled in the narrow bounds of language. I could only feel like a pleading criminal, and look like a fool.

She was simply irresistible as she sat, picking a honeysuckle to pieces in the bright sunlight, and presented as beautiful a picture as ever crowned the combined efforts of nature and art. Armed with the prettiest and most becoming summer dress, the tiniest and sauciest little boots, a soft white silk kerchief tied loosely and carelessly around her beautiful neck, and a hat, for the fabrication of which, as a dangerous man trap, the creating milliner deserved incarceration for life; her cheeks suffused by a soft blush; her lips slightly parted, and her soft, dark, downcast eyes, she was charming.

At last I made an effort, and succeeded in breaking the silence.

"What a lovely day it is."

I can not say that my observation was brilliant, but it was something to have spoken, even though my voice sounded like a croak, for, by some mysterious process, my heart had jumped into my throat, where it stuck crosswise, and my tongue had become too large for my mouth.

"Yes, beautiful, but rather dark for fishing, is it not?"

"I assure you I infinitely prefer basking to fishing."

"That is a want of devotion to sport against which you should struggle. Tom acknowledges that the besetting sin of the army is laziness."

"Do you dislike the army?"

"N—no, not at all. Yet I am not sure that if I were a man I would adopt it for a profession."

"Why?"

"It seems to me, pardon me, a rather profitless existence. Confess you feel sometimes a little like a drone?"

I determined to send in my papers at once. Now for the plunge.

"No, I do not feel the least like one. I believe a drone is, in the main, a happy fellow; he eats, drinks and is merry, while I am thoroughly unhappy."

One look, and I felt she had read my story; then she seemed to shrink from me and changed the subject.

Don't mind what Tom said about Chanticleer. Mr. French would not have asked you to ride him if he were not safe, and I have seen him go admirably." "But Miss ——" "Of course," she continued hurriedly, "you and Captain Egremont will come to the races with us?"

"I was not alluding to the races," said I, determined to have my say at last; "I was ——"

"See, Tom has been successful; he has a fish. I must go and land it," she exclaimed, starting up.

At that moment a boat shot round the bend, propelled by Egremont, who sculled like a waterman. He stopped when he saw us.

"Are you not afraid of spoiling your complexion, Captain Egremont?" said Adela.

"Not at all," he replied; "it's a lovely day on the river; do come for a short pull. See, I have room for you in the stern, and you can steer. Now, Jack, hold that stern steady while Miss Meredyth steps on it."

As he spoke he backed the boat to the bank, and ere I well knew what happened, she was sitting in the stern; he pulling away with a flush of triumphant delight on his face.

"We won't be long, Mr. Brandon; have a trout when we return," she laughed, as the boat swept away down stream. I stood for a short time, torn by furious jealousy. Then declining Tom's invation to remain for luncheon, I started home like one demented. She loved him after all. I recalled her tone as the boat passed away. Every syllable was a poisoned dagger. Knowing that I loved her, she laughed at me. Egremont was then no doubt telling her the story she would not hear from me. The boat gliding on in the noontide hush—the oars at rest—he bending forward in passionate pleading—Adela listening with folded hands and downcast eyes, with beating heart and heightened color, while a magnetic, unspoken language told him he was loved. It was too bitter, and with a blackness of despair that I had never imagined possible, I flung myself upon my bed and lay there for hours.

I did not see Egremont until next morning, when neither of us alluded to the episode of the day before; but I thought that for a successful lover he looked rather grave. I determined never to see Adela again, and adhered to my determination with unconquerable firmness for two days, when Mr. Meredyth called at the barracks and insisted on our returning with him to Grangemore.

"How very ill you look, Mr. Brandon," was Mrs. Meredyth's first observation to me, as I joined her in the pleasure ground after dinner. "You have been working too hard, or training too hard, after the manner of you gentlemen riders. So we are to have the pleasure of bringing you and Captain Egremont to the races. How provoking it is that only one of you can win, for I am determined that the winner shall belong to my party."

"A determination that will no doubt be shared by some five or six others," I replied.

"No matter; my motto is: 'Where there's a will, there's a way.' You must try hard, that I shall not be disappointed."

"My dear Mrs. Meredyth, I am an exemplification of the fallacy of that old adage."

"Indeed! Perhaps you did not wish with all your might."

"I did, indeed—with all my soul," I said, sadly.

"Then," she replied kindly, "you must have been willing an impossibility, a fault of no great magnitude at your age. Remember, there is another old adage, 'What is, is best.' If want of success has made you unhappy, I am sorry for you; you must only take courage. In the future you will perhaps agree with the poet that 'Sorrows remembered sweeten present joys.'"

"Then you think unhappiness is not an unmitigated evil?"

"I think it is questionable if it be an evil. Happiness exists but by comparison with its reverse, therefore the existence of one is necessary to that of the other. However, theorizing on unhappiness will not make it less. Take the advice, Mr. Brandon, of an old woman; do not give way to unhappiness. You have youth and health, the greatest blessings of this life; do not lie down like a coward because you have failed in some desire. Try again, and if unsuccessful still, let it inspire you with a determination never to rest till you succeed. If success does not follow, you will nevertheless, in the attempt, have secured the unfailing panacea for all worldly misery—work. Now come in, and Adela and Captain Egremont will charm away your blue fit with a duet."

Dear, kind Mrs. Meredyth. Little did she know the refined torture she prepared for me. I believe they sang well, but that duet will ever be to me one of the most unpleasant reminiscences of my life. I sat in a corner, and remember considering that the mutual declaration of love and his cool request that she would fly with him somewhere or other, over the moonlit sea, were positively outrageous and should have been stopped by her father. During the evening Adela appeared more affable than usual; her manner to me was half-apologetic, but I preserved what I considered a dignified coolness and reserve. The wretched evening at length came to an end, and we drove home silent and thoughtful.

Monday came at last, a beautiful day, too fine, indeed, for the horses and riders, for the ground was as hard as iron. I had become madly anxious that Egremont should not win the race. For him I had conceived the most unreasonable hatred. In every look of his I thought I could detect a gleam of triumph which I resented bitterly. We arrived early, and had I been in a different mood there was abundant field for amusement. Hundreds of vehicles came pouring on to the course, from the well-appointed drag to the most extraordinary constructions that ever set the rules of coach-building at defiance. Seventy or eighty long gypsy tents were crammed with thirsty natives, every fence having its crowd of particular admirers, as they calculated on the probability of a fall—the fall being to an Irishman the main interest of a race.

Having threaded my way through the carriages, with their attendant roulette board and nigger minstrels, and received at least thirty invitations to return for luncheon after the race, and many wishes for success, I took refuge in the saddling yard, where I found Chanticleer looking fit as paint, and his owner rather anxious, but sanguine. The first race was over, and around each carriage and trap luncheon parties gathered and enjoyed themselves; I remained on the stand, chewing the cud of bitter fancies, for I could see Egremont laughing and chatting gaily with Adela, who was the centre of a pleasant knot.

At length the saddling bell sounded, and I returned to the carriage for my whip.

"What's the matter, Brandon?" said Mr. Meredyth, "you look more like going to drive a hearse than to ride Chanticleer. Come, have a glass of wine."

Egremont was talking to Adela. "Wish me success," I heard him whisper. Of course, she said yes, for as he turned away I saw him take her glove from her lap and slip it into his breast. I drank my champagne at a gulp. "Another please. Thanks." And, as quickly, I swallowed that. Mr. Meredyth looked a little astonished. As Adela handed me the whip, she whispered, "What is the matter?" She looked sad, and I thought, pitying, at which my pride revolted. I made no answer, but hurried away to the dressing-room.

Seventeen horses came to the post for the principal event. I was one of the last out of the weighing-yard, and as I emerged, Warhawk was cantering by the stand. As he went by with a grand swinging stride, he was accompanied by a murmur of admiration. Egremont's white jacket and red cap contrasted well with the horse's color—a jet black, shining like satin.

"That's a racer," said French, as he walked beside me, giving me those inevitable last directions. "Watch him, but don't ride at him until the last mile, for he is faster at his fences than you are, and Chanticleer does not like being passed. Some of these fools will make the running. Keep about fourth until you get over the double in the second round, then let him come, if he will."

"Good luck to your honor, and safe home," said the groom, with a last affectionate pat on the horse's neck as he turned him for his canter.

Chanticleer was a bright chestnut, hot-tempered, like all his color. As he went along swinging his head about, and pulling hard, I saw that I had rough work before me, for already he was excited by the crowd and the noise.

I avoided looking at the Meredyths' carriage as I passed. Why should I look for a passing glance, when Egremont carried her *gage d'amour* in his breast, but I heard Tom's cheery voice, "Good luck, Chanticleer, and it sounded like a good omen.

"Are you ready, gentlemen? Go!"

We are off; off with a rush and a plunge and a thunder of hoofs that drowns for us even the shout that leaps from a multitude at a start.

Chanticleer, plunging forward, swinging his head and tearing at his bit, gives me no time to look right or left as we sweep past the stand in our first rush. I see a cloud of gray, pink, blue, black and green before and around me, and wonder, as we come at the first fence, how we can possibly jump packed in this flying cloud. Chanticleer, wild at all times, is mad now, with a horse's tail whisking in his face, a horse on his right hand and on his left, precluding the possibility of swerving, while I have a dim consciousness of a young one behind me, to insure my destruction should we fall. A slight slackening in the pace. I see that blue and white baloon before subside as its wearer sits down on his horse. If he fails! Heavens! how I pray for the safety of that blue and white—with a vivid consciousness of the Nemesis astern. Chanticleer appears determined to look at nothing but that horse's tail. I take a pull at him, then the blue and white jacket rises out of the line of sight and discloses a single bank. Quick as thought, Chanticleer rises to it; I see his head for an instant between the gleaming hind shoes of the horse in front. The little balloons to the right and left pop up and down like painted floats at a nibble, and we are all safely over. Now that the possibility of escape has been demonstrated, I am beginning to feel more at ease, and approach the next fence in a more hopeful mood. The horses are settling into their stride, and, as I venture to look round, I distinguish the faces that surmount the little balloons. Vansittart overlooks a green one, that would have made him the favorite with the multitude had he not worn a red cap; Gore glares from above a cerise and gray; Mansergh, black and silver; McDermott, Lefroy and three or four more of our men, all looking before them with hard-set faces. None of the bonhommie that distinguishes the hardest runs with hounds, where, no matter what the pace, there is always time to fling an observation to the accompanying Nimrod; to gasp, "A good run—splendid," etc. Here your companion riders are not so much participators in a sport, as men to be beaten, and the excitement is purely selfish. I feel that if my blue and white pilot fails, I can neither pull to right or left, but must go straight on him; I hope, in that case, I shall not kill him, but that is entirely his affair. My pursuing Nemesis is no doubt actuated by precisely similar feelings. We have passed the second fence in safety, and begin to straggle a little, led by a raking gray ridden by a man in a scarlet jacket. Warhawk goes on second, and then comes a black and silver, next my blue and white leader, and then comes the ruck, with whom I am swinging along, holding Chanticleer with all my might. The next fence is a wall; the scarlet and white pop up and down as before, but the black and silver, instead of checking itself in its downward flight, disappears and, as Chanticleer flies past, I catch a glimpse of a horse struggling to his feet and a black and silver figure lying within a foot of where we landed. However, there is no time to look round—the improbability of his escape from the rush of horses behind strikes me for a moment, and I think no more about him. Another single is passed in the same order; a small double, a hurdle, the brook; and now we are coming at the principal attraction for the casualty lovers. Two or three times I have heard the simultaneous "Oh!" from the crowds at the fences, proclaiming that some unfortunate in the rear has come to grief. At the double is a large crowd in hopeful expectation of a fall; nor is the expectation disappointed, for the gray makes a mistake in rising, strikes the bank and disappears in the off grip, where he lies with his back broken. Warhawk has taken his fences beautifully, and is now improving the pace; Chanticleer has bungled a little at the double, but I feel him going well within himself, and range forward beside my blue and white leader. As we come into the straight, Egremont makes the pace a cracker, and we are obliged to call on our horses to keep our place. The thunder of the crowd greets us as we pass the stand, and Warhawk's name is shouted from thousands of throats. Chanticleer has again lost his head—the noise is too much for him. As I pass I see Adela just raise her handkerchief—a little, almost unnoticeable wave—of course to Egremont. I am mad with jealous fury, and, giving Chanticleer his head, raise at him, on past the stand over the first bank. There is no steadying now. I have but one insane idea—to throw Egremont and kill him, if possible.

Does he not carry her glove in his breast! After we pass the second fence, he says, "Jack, you'll kill that horse if you don't steady him at his fences!" He is now riding beside me, with the six or seven horses that have stood up, half-a-dozen lengths in the rear. I neither look at him nor answer him. The brook is passed, and we are still racing neck and neck for the double. I steal a look at him; our eyes meet for an instant; I wonder if he reads the world of hate that gleams in mine. "Fool!" he mutters, as he takes a pull at Warhawk, whose head steals back to my side, and then out of sight. As I come at the fence I see stretched outside the crowd the poor gray who had so gallantly led us a few minutes before. Chanticleer rises like a bird, and lands lightly as a deer. I hear a shout, and, Heaven forgive me! I hope that Warhawk and his rider have shared the fate of the gray, but on looking round I see him close on my quarter, and picking up his lost distance at every stride; but two horses follow us, four are down at the fence. Now commences a fierce struggle for the run home. At the last hurdle Warhawk is half a length in front. We have entered the straight, and now with whip and spur I urge Chanticleer. We are gaining at every stride. I see Warhawk's head again gliding back of me. I have a clear neck already: ten strides more and the race is won; when suddenly the green sward over which I have been flying like a swallow jumps up to meet me; I feel as if I were cast in the midst of a thousand plunging horses: over and over and over I roll; and when at length I stop, and sit up stunned and dizzy, with my left arm hanging loosely, I see poor Chanticleer lying at a little distance with his neck broken, and the boy who had run before him and caused our fall being carried away dead or insensible.

Friends rushed to my assistance, and lifting me to my feet, half supported, half carried me to the Meredyths' carriage, where I was placed beside Adela, while the horses were ordered for an immediate start.

I had at first avoided looking at Adela. What cared she; had not her lover won? Now I looked at her and saw her face was pale as death, her eyes fixed on me with a tortured look. Mrs. Meredyth was busily engaged cutting up napkins for bandages I whispered:

"It's nothing, Miss Meredyth—only a broken arm. I congratulate you on Egremont's success."

"Don't talk of him, I hate him, she murmured, and she looked straight into my eyes.

"You gave him your glove to carry in the race."

"No, he took it without my permission," she said, very determinedly, while I saw the tears moisten her dark lashes.

A hope—a brilliant flood of hope—broke on my soul. Mr. Meredyth was returning with a doctor. Not a moment was to be lost.

"Do you love him?"

"No."

"Adela, do you love me?"

Not a word, but one quick, glad glance, a single pressure of the hand, as the doctor's head appeared over the carriage door. I had won after all.

Need I tell my happy illness, my blessed convalescence, at Grangemore; how consent was given and wedding presents were made and a bridal party set out for a quiet parish church on a bright January day; how, at the dejeuner, the clergyman made a goody-goody speech, whereat his wife was edified; and the old friend of the family made a touching one, whereat the ladies wept; and the best man made a funny one, whereat the bridesmaids blushed, or how, at last, the happy couple started for the railway station, pursued by a hearty cheer from the assembled tenantry, and a cloud of slippers of every shape and hue—are not all these things written in the annals of Grangemore and the parish registry of Ballywilliam?

### Wilkie Collins.

Wilkie Collins arrived from England on Thursday in the steamer Algeria, and took up his quarters at the Westminster Hotel. Last evening he was installed in room No. 45, the apartment which, not many years ago, was assigned to Charles Dickens. One who had never seen the great novelist would be at no loss to identify him with the portrait stamped upon all the recent editions of his works, though he looks, if anything, rather younger than he is there represented. He is of medium height, very stout, and wears a heavy beard, whiskers and moustache. He was dressed in a faultlessly fitting suit of gray clothes and looked in all respects the beau ideal of a fashionable Londoner. In curious contrast to the author of the "Woman in White" was the valet who stood in the room. He was more than six feet in height, dressed in the severest manner in a ministerial suit of black, and was so thin as to suggest the probability of his having been seasick all the way from Liverpool.

Mr. Wilkie Collins is very courteous. He spoke of the enjoyment the passage across the Atlantic had afforded him. "The Algeria is a slow old ship," he said, "but very steady; not that it would have mattered much, for I am never seasick. I have often wished to see New York, but something invariably occurred to hinder me from doing so. I have not seen much of the city yet, but what I have has impressed me very favorably. I had heard a great deal of it, but it surpasses my utmost expectations. I drove down Broadway to-day, and was amazed at its great length and the immense number of magnificent buildings on it. The Central Park, too, is a superb piece of ground, of which any country might well be proud. An Englishman visiting New York must be struck by the dissimilarity between the general appearance of this city and that of those in his own country, especially London. It appears to me that you have much of the French manner here, and but little of the steady, plodding spirit of the English. You are all so lively."

Having been asked about his readings, Mr. Collins said: "I desire simply to tell the people a story, if I can prevail upon them to listen to me. With this view I have selected some anecdotes out of a collection not very well known here, I think—I mean the 'Queen of Hearts.' I purpose to revise some of these so as to make them of a length suitable to an evening's reading. It is many years since I wrote these tales, and I think I understand my art better now than I did then. They will lose nothing, I believe, by the alteration. The story I intend to begin with is the 'Dream Woman.' In its proper form it would occupy probably about half an hour to read, but as it now stands it will consume an hour and a half. If it succeeds I shall proceed to make similar alterations in some of the others. I believe there is good kernel in these stories, and they will bear a much longer rendering than I supposed when I first wrote them. I shall begin my readings on the seventh of October. I do not propose to take the field in New York at first. I shall give ten preliminary readings before I come here. The first experiment will be in Albany, after which I shall go to Rochester and other towns. My plan will be pretty well tested before I return to New York. If I succeed I shall travel a good deal in this country. I am going to Scranton, where I have been told there are extensive coal-fields. It is probable I shall go as far West as St. Louis. Altogether, I hope to remain in America for four or five months, perhaps longer. One thing you may depend upon. I shall stay in America as long as I can get a hall to read in, and an audience to come and hear my stories."—*New York Sun, twenty-seventh.*

### The Uprising Against Early Rising.

Early rising has been very rudely and successfully shaken. Charles Lamb has shown that there is as much excess in rising with the lark and laying down with the lamb as there is in the practice referred to in Moore's song, which recommends a lengthening of our days by taking "a few hours from night, my dear." That philosophy was shaken in the early days of the world by two sleepy children who came under the rebuke of vigilant fathers. "My son," remarked one sire, "I once found a piece of gold by rising early." "Aye," rejoined the young hopeful, "but the man who lost it was up before you." "My son," said the other worthy parent, "observe that it is the early bird that catches the worm." "I do, oh my father," replied the excellent boy; "also, that the worm was caught by getting up earlier than the bird."

A great disturbance occurred at the Plymouth, England, Theatre the other day, in consequence of a party of naval officers making a demonstration against Charles Reade's play of "It's Never too Late to Mend," which was being performed. The party occupied the pit, and as they continued the disturbance the audience called for their removal. The police interfered, and the officers resisted so much that the police had to seek the aid of civilians to take them to the stationhouse. The performance was stopped for nearly an hour, during the whole of which the house and stage were in a great uproar, many women fainting. One of the officers jumped on to the stage and was handcuffed with the handcuffs intended for one of the convicts in the play.

Our own impression is that if those of the people of our own and neighboring parishes would make the same exertion to find out the murderers of Judge Crawford and Mr. Harris that they do to traduce the character of Isaac Crawford and the official conduct of Sheriff Brown, the ends of justice would be better subserved than they are.—*Madison Journal.*

### "THE LAY OF THE LABORER."

BY JOHN PAUL.

It was a long lank Jerseyman,
And he stoppeth one of two:
"I ain't acquaint in these here parts;
I'm a lookin' for Dan'l Drew.

I'm a lab'rer in the vinnard;
My callin' I pursue
At the institoot at Madison
That was built by Dan'l Drew.

I'm a lab'rer in the vinnard;
My wordly wants are few;
But I want some pints on these here sheers—
I'm a lookin' for Dan'l Drew."

Again I saw that laborer,
Corner of Wall and New;
He was looking for a ferryboat,
And not for Daniel Drew.

Upon his back he bore a sack
Inscribed, "Preferred Qu."
Some "Canton" scrip was in his grip—
A little "Wabash," too.

He plain was "long" of much "R. I."—
Not "short" of Bourbon new.
There was never another laborer
Got such "pints" from Drew.

At the ferry gate I saw him late,
His white cravat askew,
A paying his fare with a registered share
Of that "Preferred Qu."

And these words came back from the Hackensack,
"If you want to gamble a few,
Just get in your paw, at a game of draw,
But don't take a hand at Drew!"

### The Philadelphia Masonic Temple.

The following excellent description of the new Masonic Temple at Philadelphia, and its solemn dedication to the services of the various arms of the Masonic service, is from the New York *Times* of the thirtieth:

The new Masonic Temple in this city, which is now being dedicated with imposing ceremonies, was five years in course of erection, and is the largest, costliest and most magnificent structure consecrated to Masonry in the world. It is situated upon a spacious plot of ground at the northeast corner of Broad and Filbert streets, and directly opposite to the public buildings of the city, which are now being erected. The splendid structure, unique in its massiveness and architectural beauty, is the most prominent object upon the broad and fine boulevard upon which it stands, its dimensions being so extensive and its towers so lofty, that, whether viewed from the streets immediately surrounding it, or from the distant George's Hill in the park, the huge tower, with its rich embellishments, stands out in bold relief against the sky, crowning the most elaborate building in Philadelphia. The structure is bounded by Broad, Juniper, Filbert, and Cuthbert streets, and covers the entire block. It extends 250 feet east and west, while its breadth is 150 feet. The site, which is one of the most valuable in the city, cost $156,793, and the next week after its purchase could have been resold for $200,000. The corner stone of the new building was laid with appropriate and most imposing Masonic ceremonies June 25, 1868. The procession attending being composed of over ten thousand Masons. The gavel used upon the occasion was the same employed by General Washington when he laid the corner stone of the federal Capitol at Washington City.

The aggregate cost of the entire structure is $1,575,000, including the sum paid for the ground. The money was secured chiefly by a Masonic loan, which is very popular from the fact that the Grand Lodge was authorized by a special legislative enactment to borrow money at a rate of interest not exceeding eight per cent, and the loan was issued at seven and three-tenths per cent interest. It is a singular fact that various lodges, both in and out of the city, of kindred charitable bodies, such as the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and the American Mechanics, hold many thousand dollars' worth of these Masonic bonds. The Grand Lodge also owns the old temple on Chestnut street, which was dedicated in 1853, and is now valued at $350,000.

The furnishing of the temple, which has been done in the most magnificent and elaborate manner, cost $125,000, and in this the furniture of the old temple was availed of as far as possible. The entire work is a model of economy and judicious expenditure, and but little profit has been made by the contractors. The work of erection was entrusted to a building committee composed of the most prominent members of the order in the city and State. The architect was James H. Windrim, of Philadelphia, and during the construction of the building he has devoted himself solely to the supervision of the work. The temple has two fronts—the west on Broad street and the south on Filbert. The latter, being the broadside view, is admired by reason of its immensity and grandeur of every detail of construction. The western front is the most imposing in the beauty of its architecture and finish, and possesses the advantage of an extended view down South Broad street. Both are splendid specimens of the Norman style of architecture, the profile in its conception being very bold and without a trace of flatness. Cape Ann syenite, of a grayish white color, is the material employed in the construction of the western and southern fronts. The northern and eastern fronts are built of Fox Island granite from the coast of Maine. The Norman porch or doorway upon Broad street is the most beautiful and costly work of the kind in the United States. It is built of hard Quincy granite, carved with highly embellished Masonic symbols and emblems. It is modeled from some of the finest specimens of this style of architecture in Europe, and is made up of four pairs of receding pillars, surmounted by arched semi-circular mouldings, enriched by beautiful Norman devices and decorations. The foundations of the grand tower are sunk thirty-four feet below the sidewalk, and the walls are built of massive stone to secure permanence and absolute safety. It rises in grandeur and solidity many feet above the roof of the temple, having turrets at the angles. Surmounting the turrets are spires, which appear almost like pigmies, at such a height are they elevated above the street. At the northwestern angle is another tower, of smaller dimensions, while between the two rises the higher portion of the elaborate facade, combining so many beauties that it makes the Broad street front picturesque and at once unique, and without an equal as a building in the entire city. The roof is beautiful in pattern, being a combination of turrets, peaks and spires, while the windows and heavy cornices are models of the skilled pencilings of the architect and the chisel of the artist mechanic. The interior is no less wonderful than the outside. Though practically of two stories in height, it is three in the rear. The basement is an interesting portion of the building, and contains the kitchen and heating apparatus, while underneath are the sub-cellars, containing a perfect maze of passage ways for the purposes of ventilation and for the conveyance of fresh air from without, and also of warm air to every part of the interior. Ten millions of bricks were consumed in the interior masonry, and some of the huge blocks of granite in the foundation wall weigh seven tons. A spiral sewer has been constructed, leading to one of the city mains. The entire structure is thoroughly fireproof. The floors are a series of brick arches, the girders being of iron, and the whole covered with cement, upon which the flooring itself is laid. Upon the first floor are the grand master's apartments and the grand secretary's. The grand treasurer's rooms adjoin those of the secretaries. Committee rooms take up the greater portion of the southern side of this floor, while the library of the Grand Lodge occupies the southeastern corner. On the northern side of this floor, occupying near one-half of the floor, is the banquet hall, while the Oriental hall, a fine large room, takes up the remainder. The second is the principal floor of the temple. A magnificent hallway sweeps through the first floor, from which ascends to the one above the grand staircase. This is a model of elegance and massiveness. An entresol section between the ceiling of the first and second floors furnishes space for various fireproof purposes devoted to the keeping of valuable documents and costly regalia and other paraphernalia. The upper floor only extends over that portion of the principal floor occupied by three subordinate lodge rooms, as the Grand Lodge and the Grand Chapter halls are elevated to the roof of the temple. The asylum of the commanderies of the Knights Templar is situated on the upper floor, and is the only purely Gothic hall in the building. There is also here a banquet hall and three other minor lodge and assembly rooms. Altogether the temple contains one grand and six subordinate chapter room, an asylum, council chamber and attendant apartments for the Templars, two banquet halls, a library, and a multitude of minor apartments. The Grand Lodge hall is the largest in the Temple. It is 105 feet in length, 51 feet wide, and 50 feet high. The furniture is highly wrought, and of cedar and walnut, covered with blue plush, the seats in rows at the sides of the hall accommodating 400 persons. The construction and decoration are upon the Corinthian order, the chandeliers being of magnificently wrought bronze, and the skylight device original and perfect.

The Grand Lodge Library is also a very fine apartment, and will be used as the receptacle for a complete Masonic library. A reading room will be established, where will be kept on file periodicals, magazines and daily papers.

The furniture, which was all made in this country, required the labor of 250 mechanics, constantly for six months. The doors are marvels of strength, solidity and beauty of finish. The windows are of stained glass, ornamented with many Masonic emblems. The carpets were manufactured in England from original designs furnished here. To be thoroughly safe in case of fire, four tanks are situated in the attic and in the grand tower, and hold 60,000 gallons of water.

The consecration ceremonies were continued this afternoon by the dedication of the Grand Chapter room by the Grand Chapter of Pennsylvania. They were of a very imposing order, and were participated in by many of the foremost Masons of the State and from abroad. The latter wore their collars, aprons, and jewels during the exercises, and joined in the procession. At the conclusion of the dedication the Grand Chapter and invited guests sat down to a sumptuous banquet in the banqueting hall.

This morning the grand high priest and officers and committee of reception were in attendance at the old temple, on Chestnut street, and these formally received the Grand Chapters of the United States, Nova Scotia and foreign jurisdictions, after which they visited in a body the new temple. The great event of the entire dedicatory ceremonies will be the parade of the Knights Templar Commanderies to-morrow. It is expected that this will be the richest and finest street pageant ever witnessed in this country. Five thousand knights will be in the procession, which will start at 2 P. M. Visiting commanderies have been arriving all day, and two more from Washington are expected to-night. De Molay Commandery, of Washington, intend to parade, mounted upon black horses and clad in mail.

The correspondent of the New York *Herald* of the first instant, gives the final proceedings of the dedication:

No words of mine could describe the parade of the Knights Templar. It would be absolutely impossible to give any fair idea of its extent and appearance, even though I should follow the example of many others and spin off long columns. The other day the parade was far from interesting to look upon. It was too compact, too gloomy and too solemn. Black coats and hats, as they passed in one delegation after another, became monotonous, and as there was not a single banner in the line the eye had nothing to relieve the dreary solemnity of the Masonic masses. To-day, however, the army, for I can call it nothing else, was gay, brilliant and pleasing. The beautiful plumes, the rich regalia, the waving banners of purple and crimson and gold, were lovely to look upon, and the crowd that gathered to see the procession was said to be the greatest ever assembled in Philadelphia. In Walnut street the windows and housetops were filled with men, women and children, and to pass along this street was impossible. One had to stand where he happened to be hurled, and the damp and chilly atmosphere rendered the waiting anything but agreeable.

At two o'clock the line formed on Broad street, with its right resting upon Chestnut. The route of the procession was down Chestnut street to Sixth, to Walnut, to Eighteenth, to Green, to Broad, to Columbia avenue, then countermarched down Broad street to the temple, and then dismissed. The line was headed by a commandery from Washington, mounted upon handsome steeds, and behind them was an army of more than 3000 men. Their costumes were those worn by the mystic order; their regalia was brilliant and their swords were bright. Almost every State in the Union was represented, and the procession was relieved at different points by twenty excellent bands of music. The Maryland delegation was particularly well drilled, and, in numbers, conspicuously strong. As I said before, it is impossible to give a faint idea of the march, but the parade was a noble one, and perhaps the most remarkable the Masonic fraternity have ever enjoyed. I doubt whether for any purpose whatever there could be assembled in another country three thousand such well developed, intelligent and fine looking men, and no American could help feeling proud of his country as the vast multitude with steady step and streaming banners passed before him.

The ceremonies attendant upon the consecration of the asylum to the orders of Christian Knighthood, which took place in the temple, were as follows:

The grand officers formed in the council chamber, and from thence to the asylum, while the orchestra performed the grand march, composed by Sir E. B. Spencer.

The Right Eminent Grand Commander, being satisfied that all present were Knights Templar, proceeded to consecrate the asylum to the orders of Christian Knighthood.

A chorus, "Hail to the Craft," was rendered by Sirs Aaron R. Taylor, William Foley, John Keller, George Boden, George Ford, Lewis C. Gropengeisser, Charles T. Noble and Edward B. Spencer.

The trustees presented the asylum to the Right Eminent Grand Commander for consecration, and on accepting the same a reply was made by the Right Eminent Grand Commander. This was followed by a chorus, entitled "Almigthy Father." The Eminent Grand Prelate made a prayer, and a chant, "Gloria Patri," followed, after which a detail of six knights from each of the five commanderies meeting in this city, with the standard-guard, making nine in all from each commandery, formed on the south side of the asylum, under command of the Eminent Grand Warder.

Then the Very Eminent Deputy Grand Commander took the vessel containing the corn, the Eminent Grand Generalissimo that containing the wine, the Eminent Grand Captain General that containing the oil, and took their stations at the angles of the delta.

A tenor solo, "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," was sung by William A. Briscoe.

After which the detail marched four times around the asylum, halting at their station in the south while a grand march was performed by the orchestra.

The Very Eminent Deputy Grand Commander then presented the vessel containing the corn to the Right Eminent Grand Commander, who passed around the delta, sprinkling the corn on each of its angles and returned to his post. The Very Eminent Deputy Grand Commander received the vessel from the Right Eminent Grand Commander, placed it in its position on the delta, and lighted the four tapers on the south side of the delta and returned to his post.

While the corn was being sprinkled on the angles of the delta, the Eminent Grand Prelate said:

"May the God of all grace cause 'the handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains' to yield abundant fruit, and may the whole earth be filled with his glory."

A chorus, "Gloria in Excelsis," written specially by Mr. D. D. Wood, was then rendered.

The detail again marched four times around the asylum to a grand march, halting as before.

The Eminent Grand Generalissimo then presented the vessel containing the wine to the Right Eminent Grand Commander, who passed it around the delta, sprinkling the corn with wine.

While the wine was being poured upon the delta the Eminent Grand Prelate repeated:

"May the Almighty Saviour give us in rich abundance the wine of gladness, and make us ever ready to relieve the wants of the poor and needy."

Solo—"Pity, O Saviour," was next sung by Sir Aaron R. Taylor. After which the Eminent Grand Generalissimo, receiving the vessel from the hands of the Right Eminent Grand Commander, placed it in its position and lighted the four tapers on the north side of the delta and returned to his post.

The detail again passed four times around the asylum to a grand march, halting as before.

The Eminent Grand Captain General now presented the Right Eminent Grand Commander with the vessel containing the oil, who passed it around the delta, sprinkling the corn with wine and oil.

While the oil was being poured upon the delta, the Eminent Grand Prelate said:

"May the ever blessed Emanuel pour upon us the precious anointing oil of His Grace, and make us of one mind and heart, that we may be ever ready to do unto others as we would they should do unto us."

A duet, "I Will Magnify Thee, O. God!" was sung by Sirs Franklin R. Thomas and William A. Briscoe, after which the Eminent Grand Captain General received the vessel, placed it in its position on the delta, lighted the four tapers at the base of the delta and returned to his post.

The Sir Knights then arose, when the Right Eminent Grand Commander directed the Eminent Grand Prelate to offer the prayer of consecration, which was as follows:

To our most eminent and worthy patron, St. John, the almoner, I do now solemnly dedicate this asylum; and may He who died on the cross—our Prophet, Priest and King—abundantly bless and prosper us in all our undertaking. May the poor and weary pilgrim ever find a resting place within our sacred inclosures, and may each Knight so redeem his time that he may receive the joyful invitation, "Enter thou into the joy of the Lord." Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, glory be to the Holy Ghost, glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

The response, "As it was in the beginning," etc., was then made.

A solo, "Come unto me," was next sung by Sir F. R. Thomas.

The Knights then resumed their stations, and the Right Eminent Grand Commander ordered the Eminent Grand Warder to proclaim the consecration of this new asylum.

The Eminent Grand Warder then advanced to the centre of the Asylum, and made the following proclamation:

"Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! Valiant Knights of the Temple, I am ordered to proclaim, and do proclaim that this Asylum has been duly consecrated for the purposes of Christian Knighthood, and as such will be duly reverenced. This I proclaim to the North (one blast on trumpet), to the South (two blasts), to the East (three blasts), to the West (grand flourish on trumpet). All true and courteous Knights will take due notice thereof and govern themselves accordingly."

A trio, entitled "Red Cross Knight," was then rendered by Sirs William A. Briscoe, George Roden and A. R. Taylor.

The Grand Commandery was then opened with a chant, "To Deum Laudamus."

An address followed by the Right Eminent Grand Commander, Sir Grant Weidman, which again was followed by a solo and quartet, "Holy Peace," solo by Sir Aaron R. Taylor, and quartet by Sirs William A. Briscoe, William Foley, George Roden and Charles T. Noble.

The Grand Commandery was then closed with the accustomed ceremonies.

### The Boy Who Lives With His Maiden Aunt.

We know a boy who lives with his maiden aunt, and we pity that unfortunate. We have always had a horror of living with a maiden aunt—the bare mention of such a thing has often frightened us into good behaviour for a month. A cat-o'-nine-tails never had half such a wholesome effect upon us as always accompanied this threatened change of boarding houses.

But we digress. The boy we know belongs to the clan known as "small boys"—boys whom nobody has any place for, and nobody knows what to do with. The urchin is given to playful pranks sometimes, but these "boys will be boys," and people shouldn't find fault with minor matters. This particular youngster has a humorous way of twisting the tail of his aunt's pet cat, and reconciling the difficulty with tabby by feeding her on half a dozen canaries. He occasionally pulls the keys out of the piano, sells them for old ivory, and buys a pistol to shoot flies. He isn't allowed to go out with his keeper except on Christmas day, and he is obliged to play base ball in the house. He uses the butter-paddle for a bat, eggs for balls, and imagines the green velvet carpet on the floor a suitable field for indoor sports. The other day he played an exciting and hotly-contested match, self vs. self, with the implements and on the ground aforesaid, and trouble ensued. He became excited, batted wildly, drove "hot uns" right and left, and hung the walls with liquid chickens. He turned suddenly around, looked in the five hundred dollar mirror, saw the other fellow squared for a home run, picked up the piano stool in a fit of desperation, pitched it at the striker, and the second hand man, who came the next day, said the gilt frame was worth half price, but he would not cart the broken pieces away for less than one dollar a load.

His aunt was unreasonable. She [illegible] found fault with the boy for having [illegible] harmless diversion. She had never felt a mother's love for her erring offspring, or she would never have locked him up in the garret for six weeks without anything to eat, and expected him to cut up fifty pounds of carpet rags a day until released.

Six weeks had passed. Quietly and unobtrusively the maiden aunt stole to the door of the room in which she had confined the youthful prisoner. Expecting to find him reduced to skin and bone, and submission and obedience, she was about to turn the key, when she suddenly concluded to look through the keyhole to see if the boy still lived. Oh, horror! there upon the bare floor, in all the solitude of his lonely isolation, was the form of her nephew, prone upon his vest pattern, with four other urchins stretched alongside of him, playing draw poker. And her pious heart was grieved to find that these young rascals had been climbing the rain spout for six weeks, bringing aid and comfort to the enemy.

The aunt offers a fine, healthy male child for adoption to any wealthy family that can come well recommended.

### Benefit of Laughter.

Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions of hearty laughter. The blood moves more freely—probably its chemical, electric or vital conditions distinctly modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when we are laughing, from what it does at other times. And so, we doubt not, a good laugh may lengthen our lives, conveying a distinct stimulus to the vital forces. And the time may come when physicians, attending more closely than they are apt to do at present to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient "so many peals of laughter to be undergone at such a time," just as they now do that far more objectionable prescription, a pill or an electric shock; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each patient.—*Herald of Health.*

### The "Temporale."

A correspondent, writing from Lucerne, describes a storm on Lake Maggiore as follows:

Scarcely had we left when the boatman, feeling a sharp gust upon his cheek, looked about and exclaimed "temporale!" Sure enough, there was rushing down the valley of the Tosa a white opaque cloud, and on the lake the white caps rose to meet it. I took an oar, and, pulling stroke, gave my Italian oarsman, as an Englishman would say, "some tips in rowing." We re-entered the miniature harbor just as the big drops began to fall. A crowd of women, almost blown off their feet every minute, had gathered on the sea wall; men were running hither and thither for a staunch boat, while there out on the lake was a little boy alone in his craft, screaming for help. Now, with my apprehension of his danger, I could not but be struck with the picturesqueness of the scene; the snow-capped mountains sending down the storm to a responsive sea; the waves beating against the stout wall and splashing almost ove[illegible] above.