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CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

England's sun was setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filled the land with misty beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and maiden fair—
He with step so slow and weary, she with sunny floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark and damp and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned dart;
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right;
Now I'm old, I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep center Bessie made a solemn vow;
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew must not ring to-night!"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment passed the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew now,
And the sight hath chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below;
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell),
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done
Should be told long ages after—as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white
Tell the children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, glows with sudden beauty now;
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn,
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty light;
"Go, your lover lives," cries Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

[For the New Orleans Republican.]

A MOTHER'S SEARCH.

A Reminiscence of the War.

BY F. A. D.

"A lady wishes to speak with you, sir," announced the orderly.

"Who is she? Why did you not ascertain her name?

"I do not know. She said that it was hardly worth while for her to send in her name, as you would be none the wiser by it."

What sort of a person is she—young and pretty, or old and ugly?"

"Old as the mother of St. Patrick, and as ugly as the Witch of Endor."

"Keep her out, then, by all means. Tell her that I'm busy—to call next week, or to go to the devil—anything. To be impudent is a fault only pardonable in youth and beauty; but to be old, ugly and impudent is to be outside the pale of mercy."

"That all may be so, Colonel, but nevertheless I must speak with you."

These were her words as she pushed past the orderly, and came into the room with a movement at once rapid and catlike, but still not devoid of a certain grace and dignity. And the orderly was right in saying that she was ugly—that is if a yellow wrinkled skin, a large toothless mouth, a long, thin, sharp nose, and a chin clothed by a scant crop of beard, frosted by the winters of sixty odd years—all united, would be supposed to constitute ugliness. This was the sort of woman who thus forced herself into the presence of your humble servant, chief of staff of a General commanding a department in the Confederate States. She did not appear to be the least abashed either by the stern and withering glance that I bestowed upon her, but looking me full in the face with those large blue, and singularly clear eyes, for one of her age, said in a low and sweet voice—yes she had a sweet and motherly toned voice:

"I wished much to see you, and had so little time to lose."

Now I had determined to have her put out for her insolence. It was not to be permitted, such a forcible invasion of the sacred inner chamber of headquarters. It mattered not what her business was, or who she was, she should be made to pay due respect to the commanding General and his staff; but when she looked into mine through those great soft eyes, and that kind and mournful voice fell upon my ear, I thought that after all I would not be hard upon her, and at least hear what she had to say. And then, upon consideration, she was not so ugly, after all, in spite of her age, her wrinkles, her poverty in teeth and wealth in beard. As she stood there she seemed stately and noble, so I rose involuntarily and offered her a chair. Yes, I, Colonel Blunderbuss, the sourest martinet in the service, I offered this intruder a chair, begged her to be seated, and requested that she would make known her business.

"Previous," said she, "to my doing that it is right for me to inform you who I am." And to my nodded assent she continued: "My name is Wheelock — Mrs. Abigail Wheelock, of Bath, New Hampshire. I am not one of those women who meddle with politics, or who are attached to any department of the army which is fighting your people to save the Union. I am a plain country woman—a farmer's wife—and before this awful war began never was beyond the limits of my native State. But our only child went off to the war, and last year he disappeared after the fight at Antietam. They said he was killed, and at first I believed it; but soon I could not believe it any longer. Something told me that he was alive, and a prisoner somewhere in the South, and every day this feeling grew stronger. My old man said that I was going crazy, and for a long time would not listen to my plan of coming down South to hunt Stephen up. But I prevailed upon him at last to start with me. He was not calculated to go through with what we had to go through with. His nature was a little hard, too, against your people, seeing the oceans of blood they had shed in trying to break up the Union, and he could not every day help from showing it, which gave us trouble after getting inside your lines. And besides, he was a very old man and not able to stand the fatigue and hardship which we had to endure. So he died month before last, and I am continuing the search all alone.

The only signs that this strange little woman gave of any feeling when mentioning her husband's death were somewhat peculiar. The brightness of her eyes was increased to a remarkable extent, so that they shone like two diamonds, and that bearded chin of hers twitched and flinched, but her voice was still soft and even, and she never lost the slightest bit of her calmness.

"I have been all through Virginia and North Carolina, and have in one way or another visited every prisoner confined there, but so far have not found my son. But at Salisbury I saw a soldier who said that he knew Stephen had been killed at Antietam—had helped to bury him."

"Why, madam," interrupted I, "that should have convinced you of the hopelessness of your search."

"No," sadly replied she. "It did not. I can not be convinced of that, for I have prayed to God to take from me this belief, if it be not well founded, and each day it grows stronger within me. My boy lives, sir, as sure as I am here before you, and I come to ask that you will grant me a permit to visit the different prisons in your jurisdiction where your prisoners of war are confined."

This permit could not be granted. General ——— was particularly savage on this subject, as there had been several escapes during the past few months. And how did I know that this old woman was not a spy and an aider and abettor in effecting such escapes? I told her so; but still she persisted in urging the request, until I promised to bring the matter before the General in person. Of course he refused, and even spoke of ordering her arrest. She only sighed wearily when she received this reply, and left my office.

But she did not leave that part of the country for several weeks. And when she did go I felt sure that she had not done so before she had found the means of visiting each prison in the department.

Months afterwards I saw her aagin in Georgia, and she greeted me with the same mournful, wearied smile. She was still on her pilgrimage, she told me, having never yet obtained information of her son. She was then about to start for the Trans-Mississippi country, as she had been told that we had a large number of prisoners at Tyler, in Texas. When told that her son could not be among them, as they had all been captured west of the Mississippi river since the battle of Antietam, she would reply:

"Who knows? I will only believe he is dead when I have been everywhere, and seen all the prisoners you have."

And she traveled on.

History was made fast those days. Events enough were crowded into weeks to have sufficed for decades of years. And immersed in the busy whirlpool of such a time, a man soon forgot incidents, which at others would have been the subject of much thought.

Therefore, in spite of the fact that I had been much interested, at the time, in this old lady, and had been much moved by her silent, tearless grief, I had forgotten all about her in five months more, when I was ordered down to Texas, to report to the commanding General there, for special duty.

It was within a few miles of Dallas that I caught up with a carriage containing a sick female, attended by an old negro, dragging their weary way on amid the heat and dust. I rode up beside the carriage, and on looking in saw that it was Mrs. Wheelock, whom I immediately recognized and saluted.

"I do not know how it is, Colonel," said she, "but I am pretty near worn out all of a sudden. Perhaps its the heat or the food, but I seem to have lost my hope as well as my strength. I begin to believe now that Stephen must be dead, which I never did before. Is it not strange? It came upon me all of a sudden last Wednesday (it was then Saturday) and I have had no heart since. Yes, my son must be dead, and I will never see him again. So I am going to start back home to Bath as soon as I get strong enough. Do you think there would be any use in my going to the battlefield of Antietam and trying to discover the place where he was buried?"

I told her it was possible that she might be able to trace the spot where her son had been buried, but only by way of consolation, for I saw that she would never live to reach the borders even of Texas, as death had set his mark upon that singular face.

Her monomania had left her upon the near approach of death. The hallucination which had kept her constantly wandering from place to place for these long, long two years no longer existed, and she would die, that was certain.

A mile or two further on we came to a farm house, and I prevailed upon Mrs. Wheelock to stop there until she grew strong enough to travel further.

The people of this house informed me that they had only a few days before buried a stranger who had boarded with them for some time. He represented himself to be a discharged soldier, having been disabled by a wound through his lungs, which had finally caused his death. But upon examining his papers after his death, they had found out that he was a prisoner, escaped from one of our prisons.

"Did you learn his name?" I asked, with a singular feeling of excitement.

"The letters which he left with the request that we would forward to their address were signed 'Stephen Wheelock.'"

Yes, the devoted mother had at last reached the end of her journey. We buried her in the same grave with her son the next day.

He had died on Wednesday—the day that she had given up her search. The papers left by him gave full details of his capture at Antietam, his imprisonment at the Libby, subsequent escape and wanderings and adventures till death closed his career amid the wilds of far-off Texas.

A singularly terse sanitary maxim was, we believe, given by Boerhave to a friend as a legacy: "Keep your feet dry and warm, your head cool, and fear God."

THE MASQUERADE.

Gaily I went to the masquerade,
Donned my bright velvets and plaited my hair.
"Look now your fairest, O face," I said;
"Robes, be your prettiest—he will be there!"
"Masks can not hide us!" I laughed at the thought.
"Laces and silks keep his eyes from my face!
Cavalier's plume or the cloak of a king
Turn to a stranger's his manhood and grace!"

Gay flashed the lights and around whirled the crowd,
Glittering, changing, mysterious still;
Laughter and music now low and now loud,
Beauty to charm, hidden glances to thrill.
'Mid the soft music he came to my side.
"'La Fille du Regiment,' you do I know
This glove tells the secret you thought it would hide.
Be mine in this dance, now, my friend," soft and low.

Swifter the wild strains swept out on the air,
Softer the weird rhymth crept thro' my brain,
Linking his light words to melodies rare,
Flooding my heart with love's jubilant strain.
What did I see that my face grew so strange
When the gay maskers laid by their disguise?
Others came back to themselves in the change;
Two masks had hidden my friend from my eyes.

Both fell at once. One was silken and white;
Noble the features concealed in its flow,
Pride in the lips, the eyes full of light,
Sweetness and strength; yes, this face did I know.
"The other!" I fancied that constancy, truth,
Purity, honor abode in his heart.
Enough—'twas a mask; it fell, and, forsooth,
I, woman-like, showed my surprise in that start.

Think not I turned myself sadly away,
Deem me not heartless in that I still smiled.
Why should I weep that my idol was clay?
Why should I mourn over fate like a child?
Yes, dear, I own there's pain 'neath the smile,
Hearts won't forget all their tricks in a day,
And mine will elude my skill once in a while,
Looking back still, when I'd pass on my way.

—The Galaxy for March.

[For the New Orleans Republican.]

MADELINE.

Hector, my dog, raise your woolly head; we're alone to-night.

By Jove! old friend, you're true at least.

Heavens! how the wind does blow, and the rain patters down like Philion's feet on the home-stretch.

None of the boys will drop in to-night, and, by Jove! it's too bad for the theatre or club; a fellow might catch his death cold out in this slush to-night, and if I was to die—why, my dog and my cat would mourn.

And Madeline—somehow this devilish head of mine keeps turning to her to-night. Madeline, sleeping "under the daisies" these many years.

How the rain does pour!

Great God! Madeline; do you slumber sweet to-night at Elmwood?

How the birds used to sing, and the flowers wave at the old place there.

I remember how the sun shone on your yellow curls that first day at Elmwood—the first day, Madeline, not the last. Would to God that it had been! We were visiting the lake near by, a number of us "sports," you know, and one day—that day, Madeline—I stumbled into the grounds at Elmwood.

What a timid little sprite you were, standing under a tree, your hat flown off, the sunbeams falling in flecks on your yellow curls, and the flowers all spilled from your apron to the ground. Ah, Madeline! I regathered the fallen flowers. I reassured the trembling little creature at my side with artless cunning. Devil take us men, with all our honeyed wiles. And then, Madeline, after that, you know, every day found us there.

At first I held your hand, then my arm crept down to your waist; then your yellow curls hung down on my shoulder, and then, somehow—I'll swear I don't know how, Madeline—I held you all in my arms.

And then, what a rain of kisses, turning earth to heaven. How wildly through our veins flowed the "new strong wine of love."

I've kissed many women, haven't I, Hector, old dog? but my God, Madeline, no lips e'er brought the bliss of thine.

Well, the autumn brought our parting. Time brings a surcease to all pleasure, so I reasoned, Madeline. And you—well there was a frightened look in your eyes, and a kind of despair in your voice when I told you good-by. I didn't think of it then, but I did afterward, when some one wrote me from Elmwood that Madeline, the light of her home, the darling of her father, was fading, dying slowly, it was said, of some nameless disease.

Oh! birdie, little golden head, "under the sod and the dew," slept soon the tender blue eyes of Madeline.

The sun shone on, the birds sang, the flowers blossomed—but the old home was desolate—the father's heart was broken—the light and joy of Elmwood had gone forever! And I—well, we men of the world have our secrets—under the satin sheen of our broadcloths, and the garish glimmer of our diamond studs, and this one the boys found out never.

But, Madeline, love, "my wee little blossom of the tender blue eye," if I had you to-night, not so desolate my heart and home—not this bitter wail to-night in memory's chamber. But you are with the angels now—gone.

"Out to the banks of the beautiful shore,
Where the angels and seraphim be;
On to the streets of the sweet evermore,
My darling has journeyed from me.
Has journeyed away to the golden day,
Where the sunshine falls softly forever,
To the throne all white that out-dazzles the light,
In the kingdom of bliss o'er the river."

What, Hector, old boy, disturbed in your dreams! Mine are waking, but bring their bitter too.

What miserable Havanas that boy gave me. By Jove! I can't stand this. I'll try the wind and rain. May be some poor devil is down on the pave, and I'll give him a lift, and somehow, great God, if I can, atone.

St. Louis to New Orleans.

[From the Nashville (Tennessee) Banner.]

On the twenty-fifth of December, the Mississippi Central railroad having been completed to Cairo, opened up to the commercial world a great through route, all under one management, from that town to New Orleans. Heretofore, freights from Cairo had to be transported down the river by steamer to Hickman, Kentucky, in order to their shipment by rail by this line to New Orleans. The opening of this route from Cairo to New Orleans gave an all rail route connection between all points North, Northwest and South. It opens up, also, a new connection via Frost station, the junction of the Mississippi Central and the Nashville and Northwestern road. The distance between Nashville and New Orleans via Frost station, by this new route, is 638 miles, and via the Nashville and Northwestern road, via McKenzie and Milan, 602 miles.

The distance between Nashville and Decatur and North and South roads, or via Montgomery and Mobile, as it is sometimes known among railroad men, is 630 miles. It will thus be seen by comparison of these differences, that the route via McKenzie and Milan, over the Northwestern and Mississippi Central roads, is thirty-six miles shorter than the route via Frost Station, and twenty-eight miles shorter than via Montgomery and Mobile. Freights and passengers will be transported to Nashville over the new road, and via the Northwestern, from both Frost Station and McKenzie and Milan. Already there have been shipped from New Orleans to Nashville, via these points, 200 car loads of groceries. By this route freights and passengers will be sent to New Orleans, and vice versa, over two great trunk lines, whereas heretofore they were transported over three different roads.

Judge Jeffreys, pointing with his cane at a prisoner before him, observed, "There is a great rogue at the end of this stick." The man replied, "At which end, my lord?"

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

I will not let thee go.
Ends all our month-long love in this?
Can it be summed up so,
Quit in a single kiss?
I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
If thy words' breath could scare thy deeds
As the soft South can blow
And toss the feathered seeds,
Then might I let thee go.

* * * * * * *

I will not let thee go.
The stars that crowd the summer skies
Hath watched us so below
With all their million eyes,
I dare not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
I hold thee by too many bands:
Thou sayest farewell, and lo!
I have thee by the hands,
And will not let thee go.

AFTER YEARS OF WAITING.

"I shall see you, to-night, Mrs. Kathlane?"

"At the Grangers? Yes, I shall be there. I hope it won't be a crush."

"Why? I rather like a crush."

"Oh. A crush makes me feel vicious."

Rupert Thornbury smiled as he looked down at the speaker. Something had evidently put her out. "Are you often viciously disposed, Mrs. Kathlane? It is news to me."

"I wish you would not call me that, Rupert. Mrs. Kathlane! You do it on purpose, and I don't like it."

The last words were spoken like a petulent child; and there was a cloud on the face which looked up for a moment from the soft, vividly colored wools which the white and slender fingers were knitting into some incomprehensible "fancy-work." A very beautiful face it was, and a very beautiful woman was little Mrs. Kathlane; and no one in the wide world was more thoroughly convinced of that fact than Rupert Thornbury.

She was slight and small in figure—girlish looking still, despite her four and twenty years. No other woman would have dared, with her complexion, to wear the colors which she did, often in defiance of ordinary rules. She wore, this morning, a deep, royal purple dress, with purple bands in her dark hair, and looked, as no other woman could have looked—charming. Her hair drooped over her forehead in lustrous waves, and was marvelous in its perfect form and brilliant coloring; and her great dark eyes, with their long lashes, were enough of themselves to turn an ordinary man's head.

"I don't like it," she said again, glancing at her companion, who was abstractedly tangling the bright wools, apparently lost in thought, "and I shall be seriously angry with you if you persist in being so formal. For it is formal, after you have known me since I was a little child, to speak as though we were strangers."

"I'll not call you so again, Millicent. Only—" Mr. Thornbury paused.

"Only what?" returned the imperious little lady, giving him another searching glance.

"Things have changed a great deal since you were a child, Millicent. You are a woman now, wealthy, courted, flattered; and I—but it is no good talking of these things. I must be going. Will you promise me the first waltz to-night?"

"Certainly. I hope you appreciate my kindness. I waltz very rarely, you know."

"I do appreciate it; and now I must go down to that stupid old office, as you call it, and make up for lost time. Good morning, Millicent—don't forget your promise," and then he was gone. Gone, and unconscious, as he walked swiftly down the street, that when she turned back to her work a soft sigh fluttered from her beautiful lips, and a shadow clouded her face.

He had known her, as she said, since she was a little child; and he, a strong, rude lad, had loved the flower-faced little Millicent dearly; and when at the age of eighteen he had been sent away from his home to qualify himself to play a part in the work of life, it was with a secret determination to return after years had passed and claim her. Although she was a child not a dozen years old, she had taken the warmest place in his warm heart for her own.

Years passed by, and Rupert Thornbury worked hard and well, but the fortune he so ardently wished for never came. He was an honorable man, and crushing his own heart back, he took his father's burdens on his strong young shoulders, and bore them bravely. Only once he faltered, and that was when, after scarcely six years had passed since he first went out into the world, news came to him that Millicent, his "little Milly," was married. It was her father's wish, the gossips said. Mr. Kathlane, the suitor, was immensely wealthy, and having been fascinated by Millicent's beauty, he parents had used all their influence with her; and the end was, she married. Millicent, now Mrs. Kathlane, went away to her husband's home, and Rupert Thornbury wearily went on with his dull, distasteful labor, with not even the old boyish dream to lighten his task.

Six years more passed slowly by, making many changes in the affairs of both. Mr. Kathlane died suddenly after two or three years of married life, and Millicent went abroad with some friends.

She had been back nearly a year now, and had settled down to a town life. During this period the old childish friendship for Rupert Thornbury had been warmly renewed, and Rupert had discovered that, charming as she was in her childhood and girlhood, now that she was a woman she was infinitely more so.

During this year life had grown a great deal brighter to Mr. Thornbury; he was prospering, slowly and steadily, and had gained many friends. Anxious mammas looked upon him with favor, and many bright eyes gave him bewitching glances; hitherto in vain. His whole heart—and he knew it—was still with Millicent Kathlane; but her marriage had raised her, both as to wealth and position, so far above himself that he did not, except at some fond, delusive moment, dare to aspire to her. He was only a city man, plodding on in his close city office, with his three or four clerks under him.

"How beautiful she is!" he thought, as he walked away from the house. "Just the same little Milly at heart, too, as in the dear old days. And her glances—oh, if I might dare to believe in them!—seem as true to me as they were then. But what would the world say?"

That night saw him at Mrs. Granger's, a fashionable woman, with some fashionable daughters, one of whom, Cornelia, had made a dead set at Mr. Thornbury. He stood in the lighted rooms, watching eagerly for Millicent; but it was not until very late that she arrived. As she came down the long rooms, moving as easily and gracefully as though she had been, from earliest childhood, accustomed to reign in society, a murmur of admiration followed her.

She was dressed in a trailing robe of pale, silvery blue, with an over dress of soft, white lace; her beautiful neck and arms were bare, save for their ornaments of fretted gold; her face was untouched by paint or powder, and her vivid coloring made her beauty seem almost unearthly as compared with some of the inane faces around her. Her black hair, elaborately dressed, was fastened here and there with drooping sprays of scarlet flowers, and at her bosom, looping her over-dress, and in her jewelled *bouquetière*, the scarlet buds glowed and burned.

"Is she not lovely?" That was a question which every one felt could be answered but in the affirmative. And many an envious heart was hidden under the smiling faces which greeted her.

"There is Mrs. Kathlane, Mr. Thornbury," said Cornelia Granger, a tall, pale, ill-natured girl, to whom Rupert had been saying civil nothings for the last few minutes, and who was furiously jealous of Mrs. Kathlane in her heart of hearts. "You gentlemen are wild about her, I believe. Red and blue—what excruciating taste! I wonder her maid does not teach her better."

"Every one has not your critical eyes, Miss Granger," said Rupert, laughing. "I thought her dress charming."

"Of course." Miss Cornelia was not an amiable girl, as we have said, and at that moment her temper was pinching her rather sourly. "Perhaps you make one of those who are wild over her, Mr. Thornbury?"

"It would be of no use to me, I expect, if I were," replied Rupert, in his candor.

"Well, I suppose not—as she is soon to be married again."

"Married again!" he uttered.

"So report runs," said Miss Granger, toying with her fan.

"To whom? I had not heard of it."

"To Mr. Worthington; a cousin of her late husband, you know."

"I know him," cried Rupert, feeling he knew not how. "Dick Worthington's not worthy of her. It would be desecration."

"She may not think so. It is said there was a great deal of intimacy before Mr. Kathlane died. She married him simply for his money—that's well known—and the handsome cousin used to be a frequent visitor. There was a deal of gossip about it at the time, and—but there's Dick Worthington now. Look how her color rises when she speaks to him."

"Are you quite certain your information is correct, Miss Granger?"

The pale eyes glanced at him again, and then looked away.

"About the engagement? Quite sure, Mr. Thornbury. At least, the world is sure of it. I am neither more nor less wise than it."

Mr. Thornbury did not change color at the news or seem, in reality, to feel much surprise; he stood laughing and chatting with the young lady for a few moments on different subjects, and then excusing himself, sauntered across the room to where Mrs. Kathlane sat, surrounded by an admiring group, of which Richard Worthington was one.

"It is my waltz," said Mr. Thornbury, as she looked up and greeted him with one of her brightest smiles. "Or are you too tired?"

"Tired?" She laughed a little silvery laugh as she rose. "I am never tired of dancing. Richard, I will leave my flowers and fan with you as a hostage."

It was nothing, this leaving with him her fan and flowers—it was like a thousand other little coquettish ways which she had—but Rupert thinking—oh! so bitterly—of what had just been told him, fancied that he saw something deeper than her usual light coquetry in the glance she gave the handsome young fellow, and groaned in spirit. It seemed a full confirmation of what he had heard.

"One, two, three. One, two, three. You are shockingly out of step, Rupert!" said she, after the first turn. "What is the matter? You look as stern as if you had seen a ghost."

"I have," he said, almost grimly—"the ghost of a dead hope;" and she, half-frightened at his tone, looked up at him questioningly. But in another moment he smiled back at her, and she was reassured.

"Don't talk nonsense, Rupert. There! you are dancing beautifully now. What were you and that odious Cornelia Granger talking about so long?"

"Odious do you call her?"

"Well, I do, Rupert. I think her so; she has not a spark of good feeling in her. Don't you go and tell, now."

"Do you think she is truthful, Millicent?"

"No, I don't. Take care!"

They whirled lightly through the dance, Rupert almost startling Millicent by his unwonted gaiety, laughing and chatting like anyone but his grave self; and she, the color deepening in her cheeks, the light in her eyes growing momentarily brighter, looked like a veritable "dance-sprite," so airily did she float through the rooms.

"How beautifully they waltz!" Even Cornelia Granger involuntarily spoke in admiration, and a slender youth near her gave it as his opinion that "Thistledown couldn't be lighter than Mrs. Kathlane in a waltz."

"Are you tired?" said Rupert, looking down at the beautiful face, and Millicent, for answer, said she could keep on forever. And so she danced on and on, until Rupert saw the bright color fading away, and the sensitive mouth begininning to droop a little at the corners.

"You are tired," he said, and then, before she could answer, he whirled her through the low, open window into the cool, fresh air on the balcony.

"Thanks," she said. "I believe I was a little faint. Will you get my cloak?" And then, until her cloak came, she sat quiet, like a tired child, with her head resting wearily on the railing.

"The next dance but one is Richard's," she said, as she wrapped the soft, white cloak around her tenderly. "I must not slight him. But we will stay out here until then, unless you wish to go back, in which case I will not keep you with me."

"I shall not dance again to-night," he answered, "unless it is with you."

"I am engaged for every one of them, I am afraid. I could have been engaged three or four times over," she added, laughing. "I am sorry, Rupert, but—"

"No matter," he interrupted her, almost rudely. "I must get used to it, I suppose." He was standing before her, looking down at her, and she, in her pretty, imperious way, laid her hand on his arm.

"You are cross to-night," she said. "Sit here beside me, and tell me what it is that troubles you."

He hesitated a moment, and then, with a reckless determination to disclose everything, and afterward leave her forever, he told her the story of his long love for her; told her in a fierce, hard way, which almost frightened her, and yet made her reverence and admire him more, perhaps, than she had done before.

"I have loved you, Millicent. I love you now, more than you can imagine, and I have not told you because—because you are so far removed from me in every way. I feared you would think me mercenary. I feared—oh! Millicent! Heaven only knows how I have loved you; how I have longed to tell you, and yet I have not had the courage. Now it is too late, either for harm or good. I shall pray for your happiness always with the man you have chosen."

"What do you mean, Rupert?"

The profound wonder in her voice made him hesitate. "I have heard of your engagement to Mr. Worthington."

"Who has told you that?" she asked. But in the same moment Richard Worthington stepped through the low window and came toward them.

"I have been searching for you everywhere," he said, laughing in his boyish, good natured way. "It's my dance, most respected cousin Millicent." And she was forced to go, without another word to the man beside her.

"Have you and Mr. Thornbury been quarreling?" said Richard, who, to do him justice, was entirely innocent of any thought of Mrs. Kathlane, or of anybody else, as a wife. "He looked black as a thunder cloud, and you are pale."

"I was a little faint after the waltz," she answered. "Don't tease me Dick;" and so Richard desisted from his inquiries.

Meanwhile Rupert Thornbury, left alone with only his own thoughts for company, sat as utterly and entirely wretched as a man can feel but once in his lifetime. Inside the rooms the music kept untiringly on; the gay dancers floated past the windows; every face was bright with smiles. Outside here, in the darkness, a man sat alone, struggling bravely to lift his cross and bear it uncomplainingly.

How long he sat there he knew not, but at last he roused himself, and rose to his feet. "I must go back," he said. "Cornelia Granger will have a delicate bit of gossip if she sees me here."

So he went in and showed himself, and said a few words to Miss Granger, and strolled about he knew not whither, talking to one, talking to another, and presently found himself up stairs near the library.

The library door was ajar, and as he entered, all in silvery blue and soft white lace, with scarlet buds glowing and burning here and there, turned and advanced a step toward to him. There were tears in the great black eyes, and the red lips were trembling like a grieved child's.

"Was it untrue, Millicent?"

"Every word of it. Dick, indeed! Oh, Rupert!"

He clasped her hands almost rudely.

"You are not engaged?"

Only a look answered him. He caught her to him, pouring forth all the sweet love vows that he had sensitively refrained from before, and Millicent whispered that she never should be engaged, unless it was to him.

A pity but Miss Cornelia Granger had chanced look into the library.

After waiting for so many years!—*The Argosy.*

ROSE LEAVES.

We stood beside the sleeping bay;
She held my gift-rose in her hand;
It was the last sweet trysting day,
And then, ho! for a strange, far land.
She plucked each tender leaf apart,
And each leaf told its tale to me—
Each leaf a hope torn from my heart;
The leaves fell fluttering by the sea.

And oft in far off lands I thought
Of one who never could be mine;
Who must be loved, but be unsought—
'Twas hard to love and not repine.
Those rose leaves withered on the sand,
But other roses bloom for thee;
O lost love in the distant land,
O rose leaves withered by the sea!

—Once a Week.

Peter Cooper's Lessons to Millionaires.

The following is Peter Cooper's speech at the Arcadian Club reception in New York last week. It ought to be read by every rich man in the world:

For the gracious manner and kindly words in which you have made me welcome to your hospitable home and more hospitable hearts, be so good as to accept my cordial thanks; none the less sincere in that they come from a heart in which the pulsations of eighty-three years have not enfeebled the appreciation of deeds of generosity and kindness. When the suggestions of the honor which you designed for me was communicated to me, I confess I was reluctant to accede to your wishes, because my acceptance seemed to imply a consciousness on my part of desert, which I did not feel; and my reluctance was only overcome by the assurance that the recognition which you desired to make of my life-long desire to do my duty to the city of my birth, and to my fellow-men, might be useful in helping others, and especially the young, to do their duty in a community in which so much depends upon the voluntary actions of its individual members.

If, then, I have done or accomplished anything which really merits your good opinion, let me say at once, and for all, that I have found and received full compensation in the satisfaction which I have derived from the consciousness of duty performed; and that the experience of a long life enables me to say that money and efforts expended for the general good are a better paying investment than any possible expenditure for personal gratification. In looking back, however, over my life, I am compelled to make a remark, in which most aged persons will sympathize, and that is, how much I have seen come to pass, and how little I have been able to do in a long career, the cardinal rule of which has been to render some equivalent to society, in some useful form of labor, for each day of my existence. When I was born New York contained 33,331 inhabitants. The upper limits of the city were at Chambers street. Not a single free school, either by day or night, existed. General Washington had just entered upon his first term as President of the United States, the whole annual expenditures of which did not exceed $2,500,000, being about sixty cents per head of the population.

Not a single steam engine had yet been built or erected on the American continent, and the people were clad in homespun, and were characterized by the simple virtues and habits which are usually associated with that primitive garb. I need not tell you what the country now is, and what the habits and the garments of its people now are, or that the expenditure, per capita, of the general government has increased fifteen fold. But I have witnessed and taken a deep interest in every step of the marvelous development and progress which have characterized this century beyond all the centuries which have gone before. Measured by the achievements of the years I have seen, I am one of the oldest men who have ever lived; but I do not feel old, and I propose to give the receipt by which I have preserved my youth. I have always given a friendly welcome to new ideas, and I have endeavored not to feel too old to learn, and thus, though I stand here with the snows of so many winters upon my head, my faith in human nature, my belief in the progress of man to a better social condition, and especially my trust in the ability of men to establish and maintain self-government are as fresh and as young as when I began to travel the path of life. While I have always recognized that the object of business is to make money in an honorable manner, I have endeavored to remember that the object of life is to do good. Hence I have been ready to engage in all new enterprises, and without incurring debt to risk the means which I had acquired in their promotion, provided they seemed to me calculated to advance the general good. This will account for my early attempt to perfect the steam engine, for my early attempt to construct the first American locomotive, for my connection with the telegraph in a course of efforts to unite our country with the European world, and for my recent efforts to solve the problem of economical steam navigation on the canals; to all of which you have so kindly referred. It happens to but few men to change the current of human progress as it did to Watt, to Fulton, to Stephenson, and to Morse; but most men may be nearly to welcome laborers to a new field of usefulness, and to clear the road for their progress. This I have tried to do as well in the perfecting and execution of their ideas, as in making such provision as my means have permitted for the proper education of the young mechanics and citizens of my native city, in order to fit them for the reception of new ideas, social, mechanical, and scientific; hoping thus to economize and expand the intellectual as well as the physical forces, and provide a larger fund for distribution among the various classes which necessarily make up the total of society. I feel that nature has provided bountifully for the wants of all men, and that we need only knowledge, scientific, political, and religious, and self-control, in order to eradicate the evils under which society has suffered in all ages. Let me say, then, in conclusion, that my experience of life has not dimmed my hopes for humanity; that my sun is not setting in clouds and darkness, but is going down cheerfully in a clear firmament lighted up by the glory of God, who should always be venerated and loved as the infinite source and fountain of all light, life, power, wisdom and goodness.

An enthusiast asserts that Wagner, "the music-of-the-future" man, has "chiseled" features. Whose?

Wonders of Wedlock.

The philosophy of domestic history involves many a problem in real life that would be scouted as extravagantly impracticable in fiction, and the peculiarly facile genius of social and legal institutions in the United States seems notably favorable to the development of such curiosities. Thus a jury in Portland, Maine, has recently disagreed, and thereby necessitated a new trial, in a case of alleged mistaken identity, the parties to which are a gentleman who claims another person's wife as his own, and the lady who firmly and indignantly denies that she ever even saw the claimant before.

Mrs. Waite, wife of a highly respectable citizen of that name, is the lady in question, and the claimant of her marital allegiance, who is from another part of the country, persists that he once married and was deserted by her, and brings letters and witnesses in proof thereof. She, on the contrary, is sustained by husband, children, old friends and acquaintances in utterly denying all knowledge of the man; and, as the disagreement of the jury shows, the evidence on both sides is so strong as to baffle the average of human sagacity to decide the astounding problem.

But yet more surprising are the anomalous legal complications of a case in San Bernardino, California, of which the following are the chief facts: In 1872, an Englishman named Oades came thither from Australia and purchased a farm in Temescal township, representing that he had experienced bitter domestic bereavement and pecuniary loss in the land whence he came, and exhibiting great despondency of spirit in consequence. In January of the following year he wooed and won a comely and highly respectable widow of San Bernardino named Foreland, but not without having given her the tragic history of his past errors. About six years before he had been a thrifty farmer in Wellington county, New Zealand, on the frontiers of the seditious Maori country.

During his absence from home one day, on a short journey of business, while his wife and several children were alone in the house, a band of savage Maoris devastated the place and left the buildings in smoking ruins. Upon his return he found only heaps of smouldering embers and ashes in the place where the homestead had stood, and charred human fragments in the dreadful wreck left him no hope but that his whole family had been butchered by the pitiless destroyers. It seemed, indeed, barely possible at first that some of the victims had been carried off captive; but weeks, months and even years of pitiful waiting and inquiring never sustained the possibility. At last the inconsolable man had gathered together what little worldly substance was left to him and emigrated to California, and now told the story of his calamities to her whom he besought to be his second wife. Thus Mrs. Foreland knew what Oades had suffered before she gave him her hand in wedlock, and needed no further information from him when, in a year after the marriage—or only a few weeks ago—the first Mrs. Oades and three children arrived at the farm in search of husband and parent. The woman and the little ones had been made prisoners, instead of killed, by the Maoris; the human remains found in the smoking ruins were those of savages who were slain by each other in a fight for the spoils; and, after a captivity of years, the hapless Mrs. Oades and her children had finally been released, and followed their natural protector to California.

Upon hearing the piteous tale from the poor wanderers, Oades and his second wife were of one mind about what to do in the matter. They would not relinquish their own union, for it had been entered into in perfect good faith on both sides, and was justified by the mutual devotion it had developed; but the desolate new-comers must be received into the house as legitimate members of the family, and receive all the amends that could possibly be made for their anomalous condition.

Not so, though, decided the good people of San Bernardino, who, on being frankly told of the domestic situation, insisted that there must be a divorce to accommodate affairs to civilized form. As neither Oades or either of the Mrs. Oades would move in the matter the public prosecuting attorney was constrained to institute legal proceedings. And then began the judicial perplexities of the problem. According to the Los Angeles *Express*, the husband was first sued for retaining the woman from Australia under his roof. He proved that she was his lawful wife and the suit was abandoned. A suit was then brought against him for unlawfully living with wife number two. He was acquited under the law, which declares that "the marriage of a person having a husband or wife living is void, unless such former husband or wife living was absent and not known to such person to be living for five years immediately preceding such subsequent marriage—in which case the subsequent marriage is void only from the time its nullity is adjudged by a proper tribunal." He was then prosecuted for bigamy, but the law provides that "no person shall be held guilty of bigamy whose husband or wife has been absent for five successive years without being known to such person as being living." So he again escaped.

A fourth suit was finally brought to dissolve the second marriage. That failed because not brought by one of the interested parties. They were appealed to, but refused to take action. At a public meeting of the now fairly frantic citizens it was proposed to petition the Legislature to pass a special act dissolving Oades' last marriage. But Oades, who was present, immediately arose to address the meeting, and told them, that that was no go, for by the twentieth section of the fourth article of the constitution of California it is expressly provided that "no divorce shall be granted by the Legislature." As Oades produced the book, itself, this argument was unanswerable.

It was then proposed that the Legislature should be petitioned to call a constitutional convention for the purpose of annulling one or the other of Oades's marriages; but Oades produced the constitution of the United States and read the tenth section of the first article, which expressly provides that "No State * * * shall pass any law * * * impairing the obligation of contracts," "and marriage," he said, "was well settled to be a contract, and therefore no earthly power could deprive him of his vested right in his two wives." And thus the case stands at present—one of the most remarkable examples of legal and social contradiction ever known in a civilized country.—*Graphic.*

Julia Dean's Mistake.

A Southern letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial* says:

While in Charleston I had a chat with an old colored woman, who has haunted the theatres there for twenty years and over, and has helped dress all the old stock of actresses that are fast passing from life's stage. Her talk about the unfortunate Julia Dean was interesting.

"Deed, honey," said she, "Dis yer place hain't much what it used to be, when Miss Julia Dean came here to make the great mistake ob her life. Den dar used to be strings and strings ob carriages in front ob the theatre, and servants in livery, and Miss Julia was a great favorite. But, honey, I tole her better not to marry that man Hayne. I tole her, de berry fust card young Hayne ebber sent, which I took to Miss Julia my own bressed self, I tole her not have nuffin to do wid him, for he make her miserable. But, honey, she got desperate kinder ober the meanness ob her fadder and her stepmodder, and she married dat Hayne. Dat was a bad day for Miss Julia, honey. An' when she came back here agin arter she had done been married a little while, she jest put her head on my breast, honey, and she say, 'Oh, auntie! if I'd only listened to you!' And, honey, I could say nuffin, but jes weep wid her, so we bofe weep togedder."

The Redistribution of National Bank Currency.

There seems to be no doubt that the bill recently reported by Senator Sherman, providing for a redistribution of the national bank currency, will pass both houses of Congress. As previously reported, the States now deficient in their proportion of the currency are not by any means disposed to accept the $25,000,000 in complete satisfaction of their demands, but will continue to insist upon more currency. The States now having an excess of currency are Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania.—*New York Tribune.*