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I'LL KNOW THEE THERE.

Pale star, that, with thy soft, sad light,
Came out upon my bridal eve,
I have a song to sing to-night,
Before thou takest thy mournful leave.
Since then so softly time has stirred,
That months have almost seemed like hours,
And I am like a little bird
That slept too long among the flowers,
And, waking, sits with waveless wings,
Soft singing 'mid the shades of even;
But, oh! with sadder heart I sing—
I sing of one who dwells in heaven.

Loved one! though lost to human sight,
I feel thy spirit lingering near;
And softly, as I feel the light
That trembles through the atmosphere,
As in some temple's holy shades,
Though mute the hymn and hushed the prayer,
A solemn awe the soul pervades,
Which tells that worship has been there;
A breath of incense, left alone
Where many a censer swung around,
Which thrill the wanderer like to one
Who treads on consecrated ground.

I'll know thee there by that sweet face,
Round which a tender halo plays,
Still touched with that expressive grace
That made thee lovely all thy days—
By that sweet smile that o'er it shed
A beauty like the light of even,
Whose soft expression never fled
Even when its soul had fled to Heaven;
I'll know thee by the starry crown
That glitters in thy raven hair;
Oh! by these blessed signs alone
I'll know thee there, I'll know thee there.

For, ah! thine eyes, within whose sphere
The sweetest youth and beauty met,
That swam in love and softness here,
Must swim in love and softness yet.
For ah! its dark and liquid beams,
Though saddened by a thousand sighs,
Were holier than the light that streams
Down from the gates of paradise—
Were bright and radiant like the morn,
Yet soft and dewy as the eve,
Too sad for eyes where smiles are born,
Too young for eyes to learn to grieve.

I wonder if this cold, sweet breeze
Hath touched thy lips and fanned thy brow.
For all my spirit hears and sees
Recalls thee to my memory now;
For every hour we breathe apart
Will but increase, if that can be,
The love that fills this lonely heart,
Already filled so full of thee.
Yet many a tear these eyes must weep,
And many a sin must be forgiven,
Ere these pale lids shall sink to sleep,
And you and I shall meet in heaven.

THROUGH THE BREAKERS.

I.

We were sisters only by adoption; yet I know that the love between us, in those old days, was as great as it could have been if the mothers, of whom only sweet memories were left us, had been one; and as if my father had been Elsie's father, too, instead of having pitifully adopted the orphan child, and brought her from a poor and loveless life to share our happy home. I suppose I always knew that he could never grow to love her just as he loved his own child; yet even if I had felt he did so, I should only have rejoiced. I am speaking now of the old times, and speaking, too, when I can see those old times lying in the full sunlight of the unsuspicious love we bore each other. We two adopted sisters were a strong contrast. Elsie was a bright, light-hearted girl, with a sunny prettiness, and a happy smile forever rippling on her lips and sparkling in her eyes. We were the same age within a year, yet I always felt much the elder, for my nature was silent and concentrated, dreamy to a fault, and steadfast—so steadfast, that if I had had one aim to pursue, however hopeless, I should have pursued it silently to my death. Yet, under my quietness, I knew, even then, that there slept a passionate intensity of feeling which gave me one power greater than Elsie possessed—the power of suffering. She won love and friendship, while I stood isolated, with only her love and my father's to encircle me. She won admiration and esteem from all, and I knew that this was well, because suffering to her was weakening as illness; under it she lay passive and helpless, while I met it as I would meet a sorrowful friend, and made my step firm and my heart strong to support it. But all this was in the old times, before she won (easily, as she won all else,) the only love which could have gladdened me, and before that chill gray cloud dropped down between us.

He did not live with us at first, but my father, when his own health failed, persuaded his young partner (to whom the mills would entirely belong after his death) to come and live with us in our great house, upon the hill, at the foot of which the mills lay. So Horace Capon came, and the whole active management of the mills fell into his hands; and although he was a young man, my father felt the utmost confidence in him. The master was safe in relying on Mr. Capon, the men would sometimes say to us, when we wandered, as we liked to do, over the busy, noisy mills; he was one to be trusted. We used to smile at the expression, which seemed to them to mean so much; and when Horace would join us from the offices, what wonder was it if we saw a new power in his handsome face, and in his tone a genial and irresistible authority? And could we warn each other of the feeling which was growing equally in both our hearts? Could we always remember that for one of us this feeling must end in bitter and humiliating pain? It was to me that the pain came at last; very gradually, because it took me such a long, long time to believe it after it was told; yet very suddenly, because I had forgotten, as I said, that this love for Horace, which was growing equally in both our hearts, must end for one of us in bitter and humiliating pain. He had always treated us alike; coming home to us in the evenings, bringing a new element of strength and gaiety; interesting us no less than my father, and amusing and brightening my father no less than us. There was more laughter when he chatted with Elsie; but more earnestness when he talked with me. If he sang oftener with Elsie, he rode oftener with me, and if he fell beside Elsie oftener when we walked together, it was beside my chair that he would draw his own when he read aloud to us at night. And so the months sped on most happily for us, so equally loved and cared for that what wonder was it, as I said, that we forgot how this must end in a bitter, humiliating pain for one?

I forget how it was that there dawned on me the knowledge of one of my father's motives in having Horace Capon to live now in the house which he was eventually to occupy as master of the mills. I think he told me himself, one day, saying Horace was even now as a son to him, the one man in all the world to whom he could most willingly give his daughter; and adding that he knew Elsie would always find a happy home with us. I listened quietly until the loving plan was all unfolded; then I went away and sat alone for hours, thinking of it, my cheeks burning even in my solitude, and my heart beating rapidly. What a future that was to dream of! From that hour, when my dreams lost their vagueness, and this one lay marked out in the brightest hues before me, I was conscious of a new shyness in my manner to Horace; a timidity quite new to me, yet the most natural result of that dream which was buried now so deeply and so fixedly in my heart. I thought Elsie was too thoroughly wrapped up in her own bright thoughts to notice this, yet I knew that our love for each other then was true and unsuspicious. But the day came at last when, after one flash of nameless pain, that cloud fell slowly and heavily down between us.

I had found Elsie sitting in the morning sunshine watching Horace, so I stood above her, watching too, in silence. He turned at the gate for a moment to raise his hat, with a smile, and hurried on down the hill and disappeared through one of the great doors of the mills. Elsie rose then, but I was dreaming still, just as as I had stood, a little way back from the window, my eyes upon the spot where Horace disappeared.

"Margaret," said Elsie, softly, pausing as she faced me, "your eyes look warm and glad now; and—because Horace could not see—you answered his smile with one as bright as his. Then why have you been cold to him, and distant?"

"Cold?" I echoed in a whisper, and I could not bring my eyes back to her face; "Elsie, dear, you do not understand."

She had both her hands upon my shoulders now, and her eyes were reading mine eagerly—ah, with such pained and breathless eagerness!

"Oh, Margaret," she cried, catching her breath in a great tearless sob, "tell me I am wrong! Say that I can not read *that* in your face! Oh, no, no, no! it is not *that!*"

I put one arm around her, wondering that she should be so moved to read the secret which I must have guarded so much better than she had guarded hers.

"Elsie, dear," I said, laying my cheek upon her bright bent head, "there was nothing in my face which need have given you this sudden pain."

"O yes," she cried, "O Margaret, yes, I saw."

She was weeping sorely there, with her eyes hidden on my breast, and her trembling fingers clasping me even to pain.

"Elsie, what grieves you so?" I asked; "I can not understand it."

"I—I must tell you, Margaret," she sobbed, keeping her face still hidden, "I must tell you; but—I never guessed—"

"Tell me," I whispered fondly, when she paused.

"Horace—Horace says—" she was uttering the words very rapidly below her breath, and with her head drooping so upon my breast that it was not easy to hear them—"Horace says—I mean he asked me—only yesterday—only yesterday, to be—his wife! O Margaret, I love him more than all the world; and yet I wish—I wish—"

I think I put her gently from me, and made a feint of smiling; and I think that—groping blindly in my misery—I spent that day just as I had spent other days which had been crowned with love and hope and pleasure. I think that I gave Horace my hand that night, and told him he would be very happy with Elsie, and I think that it was only Elsie who cried when we bade each other good night. But I am not sure; I am sure of nothing save the anguished aching of my heart and head, and how, when that had been mine for many, many days, a great, lonely coldness came and wrapped itself about my heart.

It was a happy and unruffled courtship, that of Horace's. My father gave his free consent to the marriage, and breathed no word of that disappointed plan of his; and my father's men, who all loved Elsie for her bright face and winning ways, made her young lover's heart rejoice with their praises of the wife whom he had chosen. And, day by day, it was my lot to watch this happy courtship, living entirely apart in my own inward life, and growing day by day more silent and cold. But I felt that they would not notice this; it could not pain them, so closely were they bound now in each other. When Horace came home, of what value was my presence to Elsie—though until then she had liked to linger with me? When Elsie was near, what thought of Horace's would stray to me? Ah, what a bitter, solitary time it was, and what hopeless and despairing thoughts possessed me! Why had he been given to her? His love was all the world to me; and she could have been made happy with other love, and would have turned brightly to accept another life. Sometimes I told myself that if he had loved me best, only for one day, I would have made it grow to such a strong and all engrossing love, that it could never change; a love beside which this happy and untroubled affection that he bore to Elsie would be a shadow only—if only the love had once been there to take root.

Never could he guess at any of these dreams which haunted me, but I noticed that he often now looked at me with a new and curious intentness, which warned me that this hidden, selfish pain was changing even my outward self. It must have been this change which prompted them to plan for Elsie and me to travel to the seaside, and stay there until the summer waned.

If they had let me go alone—there or anywhere—I thought I might have gained health and strength and better thoughts; but Elsie would not leave me. The days had been hard enough to bear at home, but they were harder here. If I had been left to sit alone in silence on the cliffs I could have loved perhaps, instead of chafing at the lonely, solemn sympathy of the sea; but Elsie seemed always near me, talking of home and Horace, until nearly—ah, so very, very nearly—grew to hate her very presence, dreading every word that her bright voice should utter, and wearying utterly of her smiling face. Left alone with her, and hearing her constantly speak of Horace in that tone of confident, childlike happiness, it could not be but that I soon must hate her in my heart.

II.

My father and Horace were to be with us in the afternoon, and in the morning Elsie and I went out to bathe together. There was no sunshine on the sea, but the water was fresh and full of motion. just as we liked it; so we laughed when we were told that there was danger of a sudden squall that day; that very few ladies had ventured out, and even they were returning now.

"Not that there is any danger, Miss," the man said, as he hooked his horse's harness to the caravan which I had chosen; "only don't you think you'd better take one of the women with you?"

"We are not afraid, are we, Margaret?" smiled Elsie: "and we help each other quite enough."

Then she gave orders for her own machine to be wheeled close to mine in the sea, and ran up the steps with a smile and nod at me.

How well I remember the look of the sea that day, as I stepped into it, and Elsie came up to me with her dancing step and laughing eyes! So gray and somber the water was, so wide and restless; so wide, so secret and so safe. I shook Elsie's clinging hands.

"Why do you hold me?" I cried. "Go away; do not come so close to me again."

"No, no; give me your hands, Margaret," she said, rising merrily and shaking back her hair, after the noisy wave had passed over us and left us free to speak again. "Do you forget that they feared a sudden gust? We shall be all right if we are hand in hand."

"We are quite safe so, and it is pleasanter," I said, and threw myself beneath the water, trying hard to drown the happy sound of Elsie's laughter.

How wide and secret the sea was! and what a little thing she looked there, battling merrily with its waters, so strong against her little shielding hands! And what a horrible longing possessed me, yet what an over-mastering fear! Fear of what? Fear of the waters which I loved? Fear of Elsie's tiny power? Ah, no; what fear I had was fear of myself.

We were standing quite still, telling each other how calm the sea had grown all in a minute, and still with that distance between us, which I kept so carefully when the squall came. A sudden violent rush of wind swept across the waters toward the shore; the waves reared themselves above us, then swooped down and dashed us helplessly upon the sand.

"Margaret! Margaret!" I could hear Elsie's call as the great wave rolled on; "Your hands! hold me, hold me!"

I fought my way to her and took her hands, then I looked wildly around. The bathing machines seemed to be miles away from us now, and one was thrown upon its side by that strong rush of wind and water. If we could reach it we might support ourselves, perhaps, until help came. The shore looked like another world to my hot, anguished eyes, so far away, so far away. What was this singing in my ears? Was it the water still? I was strong and fearless now; no wave, however fierce and strong, would swallow me. The water was but shallow after all—unless we fell.

"O, Margaret, take me in your arms; my breath is going! You are so strong and calm; don't leave me, Margaret!"

Calm! There was such a tempest in my heart that this tempest of the waters was as nothing to it.

"Margaret, where have the waves carried us? O, we are lost, we are lost! Help me, Margaret!"

I put my arms about her—this girl who had won from me all that made life precious—and I held her closely, very closely. She looked up from my arms, her eyes eagerly seeking comfort from mine, her lips parted for the question to come panting forth:

"Shall we be lost?"

Then, as if she had read a hopeless answer in my face, a piercing cry went up among the clouds—

"O, Horace! Horace!"

More closely still I held her now, but held her where the waters must pass over her in their rush. My lips were tight and firm; my eyes upon that second mighty wave that came so fiercely to engulf us.

"I am holding you, Elsie! Close your eyes, for it is coming!"

Bent and frail she stood in my embrace, with her eyes closed, while the huge wave, which I could calmly stand and watch, came rolling on behind her. Then I held her down, firmly and steadily, beneath the water, battling the while for my own life and breath. When at last the sea grew calm again, and we were tossed no longer at its wild, strong will, I had still my hands upon her shoulders, and under the waters I could see a white dead face. And my strength had not failed me even yet, for I was holding her so when they found us and lifting us together, whispering eagerly that one was living but that the other had been for a long time dead.

III.

I did not see Horace for a long time, so that when at last they let me see him the first bitterness of his grief was past. He asked me many things about that day, and I told him all—save the terrible truth that I had killed her. I told him how Elsie had clung to me in her fear, when that awful wind swept so suddenly across the sea; but how she had grown so weak at last and despairing, that she fell with the second wave, and never rose again. He sat beside me while I told him this, and then it seemed to grow natural to him to sit beside me; and at last I—watching his face—saw its sorrow fade, and the old look of content return to it. At first it was in silence that he sat beside me, and this silence I could understand and share; but gradually he would win me on to talk to him, and he eyes would brighten as he listened. So we grew dear friends again, dearer than we had ever been; and I forgot that white drowned face which lay now side by side with my mother, under the old cedar in our churchyard on the hill.

One night we had strolled there together to lay some autumn blossoms on the grave; and so long he lingered there in perfect silence, that all my fears and my despair came back to me in overwhelming force. He had forgotten me! Before his grave eyes was the bright childish face of her who had won his first love. He was wishing she had been saved, and I lost. Why had he brought me here where I could see the white drowned face, just as I saw it look when I held it still below the water the angry death had passed? Should I be obliged to see it thus before me all my life?

Silently, as we had stood there, we turned from the grave side by side; then suddenly Horace clasped me in his arms and kissed me. So tenderly, and yet so passionately, he kissed me, under the quiet stars, that at that moment I knew I had won what I had so long craved for vainly. He had learned to give me a stronger and more fervent love than he had ever given to Elsie.

Horace and I had been married nearly a year, and this was Christmas eve. My husband had been away for two or three days, but I knew he would return for Christmas day, and so I sat waiting for him. Always I longed for his return when he had left me, but hardly ever so intensely as I longed for it this night. The wind was blowing fitfully; now rising in sudden gusts which brought back to me that horrible morning in the sea; and now lying lulled and calm, as it had been upon that autumn night when Horace and I had stood beside Elsie's grave in that strange silence which he broke at last to tell me with what strength and tenderness he loved me.

So strangely nervous and so timid I had grown, that when I heard my husband's step at last, I ran to meet him just as if he came as a deliverer.

"Frightened, my darling?" he questioned tenderly, as he led me back into the lighted room. "Tempestuous, is it not? but so beautiful out of doors. The moon is full, and the sky exquisite. Have you been out at all to-day?"

"No, Horace."

"Then, when dinner is over, I will take you. It will do you good, if you will put on plenty of furs; and it will do me good, too, to have you walking by my side again. You are not afraid of this wind, my darling?"

"No."

"And I love it. Ah, how good it is to be home with you again, my wife!"

"Do you miss me when we are apart, then, Horace?"

I asked it eagerly, yet I knew well that the time had come of which I used to dream—he lavished on me now far more intensity of affection than he had ever given to his first love.

"Miss you!" he echoed, folding me within his arms and laying his lips most tenderly on mine. "There is no minute in any hour of my absence in which I do not miss you, darling; and if I tried to say how much I should but fail."

"Because you love me so, Horace?"

"Because I love you so, my cherished wife."

"You never loved any one before as you love me?"

"I never have—I never can—love any one as I love you, my own beloved."

I knew it so well; but still I loved to hear him say it.

The moon was riding gloriously through the frosty sky when we started out to together. Horace had himself fastened the soft furs about my neck, kissing me as he did so, and my heart beat joyously and proudly as I leaned on his strong arm, and felt that I was very precious to him.

So earnestly and happily were we talking, so perfect was the beauty of the night, that I had not noticed where we were going, until we stopped before a gate I knew, and Horace bent to open it.

"We have wandered here almost unconsciously, my darling," he said; "but we will go in and stand a moment in the quietness beside Elsie's grave. In our own intense happiness, we would not forget her upon this beautiful Christmas night; and it is her birthday too, you remember, Margaret."

I shrank aside and whispered, "not to-night—not on Christmas night—not on her birthday;" but Horace gently led me on, until we stood once more together beside that great square stone beneath the cedar. It was very chill and very gloomy there, and I crept closer to my husband's side; very chill and very gloomy, even with his strong protecting arm around me. Why had he brought me here, when we had both learned to forget and had grown so happy? If he would but speak—if he would but talk to me, and chase away these haunting memories which had not visited me since, in this very spot, he had told me how he loved me! If he would only tell me so again—loudly, that the words might drown this moaning in my ears, this rushing of the sea about my head, this cry of a faint and dying voice! Why had he breathed her name at all to-night, and raised this awful memory?

"O Horace, Horace, see the white dead face!"

My cry had not broken his long silence, so I knew it was uttered only in my heart. I looked up eagerly, that the glance of his kind eyes might give me courage; but that drowned face had come between us.

"O Horace," I cried, groping with my hands; "take it away; take it away! She would have you save her, and let me go!"

"Margaret, my darling, are you ill?"

I heard the question in my husband's soft, kind tones, but there was something else I heard far more distinctly.

"Listen!" I cried, turning to face the blast of wind which came sweeping over the valley below; "listen! listen!"

I waited for its coming with my arms outstretched, and when the storm had passed, and left me standing so, I fancied death had spared me once again as it had done at sea, and I knew why. That story was to be told to Horace; here, by the grave where the voices moaned; now, before that second gust came sweeping by which had brought death before, and might bring death again. The white, dead face beneath that stone cried out for justice now; the voices of the wind and sea cried out aloud their accusation. I had a task to do in the lull of that great storm, and I must do it. I drew away from my husband's side and stood opposite to him in the shadow of the cedar, my eyes fixed steadily upon him, and my words slow and clear.

Quite still he stood to listen, while I told him all; quite still until I had finished; then, after an utter, terrible pause, he fell on his knees beside the stone, and hid his face upon it. I did not speak or move until he rose, after a long, long time; then I eagerly and piteously scanned his face, that I might glean only a ray of hope. Even in the shadow—for he was leaning now against the tree—I could see how rigid and how coldly white his face had grown.

"O, Horace," I cried, falling on the grass before him, and appealing to him with my burning hands outstretched, "O, my husband, all the sin there may have been, you caused. If I had not loved you—"

Coldly and sternly he interrupted me, bidding me come away from beside that grave.

"O, Horace, take me back to your heart!" I pleaded. "Why did you bring me here? You would never have known if you had not brought me here to-night, and we should have been happy now—as we were before. O, Horace, I am the same Margaret whom you loved so dearly an hour ago—only a little hour ago—so dearly, you said; so dearly! I remember it, I remember every word. You missed me every minute of every hour of our separation, you said. O, Horace, remember that, and take me back. See how I have loved you. If you had—had even done what I have done, tempted by your love for me, I should have wept and prayed for pardon for you, and comforted you, I think, and clung to you and pitied you, but never ceased to love you—never, never! O, my husband, let it come slowly; love me a little, just a little, until I can bear its being taken all away!"

I pushed my hair away from my throbbing temples; something was burning in my head, and the noise the sea made in rushing over Elsie's face was deafening me—deafening and blinding me, for I could not see Horace now; nothing but a dark, still shadow; and between it and me, a girl with long wet hair and ashen cheek.

"O Horace, take me back! We can be happy still—we know it, we have proved it; you have often said it. You can forget this. I had forgotten until you brought me here to-night, and that wave came rolling to us and left her face—Horace, Horace!" the words were an eager whisper now—"take me up, Horace! I am dying here; dying at her feet and yours; or—or am—I—mad?"

He raised me from the grass without a movement of his white and rigid face.

"I will take you to your home," he said, "and after that I wish that I might never look upon your face again."

"Why, Horace?" I whispered, with a vacant smile upon my parching lips. "we can not be separated—you and I; we are married, you know; they can not separate us."

"We are separated now," he answered slowly; "separated utterly and forever."

"O no, Horace, no! I cried, appealing to him once again with eager hands and eyes. "You will take me back? It was for your sake I did it, and you have loved me since, when I was just what I am now. You valued my love then. Ah, yes, I know you did, for that knowledge was my happiness, and I could not be deceived. You valued my love then. O, take it now, my husband; my own husband, whom no one can take from me—when it is a hundred times more earnest than it has ever been before!"

I could see his face in the moonlight now, and I knew there was no nope for me.

"Horace!" I cried, with such a cry as might have reached to the cold dead around us, "Horace—forgive!"

Coldly he drew back from me, and then—I laughed; laughed loudly and shrilly, there in the silence of the calm and beautiful night. But, when I saw his stern, white face, grow colder still, I wondered why I had laughed.

"Nothing can separate us, Horace," I whispered, trying to fix my vacant gaze upon him, and smiling as I thought that my glad low whisper must comfort him. "Nothing can separate us now. Don't be frightened, Horace; you are my husband, and I will not leave you. Did you dream that I could be so cruel? I was not half so cruel to her as that would be."

He turned from me, shuddering through all his frame, and then I knew that the love, which had been my very life, was dead forever. I saw, in all its fullest, darkest horror, the long anguish of the life to which he doomed me; and, standing still, I took my burning head within my hands and uttered shriek on shriek, until the silence of the winter night was all alive with sound, and the beauty of the moonlight vanished in a great, black darkness.

V.

I have been very, very ill. I wake to the knowledge slowly, as I lie and listen to the hushed breath and softened footsteps in my room. I wake to it very, very slowly, dreaming a wonderful dream the while.

I am lying in my own room at home, and Elsie sits beside my bed, just as she did when I was ill once in the old past—so many years ago; and my father comes for tidings of his child, with his eyes dim and anxious, just as I used to see them in that far-back time. Horace is living with us, in this dream of mine, just as he did then; and he, too, waits for tidings, and comes to look upon me with a soft slow step. Ah, if this dream may last a little longer; because, when I awake, my husband's face will meet me stern and cold, as it must through all the rest of my sin-shadowed life; and instead of this bright face beside my bed, will be the memory of that drowned head I saw beneath the waters. It is far better for me to be dying, and dream this dream, than to grow quite strong and well, and meet my misery again. It is such a beautiful, beautiful dream!

I am lying now under the beech upon the lawn, and the golden leaves fall softly one by one; very softly, as if they fell a long way—perhaps from heaven itself. The sky is bright and blue up there above them and the sunlight creeps amid their shelter to lay its warm, sweet kiss upon my face. There are no fierce, rushing storms of wind in this beautiful dream, and no driving waves. There is only peace and calm and sunshine, and the rare, sweet fragrance and the autumn flowers I love. I dare not speak lest I should break my dream.

I see my father standing against the golden beech, and watching me, with the old look of love upon his face. Elsie is beside me still, as she has been all through this peaceful dream, and in her eyes is shining such a look of loving, pitiful compassion, that I can not even trust myself to meet it, lest it should bring the tears, for tears would waken me. And now, across the lawn, comes Horace; his face, the kind and pleasant face of long ago, the face I loved when I was innocent—so long ago! He comes up to me—softly as they all come in this dream of mine—and I read the old friendship in his eyes, and something more; not hatred and contempt, ah, no, but a great tenderness and a great compassion, and something that looks almost like awe. I remember the different face which I shall see when I awake, and silently I pray that it may be God's will I die before the waking comes.

My hands are very weak and thin and wasted, and when he takes one into his and kneels beside my couch I can see the pity and the fear which darken Elsie's eyes. My voice is low and failing, but at last they understand my question, reading it more from my eyes than from my lips; and Elsie answers it in a whisper, her warm lips touching my cheek and forehead between the words:

"No dream, my darling; no dream. We have you with us, and we are nursing you back to health again. If care and love—the truest, fondest love, my dear—can give you strength, then you will soon be your own self again."

So the words run, in this summer dream of mine. I have no pain, only a great faintness. If I were a leaf upon the beech above me, at the first faint breath of wind, I should fall just so—softly and slowly to the ground.

"Margaret," Elsie whispers, when her sweet face comes between those reddening leaves and my upturned eyes, "do you remember that day we were together in the sea, when the wind rose so suddenly? I want to tell you, O my dear, what the memory of that day has been to me."

I am awaking now—awaking with an icy shiver. In one moment my dream will be over—my beautiful summer dream.

"Tell me slowly—slowly," I plead, my broken words most eager in their utter weakness. "No—let Horace tell; then I shall be awake. Tell me all, Horace."

"It is too much to tell to-day," he whispers, wrapping a shawl about me tenderly, for he does not know that I lie shivering there because I am awaking; "how can I tell, in a few simple words, that brave unselfish act of yours! How can I speak calmly, even yet, of how you saved my darling at the risk of your own life; of how, when she fainted and fell, you rescued her, and held her safe above the water until help came; and how you put her in safety, and—your strength all worn—sank down yourself, exhausted and unconscious; of how the fiercest wave of all came then, and we—were barely in time to save you! How can I tell of this, and of our gratitude and love?"

Both their faces are near mine, full of the love he had just spoken of; and—is it the gratitude too? My eyes gather a little warmth and life from theirs. There is a feeling, utterly strange to me, upon my thin white lips—they are breaking into a smile.

"This is true, then? This is true, and the other was the dream?"

"All this is true, my darling; and we are true; and the sunshine and the flowers, they are all true. Everything is true, except those terrible delirious fancies which have been with you in your fever. That was the dream; but it has passed now, and all the fancies have passed too. Ah, there is a little look of returning health at last. You are coming back to us from the gates of death—O my dear, my dear, we shall be happy once again!"—*From Belgravia.*

AT THE BRIDAL.

BY HARRIET P. SPOFFORD.

Wide stood the doors that morning
Of the sombre and ancient church,
And gayly the yellow sunshine
Streamed in on its seldom search—
Streamed over the rustling satins,
Over jewel and waving plume,
Over smiling and confident gallants,
Over women all beauty and bloom.
And I paused to look at the pageant
In the midst of the shimmer and stir,
And to hear the priest murmur. Forsaking
All others, cleave only to her.

Fair twinkled the taper-set altar,
And sweet blew the organ's breath,
While the lover bent and repeated,
To love and to cherish till death.

The light from the great rose window
Came splendidly sifting down;
On her face there fell a glory,
And over her hair a crown.

And I knew by the awful passion
With which he stood white and wan
That he cast his heart before her
For her feet to tread upon.

But the bride was softly smiling,
Lovesome and bright and fair—
He was but the ring on her finger,
He was but the rose in her hair!

And I would there had been a glamour
Over my eyes, and a blur,
At that eager vow of forsaking
All others and cleaving to her;
For out of the pillared shadow
I saw beside me start
A wild eyed girl, with her baby
Clasped over her breaking heart.
And down from the porch go flying—
The wreck of a rapture unblessed—
With only the river before her,
With only the river for rest!

[Harper's.

Louisiana and the Democracy.

The Democratic or so-called independent journals will never cease to grieve over the miscarriage of their well-matured conspiracy with Governor Warmoth, of Louisiana, to carry that State in the autumn of 1872 for the Democratic party, the electoral ticket for Mr. Greeley, and the Senatorship for the Governor himself, who would be expected from that time forward to vote and act as the Democracy desired. All parties to this bargain and sale knew that it could be carried into effect only by depriving many thousands of the legal voters of their constitutional rights. They deliberately agreed with each other that the voting places should be so few and their location so inconvenient in the strong Republican parishes as to render it physically impracticable for a full vote to be polled; that the officers in charge of the polls should be in the interest of the conspiracy, and of such a character as would secure the needed result; that whenever and wherever found to be necessary the negro voters should be deterred from approaching the polls, or if they should manifest so much temerity as to do so that they should be driven away by force and violence; and, finally, that if, notwithstanding all of these prudential arrangements, the admitted large Republican majority should not be overcome by these appliances, that the Governor, as president of the canvassing board, should so change its component parts by summarily and illegally expelling State officers from their official positions as to give the conspirators a majority of its members, thus enabling them to count in when necessary their political friends.

The only serious impediment to the consummation of this stupendous fraud was the enforcement by the United States courts of a law enacted by Congress to preserve the purity of the elective franchise, and to prevent fraud in the election of Representatives to Congress and Presidential electors. Under this law it became the duty of the judge of the United States court to appoint commissioners to attend at the polls, who, in this case, made a faithful return of the illegal and violent conduct of the Governor's appointees and their abettors. The facts recorded in the official reports of these officers of the United States courts formed the basis of the judicial process which resulted in the inauguration of Mr. Kellogg, the Republican candidate for Governor of that State, in place of McEnery, the candidate of this unholy and criminal conspiracy; since which these conspirators against the purity of the ballot box and a fair election—these participants in intimidation, violence, bloodshed, and fraud—in Louisiana, and their coadjutors in the Northern States, who, with guilty knowledge, months in advance, predicted the apparently impossible result of a Democratic triumph in that State, have been as violent in their manifestations of injured innocence as a woman of easy virtue scorned. They feel the double humiliation of the total miscarriage of their corrupt and criminal designs, and the constant presence of a guilty conscience.

This is the reason of their continuous "harping" on Louisiana affairs. They are in the condition of the evil spirits described by the inspirited writer, which, being cast out of a man, continually wandered up and down in the earth seeking rest and finding none. Annoyed by their own guilty consciences, gnawing like the undying worm, they eagerly search for and earnestly crave an opportunity to fasten on others the guilt which preys upon their own hearts. Hence their inceasing and virulent assaults on the President, the Attorney General and on Judge Durell. It was on account of this judicial action of this court that they were thwarted in the consummation of their gigantic crime against free government. The enforcement of his decisions and orders by the executive officers of the government turned the apples of their hopes into ashes on their lips. Of course they now hate the judge as much as they have heretofore praised him, and pursue him with that persistent malignity born of disappointment and conscious personal degradation.

It is passing strange that a Senator of long family prestige and unblemished reputation in his intercourse with his fellow-men, could descend to the authorship of a proposition to reward the authors of such crimes as we have above described by arbitrarily conferring on them high positions of honor and trust. Such an exhibition in the highest council chamber of the nation on the part of so good a citizen as Senator Bayard, illustrates the marvelous effects of political prejudice on the mental perceptions and moral sensibilities of partisan leaders.

When such colossal criminals can be rewarded for the abortive attempt to commit such stalwart crimes against civil liberty by an arbitrary act of the Congress of the United States it will be a sad day for the republic.—*Washington National Republican.*

Political Prospects in Massachusetts.

A Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* furnishes some interesting political gossip concerning the next elections in Massachusetts. He says that General Butler's friends now assert that he will withdraw from the contest for Governor, and thinks, if that be true, Governor Talbot may be nominated without opposition, since neither Mr. Sandford nor Congressman Pierce desired the nomination this year, and the movement in favor of Mr. Dawes has no strength. The Democrats will nominate ex-Mayor Gaston. Concerning Congressmen, the correspondent writes:

"The Democrats will perhaps make Mr. William Gray their candidate for Congress in Mr. Hooper's district, if he will consent to stand. He could easily be elected in the present state of public feeling. In the Worcester district the contest will probably be between Mr. G. F. Hoar and Senator Verry, Mr. W. W. Rice having declined to be a candidate. It is not certain that Judge Hoar will be a candidate for re election; in case he is not, and Dr. Ayre is nominated by the Republicans, with Butler's help, the chances are that Mayor Tarbox, of Lawrence, a Democrat, will carry the district, for Ayre can never be elected. There is an effort making to unite the Democratic and Republican anti-Butler strength against the General in the Essex district, with some hope of defeating him. General Banks will be elected with little opposition in the Waltham and Lynn district."

MAXIMUS.

I hold him great who, for Love's sake,
Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for Love's sweet sake,
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven,
Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and a pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may he be who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are those who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in his sight.
—Adelaide Proctor.

The Duke's Admirers.

We do not know that the following story in relation to the Grand Duke Alexis and his late tour in the United States has ever been published, says a Nevada paper, but it was related by the Grand Duke himself, while in Japan, to a gentleman whose name, were it mentioned, would be familiar to the most of our readers.

No sooner had the Grand Duke landed in the United States that he was flooded with all sorts of letters from all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects. Embraced in the epistolary hurricane were hundreds, perhaps thousands, of letters from females—many the inspiration of impertinence and dishonesty, and many more the prompting of flagrant and criminal immodesty.

All classes seemed to participate in this folly—women without reputation and with nothing to lose, as well as the ladies of wealth and respectability, prepared to sacrifice everything. Many of those letters were glanced over merely and destroyed, but a large number were, with pardonable vanity in the young Grand Duke, retained for future examination after he had finished his travels. These letters, embraced in no less than five packages, were entrusted to an orderly for conveyance to St. Petersburg, while the Grand Duke continued his journey westward. In due time Alexis received a letter from his august father, announcing, among other matters, that four sealed packages had been received from him, but the messenger was missing. Alexis at once surmised that one of the packages had been stolen by the orderly, whose purpose was to make them public.

Unwilling to have the reputation of many ladies of respectability thus compromised through his carelessness, Alexis promptly telegraphed to the Emperor to arrest the orderly at any cost and seize the missing letters. All the police appliances of the Russian empire were at once invoked, but the orderly could not be found within the vast dominions of the Czar. He was at length discovered in a town in Belgium, where he was serenely engaged in making up the letters in an attractive volume of 300 or 400 pages, and the book was on the point of being issued, for the fellow had made good use of his time. No time was to be lost. But what was to be done? Russia had no extradition treaty with Belgium, and the Belgian authorities, although willing to accommodate the Czar, did not see how the publication could be suppressed.

Exasperated at this state of affairs, the Czar threatened to invade Belgium at once with a powerful army, utterly reckless of the peace of Europe, unless the culprit was surrendered. Alarmed at this extraordinary threat, the Belgian King set about finding some pretext upon which the orderly might be arrested. It was finally ascertained that he was printing his book without the usual license, and he was promptly taken into custody. With his unfinished volume and stolen letters he was hurried across the Belgian line into Prussia, where the agents of the Russian government were ready to receive him. He was soon in St. Petersburg, and in twenty-four hours after was on his way to Siberia, under sentence of a life servitude in the mines.

The next letter from the Emperor informed Alexis that his missing letters, partially printed, had been recovered, and the young gentleman was admonished to be a little more careful of his love missives in the future. Had these letters been published, a profound flutter would have been created among the fairest, if not the best of the great cities of the East, and the volume would have met, of course, with a prodigious sale. The erring ones will appreciate their narrow escape when they learn that they were saved through the menace of a general European war, and the lesson should serve them through life.

A Diamond Wedding.

On Thursday evening General R. Benovides, the new Mexican minister to the court of Berlin, and a personal friend and partisan of President Tejada, was married to Miss Friederika Isabella Holden, daughter of Frederick Holden, of New York city. The lady is not wealthy, but is described as one of the most beautiful brunettes in the city. She is only eighteen years old, and tall, graceful and queenly in carriage. The groom is about forty-five years old, enormously wealthy, and noted in the City of Mexico for his great learning. The preparations for the wedding were on a grander and more magnificent scale than anything of the kind since the famous diamond wedding of Oviedo, the wealthy Cuban, twenty years ago. The groom's gift of silverware and jewelry to the bride have been on exhibition all this week, and are thus described:

A diamond cross, which had been manufactured for the bride, contains eleven of the finest brilliants ever seen here, aggregating fifteen carats, valued at $6500. It hangs from a necklace of the most delicate and exquisite workmanship, from which are pendant a large number—probably 150—of diamonds, about a half-carat each in weight. The solitaire ear-rings accompanying the cross cost $5000, and are as large as one's fore-finger nail. Another set, of cameos, consisting of a brooch and earrings, is set in small diamond sprays and large pearls. There are bracelets innumerable; but the most remarkable are of large pearls set in blue enamel with diamond bands. The chatelaine watch is universally admired as the neatest thing of the kind ever produced here. The chatelaine is of the rare copper-colored gold, with elaborate pierced workmanship. The face of the watch is less than a quarter of a dollar in size, the dial marked with both Arabic and Roman numerals. A magnificent flesh-colored cameo, with a figure of Spring, crowning herself with flowers, forms the back of the watch.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Shad in the Mississippi River.

Three or four years since the Mississippi river and some of its tributaries were stocked with young shad, under the direction of Seth Green, government commissioner, but until now we have heard of none of them being seen. Last Tuesday evening, however, Mr. Holmes, J. P. and Bidwell Gage and William Lyall, while out fishing with a gill net, captured what was said by those thoroughly familiar with this species of fish to have been a shad. It was fourteen inches long, and weighed about two pounds. It probably came from the stock originally placed in the river by artificial means.—*Lyons (Iowa) Mirror.*

Referring to the above extract, we have the authority of Professor Baird for stating that shad have been taken from the Mississippi river before now. In his "Annual Record of Science" for 1873, he says:

We learn from Mr. H. A. Pattison that while engaged professionally in the spring of 1867 in trying to close the Roman crevasse in the Mississippi river, about sixty miles above New Orleans, he saw two fine shad taken with a dip net from the water running through the crevasse. These were caught by a negro, who stated that he had never seen such fish before, and, being afraid to eat them, was perfectly willing to sell them. Mr. Pattison reports that he is willing to testify that they were equal in flavor to any he had eaten, either from the Potomac or James river. The date of this occurrence was the twelfth of April, 1867. From the date it would seem that the shad most probably enter the Mississippi river about the beginning of that month, somewhat later than the period of their ascent of the rivers of Florida and Georgia.

LAWS OF THE STATE OF LOUISIANA

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.

No. 137.

AN ACT

To establish the Charity Hospital of the city of Baton Rouge.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana in General Assembly convened, That the Charity Hospital of the city of Baton Rouge be and the same is hereby established in the city of Baton Rouge.

SEC. 2. Be it further enacted, etc., That all destitute sick persons shall be admitted into said hospital, and receive such aid and medical attention as their respective conditions may require.

SEC. 3. Be it further enacted, etc., That the control of said hospital shall be vested in a board of administrators, to consist of the Governor of the State, the mayor of the city of Baton Rouge, the president of the police jury of East Baton Rouge, and three other persons to be appointed by the Governor; provided, that only one of said three persons shall be a resident of the city of Baton Rouge, the remaining two to be selected from the State at large, and that of the board thus constituted three members shall be a quorum to transact all business.

SEC. 4. Be it further enacted, etc., That the Governor of the State shall be ex officio president of the board, and that it shall be the duty of the board to elect a vice president, whose duty it shall be to preside at all meetings of the board in the absence of the president. They shall also appoint a treasurer, who, before he enters upon the functions of his office, shall give bond and security to the satisfaction of the board.

SEC. 5. Be it further enacted, etc., That it shall be the duty of the board of administrators to appoint a physician, whose duty it shall be to render medical service to all patients, and who, under the control of the board, shall have the general direction and management of the hospital.

SEC. 6. Be it further enacted, etc., That it shall be the duty of [the] administrators to fix the salary of the physician and the compensation of all other persons employed in serving the hospital.

SEC. 7. Be it further enacted, etc., That the board of administrators shall be a body politic and corporate, to be known by the name and style of the board of administrators of the Charity Hospital of the city of Baton Rouge; that the board may sue and be sued, may receive donations for the benefit of said hospital, and procure by donation, purchase or lease grounds, buildings, furniture and all the appliance required to render the hospital efficient; that they may repair and improve its property of whatever kind it may be, may rent and lease the same and enter into any kind of contracts, sales of real estate excepted.

SEC. 8. Be it further enacted, etc., That it shall be the duty of the treasurer to receive and disburse all moneys for the use of the hospital, and shall control the financial business in such manner and under such restrictions as the board of administrators shall prescribe.

SEC. 9. Be it further enacted, etc., That it shall be the duty of the board of administration to make all needful rules and regulations for the management of the hospital; that they shall annually report to the General Assembly a full account of the sums received and disbursed, the actual condition and wants of the hospital, a tabulated statement of the number of patients received and discharged, the number of deaths, the diseases treated, the number of entire or partial recoveries, the statistics of date and place of birth, sex, date of admission and length of continuance in hospital, and all other information needed for the guidance of the General Assembly, and for the use of the medical world, and that said report shall be presented to the Governor on or before the first day of January of each year, and by him to be transmitted to the Senate and House of Representatives within ten days after the convening of the General Assembly.

SEC. 10. Be it further enacted, etc., That all appropriations made by the General Assembly for the support of the hospital shall be received by the treasurer of the hospital in the following manner: The treasurer shall present his order, signed by himself and countersigned by the Governor of the State, to the Auditor, who shall issue his warrants upon the Treasurer of the State for the amounts authorized by law, and upon such warrants the treasurer of the hospital may draw the appropriations.

SEC. 11. Be it further enacted, etc., That appropriations shall be paid quarterly in advance.

SEC. 12. Be it further enacted, etc., That all laws or parts of laws contrary to the provisions of this act be and the same are hereby repealed, and that this act shall take effect from and after its passage.

(Signed) CHARLES W. LOWELL,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
(Signed) C. C. ANTOINE,
Lieutenant Governor and President of the Senate.

Approved May 1, 1874.
(Signed) WILLIAM P. KELLOGG,
Governor of the State of Louisiana.

A true copy:
P. G. DESLONDE,
Secretary of State.

No. 139.

AN ACT

Granting exclusive ferry privileges to Edward D. Triplet, his heirs or assigns, across the Mississippi river, at the Mount Pleasant plantation, in the parish of East Baton Rouge, State of Louisiana.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana in General Assembly convened, That Edward D. Triplet, his heirs or assigns, be and he is hereby authorized to keep, establish and maintain a ferry across the Mississippi river, at the Mount Pleasant plantation, in the parish of East Baton Rouge, State of Louisiana, for the accommodation of such persons and movable property as may require transportation across the Mississippi river at said place, and the said right shall be for the exclusive privilege of said Edward D. Triplet, his heirs or assigns, and shall extend along the bank of said river for the distance of two and a half miles above and below the landing known as the Mount Pleasant Landing, and the right to collect fees or charges for ferrying shall be vested exclusively in the aforesaid party, his heirs or assigns, and shall run for the space of five years, dating from the date of the passage of this act.

SEC. 2. Be it further enacted, etc., That the said party, his heirs or assigns, shall be required to place upon the said ferry substantial flats and skiffs, sufficient for the convenient and safe transportation of persons and property across said river; and shall have and keep said boats and skiffs in readiness for the safe transportation of persons and property as ordinarily require transportation across the said river to the opposite shore, at all hours between daylight and dark.

SEC. 3. Be it further enacted, etc., That the said party, his heirs or assigns, shall be entitled to receive for toll or ferriage such rates as have been, or that may be established by the police jury of said parish.

SEC. 4. Be it further enacted, etc., That if any other person than the said Edward D. Triplet, his heirs or assigns, shall, for hire or pay, transport or ferry any person, animal or goods across the said river, so as damage, destroy or oppose said ferry or its chartered rights, within the limits specified in this act, such person so offending shall forfeit and pay the sum of fifty dollars for each and every offense, one-half of which sum shall be paid to the party owning said ferry, and the other half to the treasurer of said parish, and shall be recoverable before any court of competent jurisdiction; and the person so offending, failing to pay said sum, shall be imprisoned in the parish jail for not less than ten nor more than twenty days.

SEC. 5. Be it further enacted, etc., That the said Edward D. Triplet, his heirs or assigns, shall be liable in such sums as may be decided by any courts of competent jurisdiction, for any injury or damage done to any person or property, in crossing said ferry, on account of neglect, or insufficiency of boats, or incompetency of ferrymen, but for no other purpose.

SEC. 6. Be it further enacted, etc., That all laws or parts of laws conflicting with the provisions of this act, be and the same