THE SONG OF THE SOUL.

Keen and low
Doth the arrow sing
The song of the bow,
The sound of the string.
The shafts cry shriek
Let us forth again;
Let us feed our fill
On the flesh of men.
Greedy and fleet
Do we fly from far,
Like the birds that meet
For the feast of war,
Till the air of fight
With our wings be starred,
As it whirls from the flight
Of the roosting bird.
Like the flakes that drift
On the snow wind's breath,
Many and swift,
And winged for death—
Greedy and fleet,
Do we speed from far,
Like the birds that meet
On the bridge of war.
Fleet as ghosts that wail,
When the dart strikes home,
Do the swift shafts hail,
Till they drink warm dew.
Keen and low
Do the gray shafts sing
The song of the bow,
The sound of the string.
—The World's Dealer.

A POOR REVENGE.

"I am going to have two guests at Elmdale the day after to-morrow," remarked Mrs. Radcliffe carelessly one morning to the old husband who adores her and who is fully thirty years her senior.

"Yes, my dear Ophelia," is the amiable answer, while Mr. Radcliffe stirs the coffee his wife has just made for him. "I am so glad to hear you say so. I was on the verge, my dear, of proposing some such social distraction. And pray whom have you hit upon?"

"You have met the lady, I am sure. She is Miss Eloise Bristow, and the gentleman is Mr. John Folsom."

Mr. Radcliffe considers this response for a moment, and then up go his gray touched eyebrows in unmistakable astonishment.

"My dear, you must be making some mistake. I have heard you say some very hard things about both these people. I remember your being very angry indeed at Eloise Bristow just before your marriage for—for"——

"Can't you recollect why?" interrupts Mrs. Radcliffe in smiling interrogation. "This was my reason for being angry: Eloise chose to spread abroad certain reports about me when I was poor little Ophelia Shelton, which, whether they were true or false, concealed behind them the desire of preventing our marriage. You were sensible enough not to believe the gossip, and so she was defeated."

"But have you forgiven her, Ophelia? I thought not."

Mrs. Radcliffe's face is very calm and gentle in its expression.

"Pshaw! my dear Radcliffe, what is the use of cherishing grudges?"

"True, Ophelia. And this Mr. Folsom? You used to dislike him, I well remember. What was it, by the by, that he did to offend?"

"Oh, it was two years before I met you, and during the year that I lived in Portsmouth with Aunt Fannie. Ah, husband mine, what a memory you have!"

"I'm getting old, Ophelia."

"Nonsense! You are as young as I."

"Thanks for the delicious compliment. I waft a kiss to you across the breakfast table. Now, tell me what it was that your Portsmouth friend did?"

"He set a very dear friend of mine, a Mrs. Farren, against me by telling her that I was trying to make her husband fall in love with me. He never knew that I had found the truth out before I left Portsmouth, but I had."

"And you are going to have these two people, both of whom I know you hate, up at Elmdale!" murmured Mr. Radcliffe, lifting both hands in mock intensity of amazement. "I never could understand some of your whims, Ophelia; they are quite beyond me! By the by, do these forthcoming guests know each other?"

"No; I doubt if they have ever heard each other's names. John Folsom has always lived in Portsmouth, you know, and Eloise in London. Mr. Folsom is in town now for a month or so, I have lately heard from Mary Waldrom, an old Portsmouth friend. He is here for business reasons—trying, Mary writes, to save a little from the wreck of his fortune."

"Ah! he has, then, met with severe losses? I knew he was rich—or, rather, I remember your telling me so."

"He has lost next to everything, they say, by the failure of Rushit & Stammer."

"And, my dear—ahem! how about this Miss Eloise Bristow? Is she—ahem!—well off?"

"Not at all. A church mouse is in handsome circumstances compared with her."

Five or six days after the above conversation Mrs. Radcliffe's guests arrived in Elmdale.

The guests find every hospitality awaiting them at the charming country seat of Elmdale.

"You have a most exquisite place here," Mr. Folsom tells his hostess, while they are left alone together for a few moments on the night of his arrival.

"Yes? Do you really think so?" is the sweet answer. "I am so glad everything pleases you. And how about your fellow guest, Miss Bristow? Is not she lovely?"

"I never specially admired brunettes," is John Folsom's reply, with a covert glance at the flaxen tresses of Mrs. Radcliffe.

The lady laughs.

"Ah, it doesn't much matter. I fancy, whether one be blonde or brunette, if one has immense wealth."

"Immense wealth! And is Miss Bristow"——

"Wealthy? Oh, enormously—one of the greatest heiresses I know of."

"Indeed!" John Folsom responds, beginning suddenly to stroke his dark, silky mustache with considerable energy.

Not long afterward Mrs. Radcliffe is alone with Miss Bristow.

"My dear Eloise," she begins, "you are looking so well! By the by, Mr. Folsom paid you a compliment."

A slight flush tinges Eloise Bristow's cheek.

"Really! What was it?"

"He said you were pretty."

"He is very kind," Eloise answers, a little disappointedly.

She is pretty, and knows it very well, having been told so again and again.

Mrs. Radcliffe taps her reprovingly with a costly ivory fan.

"My dear girl, you should not undervalue such a compliment from a millionaire like Mr. Folsom."

Eloise's glossy dark eyebrows suddenly lift themselves.

"A millionaire, Mrs. Radcliffe?"

"Yes. Oh, his wealth is immense! I thought you knew it."

"No, I have not heard."

"Well, that is not strange, when one remembers that you could not have known anything about him."

Five days pass. During this time John Folsom and Eloise Bristow are much together. Each soon discovers in the other a charm which lies wholly apart from that which first brought them together in such close mutual attraction; but it is doubtful whether, except for certain spurious intelligence imparted by Mr. Radcliffe, either of these two young persons would have had sufficient interest in the other's acquaintance to have made the delightful discovery which has now resulted for both.

Yes, Eloise Bristow and Mr. Folsom are thoroughly in love with each other at the end of a week's time. More than once, while thinking of how superbly her revengeful scheme had succeeded, Mrs. Radcliffe's eyes flash with malicious triumph.

At last John Folsom tells himself that he is foolish not to avow his love, since Eloise has given more than a single marked sign by which, if he cannot read the exact truth, he has at least had reason to guess it.

One day while passing the library door he catches the gleam of a pink muslin morning dress.

"It is she," he mentally murmurs, "and provided she is alone, I shall not leave her until I have declared the truth."

Eloise proves to be alone. Mr. Folsom seats himself at her side, and in a few moments has spoken words that bring the rich color glowingly to the girl's cheeks and make her eyes sparkle with brilliant fire. He finished with these humble words:

"I have no right to address you as I am doing; for oh, Eloise! even should you consent to become my wife the world would call me little else than a scheming fortune hunter."

A moment after the last words are uttered Eloise Bristow leaps to her feet.

"A fortune hunter!" she bursts forth indignantly. "I—I do not understand you, Mr. Folsom, unless you mean what you say for cruel satire!"

He rises now.

"Satire? Why, of course I do not. The facts are plain enough. My fortune is now a mere wreck of what it once was, and you are immensely wealthy."

A bitter, bleak sort of laugh leaves Eloise Bristow's lips.

"Did Mrs. Radcliffe tell you that—that I was immensely wealthy?" she asks excitedly.

"Yes."

Eloise sinks back into her seat. Fixing her eyes on John Folsom's face, which has become very pale, like her own, she now continues, "And Mrs. Radcliffe told me the same thing regarding you!" A slight pause. Suddenly she asks, "Have you ever thought, in past times, that Mrs. Radcliffe had any dislike toward you?"

John Folsom's answer then comes promptly enough, "Yes, I used to believe she hated me."

Eloise laughs again, though less bitterly than before.

"And I feel that she hated me all along, now. This is her revenge."

Those four words exercise a strange effect upon the man who hears them. He seats himself at her side. He fixes upon her face a pair of eyes that glow strangely.

"Eloise Bristow," he begins, with solemn, determined voice, "the story of my wealth is what first attracted you toward me; but now that you know me, is there not any feeling in your heart wholly apart from all this?"

Eloise makes no answer. She lowers her eyes and begins to tremble. The man at her side draws nearer.

"Eloise, I love you well enough to die for you—yes, even in these queer, prosaic times of ours. And if this be the case, surely I love you well enough to work for you! What is your answer, darling? Lift up your head and speak it out bravely. When Mrs. Radcliffe next meets us shall she laugh to herself in magnificent delight and silently murmur, 'My revenge is accomplished!' or shall she grind her handsome white teeth in secret rage while looking on our happiness, and be forced to confess that we have conquered her with the very weapons she sought to use against us, turning her revenge into that which may be our lifelong future joy—and such joy, Eloise, as no man can purchase?"

There is a momentary silence, while Eloise sits motionless, with eyes still lowered; and then an instant later she has flung herself upon his breast and hidden her passionately tearful face against his shoulder. He needed no other answer.—Elmira Telegraph.

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