

FOR HIS SAKE.

When the Flying Scud discharged her cargo and passengers at the London Dock, there landed among them a gentleman who had been absent from England nine years. All that while he had passed under the burning suns of India. He had suffered as soldiers do. He had fought as soldiers fight. He had met the soldier's fate of scars and wounds, and one of them had invalidated him home to England.

It was the first time he trod her shores for nine years, as we have said, and for the first time in any year he was going to see his son, the little boy born after he left home, and whose birth had been his mother's death.

Captain Penryn had only been married a year when he was ordered abroad with his regiment. Six months from that day a letter had reached him, telling him his wife was dead. The letter was written by an old nurse, the only friend who had been with her. It ended thus: "The baby, as fine a child as I ever saw, is thriving. I've done my best for it. Its mother's last wish was I should keep it, and perhaps sir, as some one must, you'd as leave I as any other. I shan't be unreasonable in my charges, and I'm very fond of him already."

With my duty to you in this dreadful trouble, your servant, ANN GOLDEN."

The poor broken-hearted man almost sank under the awful news. He had loved his wife passionately, and when the baby was old enough to travel she would have come to him in India, braving its terrible climate and the life of a soldier's wife abroad, because they could not live apart. Now he did not want a little baby on his hands, and he wrote to Ann as soon as he could command himself to do so, appointing her his nurse.

Every quarter since that time he had sent money to her for the child's board and clothes. A receipt was always returned with "her dut," and the young gentleman was doing well; and this was all he knew of his Ellen's boy—the child of a love that had been as strong as it was tender.

Now that his foot was upon England's shores again the meeting was very near. Captain Penryn felt new thrills of a father-love through his soldier's heart and longed for his boy's presence.

"He would take him to himself," he said. "They would live together, sharing each other's joys and sorrows. He would make a man of the boy—not a soldier, for he knew the trials of a soldier's life too well; but something very honorable and creditable. He should be proud of him, and he hoped—ah, how he hoped!—that Ellen's child would have Ellen's face."

"My beautiful girl," he said to himself, with the tears standing in his eyes, "how little I thought of this hour when I kissed her good-bye!"

And then his heart grew even warmer to the pledge of their mutual love.

He had the address that Mrs. Golden had given him in his pocket. He glanced at it now to refresh his memory as to the number. A plain respectable street in one of London's suburbs; he remembered it well.

"But my boy shall see better things now that I am here," he said to himself. "I am not rich, but I can deny myself many things to make him happy. Will he love me, I wonder?"

Then he thought how his own heart had been won by toys and sweetmeats, and coming to a stop where the former were sold, paused before the gay window, and began to make a mental choice between a red and gilt stage coach and horses and a train of bright blue carriages. He had discarded both for a box of scarlet-coated soldiers, when suddenly he felt a tug at his coat-tail, and turning round, he found a gray little hand half in, half out of his pocket. He caught it at once, with his handkerchief in it, and gripped it tight.

He was a soldier, and to a soldier the keeping of a lad and rule is a great thing. To give the little thief to a policeman and appear against him the next day, was his first thought; but as the creature stood there, shaking and whining, the fact of his diminutive size struck the captain forcibly. He perceived his youth, which was extreme, and he saw that, besides being young and small, and wan, and dirty, and ragged, he was deformed. His queer little shoulders were heaped up to his ears, and his hands were like talons, so long and bony were they. The captain held the wrist of this mannikin firmly still, but not angrily.

"What did you mean by that, sir?" he growled slowly, stooping down to look into the boy's eyes.

"I'm to hook it," said the boy with perfect candor. "Oh, please let me be! Oh, please let me go! Oh, please, sir, I won't do it no more—never, oh, please!"

"I've a mind to have you sent to jail," said the captain.

"No, please, sir!" said the waif. "Please, sir!"

"Who taught you to steal?" asked the captain.

The boy made no answer. Grimy tears were pouring from his eyes.

"Answer me," said the captain.

"If I don't steal, I don't get no victuals," said the boy, "and my stomach is a holler—feel it mister!—it's as holler as a drum! She's been beggin' to-day, and we'll have stew. I won't have none if I don't fetch nothin'!"

"Who is she?" asked the captain.

"My mother," said the boy.

"I've been hungry myself," said the captain, thinking of a certain Indian prison experience. "It isn't pleasant."

"Then he thought of his own boy. "God knows I ought to be tender to the little one, for the sake of Nellie's child," he said softly; then aloud—"Laddie, I'll not send you to prison."

"Thankee, sir," said the urchin.

"And I'll give you a breakfast," said the captain.

The dirty elf executed a sort of joyous war-dance.

"Do you know why I forgive you?" said the captain.

The child shook his head.

"I have a little boy," said the captain. "He's very different from you, poor child! He would not steal anything. He washes himself. My lad, you must wash yourself as soon as you find water. But I couldn't think of his being hungry, and for his sake I can't bear to see other little fellows hungry. It's for his sake that I don't call a constable and tell him all

about it. Remember that, and try to be like—like my little fellow, poor laddie, clean and good. Don't steal; try to get work. Will you promise?"

The waif said "yes sir," of course.

Then the captain led him to a cheap eating house, and watched him eat until his little stomach was no longer "holler."

"You little wretch!" he thought, as he looked at him. "If I could see my boy and him together now, what a contrast!"

And he fancied his boy round and white and pink, and fair of hair, like his poor lost Ellen, and I know he said that he would pity this poor fellow and be kind to him.

The meal was over. The captain paid for it, and then drew the boy to his knees and lectured him. To be good was to be happy. Honesty was the best policy. Cleanliness came next to godliness. These were the heads of his discourse.

Then he gave him half a crown, and bade him go and be good and clean.

And the boy was off like a flash.

"Thousands just such as he in this great city," sighed the good captain, and he walked along. "Ah, me!"

Then he went in search of Mrs. Ann Golden and his own fair darling.

But Mrs. Golden was not so easily found as he had hoped. There was a little shop in the house he had been directed to, and the keeper thereof said that she had bought it of Ann Golden;

"But I haven't seen her since," she said; "only there's a bit of card with her number on it—that is, if I can find it."

After a search she did find it, and the captain, thanking her hurriedly, went, but another disappointment awaited him.

Mrs. Golden had not lived in this second place for years. She had moved into Clumber row, but what number no one could remember.

At Clumber row, whither the captain drove in a cab, a woman owned to having had her for a lodger.

"She had a child staying with her, too," she said. "Little Ned she called him; but to tell the truth, she drank so that I turned her out. I couldn't abide such doings. She went to Fossil Lane No. 9."

To Fossil Lane the captain went. It was a filthy place, and there was a drunk woman at No. 9 who was not Ann Golden, and who threw a piece of wood at him for asking for that lady. And now every clue was lost, and the captain, nearly beside himself with anxiety, applied to the authorities for help; and after many days of great unhappiness he heard of Ann Golden who lived in a quarter of London so low and dangerous that all decent people shunned it.

"No wonder," the captain thought, "if she lived there, that she should have had his remittances sent to the post-office, and left him to believe that his child was still in the decent home to which she had at first taken him."

Almost ill with excitement, the poor captain drove, with a policeman as protector, into the maze of hideous lanes and courts that led to Ann Golden's dwelling, and, following his conductor, dropped into a filthy cellar, where, amid the horrible leakage of drain pipes and almost in utter darkness, sat an old woman with a bottle beside her, who started up when the captain and his guard entered, and cried: "What now? What's the police here for? Is the boy wanted again?"

And, altered as she was with years and drink, the captain knew his wife's old nurse, Ann Goldeh. He gave a cry of rage, and darted toward her.

"My boy?" he cried.

And she screamed, "It's the captain!"

"Is my boy living?" he asked.

"Yes," said the woman, shaking all over; "he's alive and well."

"How dare you keep him here?" cried the captain.

"How can I help being poor?" whined the woman. "I couldn't give up the bit you pay for him. I'm very old; I'm very ill. Don't be hard on me."

"Good heavens!" cried the captain.

"My Ellen's baby in a place like this!" He dropped his head on his hands; then he lifted it and clasped them.

"I'll have him away from here now!" he gasped. "It's over, and he's young and will forget it. Where is he? Have you a bed? Is he dead?"

"No, no," said the old woman. "He'll be here soon. I hear him now. That's him. He'll be here in a minute. Don't kill a poor body, captain don't."

"I could do it," cried the captain.

"Listen! There is some one coming. My child! My child!"

The door open softly, a head peeped in low down, then drew back.

"Come in," piped the old woman.

"The police arn't arter you—leastways for no harm. Captain that's him—your boy Ned."

And as the captain stood with outstretched arms there crept in at the door—who? what? The deformed and dirty creature who had picked his pocket—whom he had fed for the sake of his beautiful dream-child—the wretched waif forgotten utterly in the last few days of anxiety.

"That's him," croaked the old crone again. "That's your boy—that's Ned."

The captain gave a cry; he sank down on an old box close at hand, and hid his face and wept. The sobs shook him terribly; they almost shook the crazy building. They frightened the old woman, and set the policeman to rubbing his eyes with his cuffs. The boy stood and stared for a moment, and then vanished.

And what was the wretched father thinking? So many thoughts that there are no words for them; but first of all this horrible one—that vile little object, that wretched child of the streets, was the darling for whom he had searched so long.

"Better I had never found him," moaned the captain, "or found him dead!"

And just then a little hand crept over his knee. The thrill of hair was against his hand, and a piping voice said meekly "Please, I'm clean now. I've washed myself."

The captain's swollen eyes unclosed. They turned upon the child.

Some queer knowledge of his father's feelings had crept into his mind, and he had tried to clean his face. A round white spot appeared amidst the grime, and out of it shone two beautiful blue eyes that looked wistfully up into the captain's.

All of a sudden, a flood of such pitiful tenderness as he had never felt before swept over Captain Penryn's heart. All

the grief and shame and wounded pride left it, to come back no more.

"Ellen's eyes," he sobbed; "Ellen's boy!" and took his son to his heart.

"For his sake," he said, softly, as though he stood by the grave of the beautiful child he had just buried—"for his sake and Ellen's!"

And then he led the child away with him.

BUTTERFLIES.

Once more I pass along the flowering mead. Hear cushats call, and mark the fairy rings; Till where the lych-gate casts its cool dark shadow.

I pause awhile, musing on many things; Then raise the latch, and passing through the gate, Stand in the quiet, where men rest and wait.

Bees in the lime trees do not break their sleep; Swallows beneath church eaves disturb them not. They heep not bitter sobs or silent weeping; Cares, turmoil, griefs, regrets, they have forgot.

I murmur sadly, "Here, then, all life ends. We lay you here to rest, and lose you, friends."

By no rebuke is the sweet silence broken. No voice reproves me; yet a sign is sent; For from the grassy mounds there comes a token

Of life immortal—and I am content. See! the sun's emblem meets my downward cast. Over the graves are hovering butterflies.

HUNTING A TIGER WITH COWS.

The prominent qualities of character in tigers are cruelty and cunning; but, strange as it may seem to one who is not acquainted with the habits of the animal, each tiger has a special character. The villagers in India, whose herds and lives are constantly in danger from the savage beast, know that each one has some peculiarities of temperament. Such a one, they will say, is daring and rash; another is so cunning that no artifice can deceive him. One is savage and morose, but another is comparatively mild and harmless. Some tigers destroy much cattle, but never touch a man. In fact, but a small percentage of tigers are man-eaters, otherwise many villages would be depopulated. But when a tiger has once tasted human flesh, he seems to acquire such an appetite for it as to prefer it to all other food.

An Englishman, from whose "Tale of Indian Adventure" we have learned these facts, tells an incident which exhibits the sagacity of a native hunter in outwitting a cunning tiger who had long been the terror of several villages.

An English officer, encamped with his troop in the district, was anxious to rid the neighborhood of their terrible foe; but the tiger was so cunning that all lures had failed to entrap him. He would come up and walk around the bait, and then walk off.

"Well, Sheykha, what do you propose?" asked the officer of the best hunter in the district, whose aid he had sought.

"If the sahib will listen to his slave's advice," replied the old hunter. "He will try a shikaree's way of killing tigers. For a few rupees the herdsmen will take their cattle into the tiger's haunts, and then if he is hungry and takes one, the sahib may get a shot."

The officer had as his guest a young English sportsman, whom he wished to put in the way of killing a tiger. So, turning to his friend, he said:

"I cannot go with you, but you go with Sheykha, and let him carry out his proposal. A herd of cows—no buffaloes—they spoil sports, for they fight the tiger and often drive him off—will be driven through the jungle until the tiger sizes one. The rest will bolt, and while he is struggling with his victim, you may creep up within easy shooting distance and kill him."

Late in the afternoon the tyro in tiger-hunting set off, piloted by old Sheykha, to a small village. The head men were assembled to him to drive a herd of cattle up the plain of the jungle in which the tiger lived. When it was made clear that the full value of the cow killed would be paid, and a present given to the herdsmen besides, half the village rushed to collect the herd and drive it up the glen. After they had entered the glen, the cattle were allowed to spread and graze about. The young Englishman and Sheykha rested under the shade of a tree.

"We must not hurry," said the cunning old hunter. "But take time and saunter about as on ordinary occasions; otherwise the tiger will suspect something. Allah knows he may be watching us now! But even if he is not here, the lowing of the cows and the sound of their wooden clappers will attract him. When the herds move higher up, we will follow."

While waiting under the trees, the old man told several anecdotes of hunting tigers, but his eye wandered around, and his ear caught every rustle in the bushes.

"Sahib!" he suddenly said, stopping in the midst of a story, "be ready!—hush"

His ear had caught the angry chirrup of a small bird. The cattle were quietly grazing, and the young Englishman wondered what could have attracted the wild man's notice.

"Yes," said Sheykha, listening and nodding his head; "it is, I think. Allah knows it may be a snake, or a mongoose, but something is disturbing that bird. It is the tiger, I think."

The Englishman rose to his feet. He looked up and down, but nothing disturbed the stillness save the clapper-clapper of the wooden clappers, hanging from the cattle's necks. He was disappointed, and doubted if old Sheykha was right, when, suddenly, a little distance up the glen, a yellow mass dashed out of the thicket on the back of a white heifer, and bore it to the ground.

"Bah! bah!" (tiger) shouted the herdsmen, as the cattle dashed wildly down the glen.

"Now, sahib, keep your big bush between you and the tiger, and run up," whispered Sheykha.

Running in a crouching position, they got behind the bush. Separating the branches, the Englishman looked through. The poor heifer was kicking vigorously as it lay on its side, pressed down under the weight of the tiger, whose fangs were buried in its throat. Beckoning to his companion, the old hunter ran, crouching, to another big bush much nearer to

the struggling animals. The Englishman looked through, and started at the sight so near did the tiger appear. He raised his rifle, but the cautious old hunter quietly laid a hand upon the Englishman's arm, and shaking his head, drummed with his fingers upon his heart.

Touching the muzzle of the rifle, he tremulously shook them in the air, thus signifying in pantomime—they were too near to speak—that the young man's nerves were not steady enough for a shot.

The Englishman, obeying the more experienced hunter, lowered his rifle and waited. At last the tiger, shifting his position, stretched himself on top, and exposed the most vital part of his body. Sheykha, turning to the young man, patted his heart, thus inquiring if he was steady in nerve. The Englishman nodded. Pointing to the tiger, the old hunter placed his hand on his side, just under the arm, as a hint where to aim. The young hunter levelled his rifle with steadiness and fired. With an angry roar the tiger sprang from his victim, turning round and round, snapping at his side in a rage. The Englishman glowed with excitement, and would have fired again, but Sheykha, pressing a firm hand on his arm, restrained him. The tiger was badly hit, for the blood flowed from his mouth.

He stopped turning around, and seemed undecided where to spring. The Sheykha removed his hand from the young man's arm, who, taking a steady aim, fired again. As the rifle flashed, the tiger sprang towards the bush, and fell flat on the ground, with all four paws spread out. He was shot through the spine. There he lay, unable to rise, his hind legs being paralyzed. He roared horribly, bit through and through one of his paws, and tore up the turf with his claws. The Englishman again fired; the ball entered just behind the ear, and with a groan the tiger breathed his last. The elephant was called up, and the dead tiger laid across the pad on his back, to be carried to the camp.

CHEATED.

Agatha Hailburton sat in a balconied window at Seaciff, and looked out over the smiling, shining sea, lying purple in the sunset light, glooming dark far across the breakers, and sweeping in white foam upon the sands with its endless, solemn note.

A young, proud, passionate girl, she fed herself with sweet hopes and cherished a hundred torturing fears. Why did he not come? It was time that his boat should shoot out from behind the pier and leap across the waves, as if conscious of the warm love that thrilled his heart.

But for an hour she had watched in vain, and her beautiful dark eyes slowly lost their brightness in gathering tears.

"Why does he not come?" she sobbed. "He knows how his delay grieves me."

Something stirred in the garden below. She pushed aside the clematis which climbed over the sill, and leaned out into the dusk. There was a stir beneath, a soft murmur of voices; the scent of a cigar mingled with that of the blossoming night-flowers. A vivid red leaped instantly to Agatha's cheeks.

Without staying a minute to think, she caught a fleecy-white shawl from a chair and ran down. A guilty start upon Capt. Fielding's part, but not the faintest tremor of surprise or disconcertment was visible in the girl who was leaning chatting on his arm.

"I have captured him, Agatha," she cried, in a voice that was like a lute. "I have tried to persuade him that even with a cigar he would be tolerable to you. But in vain! Ah, is not the tempting, charming thing our most potent riv-! As for me I will never marry a man who smokes!"

She tossed Capt. Fielding a saucy smile, swept past Agatha with a slight caress and flitted away.

Capt. Fielding followed the alluring vision with charmed eyes, and sighed absently as it faded.

"He has forgotten me," thought Agatha walking up and down by his side. "Oh, why did I ask Juliette to Seaciff?"

Her bosom heaved with constrained sobs; her beautiful eyes darkened with tears.

"Agatha—crying? Why, my love?" All his tenderness seemed to return on the instant. Raising her swimming eyes to his face, she knew he loved her only—knew that her jealous pangs were vain.

"What are you sorrowing about, my darling?" he whispered tenderly.

And she hid her face on his bosom, and would not confess. But they were happy tears that fell now.

"I know," he said, gaily. "You wanted Juliette looking down at her with triumph in his eyes."

"Yes; I wanted you, and you did not come."

He kissed her, and made some slight excuse. She did not heed. Her soft, dark eyes a presage of sorrow in them. An ominous shadow fell across her pathway.

"You must be very good to me, Robert," she said, wistfully. "Because, you know, I love you. And if you could be unkind—"

He stayed the trembling words with eager protestations. Unkind to her, the light of his life! Ah! how like a lover he vowed—how like a woman she trusted!

They went in now from the scented gloom of the garden, and the parlor was radiant. A rippling melody stole out of the half-lit music room. A little, slender figure wheeled round on the seat; a pair of eager, keen eyes swept their faces.

"They have made it all up!" said Juliette, under her breath, and then she turned, and the keys jangled under her passionate hands.

What thoughts surged through her mind as she sat there, calling up from an almost exhausted repertoire piece after piece, all of which she rendered with the same exquisite perfection. Once her hand fell still.

"Go on, Juliette, please," said Agatha. "We love to hear you."

She struck the instrument savagely. The fine tones clashed and sobbed in your ear.

"What a wonderful talent she has! said Robert.

"Yes, poor dear; it's her fortune, you know," said Agatha, out of her innocent security.

What an angry light flickered in the girl's eye! Her fortune, forsooth! Was

she not also a Hailburton? To wait in a damp parlor on rainy mornings, while little Miss Shody could be coaxed to take her lesson; to submit to insolent patronage; to sit up till midnight, practicing to play at parties when other people danced; in fine, to be among all the light and beauty, and pleasure of the world—to see it all go by, and get none of it! How would Agatha like that?

Her fortune! It was fatigue, drudgery, insolence, loneliness, poverty! That was her fortune! And Agatha's was to sit still, and be admired—to wear beautiful dresses and splendid jewels—to float by as an angel amidst the soft upper air, while the common crowd toiled, and suffered, and wrangled below. And, more than all—that a sea of bitterness tossed in the girl's heart at the thought! Agatha's fortune was to love and be beloved.

"Yet he smiled as he looked at me to-night!" murmured Juliette, as a thread of melody softly unwound into the silence. "I pleased his eyes; I could win his heart; I could bring him to my feet, if I had 20,000 pounds! As it is—why not try?"

A chill ran over her. She looked over her shoulder, half expecting to see a demon at her elbow. Poor girl! There was nothing worse near her than the envy and hate in her own heart. She shut down the piano lid with a crash, and fled, catching as she went the cooling sound of the lovers' voices.

"It will make me mad—mad!" she muttered, with her hands pressed over her ears. "The idiots! To flaunt their happiness in my face!"

Later, the rising moon saw a slight figure standing on the long upper balcony; saw the flushed, tearful face, the wide eyes, the passionate gestures. The fall of ears reached her. A mellow voice sang a bar of a tender French love song. Juliette listened, with a bitter smile on her lips.

"Cousin Juliette!" called a soft voice. Juliette shivered; the fire died out of her eyes; she drew a long sigh, and in a minute stepped into Agatha's pretty boudoir, which opened on the balcony.

"Why, you naughty Juliette!" cried Agatha, with wide-open eyes of surprise. "I thought you were sound asleep. You are cold, child. Dear, what a careless girl it is, to be sure!"

And so, with playful, tender chiding, she made her sit down in an arm-chair, and brought a rich crimson shawl, wrapped in which she looked like a gorgeous flower, with her large eyes and shining hair.

Agatha was a little remorseful. She had been vexed with Juliette because she had tried to flirt with Robert—been a trifle jealous of Robert, which was un-speakably absurd. And so she meant, innocently enough, to make it up by being very good to her. And, therefore, Juliette's first speech jarred upon her a little.

"Don't trouble yourself about me. I'm not like you. I'm used to cold, and damp, and discomfort."

Agatha had a dim sense of the satire in this; but she said gently, and with her pretty air of authority, "But, indeed, dear, you must take care of yourself. Why, your cheeks are burning with fever now." And Agatha started at the contact of her cool, soft hands.

"What difference does it make?" asked Juliette, impatiently. "When one is poor, one may as well die. What do you know about life, Agatha? What is the cold to you, with your rich robes, and your velvet-cushioned carriages, and your house, where it is always summer? Why, I had to pinch myself in coal all last winter, and I shall have to do it next. I hate poverty—I hate, hate it! It's the worst thing in the world. Why did God make me poor and make me hate it so? I think it's wicked. Why should some people have more money than they know what to do with, and some people have to be slaves for the poor crusts and rags that they get?"

Agatha's fair, high-bred face wore a shocked expression as she heard these wild words.

"The rich can't help being rich," she said, perplexed.

"I didn't say they could!" answered Juliette, the fire in her eyes dying down to a smoldering flame.

"And I am sure most rich people are generous. I know I try to be."

Juliette stirred impatiently. But Agatha did not mind it. She went on to preach a very pretty little sermon on the duty of being resigned to circumstances, and the ennobling effect of adversity upon the character. And she quite believed all she said, and got very eloquent before she closed. But glancing at Juliette—whose fire had gone out, and left only pale gray ashes—a new thought came.

"Poor child! She has no home, no money, no lover! Perhaps I shouldn't be any better than she if I were in her place."

Some dim sense of the differences in life grew upon Agatha from that night. She would fain have been more kind, more tender toward Juliette. But the wayward girl repelled her. She seemed harder, more reticent; her voice had a sharper edge; her smile was like sunshine upon steel.

And Agatha was uncomfortable. Something of this she had tried to say to Robert, and he had smilingly pinched her cheeks, and told her she was a foolish little thermometer made to register other people's moods. As for him, he looked at the sparkling creature with a man's eyes, eyes that noted every charm, and were blind to all defects. And she teased, allured, and coquetted with him till he lost his head. Not very much of a head at the outset. It held a fair share of brains, and had had culture. He was a gentleman, was traveled, polished, agreeable.

"A passionate fellow, but not the demi-god Agatha thinks him," reflected Juliette. "But then Agatha is in love and I—I am not."

Yet the demon pursued her with the question—to do, or not to do? On the one hand, Robert Fielding and luxury; on the other, her music-teaching!

And while she deliberated she slipped daily nearer and nearer the edge of the fatal gulf. Tenderness died in her heart. It gave her a cruel joy to see this inconsistent heart drift slowly, surely from its true allegiance, and lie helpless at last, and quiet at her mercy.

It was a curious delight, too, to watch his pangs. For Juliette tortured him

with her caprices, wrung his heart with her coldness; and, finally