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"SUCH AS THEY."

BY MAC CRAIG.

Give him a lift, and help him up,
Don't you see the man is down?
Give him a word of hope and cheer,
Hide with a smile that scornful frown.
He has erred, and has fallen very low,
He has drained the dregs of the bitter cup
Of sin, of shame, of crime, it may be,
So give him a lift, and help him up.

"He deserves it all, for *his own* misdeeds
Have brought him to it," you coldly say.
And why should you, for such as he,
Go one-half rod out of your way?
For such as he? Oh brothers, for shame!
For such as he? Oh men, beware!
Is it recorded that *your* feet
Will never be caught in a single snare?

To whom does the Father bid us go?
To those whose lives are free and fair?
To whom adversity never has come,
And who know not the *meaning* of care?
The day is coming, oh brothers! when you
At the judgment bar of God must stand;
Remember *then* that to *such as he*
You refused to lend a helping hand.

Speak a word, Oh sister mine,
Of pardon, of pity, of Christian cheer!
Lift from the dust the shrinking frame
Of the woman down by the wayside there.
She is soiled, she is worn, her erring feet
From the narrow path have wandered away;
In a moment of womanly weakness she,
Strongly tempted, has gone astray.

She has forfeited that which a woman should prize
Above all else, her spotless name;
And on her brow, once fair as yours,
Is deeply laid the stamp of shame.
And now one kindly word from you
May save her from a deeper sin,
May lead her tired, erring feet
That narrow path again within.

You pause not near her lest one breath
From lips like hers your own defile,
You stand aloof and hurry by,
You dare not touch a thing so vile!
Oh, women! where is your charity now,
Your gentle mercy when put to the test?
Would you dare to say, as you turn from her,
That one spark of either warms your breast?

Oh, men! you talk and preach and prate
Of charity to your fellow-man,
As long as his life is free and fair,
But you fail to practice when you can!
Oh, women! you are loyal and true as long
As a sister's steps are strong and straight,
But let them falter, stumble and stray
For once, and you leave her to her fate!

Oh, men! oh women! the awful day
Of final reckoning draweth near,
When every deed, both good and bad,
Shall be read out, and God will hear!
And God shall judge, and what think you
Will be your fate in that great day
When He shall with just judgment judge
Between you and such as they?

BRAIDEN TOWN, Fla.

LOVE AND PRIDE;

OR,

WON BY A SONG.

BY HARRIET E. S. CRESSY.

Lord Dashier, just home from college, and the successor of his father's immense estate, was one day strolling over the grounds occupied by the tenantry, when his ear was greeted by the sound of the most charming voice, as he thought, he had ever heard. It was a female voice, chanting one of the current songs of the day, and proceeded from a little glen, where the songstress had, as it seemed, hidden herself, to carol with the birds. His curiosity was greatly excited to know who the singer was, still he had not the audacity to intrude upon her retirement, so he seated himself on a stile near by, listening spell-bound until the singer ceased. Nor did he then leave the spot, but in the course a few minutes she left her place of concealment, and in passing him for her home, he exclaimed, "Little Miss, may I ask you if you have seen a greyhound in this quarter? I missed one of mine this afternoon and have been looking for it ever since." At first the girl was startled at sight of the high-bred gentleman, but, gathering her self-possession, replied, "No, sir, I have not, but I will ask my father when he comes home from his work if he has seen it."

"Who is your father, please—I think he must be very proud of a girl who can sing like you?"

"John Little, sir, one of Lord Dashier's tenants."

"Yes, he is one of my tenants, and now that you have learned who I am, will you permit me to tell you what I think of your voice, while you sit down beside me on the stile a few minutes?"

Fearing to displease the young land-owner, upon whom her father was so dependent, she complied, though it was done reluctantly, and with the hope of a speedy escape from the presence of so exalted a personage.

"I have heard," he began, "the greatest singers of this country, and perhaps in any other, but must say without the least dissimulation, you have a voice which, if cultivated, would surpass any I have ever heard."

This compliment from one she looked up to as the great Lord Dashier caused a deep blush to mount her brow and cheek; and, although she dared not say as much, she felt that he was flattering her. She had often been told that she possessed a very sweet voice, but had no idea she had the capacity to ever become a great singer.

"Would you like to be placed under the tuition of a great master?" he continued.

"Oh, yes, very much, indeed, sir, but father has not the means to do it, neither would he permit me to leave him; since mother died I have been all his dependence; there are three of us left—father, my little 12-years-old sister, and myself."

"You are about seventeen?"

"No, 16 last February."

As the artless girl sat and answered his questions Lord Dashier gazed into the depths of her liquid dark eyes, whose long lashes partly shaded the round, blushing cheek, listened to the brief sentences which passed her ruby lips, which, unless speaking, concealed the even, white teeth, and saw the luxuriant brown hair slightly waving in the breeze, he thought he had never seen so lovely a picture. And he then resolved that so rare a flower should not "waste its sweetness on the desert air," even though she were a peasant's daughter.

Thyra's mother was something of a scholar in her day, and had taught her little girl all she could before she died, besides leaving her quite a little library of books. These had been the child's chief companions, and, in conversing with her, Lord Dashier was surprised at her intelligence. As they sat chatting upon different subjects, the moments glided on so swiftly that two hours passed before they parted. And even then the young Lord would not release Thyra until he had extracted a promise from her to meet him the following day, at an appointed hour, in the glen, when he would bring her some valuable books he was anxious she should read. He would also give her the first instructions in the French language, which he was desirous she should learn.

After she left her apparent admirer, she ran as fast as possible to the little cottage, where she feared her father had been waiting for her to cook his supper, but fortunately he had not returned, and knew nothing of her extended absence. With burning cheeks she went about her tasks, feeling that she had perhaps done very wrong in promising to meet Lord Dashier the following day. Although she felt somewhat flattered at his compliments, and thought him the noblest, finest-looking young gentleman the country probably afforded, she heartily wished she had not met him; she feared there was something wrong about her talking so long with him, as it was a circumstance about which she dared not speak to her father. A dozen times she said to herself, "I will not meet him again, unless he comes to the cottage to see me." Then the thought would force itself into her mind. "He is our landlord, and if I refuse he may be hard with poor father; so I will go and stay just long enough to get the books he offered to fetch me, and then hasten home." So, after Thyra did up her work after dinner the next afternoon, she sent her little sister to play with some neighboring children, her father having already gone to another town to market some vegetables, then fastened the cottage door, and started with a fast-throbbing heart and scared face for the glen. Lord Dashier was there in advance of her.

"I was afraid you would not come," he said, placing a pile of costly-looking books in her hands.

"I am afraid it was an improper step, Lord Dashier," she replied.

"Oh, perfectly proper, or I would not have asked you. My motives in meeting you are the best. I detect in you a talent which must not be wasted. I want you to sit down and sing again just as you did yesterday, and then I will give you a French lesson."

Thyra complied, singing even more sweetly than before, although her voice quivered a little as she saw the most irresistible eyes that she had ever beheld bent upon her. When she had finished her song, he said:

"Now, Miss Thyra, there is no reason why you should refuse to become a professional songstress; and, if you will accept the offer I am about to make you, it will be at no distant day. You must go to London and be taught by the greatest masters. I will see that all your expenses are paid."

"Lord Dashier, your generous proposal exceeds anything I ever heard of, and I assure you I feel gratified and flattered by it; but there is one obstacle in the way. My father would not part with me for all the wealth of the empire. Only the other night, he sat down beside me, put his arm around my neck, drew me toward him, and said: 'My darling, you are the only comfort I have in this world. Your dear mother and my two little boys, who were all so precious to me, are all gone, and now you will not leave me, will you, my little lamb?' Oh, my Lord, if you could have seen the tears that came into his eyes as he said it."

"Why? Did he think there was any danger of your leaving him?"

"I cannot quite tell, Lord Dashier, I am sure," shyly replied Thyra.

"I suppose one of these neighboring rustics had been casting an eye at you," Dashier said, his eyes flashing fire. "Oh, that must not be. Your father was quite right in wishing to keep you from one of that class. You must go to London and cultivate the wonderful gift nature has bestowed upon you, and be brought into the society to which you will one day be an ornament. Cannot your little sister keep your father's house, and his heart from breaking? If you refuse to leave your father, no knowing but he may some day bring home some tyrannical old woman for your step-mother."

"Oh, that would be dreadful! If I thought that would be the case I would go to the end of the earth, if I could."

"Not at all impossible; it may happen, so now look out for your own fortune, while you may. I want to see you a great singer."

"How kind you are, Lord Dashier; I thank you for the interest you take in me."

"It is not best to cheat nature, little Thyra, out of all she has done for you. Of course I take an interest in your welfare or I would not be here this afternoon. I refused to go to one of the greatest fox-hunts of the season to meet you."

Then, seating himself beside her, he opened the French book and commenced his first instructions in that language.

"I must be away to-morrow on business," he said, as the lesson was finished, "but the day after be sure to meet me here at this hour; the time will seem very long, but you will have time to think over the proposition I have made you, and I hope you will decide wisely."

He then took her hand in his, raised it half way to his lips, when she rather hastily drew it away, and quickly disappeared from his sight.

"I am afraid I have offended her. Why was I so presuming? But I am sure I meant no harm. Perhaps she will not come again—the fastidious little creature! If she should not, I will go some day to the cottage on a pretense of business, for I must see her. Oh! what is this spell that she has wrought upon me—me, who can have access to the society of the greatest ladies of the land, but I never cared for one of them. This little peasant girl, with her pretty ways and looks, would be a Queen among them. Ah me! ah me! whither am I drifting? Where are my thoughts taking me? I must away to the Hall again—to my stately mother and sisters, who would gladly disinherit me if they knew of this."

These were the thoughts of Lord Dashier, as he for some moments stood transfixed to the spot where Thyra had left him.

CHAPTER II.

When Thyra reached the cottage the young rustic, whom Lord Dashier had seemed to see in his mind's eye as an admirer of Thyra's, stood at the door knocking for admittance. Knowing of Mr. Little's dislike to him as a suitor to his daughter, he came only in his absence, and, having seen him pass on his way to the market while he was at his work, he left the field at the earliest moment for the purpose of meeting Thyra for a few moments. Thyra, seeing him while yet a little distance from the cottage, secreted her books beneath a clump of ferns, and came running toward him with only a few wild flowers in her hands.

"Where have you been?" he asked, rather sternly. "I should think you would have expected me, and so stayed at home. You might have known I would see your father go."

Thyra was vexed at his authoritative manner, as their acquaintance or intimacy was not sufficient to warrant it.

"I supposed you were at your work, and had no time to come," she replied.

"Well, next time stay at home and see whether I am or not."

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not."

"Oh, Thyra," said the lout, assuming great tenderness, "don't be so crusty; you know I idolize you, and have come to-day to ask you to be my wife."

"My father says he cannot spare me to be anybody's wife, beside I am too young to think of marrying, so do not bother me any more, Jack."

"Oh, you have got some other fellow in your eye, I s'pose, but let me find out who it is, and he'll fare hard. I would take his heart's blood, Thyra."

"Then you would be a murderer, and I surely would not have you after that, but I might go to see you hung."

"You little vixen, you are only trying to bother me. I know you love me after all, and you would feel dreadfully if I should go to courting some other girl."

"It would be the happiest moment of my life if I could hear that you were. Now I am in earnest, Jack. You have no claim on me. I have never given you any encouragement."

"Blast you for saying that. I tell you that you have; and if you will not marry me you will rue the day that you ever refused me."

Thyra became a little frightened at his threats, and to her great relief saw her father coming at a little distance from the cottage. "There comes father," she said; "do you want to see him?"

"No; curse him, and you, too," said the infuriated youth, rushing from the door. "I am coming again the first time I see him go away; so mind and be at home," he yelled, as he went buzzing through the door.

Happily for him the old man did not see him depart, for the latter had already made up his mind if he saw the young scapegrace hanging around his premises again, he should resort to violence. And Thyra, knowing how the matter stood, did not tell her father of the intruder's visit. His heart seemed so full of trouble on his return she tried to keep everything unpleasant from him. "I have got no money to-day," he sorrowfully said. "The market is so dull they pay next to nothing for what they do buy. And what will be done when our new landlord sends for his rent, which will be in a day or two, if he is as punctual as the old Earl was, I do not know. I shall not have half enough to pay him. It seems to me the times never were so hard. For aught I know the bailiffs may turn us into the street. Why, my little girl, I have seen many a family served in that way, and what would have fared no better, only that your mother, Heaven bless her, had a little money, which helped us out of the scrape."

"Yes, papa, I put remember it; but, from what I have heard of our young Lord, I do not think he will be so hard with his tenants as his father was; but, in case he is, give yourself no uneasiness; you know mother left me a little money, and you can have it if it is necessary."

"My precious child," said her father, petting her head with his horny hand, "that would be too bad; but if I took it I would pay it to you again just as soon as I could."

"I know you would, father; then do not worry any more for fear of not getting the money."

So the poor man retired with a lighter heart than he brought home from the market, and Thyra then took the opportunity to go and get the books she had laid under the ferns, sitting up till late in the night to ponder over their contents. The volume of Cowper's poems, which was among the number, she was perfectly delighted with, and one of Scott's novels she thought she would never be tired of.

"How kind Lord Dashier is," thought she, "to bring me these nice books, and I will read all I possibly can in them before I see him again, which he will not be until day after tomorrow."

And when they met again in the glen he was astonished at her power of memory as she sat and recited poem after poem that she had learned in the short space of time since he gave her the books. Her French lesson, too, was perfect. After this they met every day for the space of two weeks. Fox-hunting, business, social parties—all were neglected for the sake of meeting the little peasant girl. Then Lord Dashier declared his love, saying it would be impossible to live without her, no matter what the world might say.

"You will go to London, Thyra, and become the great singer I wish you to, just for my sake, if for nothing else, will you not?" he asked.

"I must," she replied; "yet it will kill father to part with me, and he will not think my expenses are paid."

"I have conjured up a plan," said Dashier. "I will drop a wallet near this spot containing £500 and papers of mine, thus proving its owner. You will find it and take it home to your father. He is an honest man. Give it to him, telling him to carry it to me at once—handing it to no one but myself. I will take it, and in the course of an hour or two, come to your cottage and, in his presence, reward you by giving you my note for half the amount, and also present him with a receipt for payment in full for rent the coming five years. When you see me coming, commence singing one of your best songs. I will enter, apparently enraptured at the sound of your voice, and at once tell him that such a voice as that must be cultivated, and propose that you go to London and be placed under the best instructors. If he objects, I will call again and persuade him, if possible, that it is for his interest as well as your own for you to go. If he peremptorily refuses, I must take the matter into my own hands and take you by proxy."

The day previous to this conversation, Jack Shaw, Thyra's peasant lover, had again put in his appearance at the cottage while her father was at work in the field, making himself very obnoxious, although it was of brief duration, as he every moment feared Little's appearance. For the first time she now told Lord Dashier about the intrusive visits, and he promised to relieve her of further annoyance in that way.

"I saw Sir Frederick Garnet yesterday, who lives about twelve miles from here. He was inquiring for just such a farm hand as Jack is. I will drive over there this evening and advise him to come for the fellow. It cannot be that his father wants his help, as he has three other great boys. Garnet will pay him far more than he can earn around here, so he will be likely to go. In that way we will get the lubber out of the neighborhood."

"Lord Dashier, how admirable you are at planning," Thyra laughingly said. "As soon as he is gone," he continued, "we will bring the other plan into action." Jack having been disposed of, the money was soon after lost and found by Thyra, who took the wallet home to her father, requesting him to carry it to Lord Dashier. Little, very glad to serve the landowner in any way that would secure his good will, delivered the money safely into the hands of its owner. Lord Dashier appeared highly pleased at this display of his tenant's honesty, and told him he would call at his cottage in the course of an hour or two, and reward both him and his daughter for their fidelity to him. According to directions, Thyra was singing in her best strain when Dashier appeared at the door. When he entered he said, "Little, I have been listening some moments to your daughter's singing, and I must say her voice exceeds anything I ever heard. Such a voice as that should be cultivated. She probably could make her fortune by public singing after a course of proper training by the first masters."

"I have not the means to send her away to learn, nor do I want to part with her, Lord Dashier. She is all in all to me since her mother died."

"No doubt she is; still you must realize that it would be a great thing both for her and yourself if she should become a great singer. So far as means are concerned, I think that part can be managed. As I wish to reward her for finding and sending my lost wallet to me, I will now present her with a note for half the amount, payable to her at any time she may desire it. Here, Little, is also a receipt for payment of rent for the five ensuing years."

"Oh, we cannot accept so much, Lord Dashier. What a kind heart you must have. We desire no reward for returning the money to you; it was no more than we ought to have done."

"Now that I have rewarded you, you will allow your daughter to go away and become a great singer, will you not?"

"No one but you could persuade me to do it, but as you advise it I suppose I must let her go."

"I can be with you, father, a good deal of the time if I do go. Can I not, Lord Dashier?" Thyra said.

"It is but a short distance to London and back, and the trains are going to and fro every hour, so I should think you might. I am going to the city to-morrow, and will then engage Prof. Thurman to instruct you; also some rooms for you, if you wish me to. How soon do you think you can go?"

"Next week as well as any other time, can't I, papa?"

"I suppose so," said the poor old man, with a sigh.

"All right, and now, little songstress, please sing me one of your best songs before I go," requested Lord Dashier.

Thyra complied, while her father leaned his head upon his hands and silently wept until she was through. Dashier sat completely charmed. He then arose and left, promising to call the following evening to report his doings in her behalf in London. He came as he agreed, telling Thyra that teacher, board, and rooms were all engaged, and she would be expected the next Monday. He would that day be in the city, and be on hand when she reached the station to conduct her to the Professor's rooms. The next day she and her father went to London to procure an outfit, that she might make herself presentable on her first visit to the professor. That was easily done, as ready-made garments of all descriptions were only awaiting purchasers. The remainder of the week she spent in cleaning up the little cottage, attending to her father's and little sister's wearing apparel, and in securing a teacher to come to the cottage daily to hear Marcia, her sister, recite her lessons, Thyra heretofore having taken this task upon herself. When Monday came she started on the 10 o'clock train, leaving her father and little Marcia both in tears, still more reconciled than she had expected, which was owing to her promise to run down on the train once or twice a week to see them.

When she reached the great throbbing heart of busy London, Lord Dashier was the first to greet her, as she stepped from the car. He then led her to his own carriage, and drove to the professor's house. From the very first, success seemed to attend her every effort. Her instructor pronounced her voice one of wonderful compass and sweetness, and the improvement she made in both vocal and instrumental exercises, as well as in her linguistic studies, was simply marvelous. Lord Dashier became so interested in her progress that no week passed without his calling at least two or three times to see her.

CHAPTER III.

"I think a stop should be put to the gossip of some of the servants in this house," said Miss Dashier's maid, as she nervously adjusted the coiffure of the elegant young lady whom she addressed.

"What is it about, Susan? Tell me and I will report it to mamma—that is, if they are saying anything very wrong."

"I dare not, and still she ought to know it."

"Tell me, or I will dismiss you at once," Miss Dashier pertly replied.

That was what Susan had been one of the leading gossips in the matter herself, and meant to report to headquarters sooner or later, but did not wish Lady Dashier or either of her two daughters to think she had been the first to say anything on the subject in question.

"Well, they say that they have heard that Lord Dashier goes every day or two to London to see a little girl who is learning to be a singer. Her father lives down in the valley here, and is one of Lord Dashier's tenants. She found a wallet of money of his once and gave it to him, and then I suppose asked him to send her off to learn to sing. They say she is very pretty, and Lord Dashier is very much in love with her."

"There, that will do, Susan; I do not wish to hear more," said the haughty young mistress, "many of the guests have arrived, and here I am not in the first stages of dressing; pray haste and finish my toilet."

"Yes, miss," said Susan, hastily stepping to the wardrobe and reaching out an elegant blue silk and tea-rose trimmed evening dress to wear, and diving deep into bureau drawers for laces, gloves, fan, jewels, etc., which were to give the finishing touches to the dressing. When Beatrice Dashier was fairly attired, Lord Dashier was at the door to accompany her to the drawing-room, where Beatrice, her younger sister, and Lady Dashier already were. An hour later and the guests had all arrived, and the number was large. This was the first formal reception given by Lady Dashier since the death of the Earl, and proved a very brilliant one. Among the guests was a Miss Edith Seyers, daughter of Sir Barton Seyers, from a neighboring county. Both Lady Dashier and Miss Dashier were charmed with her manners, and, on seeing Lord Dashier in conversation with her once or twice during the evening, their hearts were greatly rejoiced.

"I will do all in my power to promote further acquaintance," thought Lady Dashier.

"I fancy he will not think much more about his singing beauty," thought Miss Dashier, "after forming the acquaintance of this lovely creature. It is strange how men of high position can be led away by such low-bred hussies. I must tell mamma all about it to-morrow. He than he has since papa's death, and of course we cannot expect him to go into society more after this than he will have to follow the inclinations of his own fancy as much as he has of late."

While she was indulging in this train of thought, Lord Dashier came near her, saying, playfully, "Why, Sis, you look as thoughtful and demure as an old philosopher; pray, of what or whom are you thinking?"

"Oh, of nothing particular, unless it is of Miss Seyers' beauty and grace of manner. I am sure I never saw any one I admired as much."

"I have seen those far more beautiful than she, although I acknowledge she is very pretty," replied Lord Dashier.

"There it is," thought his sister; "Little's girl is in his mind this moment; it can be no one but her he thinks so beautiful. What is to be done?" And her feelings were wrought up to such a pitch that she left him standing quite alone and went to another part of the room.

"She feels grieved because the Duke is not here, I suppose," thought her brother. "Well, if young girls will place their affections on such gouty old fellows, they must not expect them to be able to appear in society at all times. If I were in her place, I would prefer some intelligent, respectable young fellow who had neither money nor rank than such a fluffy old grandpa."

But Miss Dashier, considering the title of Duchess so far superior to that of plain Mrs., was willing to put up with all the little infirmities which were inflicted upon the person of her Duke. The all-important Duke of Glanstonshine! That he did not form one of the number on the pleasant occasion was a source of regret to her, but she thought no great deal about it, as the maid's story concerning her brother was uppermost in her mind. And, after the guests dispersed and she was alone in her boudoir, it came to her with still keener force. Her brother in love with one of his low tenants' daughters! The thought was maddening. Could she credit the story? She thought perhaps she might, as he had been so often to London of late. She dreaded to pain her mother by relating to her the terrible story; but, supposing it to be her duty, and finding a favorable opportunity the following day, as she met her alone in the library, thus commenced:

"My dear mamma, you know we have been wondering, of late, what could call Robert so often to London. My maid tells me that the servants are gossiping over him and a *Little* girl, whose father lives on our estate. Robert, who she thinks pays her expenses, is devotedly attached to her, and goes to see her, once in two or three days."

"I have mistrusted that something was the matter, but can it be so bad as this?" said Lady Dashier, her voice trembling with emotion and the color entirely leaving her face.

"Perhaps it is only a false report, after all; it seems as if Robert would be more sensible," returned the daughter, alarmed at her mother's looks.

No more was said between the two at this time, but, when day after day they still saw him depart for the city, and surmised his errand, and beheld his indifference for society or any of his former diversions, they were convinced of the truth of the reports.

"It will do no good to remonstrate with him, I fear," said Lady Dashier, "but we must try to attract his attention in some other direction. How shall we do it, Beatrice?" she asked of her younger daughter.

"You know, mamma, Edith Sayers has invited me to come and spend a week or more with her; of course, Robert will take me over and come for me when I get through with my visit, bringing Edith, too, who I intend shall stay with us as long as we can keep her. We will then keep him busy toting us around to parties and amusements of all kinds, leaving him and Edith alone by themselves as much as possible, and if he does not give into her blandishing smiles and winning ways I shall be much mistaken."

"Your plan is a good one, Beatrice, and I hope will prove successful. I know of no one I would sooner your brother would marry than Edith, not for her personal attractions more than her noble birth."

In the course of a few days Beatrice made the proposed visit, and Lord Dashier was deterred from his visits to the city several times during her stay, as Sir Barton was so profuse with his invitations for him to dine and hunt with him, Dashier was compelled to accept some of them. And, after Beatrice returned with Edith for a guest, he was kept almost constantly at their beck. And, to the satisfaction of all concerned, it could be seen that Edith was exerting a power over him which it would be hard for him to cast off. It was not the spontaneous, gushing love which the lowly Thyra had inspired that he now felt for Edith, but the most intense admiration for her lovely qualities, high-bred manner, and beauty of person. Day by day he was becoming more devoted to her and a little less thoughtful of Thyra—such is the fickleness of man. He made an occasional visit to the city, passing a little time with Thyra and promptly paying her bills, during Edith's stay, which, by over-persuasion on the part of Lady Dashier and her daughter, had been protracted to a month.

After Edith left, his thoughts were oftener turned to Thyra, and, in the course of two or three days, he went to the city again to see her. He did not find her, however; she was home to her father's on a visit, and he was told by the professor that she anticipated staying a week or two. He did not care to be seen going to the cottage, but for two or three times went to the glen with the hope of meeting her there, but failed to find her.

As his visits to London had now apparently ceased, and he had once or twice visited Edith since her return home, Lady Dashier and her daughters were happy in the belief that he no longer cared for Thyra; but, if they could have looked into his heart, they would have come to a different conclusion, as the impression she had made there was indelible, while that made by Edith might soon become obliterated.

CHAPTER IV.

Three years later, and the name of Thyra Littleton, the *ton* having been added for effect, was upon every lip, almost, in London and vicinity. No such singer, for at least a generation, had been heard. On the few occasions that she had sung in public she was nearly deafened with cheers and literally buried in bouquets, hurled upon the stage in her honor. On the evening of which we will now speak, she was singing in the presence of royalty, the audience entirely composed of those of rank, Lord Dashier among the number; and from the Queen to the least significant person present the applause was unprecedented, while the joy of Lord Dashier knew no bounds. Now and then their eyes would meet, and her voice would soar off into a still sublimer strain, till it seemed she had almost caught the inspiration of angels.

Then the lover sat and wondered how he ever could for a moment have allowed even the brilliant Edith Seyers to have detracted his thoughts from this radiant young creature. After all, she had been his idol from their first meeting at the stile, and he never had really cared for another; he had merely admired Edith and paid her some attention, more to please his mother and sisters than anything else—these were the thoughts that occupied his mind the quarter-part of the evening. When the singing finally ceased, and the audience dispersed, he sought Thyra and led her from the hall.

As they were about to step into the carriage awaiting them at the door, a ruffianly fellow stepped in front of them, drew a pistol from his pocket, and was about to discharge its contents through Thyra's heart, when Lord Dashier dealt him a terrible blow, which caused him to miss his aim, and the charge took effect in her arm. The wound was not a serious one, and the ball was soon dislodged by a skillful surgeon; still, it was very painful.

Since the death of their father, which occurred a year previous to this event, Thyra and her sister, with the help of two servants, had been keeping house in some rented rooms, in a very pleasant portion of the city, and to this comfortable little home the wounded girl was immediately taken, the policemen taking the would-be assassin in charge. It was not known until the following day who he was. Then, when his name was announced in the papers as Jack Shaw, what a shudder it caused poor Thyra! And so intense was the feeling against him by the admirers of Thyra that, had it been possible, he would have been taken from his prison and hung to the nearest lamp-post. And Lord Dashier, though he would gladly have shot the villain, sat hour by hour by his darling's side, as she lay, pale and prostrate, with his heart overflowing with gratitude that her life, so precious to him, had been spared.

For a number of days he left home, business, and all besides, to be near her. And it seemed to him that the half of London, among whom were the rich and titled, called to inquire after her during the days he was there. "If my mother and sisters would only come and take one look at the precious girl, I am sure they would feel differently toward her," thought Dashier, as he sat gazing at her one evening while she lay sweetly sleeping on the broad, comfortable sofa where she had mostly reclined since the assault.

The following morning he went home, resolving on his way thither that he would make the utmost endeavor to awaken Lady Dashier's sympathies in Thyra's behalf, by giving an account of her sufferings and the patience with which she endured them, but when he reached that place her looks were so forbidding he ventured not a word until she commenced.

"My son," she began, "can you tell me where you have been all the past three days? I need not ask you, for I already know, but what possible good can it be for you to stay there all the time, to the utter neglect of your business, society and myself, for you know I am quite alone since your sisters were both married?"

"I know you are, my dear mother, and I mean to try to be with you as much as I can, and to try to do everything in my power to promote your happiness."

"Ah! don't say that, Robert," interrupted his mother, "when you are chasing around after that low-born girl against my wishes."

"Mother, are we so much better than scores of others fully our equals, who are daily offering their sympathies and services to the poor wounded girl whom you so despise? And now I want to ask you, who are always so ready to assist the suffering, if you will not go with me to see her, just once, if no more."

"If she is suffering I am sorry, Robert, but by what I have heard the wound was by no means a dangerous one, and she will soon recover; under any circumstances I am willing to send her anything I have that would benefit her, but as for visiting her I cannot."

"I would be very much pleased if you would, mother, for—and, perhaps, you surmise as much—she will some day become my wife."

"Your wife!" screamed Lady Dashier, rising from her chair, and raising herself up to her fullest height, "never, never will I submit to it. Never shall the name of Dashier be so disgraced. Her father, as you know, was but a poor tenant of ours, one of the common herd, and, though I could but offer my condolence to his two daughters when he died, I in no way considered them our equals. I have long been pained at the course you were pursuing, my boy, but thought, perhaps, it was only a romantic attachment that would die out of itself, if unopposed, and I am sure you cannot now be in earnest."

Here Lady Dashier fell back into her chair, completely exhausted by the emotions that the announcement had caused her.

Lord Dashier had never seen his mother in such a towering passion before, and that he might not further increase her misery he silently left the room without saying more at this time. A few moments after he brought her a glass of wine, telling her he had sent for Beatrice, who had married a brother of Edith Seyers, to come and stay with her a few days.

"And why not send for Edith?" said she; "you know, Roby, it has been the wish of my heart for you to marry her. Tell me now you will not give up that foolish fancy for that girl and take Edith? She is all you can desire, lovely in person, of good birth, and has riches untold, and the latter we shall not have long if you do not compel our tenants to pay more promptly than they have of late."

"I cannot drive them too hard, mother, although I mean they shall all pay up sometime."

"Your father used to say it was easier for them to pay regularly; it was not the thing, at all, he thought, for them to get too deeply in debt."

"They have got to be more punctual, mother, so give yourself no uneasiness on that score; it is my desire to take your advice in everything I undertake, when I possibly can."

"Then will you not listen to me on that subject which is of such vital importance to us both, overcome that romantic attachment of which we have been talking, renew your courtship with Edith, and how happy we may all become. You have not treated her quite well, I know, but her liking is so great for you, I am sure she will overlook it."

"I have never meant to treat Edith ill, mother, and have still a great regard for her, but as for marrying her, I have not the least idea of it."

Lord Dashier now left his mother again, as he saw she was becoming as deeply agitated as before, ordering his coachman to drive him around among the tenantry, that he might collect what he could of the rent due, determined that this request of his mother's should be granted if the other, affecting his heart, could not.

"You are a good boy," she said as he laid a roll of bills in her lap on his return, and she again looked comparatively happy.

"It shall be my constant study to know how I may best show my devotedness to you, my mother, so do not try to thwart the one great desire of my heart." Fearing he was now on dangerous ground again, he drew her attention to a subject quite foreign to the one in question. Twenty-four hours later he started for London, grieved to see his mother in tears as he was about to leave, and his sister Beatrice, who had arrived, looking reproachfully at him. As he was whirled along the busy thoroughfare his thoughts were rather gloomy, and he asked himself if he was doing right, in thus persisting in his attentions to Thyra, against his mother's wishes. And then he asked himself another question: Would he be doing right to marry one for whom he could never entertain more than a brotherly regard? He knew Edith could never fill any other place in his heart, while Thyra was the object of his soul's purest and warmest affection. Then was he not right in thus following the dictates of his heart's best and holiest emotions? He once and forever concluded he was, and that not even a mother's displeasure should turn him from his purpose. After he reached the city he purchased some choice fruit for Thyra, and then proceeded to her apartments. He found her sitting up and appearing quite cheerful. She was dressed in a white, loose wrapper, with a blue ribbon at the throat, and a few white flowers in her hair. She was still quite pale, but there was a slight tinge on her soft, round cheek, and her large, dark eyes shone with more than their usual luster.

"You are looking pretty well, my little love," said Lord Dashier, as he sat down beside her, taking her small, white hand in his own.

"Yes; and I am feeling pretty well. I think I will be as well as ever again in a week or two. But where is Lady Dashier? You thought you would bring her with you when you came again."

"She would not come, Thyra; but she said if she could help you in any way, she would be happy to do it."

"I can think of no way she could help me as much as to come to see me; but I suppose she still scorns me?" replied Thyra, inquiringly.

"Not so bad as that, dear, I hope. Could she only see you I am sure she would not help loving you. You are going to the Hall soon with me, and then she will have to see you."

"Never, unless she is willing to receive me," said Thyra, determinedly.

"And what if she is not willing to welcome you when I get ready to take you there for good and all, which, if I can bring it about, will be at no distant day?" he said.

"I can never go there to live against her will. Think, dear, how miserable we would be."

Lord Dashier had long feared that the moment would come when this declaration would be made by the independent little miss he loved so dearly, and he had in his mind what reply to make, and this was it:

"We love each other very dearly, Thyra, and, for the sake of a whim on my mother's part, which, on a close acquaintance with you, my dear, might be entirely overcome, you would not consent to a separation, which, on my part, at least, nothing on earth could atone for; no, I am sure you would not."

These words were uttered with so much solemnity, Thyra was deeply impressed with their meaning, and she leaned her head on her lover's shoulder, and promised to do all in her power to win the regard and admiration of Lady Dashier.

CHAPTER V.

Two weeks later, Thyra was sufficiently recovered to sing again in public, and the excitement attending her appearance was tenfold greater than on previous occasions. The congratulations, also, over her recovery, were numerous and heartfelt. All this, of course, was very gratifying to Lord Dashier, who was present; still, he declared, she never should sing again in public if he had his way about it. But Thyra, considering all the time and money that had been spent in fitting herself for the vocation, did not think it best to give up at the outset of a career which seemed so promising. Thus she continued to charm the musical connoisseurs of London for many a week, after which her went to Paris, where the enthusiasm over her was still greater than at the former place. Among her many admirers there was a Count Jannis, who fell violently in love with her, and whose persecutions were such that she wrote Lord Dashier about the matter. In spite of his mother's objections, who was still bitter against Thyra, he went immediately to Paris, to encounter his would-be rival. The latter, unaware of the engagement existing between the two lovers, soon challenged the English Lord for a duel, which Dashier, though no coward, scorned to accept, but made the Count aware that it would not be safe for him to show any further approaches to his promised wife.

The Count, with a tact worthy the skill of a French diplomatist, apparently withdrew from the contest, and Lord Dashier returned to England, hearing no further complaints from Thyra during her stay in Paris, which was through the season. Then there came an appeal from America, urging Thyra to cross the waters, where her voice would be fully appreciated, and she would be duly compensated for her efforts. Contrary to Thyra's expectations, Lord Dashier consented to this proposal, for he had long wished to visit America himself, and he promised to follow her near the close of her stay and accompany her back to England, when he would insist upon their marriage. Accordingly, she and her sister Marcia, who was now her constant companion, embarked for the New World one bright spring morning, leaving Lord Dashier and scores of admiring friends waving handkerchiefs and making other demonstrations of esteem and love, until the steamer took them quite out of sight of the dock.

The New York papers were full of the most glowing accounts of the little English girl's success as a prima donna, and, as Lord Dashier was well supplied with them, he was kept well posted in regard to her doings. Lady Dashier would not take one of them into her hands, but her daughters read them regularly, giving their mother full accounts of their contents. The Duke's wife had become something of an admirer of Thyra's, but Beatrice owed her a great grudge for enticing her brother away from Edith, and would say nothing in her favor. At first the separation seemed a severe and long one to Lord Dashier, as Thyra was to remain a year, and he often became quite disconsolate, and would then go and sit in the glen, where he and Thyra first met, for hours at a time. But as the weeks passed on, and the time was approaching when he would leave for America, there seemed but one shadow cast in his way, and that was his mother's disapproval of the whole proceeding. While he was thinking this the only impediment to his happiness, he one day opened his New York daily to read the startling announcement contained in the following paragraph:

"It is reported in musical circles that the lovely young English prima donna, Miss Littleton, who for the last six months has been charming the music-loving people of our country, is about to be married to Count Jannis of Paris, who has recently crossed the Atlantic to claim his bride."

"It cannot be true!" shrieked Lord Dashier, dropping the paper and turning ghastly pale; "my darling, my idol would never abandon me for that miserable fellow;" then, recollecting she had said she would never consent to live with his mother while such a feeling existed against her, he cried, "perhaps, after all, it may be true; she may think it is an escape from the lonely life she would live here at the Hall. Oh! my mother, how could you allow your pride to forever undo me? If Thyra is lost to me, there is nothing further for which I care to live. But it shall not be; I will set sail to-morrow for America." After thus cogitating, he rang for a servant whom he ordered to pack his trunk, telling him he was to leave for America the following morning. Lady Dashier, who was then out riding, soon returned, when she was made aware of her son's intentions. Going at once to his room, where he was busy arranging matters for his departure, she said: "My son, what am I to understand by this sudden move? It cannot be you are intending to leave us for such a journey on so short a notice as this?" and she burst into tears. He handed her the paper containing the paragraph that had so upset him. After reading it she replied: "Now, supposing this to be true or otherwise, would it not in either case be folly for you to post off there? Would it not be more sensible to write or send a telegram to the individual herself, and thereby learn whether there is any truth in the report or not?"

"Perhaps you are right, mother; I will at once send a dispatch," Dashier said, after a moment's thought, and he immediately hastened to the nearest telegraph office for that purpose. Meanwhile Lady Dashier was inwardly exulting over the good news, which she hoped from the bottom of her heart was true, although she at the same time felt the deepest sympathy for her son's distress of mind. "But once he is rid of her," thought she, "he will forget her, and again take to Edith. I proposed the telegram, not that I want him to hear a contradiction of the report, but its confirmation, for which it would be folly for him to go all the way to America. I will do all in my power to comfort my poor child in case he hears he has lost her. But if she writes she is still true to him I must still oppose the marriage, for I never can consent to the marriage of my noble son with a low-born girl—never, never!"

The dispatch safely reached its destination, having been sent to New York, but, as Thyra had left that place for Boston, where she was to remain for a few days, she never received it.

Lord Dashier suffered untold agonies in awaiting the reply, which did not come. Then, after a few days, learning her address through the New York papers, he immediately wrote her, receiving this reply:

"Your letter came too late, my dear Robert; I was already married, to whom you already know. How he deceived me! He came to me with the story that you were already married to Edith Seyers, confirming the truth of the report by, as I supposed, by showing me a printed paragraph, clipped, as he said, from a London journal. Since I received your letter I, of course, conclude it was a forgery of his—something he had printed just to deceive me. I had not heard from you in some time, not having received your last two letters, which I think he intercepted at the New York postoffice. This made me still more sure of the truth of the report. And then, when he asked me to marry him, thinking it made little difference who I married, since you were lost to me, I accepted his offer. And now I hate him, despicable wretch that he is! Oh! idol of my soul, can you forgive me for thus distrusting you? I should not have thought the whole world could have convinced me that you would be untrue to me, yet that monster did it. Oh, my folly has undone me, and my misery is too great to bear. But why harass you with further laments?

"Your miserable, but still-loving, Thyra."

After Lord Dashier read this letter, he went to his room, bolted the door, and there remained in the greatest anguish of mind, admitting no one into his presence through the whole day, although his mother and others frequently rapped for admittance. In the evening his mother begged so hard to enter he unfastened the door, and when she beheld his misery, and, after reading Thyra's letter, which he handed her, she knew the cause of it. It cannot be said that she had inwardly exulted over the news of Thyra's marriage, but deplored the effects of it on the mind of her son. Indeed she was grieved to the heart's core to find him in such a state, and she went beside him, wound her arms tenderly about his neck, and strove to cheer him with the kindest of words.

"Mother," he said reproachfully, "you might have hindered all this; had you only consented to our marriage, Thyra might now be here, and the happiness of both of us replete. As it is, we are as miserable as it were possible for mortals to be."

Then, waving his hand for her to go, he continued, "please leave me alone now, mother, I do not wish to make you so wretched."

"No, let me stay, my dear," she said kissing him; "whatever trouble you may have, let me share half of it."

"I think I will fight it out more easily alone," he said, so she left him and went to her own room, where she wept till far into the night in thinking over his unhappiness. Once in a while she would brighten up at the thought that, perhaps, he would again take to Edith, yet it hardly seemed probable, as he had long been so completely indifferent to her. It was a long, bitter night to both mother and son, but each tried to appear as cheerful as possible when they met at breakfast, and there were traces of great mental suffering, particularly on the face of Lord Dashier. That day, and for many days to come, he spent the greater part of his time alone in the glen where he first met Thyra, seeming to become more and more melancholy, until his mother feared his mind might become unbalanced. She, therefore, proposed that he should accompany her on a tour to some distant part of the universe, it mattered little where, so his thoughts could be diverted from his present troubles. He acquiesced, and they were soon on their way to Italy, whence they proceeded to the Holy Land. The new scenes constantly presenting themselves to the eyes of the tourists served to partially dispel the gloom that had hung so heavily over the mind of Lord Dashier the past few weeks, for which his mother was truly grateful, still he was far from appearing like his former self. A year passed before their return to England, and he did not hear a word from Thyra, either directly or indirectly, in all that time. Then imagine the great throb his heart gave when he heard a gentleman, who was in the cab with him, remark that Thyra Littleton was to sing the coming evening in that city. "She was married while she was in America, was she not?" asked another passenger.

"Yes," was the reply; "she married a Count Somebody, from Paris, but I noticed by the papers, two or three months since, he came to quite a tragical death—shot, I believe, in a concert saloon, or something of that kind."

"Eh?" added a third. "Leaving a blooming young widow—a fact that some other Count or Duke will not be slow to understand, I presume. Ha, ha!"

"Well, I am just going to hear her sing," said the first speaker, "for I never was so charmed in my life as I was when I heard her the time she first sang here two or three years ago."

"Nor I," spoke up another; "she beats all that ever was in London, I think."

The rest bowed assent to this remark, while Lord Dashier sat listening, perfectly spellbound. To know she was back again where he would again see her and listen to her voice was to him joy unspeakable.

Lady Dashier, seeing the happy expression on his face, resolved that she would no further oppose him, although the match would be a distasteful one to her; but to see that melancholy look dispelled from his loved face must induce her to submit. Thus she left him in London, without a word of remonstrance, while she went on her way homeward to the Hall at Ternway. It was rather late when he entered the temple where Thyra was singing, and she did not observe him until after he had been seated some moments. Then their eyes met, causing Thyra more agitation than she could possibly conceal, and she did not dare look toward him again until she was through, lest she might wholly break down. Dashier, too, took great pains to conceal himself as much as he could; but, when the concert closed, he did not lose much time in finding her, and then the old, old story was retold, and the lovers were happier than ever before, since they had no further opposition to fear from Lady Dashier.

"My darling will sing no more in public," said the happy lover, when he met Thyra the following day, in the parlor of her boarding-house; "we will be married, and you shall go to the Hall to live, and be the light of my home and the joy of my heart! Oh, my happiness is in excess of my misery a year ago."

"I must finish my engagements here, dear Robert, which do not extend over a month; then, to please you, I will quit the stage," she replied.

"Well, I will make one of your audience every night, Thyra, and see you every day during the time," he replied.

"Then I shall be doubly inspired, and may sing you all to sleep."

Thus they talked in the happiest strains when they were together, it seeming to them that never a cloud could again obscure their life-sky. The Count's name was seldom mentioned by either. After Thyra received the letter from Dashier reproaching her for marrying the Count, and she realized that all the representations in regard to the marriage of the former were false, she at once separated from Jannis, never seeing him but once or twice after. He located in New York, leading a reckless, debauched life, till he was finally killed in a drunken brawl, after which she returned to England, to learn that Lord Dashier had gone abroad. At this intelligence she was at first very much disheartened, but it was not long before his return, and since then, as we have seen, her happiness had known no bounds. The month succeeding wore swiftly away, the fair singer becoming more and more popular, particularly after it was announced that she was to marry Lord Dashier. Lady Dashier had called twice in the time to see Thyra, and had taken quite a liking to her. Thyra also had been to the Hall, where she met the gouty Duke and his wife, the former Miss Dashier. They, too, seemed pleased with her, but Beatrice and Edith Seyers did not care to form her acquaintance. Marcia Little, Thyra's sister, had grown into a beautiful young lady, and was attending a boarding-school in London where she was to remain two years. Of course she was one of Thyra's bridesmaids, and afterward a frequent guest at the Hall. Thyra was called the loveliest lady for miles around, and an ornament to her home and the society in which she moved, Lady Dashier joining in the popular approval. Added to this was the love of an adoring husband making her thrice happy.

The glen where the two first met was a place of frequent resort for them to renew their vows, and the grave of poor Little a place where Thyra often went to weep over the recollections of the faithful friend, whose life she feared went out in sorrow on account of her leaving him. And often, when mingling in the gayest scenes, a tear would spring to her eye as she thought of the humble couple who watched over her in her earliest years. How little they thought she would ever arrive to the position she now filled. How incomprehensible are the workings of Fate!

PITTSFIELD, Mass.

A Jewish Legend.

According to the Jewish and Mohammedan tradition, King Solomon, who was wise beyond all other men, knew the language of animals, and could talk with the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. A Rabbinical story is told of him which runs in this wise: One day the King rode out of Jerusalem with a great retinue. An ant-hill lay directly in his path, and Solomon heard its little people talking.

"Here comes the great King!" he heard one of them say. "His flatterers call him wise and just and merciful; but he is about to ride over us, and crush us without heeding our sufferings."

And Solomon told the Queen of Sheba, who rode with him, what the ant said. And the Queen made answer:

"He is an insolent creature, O King! It is a better fate than he deserves to be trodden under our feet."

But Solomon said:

"It is the part of wisdom to learn of the lowest and weakest."

And he commanded his train to turn aside and spare the ant-hill. Then all the courtiers marveled greatly, and the Queen of Sheba she bowed her head and made obeisance to Solomon, saying:

"Now know I the secret of thy wisdom. Thou listenest as patiently to the reproaches of the humble as to the flatteries of the great."

Nicknames of States.

In answer to a request the Brooklyn *Eagle* gave the following catalogue of the States and the "by-names" of their citizens:

Alabama	Lizards
Arkansas	Toothpicks
California	Gold Hunters
Colorado	Rovers
Connecticut	Wooden Nutmegs
Delaware	Musk Rats
Florida	Fly-u-the-Creeks
Georgia	Buzzards
Illinois	Suckers
Indiana	Hoosiers
Iowa	Hawkeyes
Kansas	Jay Hawkers
Kentucky	Corn Crackers
Louisiana	Creoles
Maine	Foxes
Maryland	Craw Thumpers
Michigan	Wolverines
Minnesota	Gophers
Mississippi	Tad Poles
Missouri	Pukes
Nebraska	Bug Eaters
Nevada	Sage Hens
New Hampshire	Granite Boys
New Jersey	Blues, Clam Catchers
New York	Knickerbockers
North Carolina	Tar Boilers and Tuckoes
Ohio	Buckeyes
Oregon	Wet Feet and Hard Cases
Pennsylvania	Pennanites and Broad Brims
Rhode Island	Gun Flints
South Carolina	Weasels
Tennessee	Whelps
Texas	Beef Heads
Vermont	Green Mountain Boys
Virginia	Beaches
Wisconsin	Badgers

Dizzy Heights.

A French journal contains the following statement of the height of the different highest spires and monuments on the globe:

	Feet.
Towers of the Cathedral of Cologne	480
Spire of the Cathedral at Rouen	450
Tower of St. Nicholas, Hamburg	433
Cupola of St. Peter's at Rome	429
Spire of Strasbourg Cathedral	426
Pyramid of Cheops	411
Cathedral of St. Stephen's, Vienna	406
St. Martin's, Landshhl, Bavaria	399
Cathedral of Fribourg, Baden	375
Spire of the Cathedral of Antwerp	370
Dome of St. Mary's, Florence	347
St. Paul's, at London	334
Dome of the Cathedral at Milan	327
Cathedral of Magdebourg	311
Tower of Rathhaus, Berlin	264
Trinity Church, New York	258
The Pantheon, at Paris	240
Notre Dame, at Paris	204
The Washington monument is to be	500

A Great Bore.

He was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming local election. Said he:

"Jones is a good man; he is capable, honest, fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of an officer we need. He once saved my life from drowning."

"Do you really want to see Jones elected?" said a solemn-faced old man.

"I do, indeed. I'd do anything to see him elected."

"Then never let anybody know he saved your life."

The meeting then adjourned.

ACCORDING to the London *Times*, the Sunday-schools of Great Britain are lacking in discipline, and are noted for the irregularity in which the children attend them. These schools are also deficient in the picnic and festival element which makes some American Sunday-schools attractive.