WHITE CAPS.

When the wind is fresh and fair,
Like the spirit of the day—
Rising here and falling there,
Glancing gayly everywhere—
Come the white caps in the bay.

Or if rain is slanting down
From the heavy clouds of gray,
And a mist enwraps the town,
And the wide sands turn to brown,
See the white caps in the bay.

Beats the surf against the shore
And the long waves break in spray,
Rolling landward evermore;
But to the horizon's door
Dance the white caps in the bay.

Landsmen know what sounds there be
When the breakers meet and play;
But the sailor, far at sea,
Longs to hear the harmony
Of the white caps in the bay.

HARDY JACKSON.

MISS JULIA ROBINSON.

"On one point I feel sure you must agree with me—that few car boast of such constancy as mine. With my hand on my heart I can safely say, that since we parted—during the whole eighteen years that have intervened—I have never once swerved in my allegiance to the lovely Julia Robinson."

Miss Robinson's eyes—lowered to read for the sixth or seventh time the letter which lay before her—were raised to fix themselves on the opposite glass, in which she could see herself reflected. A soft pink flush had mounted to her cheeks, a little smile played about her mouth. She rose from her chair and went nearer, so that she might take stock of herself more critically.

"I suppose I was thought very pretty," she said. "Everybody tells me so. I don't think I am very much altered. My hair is the same,"—and she pulled down an auburn coil sweet seventeen might have envied—"my complexion is good, and I don't feel old, although I am seven-and-thirty. Thirty-seven!—oh dear!" and she heaved a sigh, and again betook herself to reading the letter.

I wonder"—this was after another perusal—"would he see much difference in me? Of course he must know that it is impossible I can be exactly like the picture."

She laughed softly over the recollections stirred up by thinking of that picture—a portrait of herself, which the writer of the letter, a certain Mr. Adolphus Penberthy, had, eighteen years ago, when saying good-bye, possessed himself of surreptitiously, putting it into his pocket while waiting in the drawing-room. Its abstraction was not discovered until he was well on his way to India, and then—oh, dear! what a terrible fuss ensued; for this was not in the days of photography, and to have a miniature, exquisitely painted on ivory, carried off by a pudding-face young man, overcome by despair because at the height of his calf-love he was sent off to India, was really rather too provoking.

How her father had stormed; how her dear mother had screened her; what a chorus of scorn had the whole family joined in against "that awkward, stupid, loutish, overgrown Dolly Penberthy, whom Julia must have encouraged, or he would never have dared to presume to take such a liberty." Julia herself had been indignant beyond measure at the libel cast upon her. It was true—and that she did not deny—that she had been guilty of flirting with some men; but with Dolly Penberthy—never! And yet now she was contemplating the possibility of marrying him!

Yes, certainly, while reading the proposal contained in that letter, such an idea had come to her. For her heart had been touched by so much constancy and devotion; and beyond that, far stronger than she would have cared to admit, was the craving for a love—a love wholly and entirely her own, which was not shared with anybody.

Years, which had robbed our fair Julia of some of her personal charms had added fourfold to the sweetness of her character; and the girl whose high spirits and light heart had sometimes carried her into what had been justly termed flirtation, had grown into a sweet, earnest, tender woman with no higher ambition than to be a true wife to the man who would intrust his happiness to her. She was Auntie to all the little ones around, and every married man of her acquaintance joined in wonder that Julia still remained Miss Robinson.

Miss Robinson herself might have answered that, many as her offers had been, not one had come from any man she cared for. And a sorer point to herself than being still single was that she had never been in love. Of late it had often occurred to her that she must have looked for too much, that had she said "Yes" where she had said "No," she would have been a wiser as well as a happier woman.

She had not been educated in the days of high schools, classes and colleges. To take up art or science was quite beyond her. Somehow district-visiting did not seem her vocation, and her attempts at an ambulance class had ended in utter failure. Poor Miss Julia! She kept a smiling face over a heart that was growing very sore. It seemed as if there was nothing for her to do—nobody wanted her; and in the very midst of this, when the tide of dependency was slowly setting in, this letter had come, saying that she still was enshrined in the memory of one man, who for all these years had kept constant to her, and that if she would consent to undertake so long a journey—for it was impossible for Mr. Penberthy to leave India—she would make him the happiest of men. He further entered on his means, and the luxuries he could give her, and ended by entreating her to reply by return of post and tell him that he was not hoping in vain.

Miss Robinson had no longer any parents to consult, both were long since dead. If she had told her sisters that she had had an offer from the Grand Turk, they would have advised her accepting him. She therefore relied on her own judgment to guide her, and the mail for that month carried out a letter, in which she frankly asked Mr. Penberthy if he had fully realized the change that must have taken place in her since they last parted. She begged him to recollect that while he at forty was still a man in his prime, she was no longer looked on as a young woman; and that until she felt assured these and other facts set down were present in his mind, she could not accept his offer, much as it gratified her.

The reply to this letter came in due time, written with all the impetuosity of a most ardent lover. "If your sweet face was wrinkled and your lovely hair grown gray," wrote the infatuated Adolphus, "you would only be so much the dearer to me. All I want is to know that you consent to be mine and accept the name of Penberthy in place of that of Robinson."

So the matter was decided and the news was spread abroad, everybody taking quite an unusual interest in the affair, for most of us have a touch of romance in our nature, and it was like a thing one reads of in a story. A young man desperately in love, obliged to go away, running off with his lady-love's picture; and then, after years had passed, writing to her again, to tell her he had always kept faithful, and that now he had made his fortune he wanted her to share it with him. There was only one thing to be hoped, that if Miss Julia could not return his love, she would, at least, make it up by her gratitude. Of course, it was plain to see from what had gone before that all the affection was on one side. Still Julia Robinson must remember that she was no longer a young girl, and though she kept her looks very well, as those who knew her now knew, she was not what she had been.

A few of the more officious of her friends undertook to give her some good advice on this score, at which, though she took it quite amiably, Miss Julia smiled. Her future plan of action was quite decided on in her own mind already. As much as it lay in a woman to be a good wife, that wife she intended to be. "I will learn to love him with all my heart," she said to herself repeatedly; "he shall never have to regret that he kept constant to me." And then she would take a good look at herself in the glass, smiling as she turned away, and declaring she was more vain now than at any former time of her life.

Mr. Penberthy had rather dwelt on his good means, and the important position he held. He had suggested, in language as delicate as he could command, that, seeing it was essential for his wife to go a good deal into society, some of the expenses of the trousseau should fall to his share. But this Miss Julia would not allow; neither would she permit him to pay her passage-money. "When I am his wife," she said, "I will accept everything at his hands, but not now. Besides, by selling the little property I have I can amply provide all I can possibly need."

Most of the many who, prior to her departure, went to inspect the pretty things provided for the outfit, thought that Miss Julia was rather more serious than was demanded by the occasion. The good-natured fancied she dreaded the journey, that she felt she was going so far away from all her friends; the less kindly hoped she was sufficiently thankful for what Providence had done for her—"Very few girls who had refused one man after another, as she had done, got in the end such a chance as had been given her."

Well, at length the day of departure came, but not before a little disappointment had arisen in the failure of the lady under whose wing Miss Julia's journey was to have been made. At the eleventh hour an extension of leave had been granted to her husband, therefore their departure would be delayed for three months longer. Under these circumstances Miss Julia had to go alone.

Her courage had sunk very low by the time she found herself on board the vessel. Her family and friends she had parted with; the brother-in-law, who had come down to see her start, had returned in the tender ashore, and she was left alone, straining her streaming eyes toward the friendly land she seemed to be leaving forever. Memories thick and fast crowded on her—a terrible sense of being utterly alone took possession of her—and, unable to check the sobs that would come, Miss Robinson hurried down to her cabin below, and for some days nothing more was seen of her.

They had left Southampton on a Tuesday; by the following Sunday the majority of the passengers made an effort to take their places at dinner, Miss Julia among them. Her neighbor, a well-seasoned old Indian, who had made the voyage many times before, vouchsafed her but little attention, until some hitch in the serving afforded him rather more leisure; then, with the cross-questioning air of a county court judge he began:

"Your husband with you? No? Not made the journey before? Ah! Not a good table. Bad cook. Wretched attendance. Captain ought to look after it better. Wife's just dead. Cut up about it, they say. Very sorry. Can't be helped. Happen to us all some day—— Ah!"—this was at the entrance of a dish the good smell of which titillated his nose and put a stop to further conversation. Miss Julia, whose appetite was still poor, took the opportunity to look at the Captain—a pleasant-faced, genial-looking man, with no particular evidence of grief in his face or manner. As she passed out he spoke a few words to her, and afterward during the ensuing week when they met the same courteous little speech was repeated.

As sometimes happens on a voyage none of the passengers were disposed to be very friendly; after the usual exchange of civilities, each he or she went his or her way, leaving Miss Robinson to follow her own devices.

One evening she was sitting on deck, beguiled by the lovely moon into remaining later than was usual, when the Captain passed her, passed again, and this time stopped.

"A glorious night," he said.

"Beautiful," she managed to answer.

The voice made him steal a look at the face.

"I'm afraid," he added, more gently, "you feel the time rather long. Not a very interesting set of passengers on board, are there? It happens so sometimes. You don't care, perhaps, for the sea?"

"Yes, very much I do. Oh, I think I'm getting on very well," and she smothered a sigh. "When one is by one's self, it is only natural to feel a little lonely"—and something she could not account for made the tears, which lay very close to her eyes, fall in a quick downpour. "How excessively silly!" she said vexedly.

"Nothing of the kind," and the Captain took a seat beside her. "It will do you good; and you needn't mind me. The poor little woman I've lost used to say that sometimes nothing relieved her like a good cry."

Miss Julia, ever ready with sympathy, thrust away her own troubles immediately.

"You have just lost your wife, they tell me?" she said gently.

"Well, not just; she died eight months ago, but this is the first voyage I've made since."

"Was she long ill?"

"Yes; all our married life she was more or less laid by. She'd been married before she was married to me, and her husband's death was a great shock to her. She never got over it, and then about eighteen months ago the little girl she'd been left with suddenly fell ill, and faded away, and that finished the poor mother. She only lived a little time after."

"That was sad. Sad for both of you."

"Yes"—he was leaning with his head bent, looking down into the sea, speaking to himself rather than to her,—"I can enter into the feeling of being lonely. While she was there I'd somebody to think of—to do things for. Now, whatever happens, it's all the same," and he sighed despondingly.

Miss Julia had the tact of a true woman. Without preaching, she found a few words of comfort to administer, and this opened up further confidences between them; so that when Captain Stewart bade her good night on her going below, he remained, saying to himself:

"I quite misjudged her. The man she's going to marry is a deuced lucky fellow. She's a nice woman, that. One of the right sort. My little Bessie would have got on with her."

Dating from that evening quite a friendship sprang up between Captain Stewart and Miss Julia; they chatted together almost every night sitting on deck

"The Captain seems very devoted," passengers would say, glancing at the two.

"Oh, but she's going out to be married."

"Is she? Isn't it rather late in the day?"

"It depends on who it's to. What do you guess her age to be?"

"Something in the thirties."

"She's pretty, don't you think?"

"Yes—has been very."

"I wonder how long it is since he saw her?"

"Twenty years, I thought I heard somebody say."

"Good heavens! What abominable constancy."

"It is to be hoped he won't regret having been so true."

"Find her very altered? That may be. Why, she's making up to the Captain. Wants to have a second string to her bow."

Happily, none of these criticisms reached the ears of the two most concerned, so that their cordial intercourse continued uninterrupted, until they neared the port where Miss Robinson was to be met by her faithful lover.

"We're close on what will be the last evening," Captain Stewart said with a regretful sigh. "By this time next week there will be no Miss Julia Robinson."

"Perhaps not in name, but I hope that I shall continue to be—myself the same."

"Not to me you won't. No, when I say good-bye to you here—it will be good-bye for ever."

"You've made the voyage very pleasant for me."

"That's right. It does me good to fancy I have been of use to somebody. I wish you were going on further."

"I wish so too," she said naively.

"And yet that is not quite as it ought to be. Shouldn't you be all anxiety to see the gentleman you have come out to marry?"

Miss Robinson's speech had slipped out unawares. She made an effort to remedy the mistake she had made.

"I am very anxious," she said gravely; "but when I spoke, I only thought of the sea, and how much"—here she hesitated—"I have enjoyed everything."

There was a pause.

"I shall think," he said, "over lots of things you have said to me. You must sometimes cast a thought my way too."

"That you may be sure I shall do."

"I wish," he began, "that I could ask you something, and feel sure you wouldn't be offended by it."

"I promise not to take offence at whatever you may say. What is it you want to know?"

"Well, you know you said you had not seen this gentleman for many years, and you seemed surprised that he should remember you. What mad you accept him, and make up your mind to go out to him? I can't fit it in with you. It isn't what I should have expected."

Miss Julia flushed, so that the color of her face was even visible in the dim light.

"No," he said hurriedly, "don't answer me. Forgive me for putting the question; I—I—— Well, don't take any notice of me."

"Yes, but I intend to tell you. Years ago when I was younger, I had many offers of marriage made me, but I always said no. No one believes me, but really I did not care for anybody. I suppose I forget that I was growing old. I thought the right person had not come."

"And he—this one is the right person?" he said, interrupting her.

"I hope he will be. I intend to try and make him so. When his letter came I was very discontented, getting soured, because nobody wanted me; I could not be of use to any one. I mean to try with might and main to make him happy." She said this very resolutely. "I wrote to him first, and told him that of course years had made a great alteration in me, and he sent back the most generous reply. I should be more than ungrateful if I did not strive to the very utmost to make him perfectly happy."

"There's no fear but you'll do that," said Captain Stewart earnestly. "He's a lucky fellow; I envy him with heart and soul,"—and he sighed deeply.

"Will you promise me that if you should find some nice woman you think would make you happy, you will write and tell me? I should like to rejoice with you."

Captain Stewart shook his head.

"It is impossible, you think? I can well understand you feel so now; but, mercifully, time is a great softener of trouble."

"It is not quite that. I loved the poor little soul who is gone dearly, and there was nothing I would not have done to keep her with me; but—well, you see, she had been married before, and though she tried with all her might to care for me, she couldn't give me a heart that was buried in a grave. I never blamed her. I should do the same if it was to come over again. She was so helpless, friendless, stranded, with not a creature to hold out a hand to her. No, thank God that I did as I did. She constantly said she couldn't have done without me. Almost her last words were, 'Your reward will come, John. You have been so good to me.' She had a sweet, unselfish nature, dear soul, and her troubles had been very heavy. There," he added, after a minute's pause, "now you know my story."

"Thank you," she said simply, "for having told me. I believe with her, that the reward for your generosity is certain to come."

He shook his head.

"Ah, well, of that I am not so sure—not in the sense I mean. The entire affection of some nice, good woman—that is the only thing of value to me. I'm comfortably off; I need not go to sea if I'd any one to stop ashore for."

Miss Julia smiled.

"Take heart," she said, and there was a little tremor in her voice, as she spoke—"the right person will yet come in your way, and she will be a very fortunate woman."

"Ah, Miss Robinson," he said, "some things always seem to go contrary, and some people are always the day after the fair. Good-night and good-bye, for I feel it is good-bye to you. God bless you, wherever you are."

Two days later they reached Bombay. Mr. Penberthy came to meet his intended bride, and amid effusive good-wishes, and waving of hands—for the surroundings of the gentleman favorably impressed the passengers—Miss Robinson and he left the ship.

Miss Julia always averred that from the very first moment Mr. Penberthy's eyes met hers, a conviction seized her that in coming out to him she had committed a grievous error.

Very little did she say about what took place, and all that could be learned of the matter came from the report of a third person.

These facts, at all events, are certain: that having taken her to the house from which the marriage was to take place, Mr Penberthy requested her to grant him an interview. From this interview, Miss Julia emerged pale, agitated, but resolute and full of dignity. Presenting herself to the lady of the house, she simply said that Mr. Penberthy and she found they were in no way suited for each other.

"I was most ill-judged," she added, "after so long a separation, to think of coming out here."

"But the thing is impossible," was her hostess's reply. "Am I to understand that you refuse to marry Mr. Penberthy?"

Miss Julia hesitated.

"It is not exactly that way; but I fully realize how altered I am since he saw me. I believe then I was a nice-looking young girl, but never the beauty he supposes me to have been. The miniature, it is true, was thought like me then; but you know how these things flatter one."

"But, my dear lady, even in personal advantages you have fifty thousand more than Mr. Penberthy ever could have had. Such a slight—and in my house too! I look upon it as a positive insult to me; I must insist on an explanation. If he has not got his senses we must bring him to them."

But Miss Robinson entreated her to let the matter be.

"Nothing now," she said, "would induce me to alter my decision. It is true that I did not make the obstacle; but that being raised, has swept all my intentions away. We both deceived ourselves; I in exaggerating his constancy, and he in idealizing me into a beauty. I am most to blame, though, because I have laid myself open to the suspicion of being ready to marry any one. At my age one ought to have more discretion."

"Your age! But your age is quite suitable for him. A selfish, pompous, conceited bachelor, who, when his liver is ruined by eating and drinking, thinks he will take a wife, and is disappointed because the Venus de Medici doesn't come out to him! The thing's unheard of. Such conduct was never known before. It's not to be tolerated. My dear, you're a very nice-looking woman, a very pretty woman; and so far from his presuming to hold his head above you, there are a dozen men about here I could name who would only be too glad to offer themselves to you."

Miss Julia thanked her impetuous friend heartily.

"I shall think," she said, "no more of matrimony; a very bitter lesson has been taught me. I see it all now, and how mistaken I have been; but if you will let me stay here, and help me to find something to do, I shall indeed feel grateful to you."

So the end was that Miss Julia remained; and Mr. Penberthy went away, blamed by all, and altogether cut by many. In vain he tried to shelter himself from the odium cast on him, by repeating how generously he had proposed to compensate the lady; nay, he went so far as to declare that he had offered, in spite of what had passed, to marry her, and seeing she had treated both these offers with contumely, what any one could find in his conduct to brand with dishonor he failed to see.

About two months later a chance occurred which afforded Miss Robinson an opportunity of returning to her own country. The children of Major Charnock, lately left motherless, were to be sent to England to be educated there, and at the suggestion of several of the ladies who had become her friends Miss Julia was asked to undertake their care. Such a charge was exactly what she had wished for, and it was not long before all was arranged and the little party started. It was a relief to have it settled that she was not to return to her native town, where the scrutiny and questioning of her neighbors would have been very trying to her.

As time went on, the wound to her self-respect and pride gradually healed, and the lonest chamber of her heart, hitherto tenantless and empty, was filled by a memory. Yes, certainly now there was one man—a man she had seen and known—whom, had he asked her, she would have been glad to marry. But, as he himself had said, "some things seem always to go contrary, and some people are always the day after the fair." Captain Stewart! Where was he? Had he found the reward that she had told him was some day certain to come? Little wonder at the deep-drawn sigh which followed. Poor Julia! Poor Miss Robinson!

And yet it so happened that just then she was not to be pitied so very much. Her time of trial was very nearly at an end, and at last that capricious lady "Fortune," was about to smile on Miss Robinson.

From the day when he and she had said good-bye at Bombay, not a single word had Captain Stewart heard of Miss Julia Robinson, whom he believed to be Miss Robinson no longer.

"Oh, she has forgotten me long ago," he would say with a sigh. "What more probable. Still, like the fellow she went out to marry, I have remained faithful to her memory. If I could but find somebody like her! As well search for a needle in a bundle of hay."

These thoughts were occupying him one afternoon on his homeward voyage—they were nearing England, a circumstance that always brought his loneliness more vividly before him—when for distraction he joined a party of young Americans, hoping their gay spirits might infect his.

"What are you all chattering about?" he asked, smilingly.

"Oh, Captain Stewart, tell me? Do ladies—real nice ones—go out to India only to get married? Is it so?"

"Well, yes, I think sometimes they do. Why?"

"Because Miss Forster is telling us of one she met when she came back two years ago, who had gone all the way out to Bombay, and then the man wouldn't have her—she had altered so."

The Captain's heart began to thump violently.

"And Miss Howells will have," broke out Miss Forster, "that it served her right. I say that it did nothing of the kind, and that he must have been a real bad sort. In the States they'd have tarred and feathered such a man.

"What was the lady's name?" Captain Stewart felt as if his mouth was filled with glue.

"Miss Robinson."

"Julia?"

"Yes, Julia was her name. You knew her, did you?"

But the Captain had gone. Like an arrow from a bow he shot away, only, however, some five minutes later to return, and say very cheerily:

"Now, about this Miss Robinson; tell me all you know. She went out with me."

"Well, my all isn't very much. I haven't seen her since we said good-bye; but she read aunt's death in the paper and wrote to me."

"And have you her address?"

"Yes, in my pocket-book; you shall have it when I get below. It's in London somewhere."

The voyage, the remainder of which was the most tedious time he thought he had ever spent, came to an end. As soon as it was possible Captain Stewart rushed up to London for the day, and was rattled as fast as he could be taken to a quiet row of unpretending houses in Kensington.

"Is Miss Robinson at home? Does she live here,"

Captain Stewart vowed to Miss Julia that before the maid could answer he thought he must have fainted, so fearful was he that she would say that Miss Robinson had already been turned into Mrs. somebody.

"Is she in?" he added, for the former question was answered in the affirmative.

"Yes, sir; what name?"

But with the impulsiveness of a sailor he passed her.

"Never mind my name, I want to surprise her. Which room?"

"The drawing-room, sir, Miss Robinson's in."

"All right. You needn't come."

He was already up the stairs. He opened the door, and with it in his hand paused to look at her.

"Captain Stewart! Oh! can it be you?"

"It is—no other; and you—still Miss Robinson?"

"Still Miss Robinson," was echoed faintly.

He turned and closed the door, then, coming quickly to her, he took both her hands and held them.

"You know what I have come for. Tell me—will you marry me?"

"But you don't know——"

"I know all I want to know. Answer my question. You said my reward was sure to come—will you give it to me?"

The exact answer that Miss Julia made we do not know; but certainly it was satisfactory, and some minutes later on she added between tears and laughter:

"And I said she would be a fortunate woman, too. Oh, I never thought that fortunate woman would be me."—Temple Bar.

MARJORIE.
From Wide Awake.

"Oh, dear," said Farmer Brown one day,
"I never saw such weather!
The rain will spoil my meadow-hay
And all my crops together."
His little daughter climbed his knee;
"I guess the sun will shine," said she.

"But if the sun," said Farmer Brown,
"Should bring a dry September,
With vines and stalks all wilted down,
And fields scorched to an ember"—
"Why then 'twill rain," said Marjorie,
The little girl upon his knee.

"Ah, me!" sighed Farmer Brown, that fall,
"Now what's the use of living?
No plan of mine succeeds at all"—
"Why, next month comes Thanksgiving
And then, of course," said Marjorie,
"We're all as happy as can be."

"Well, what should I be thankful for?"
Asked Farmer Brown. "My trouble
This summer has grown more and more,
My losses have been double,
I've nothing left"—"Why, you've got me!"
Said Marjorie, upon his knee.

—[WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

A CHINESE LEGEND.
From The American Magazine.

Of filial piety such store
Had Ouang Ouei Yuen, the emperor,
That—though his mother, who had been
Aye fearful of the thunder's din,
Lay in her grave—where'er he heard
The first low mutterings that stirred
The bearded storm-clouds, through the gloom
Passing, he sought her lonely tomb
And, bending over, whispered low:
"I am here, Mother"; nor would go,
Till—a great rose of gold—the sun
Out-bloomed through webs the rain had spun.

—(Charles Henry Ludert.

ALONE.

Since she went home—
The evening shadows linger here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear
Since she went home.
Since she went home—
The robin's note has struck a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain,
Since she went home.
Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence blessed;
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed;
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,
Since she went home.
Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears,
And the long nights have rained in lonely tears,
Since she went home.

THE FACE OF CHRIST.

The copyist group was gathered round
A time-worn fresco, world-renowned,
Whose central glory once had been
The face of Christ, the Nazarene.

And every copyist of the crowd
With his own soul that face endowed,
Gentle, severe, majestic, mean;
But which was Christ, the Nazarene?

Then one who watched them made complaint,
And marvelled, saying, "Wherefore paint
Till ye be sure your eyes have seen
The face of Christ, the Nazarene?"

—(CONSTANCE NADEN

"MY LADY WAKES."
From Atlanta.

When my Lady sleeps, the sun
Hides his golden face—
Starry flowers one by one
Darken in their place—
Silently the pale moon cold
O'er the mountain creeps,
Lonely is the world and old,
When my Lady sleeps.

When my Lady wakes, the sky
Suddenly grows bright—
Flash a hundred wings on high
Welcoming the light—
While the wild bird all the day
Sweetest music makes,
And the world is young and gay
When my Lady wakes.

See where in her downy nest
Now my Lady lies,
From her sweet unruffled rest
Too content to rise
Nay, look up, laugh back the light
Through the world that breaks!
So good-night to sleep and night,
See! my Lady wakes!

—[M. MACLEOD.

GERTIE'S WEE GARDEN
From Good Words.

Gertie's garden is, like herself, small!
But its flowers are colored with heaven's own dyes;
And the dewdrops that over it fall
Are tenderly shed from a mother's dim eyes.
There lange, pansy and daisy grow starry in spring;
Anemone dreamy
And violets dreamy;
When heart's ease I need and my bosom will bleed,
I fly to that golden, my fairest Ardenne—
I always succeed
If I pluck but a weed,
For I gather Nepenthe from Gertie's wee garden.

Gertie's garden is, like herself, fair!
In summer a blooming paradise;
And the delicate air that goes murmuring there
Is soft as the saddest of mother's sad sighs.
There a drooping rose rose in the eventide glows,
Vale lilies vagrant,
And gilly flowers fragrant;
And I am I that way forget fondly to stray,
Somehow my soft heart most dreadfully harden;
I, e. each leisure day
With her playmates I pay
Floricultural visits to Gertie's wee garden.

Gertie's garden is, like herself, sweet!
In autumn ambrosial as Araby's isles;
All green leaf and flower from head to the feet,
Gilded with sunshine—a mother's wan smiles!
The garden's her cradle with coverlet over,
A smooth cradle bed
For the dear little head.
And should you disturb it I never could pardon.
Tread softly around, for my heart's underground;
More tenderly tread
Than Robin the red,
Whenever you venture near Gertie's wee garden.

Gertie's garden is, like herself, hid!
With down that has fallen from snowy white wings;
But a mother still comes heedless winter amid,
When Robin his triplets all lonelite sings
There a deathless seed lies that in flower shall rise;
Though marked by no label
The sower is able
To set his invisible minnelets abloom,
So carefully watched where an angel is warden
Through my tears that would come,
It looked much like a tomb.
Till my 'ittle boy christened it "Gertie's wee Garden."

GEORGE HILL.

ALL CONTRARY.
From Atalanta.

"Here I stand with blue eyes,
There you sit with brown;
Let us play together."
But she gave a frown.

"Here's a bunch of roses,
Roses white and red;
Give me back a daisy."
But she shook her head.

"Here are peaches for you,
Peaches large and small;
Give me back a cherry."
But she ate them all.

"Here I have a necklace
All of beads so gay;
Let me put it on you."
But she ran away.

"Such a froward maiden
I shall never miss."
Up she came behind him,
Gave his curls a kiss.

A SERENADE.
From Harper's Weekly.

She sleeps! my lady sleeps!
Let me steal softly through the dusky bowers,
And while the fragrance of the climbing flowers
In at her casement slowly, gently creeps,
Let me below her happy window stand,
And touch my lute with not too light a hand,
Because, you see, she sleeps!

I do not wish that she should sleep,
I wish that through the window she should creep,
And from the balcony lean down to me.
Then strive, my lute, with eager haste to see
Which shall outstrip—the climbing flower cup
Seeking her window, or thy dulcet strain
Seeking the same sweet goal, and gently fain
To wake her up!

And yet—and yet—remember this, my lute:
Though I would have you wake my lady fair,
And bring her to the balcony up there,
To shine for me the evening's brightest star,
Remember this: I have no wish to wake
My lady's pa!

I prithee, dearest lute, make no mistake:
Wake *her*, but let not thy soft striving break
His slumber. I would have no luckless boot,
Thrown from another window, rudely mar
Thy music. It is much to ask, I know;
Yet strive, dear lute—I do entreat thee so—
To be for him a lullaby, for her
Reveille, and for me a messenger.
"Hutsoft! what light through yonder window breaks!"
'Tis not the east! 'tis Juliet! I have won!
But dearest lute, thy task is not yet done:
Still must thy sweet persuasion, for our sakes,
Its gentle effort kindly make, to keep
Her pa asleep!

A. W. R.

FLORIDA DAYS.

NOTHING BUT CLIMATE.

WHITE ROLLING PINES, Fla., Nov. 15.—It has been raining to-day, what Mrs. Wayne calls a "good, solid rain." It is certainly solid. As we stand on the piazza and try to look out, it is like trying to look through a semi-opaque wall. There is the steady swishing sound of the volumes of water striking the sand.

I have just spent some moments in the kitchen, looking up at the openings between the funnel and the roof, and seeing how copious are the streams of water that come down.

Why was that hole so large, and the funnel so small? Now I know the reason for Mrs. Wayne's smile when I said I thought a pipe was a good enough chimney for a Florida house. Impossible for us to have a fire, for the water spreads in sheets round the outside of the funnel down on to the stove, and fizzles and hisses in at the covers, putting an end to the attempt at a blaze. No fire, no dinner. And we could have had a dinner to-day, for Ronald brought in a dozen quails yesterday. He is improving as a provider. We have eaten crackers and cold bacon, however. We had crackers and cold bacon for breakfast. Indeed, it seems to us as we sit forlornly in front of the open door which leads to the veranda, that it will always rain, and we shall continue always to masticate the food I have mentioned above. We feel as if we would give our birthrights for an oil stove. Immediately after our morning meal, Ronald walked to the store at the river settlement for an oil stove. No, they hadn't had any in stock for months; might have some some time, couldn't say. All of us, before coming here, had scruples about eating pork. But such scruples are not worth much in the primitive parts of Florida.

Shut in by the rain we have ample leisure to appreciate anew the fact that there are fleas in this house. The groceryman told us it was because it was a log house; Mrs. Wayne asserts it is because the former occupant had a dog, and we also have a dog. But we only know the fact without power to change it. The real reason probably is that the climate here would make people too happy without a few drawbacks. And there are troops of rats. When daylight comes, as I lie on my cot looking out between the logs, I see gray, whiskered veterans of the rodent tribe sauntering about on the logs between me and the sunlight. Once I put forth my hand and took my pistol, which was at the head of my bed, and fired it at a fat rat who was squatting serenely near where the honeysuckle pushes its way into the room.

I did not hit the rat; but I frightened him and all the other inhabitants of the house. Melausa came rushing into my room, and when she found I was safe, she actually seemed defrauded of some expected entertainment.

With some temper I told her I was sorry not to be able to oblige her by being found in a pool of blood, but I was perfectly well and not hurt at all. She retorted that when a person was roused by a pistol shot, the person thus roused naturally was disappointed not to find any one wounded.

Besides ticks, and fleas, and rats, we have millions of the smallest red ants. At first we lost food and drink by placing these in the rude closet in the dining room. In half an hour all eatables would be perfectly covered with a swarming crowd of these ants, and all drink was thick with their drowned bodies. Now we have set the legs of the big rough table on which we eat into vessels of water, and on this table stands everything we expect to eat or drink. I notice that Mrs. Wayne has something which she calls a "safe," and which stands in water. Yes, there are drawbacks which even the Gulf Stream, which is said to do so much for Florida, cannot remove. This is life in a portion of the state where there is little advantage, little amelioration from civilization; in short nothing but climate. Here is where we get pure climate, unmixed with comforts imported from the North.

Now that it rains we have found that the house leaks; in some places it leaks in small, persistent dribbles; in others in what we might call mountain torrents; and everywhere it appears to exhale from its walls, inwardly toward us, a thick fog.

We have found a few spots which are not yet pronouncedly wet, and on these spots we have hastily piled all the things which we particularly wish we could keep dry. The beds, which are sacks filled with spanish moss which somewhat resembles curled hair, are continually pulled from one place to another. There was found not to be a square foot in my room where a stream of water was not liable to come. Our gossamer waterproof cloaks are spread over the beds now, and the beds are in one long stack. As it had not rained for a long time previous to our hiring this house we did not at the time notice signs of this leakage. We ought, however, to have had sense enough to know that it must leak if it ever had a chance. That the place should be repaired is as much out of the question as was the idea of repair to the famous man who, on being questioned as to why he did not mend the roof to his house, replied that when it rained he couldn't mend it, and when it didn't rain there wan't no need o' mendin' it.

This seems to be the attitude of mind in regard to a great deal in the South.

We all sat huddled together in the dryest portion of the middle room and gazed at the water as it came down. This is what we were really doing, although we were pretending to be cheerfully reading. I had been telling Melausa that this was "very exceptional weather." As I had come here first, it fell upon me to defend the house, the weather and everything else.

Melausa had ridden her mule twice, going up to the post office each time, and each time was gone so long that I feared her steed had chosen to fling her into the river; for whatever a mule chooses to do, that he does.

She informed me on her second return that I need never be really alarmed, for what her mule chose to do was to walk, and she could not help herself in the least. The second time he had walked slower than on the first trip. She said she could only be sure she was moving at all by fixing her eyes on a certain pine opposite her, and finding that after a considerable time she was obliged to turn her head slightly backward in order to see the tree. This experiment greatly encouraged her, for before trying it although there appeared to be a slight motion beneath her, it seemed to amount to nothing in the way of progress.

"It is fortunate," she said thankfully, "that it is so good for one to be out in the air here. I shall be in the air all the time, for I mean to go to the post office every day, and my mule will insure that the trip shall take about all the daylight there is."

And on the third day it had rained.

Sitting reading, as I have said, my friend, glancing up, made this remark:

"I suppose that is a new kind of amphibious creature from the river."

She was looking at an object which was coming with great calmness and deliberateness up toward us from the road. There was no definiteness to the figure as yet, for it was wrapped in something large and bulky. In another moment I thought I recognized the rubber boots, and the toe sticking through a slit. Directly we all recognized S'lange. As she drew near, we saw that her wrap was an old bed quilt, once of gay colors, now torn and soiled. It was so large that though she had drawn it over her head, it still trailed out, sodden and heavy, on the sand behind her. But I was glad to see her without her sun bonnet. Her hair was made wavy by the dampness; and her face was somewhat flushed, not because she had moved rapidly. The setter dashed out in the rain to greet her. As she came on to the veranda she did not appear to notice any one but me. As the bed quilt fell to the ground, I noticed that she had under her arm a parcel which she was carrying very carefully. This parcel was wrapped about many times in palmetto leaves.

She stood hesitating a moment, the dog jumping about her. She still had her eyes on me. Finally I asked her if she had any particular errand.

"I wanter to see yo'," she said.

I led her into the kitchen. She stood about uncertainly for a moment. I did not know how to help her, so I simply waited. At last she began to take off the leaves from her package, and revealed an inexpressibly shabby and dirty and ragged volume which she held out toward to me.

"There," she said, speaking with evident effort, "Can yo' do it with dat ar?"

I took the book, but I did not yet look at it. What did she mean? I hated to ask her, but I must.

"I done reckoned yo' might do it with dat," she repeated.

Now I looked at the book, thinking some enlightenment might come from it. It was an old French edition of the "Trois Mousquetaires."

"To make suthin' outer me, yo' know," she went on painfully. "It's books what does it, I reckon, 'n I ain't seen no other book. This is gran'pere's."

"Yes, yes," I said hastily, and trying to speak heartily, longing to do something for her, and groping to find a way. "Do you read at all?"

"Naw."

"We'll begin with the letters then," I answered cheerfully. "And we'll keep the book until later."

I found a newspaper and began instructing her in the alphabet, knowing no other way, at least, on the spur of the moment like this. It had not occurred to me that she would ever recur to this subject again. For half an hour she docilely and heavily labored to learn the names of the first few letters. When I saw she began to weary, I said we would have another lesson to-morrow.

She seemed so thankful to me, and so glad that she had begun, as she said, to "be suthin'," she stood up and stretched her arms high above her head in her unwonted fatigue.

"'Twon't take long, I reckon?" she asked.

What could I tell her? I only said she must come every day; to which she responded that she reckoned it might take as much as two weeks, but she meant to stick to it.

CURRENT ANECDOTES.

ON THE WAY TO BROOKLYN.
From Drake's Travellers' Magazine.

A sun-burned old fellow with an oil-cloth travelling bag was sitting on a bench in the Fulton ferry-house the other day.

Suddenly he arose from his seat, accosted a passing gentleman, and inquired,

"Eh—kin you tell me whut time the boat leaves?"

"Why, there's boats leaving every few minutes or so," was the reply.

"Every few minutes or so, hey? W'l whut's the reason this boat don't start then?"

"What boat?"

"W'y this 'ere boat."

"Man alive! This ain't the boat; this is the ferry-house!"

"Yew—don't—say so!" s'owly ejaculated the sun-burned old fellow. "The ferry-house!" he went on with a foolish smile. "An' here I've been a-waitin' three hours for the blamed thing to start for Brooklyn!"

And he rubbed his chin reflectively and walked on.

SHE GOT NO FURTHER.
From The Chicago Tribune.

It was in Waukesha last summer that a Chicago woman became acquainted with a distinguished professor from the East. He was a man of grave and dignified demeanor, and inspired the somewhat flippant Chicago woman with no little awe. With the professor was his young wife, a particularly quiet young woman, who seldom spoke. The Chicago woman, being left alone with them, undertook to furnish the chat.

"I was sitting out on the piazza here last night," said she, "after every one else had left, and I chanced to hear a scrap of conversation from one of the windows. I don't suppose a serious gentleman like yourself, professor, will be at all interested, and I tell it for the amusement of your wife. The voices floating out were those of a man and a woman, and I heard the man say, 'Poor little birdie, is oo afraid to be all alone in de world wid a great big horrid man?'"

The little woman from Chicago got no further, for the professor and his wife had turned a vivid scarlet.

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