THE "SWEET GIRL GRADUATE"

O vision fair
Of algebraic signs
And golden hair!

O darling mess
Of Greek and Latin roots
And muslin dress!

O union sweet
Of dictionary words
And dainty feet!

O double prize
Of stern and lofty thoughts
And gentle sighs!

MARQUIS O'SHAUGHNESSY.

THE STORY OF A CALIFORNIAN.

Brian O'Shaughnessy was a man who had amassed a fortune in mining on the Pacific Coast, and had gone abroad to spend it. A Californian by birth, he possessed most of the virtues and a few of the vices which distinguish that favored people. He was a big-hearted, free-handed fellow, fond of travel and adventure, caring little for books and less for study, but with a bright mind and a retentive memory, which served him well in place of a scholastic education. Being something of a natural linguist, in the course of his journeyings he contrived to pick up a speaking acquaintance with most modern European tongues, although it is probable he could not have written a decent thesis in his own.

In personal appearance, he was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a pair of blue eyes which had not exchanged their Irish sparkle for American gravity through the transplanting of one generation. His features were as near regularity as they could safely approach without effeminacy; the broad curve of his chin was indicative of strength; his firm-set lips betokened decision; while the arched nostrils and merry eyes betrayed a sensitiveness and amiability that tempered his stronger qualities. Indeed, he might have been positively handsome had it not been for a great scar in the shape of a semi-circle, and with ugly gratulations along the line which marked his left cheek. When the rest of his face was tinged with healthful color, the scar stood out, pale and dull, against the warm background; and on the rare occasions when some passing excitement or trifling ailment robbed his face of color, the scar took on an angry purple, as if outraged nature entered perpetual protest against the ugly blemish.

The origin of the scar was not clearly understood. Everybody naturally looked to Barry Conover for an explanation. Conover, who occupied the ostensible position of O'Shaughnessy's secretary, was a shrewd and capable young man, who sustained the most intimate and confidential relations with his employer, and who quite exceeded his duties and his instructions in supporting the latter's dignity, and in making proselytes to a belief in his importance. It was Conover who heralded his master's powers as a hunter, who boasted of his valor as a soldier, who related marvellous tales of his adventures with Bedouins, who put him through more duels than were ever fought by a Parisian journalist, who chronicled a thousand amazing exploits by land and by sea, and made him the hero of countless entrancing romances. Conover, in short, developed the habit of embellishment into a high art, and built a towering superstructure of fancy upon a slight substratum of fact. If whispers of these stories ever came to O'Shaughnessy's ears, he listened with an indulgent smile, which neither indorsed nor denied them.

When Barry Conover was questioned in regard to the scar, he described at length the manner in which O'Shaughnessy had received it, during a little fracas with a Turkish Pacha from whose harem he had liberated half a dozen young Circassian slaves. It happened, however, that no weapon known either to civilized or savage warfare was capable of inflicting a wound of this peculiar character, and several who had known O'Shaughnessy when he first came up to Virginia City, a beardless boy, to try his fortune in the mines, asserted that the scar ante-dated their earliest acquaintance. Public opinion, striking a mean between the two tales, and always inclining to the side of grace where O'Shaughnessy was concerned, decided that the mark must have been received when the young miner descended a burning shaft, hand over hand, on a rope, to rescue three men who had been injured by an explosion. This gallant deed, unlike the majority of Barry's tales, appeared to be unvarnished truth, and was corroborated by men who had been eye-witnesses.

Notwithstanding his reckless escapades, which were talked of from one end of the Continent to another, O'Shaughnessy was a good and consistent Catholic, who never failed to ask and receive absolution for his sins, and would undoubtedly have made liberal investments in indulgences, had the modern Church countenanced such traffic. And he was, on the whole, such a brave, generous, noble-spirited fellow, who performed so many gentle and unselfish acts, that there was not a man in Italy to scout the measure when the Pope, after receiving from the young American a magnificent sum to found a hospital in one of the large southern cities, conferred upon him the title of marquis, accompanied by the grand traditions of an extinct Roman family, and an ancient estate entailing encumbrances equal to nearly double its value.

Among the English colonies in Italian cities O'Shaughnessy was an especial favorite. His unusual popularity with this conservative class of travellers may be partly attributed to his considerate attentions to elderly dowagers, and partly to the unique spectacle he presented, as an Irish-American free from suspicion of any ambition to blow up the Houses of Parliament or stir disaffected Ireland to fresh revolt. Indeed, when the Honorable Miss Chester, an English girl of the shy, conservative type, made a lasting impression on the heart of the gay young marquis, and capitulated to his fiery and impassioned wooing, there were more who congratulated the bride than the groom. The recently acquired title borne by the young American, as opposed to the long and noble lineage of the lady, was in no wise reckoned against him. During the first year of their sojourn in Europe, Barry Conover, appreciating the immense advantages accruing from a creditable pedigree, had satisfactorily demonstrated that the O'Shaughnessys were direct lineal descendants of the celebrated Irish king, Brian Boru. So plausible was the story he told, so carefully constructed with reference to dates, and adroitly interwoven with historical fact, that there were many who saw in the action of the Church the first step toward the restitution of O'Shaughnessy's hereditary rights. About his immediate antecedents there was little known. Fellow townsmen of O'Shaughnessy's, whom he frequently encountered abroad, were well aware that his father had been a drunken old reprobate, who had hung upon his son like the proverbial mill-stone, until one evening, when in a chronic state of inebriation, he had fallen down an embankment and broken his worthless neck. Viewed in the light of the new revelations regarding the family lineage, however, it was easy to ascribe the old man's laziness, incompetence, and fondness for his cups, to the inborn instincts of an aristocratic gentleman, and to regard his tragic end as an unavoidable calamity, while their estimate for the son rose as they recalled the unvarying patience and kindness he had exhibited toward his unfortunate father. About his mother vague rumors were rife. O'Shaughnessy's grave silence whenever any reference was made to her rebuked idle curiosity, and confirmed any number of romantic reports. It was the general impression that she had died at his birth, and some asserted that she had been a noble Spanish lady, who had made a runaway marriage, and died of grief in consequence of being disowned by her parents. Giving credence to this report, society looked with renewed charity upon the frailties and shortcomings of the elder O'Shaughnessy.

If the marquis had been popular as a bachelor, he was a paragon as a benedict, and it became quite the fashion for neglected wives to flagellate their recreant spouses with reminders of O'Shaughnessy's constancy, the deference he invariably paid to his wife's wishes, and the precautions he took to assure her comfort. And the marquis was devotion itelf. He had always been a great ladies' man, noted for all manner of little gallantries of which other men were apt to be forgetful, but now the absorbing motive of his life seemed to be to insure the happiness of his young wife. The pair were always together. Every inflection of their voice in addressing each other, every glance they interchanged, told of their mutual affection and community of interests.

Yet the couple were by no means happy. In the early days of their married life an intangible barrier had risen between them whose presence each acknowledged, but whose character they imperfectly understood. Day by day it gained in substance and in form, until at length even strangers, meeting the couple for the first time, began to speculate upon the causes which had created the estrangement between them, and friends could no longer deny its existence, but anxiously wait for it to disappear. At times O'Shaughnessy appeared so ill at ease in his wife's presence that it almost seemed as if the brave, dashing fellow was afraid of her. Upon one occasion, when she suddenly addressed him a simple question—the conversation had turned upon feudal times, and she made some inquiry regarding his own ancestral house—he trembled and turned pale, as if struck by a sudden chill, and made some irrelevant response. Yet he never wearied in his attentions, and as the distrust entered her soul she clung to him with more tenacious affection.

Although they had talked of going to America on their wedding tour, O'Shaughnessy evinced a singular disinclination to revisit his native country. When his wife, moved by a pardonable curiosity to see the land which she had schooled herself to look upon as her future home, gently suggested that they ought soon to be upon their way thither, he delayed on various pretexts, denying that his business interests required his personal attention, asserting that he liked best to stay where they already were, pronouncing one season of the year too cold and another too warm to meet the change of climate, inveighing against the discomforts of a sea voyage, and making a multitude of inconsistent objections. Barry Conover, who had retired into a simple figure-head after O'Shaughnessy's marriage, came to the front again and loyally sustained him in his procrastination, until the young wife tortured herself into the fancy that the two men were combining against her, to keep her from becoming acquainted with some dark misdeed her husband had committed in the past, a suspicion she as indignantly repudiated, as she remembered the respect invariably accorded him by his countrymen, or as she dwelt upon the honest sincerity in his face, and his gentle, sunny temper.

She felt as if a load had been lifted from her breast one day, when her husband told her that his presence was required at the mines, and that they were to sail for America the following week. She set about her preparations for departure at once, and discussed arrangements with a happy heart.

They both agreed that, coming as they were to make a considerable stay, and possibly to establish their permanent residence under a republican form of government, it would be in better taste to make their entrance into American society simply as Mr. and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. The marchioness being herself a sensitive woman who clung obstinately to the aristocratic prejudices of her class and therefore respected the opinions of others when they did not come in direct conflict with her own, delicately suggested that to make an assumption of superior rank among people who had no titles, might hurt their feelings—referring to the American nation in the abstract. This token of sympathetic forethought called forth only a dry smile from O'Shaughnessy.

His wife was not long in discovering its meaning. Newspapers which were placed in their hands before they had landed in New-York, loudly blazoned the announcement that the Marquis O'Shaughnessy, one of the leading millionaires of the Pacific Coast, was about to revisit his native land after a continuous absence of a dozen or more years, and that he was accompanied by his beautiful and accomplished lady, the Marchioness O'Shaughnessy, an English gentlewoman of distinguished lineage—and there followed an elaborate exposition of the family pedigree of the Marchioness, for the dust is never allowed to gather on the volumes of Burke which occupy a conspicuous place in every newspaper library of the Republic.

The obsequious attentions which were everywhere showered upon them, the ceaseless repetition of "my Lord" and "my Lady"—sweet morsels to be rolled under republican tongues; the fawning flattery of servants, astonished and perplexed the Marchioness, who had expected to find a self-respecting and independent nation. It was not until they reached their final destination, the little mining town in Nevada, that she felt she had got to the real heart of the people. There no one called the Marquis by his title except in bedinage, while hearty salutations of "How are you, Brian?" and "Back for good, I trust, O'Shaughnessy?" greeted the prodigal on every hand. The utmost cordiality was shown to the Marchioness, but it was pleasant to see that no fictitious value was attached to her person on account of her rank. She fell in love with the mountains which reared their hoary crowns against the clear blue sky; with the dancing streams which leaped down a stony pathway on their way to the plains; with the valleys, whose emerald carpets were studded with flowers; with the bracing air of the high altitude; and most of all with the people, true-hearted and sincere, scorning petty affectations, and holding splendid possibilities of future development.

The visitors arrived early in the spring, and it was late in the fall before they were ready to go away. At this juncture their plans received a new and unexpected check. A deputation of citizens waited upon O'Shaughnessy and tendered him the nomination for member of Congress from that district.

O'Shaughnessy returned his thanks for the honor, and regretted that he should be unable to accept it. He told them that of course they would have no difficulty in finding a worthier representative than he could possibly have made; to all of which they listened without yielding an inch of ground. The nomination was open to him; they wanted no better man. O'Shaughnessy reminded them of his long residence abroad, and asserted that he was no longer an American citizen. They called his attention to the fact that he had never formally renounced allegiance to his native country, and showed him minutes of the date of his arrival in Nevada, calmly assuring him that a sufficient period had elapsed to restore his local rights of citizenship, and to render him lawful prey for the machinations of his friends. O'Shaughnessy protested that he had not the slightest desire to go into politics. They loftily reminded him that personal preferences and prejudices should be sacrificed for the sake of his country. He declared that he would not accept the nomination. They informed him that if he ventured to decline they would brain him on the spot. He sulkily avowed his purpose of taking the stump against his party, and contesting his own election; whereupon they threatened to give him such a rousing reception with rotten eggs and other odorous missiles, that he was fain to capitulate.

They had expected to carry the election with flying colors, but it was soon evident that social popularity is not always a sure touchstone to political favor. Men who were his warm personal friends took sides against O'Shaughnessy, denying that he had the necessary qualifications for a legislator, and insisting that his long absence from the State made him ignorant of the needs of the people. On the day of the election, as dispatches began to pour into headquarters, it was evident that the question of his election or defeat would turn upon the vote of his own county. In other quarters the vote appeared to be evenly divided, for the reputation that he bore as a hard-working and honest miner offset the advantages possessed by his rival, a popular young lawyer, who had made a thorough canvass of the field. But the large mines in the vicinity of the town where O'Shaughnessy's property was located, each employed a considerable body of men, who could be manipulated hither and thither by the word of a leader. Much to the disgust of his party, O'Shaughnessy refused to secure voters by any methods not strictly open and above board. He even went to the extent of notifying the men in his employ, through his superintendent, that he did not desire to influence them in any way, but that each must vote according to his own best judgment—a privilege which, it must be conceded, they exercised to the utmost. Barry Conover, who would have liked to occupy a conspicuous position as campaign orator, was prohibited by the stern command of his employer, and constrained to limit his eloquence to haranguing barroom audiences, and keeping a viligant eye on the polls.

The voting began at 7. At 9 o'clock in the forenoon O'Shaughnessy was ahead. At 10 his majority was diminished. At 12 he was a little behind. At 1 he again made a break ahead, but it was apparent by that time that his supporters, being chiefly recruited from the working-classes, had hurried to the polls at their earliest opportunity, and that there were few who had not been heard from. The afternoon vote was light, but almost every ballot was cast in favor of his opponent. At 5 o'clock the latter was over 150 ahead. The polls were to close at 6, and it was plain, even to his most ardent supporters, that O'Shaughnessy was morally certain to lose the day.

His wife was dismayed and oppressed with the sense of coming defeat. He did not feel very comfortable himself, for although he had been loth to accept the nomination, he had no liking for the role of a defeated candidate; but he tried to rally the marchioness on her down-hearted looks.

"What does it matter, anyhow? I shall not be pestered by office-seekers, nor obliged to knock anybody down for coming around me with bribes. Keep up your spirits, my dear."

She did not smile at his light tone or words. To her, defeat was equivalent to disgrace. Moreover, she had been thinking seriously of the new aims and practical opportunities which would be open to O'Shaughnessy by the possession of a seat in Congress. She was tired of their listless, wandering life, and had been looking forward to better things.

"And you say there is only one mining camp to be heard from? How many men are there in it?"

"Only about a couple of hundred voters. A third of the men are foreigners who have never been naturalized. They were to strike work at 5 to-day in order to come over. But don't build up any false hopes, my dear, on the strength of this. The election is lost, and with it all my chances to distinguish myself in the service of my country."

"Which way will they come?" She paid no attention to his closing words, but stepped through an open window and out upon a little balcony, looking across the valley to where the setting sun illuminated the crests of the purpling mountains.

"The camp is just over the range. They will probably take the trail around that point." He had followed her and indicated, as he spoke, a sharp cleft in the hills.

"They are coming now," he added, after a little pause. "Here, take the glass."

He handed her a field-glass which he had caught up from a table in the room, and she looked long and curiously at the lilliputian procession, winding back and forth adown the steep mountain side.

"They are nearly down to the group of spruce trees," she reported. "Now they are crossing Coyote Creek. There are certainly more men than you reckoned, Brian. They are walking fast, and I can see the one ahead pulls out his watch and looks at it. What a fine set of men they are! I am glad the polls are near the hotel, for they must come this way. There they are marching down the street. You should see their leader, Brian. He is an old man, with snow-white beard and hair, and he looks like a general marshalling his hosts to victory."

O'Shaughnessy took the glass, held it to his eyes for a moment, then let his hand drop with a quick exclamation. His wife, looking up anxiously into his face saw there the evidence of strong emotion.

"What is it, Brian? Have you seen him before? Do you know him?"

"It is John Fletcher. One of the men I brought up out of the mine."

Others had seen and recognized the old miner, and realized the import of his presence. A shout went up as he neared the polls, a shout that swelled to a wild chorus of cheers, which never ceased until Fletcher and his men, one by one filed past the polls, depositing two hundred and fifteen votes for O'Shaughnessy, and the day was won.

If O'Shaughnessy had previously viewed with light regard the honor that was being forced upon him, he valued it then. The speech he made at the mass-meeting called the next day was as earnest and whole-souled as his most ardent partisan could have desired. He accepted the office as a solemn trust, and pledged himself to serve the best interests of the people.

Barry Conover, who was present on this occasion, was ill at ease the entire evening. At the first opportunity he drew his employer aside.

"O'Shaughnessy, we're in for it now, sure; they're going down to Frisco."

"The devil they are!" said O'Shaughnessy.

Now, it had always been the custom, from the date of Nevada's first existence as a State, whenever an important election was over, for the newly elected statesmen to run down to San Francisco and receive the congratulations of their friends. There seemed no valid reason why O'Shaughnessy should depart from this honored custom. His wife was pleased at the suggestion, for it offered her an opportunity to visit a State she longed to see.

She was puzzled and discomfited when she found that her husband had an almost uncontrollable aversion to the trip. Barry Conover, who, as it has already been remarked, had relinquished his authority as O'Shaughnessy's chief counsellor, openly opposed the project, giving, in self-justification, the very shallow excuse that the sea breezes were dangerous for weak lungs. As O'Shaughnessy's lungs were especially sound, and he had never suffered any deleterious effect from the cold winds of the Atlantic; and as, moreover, the marchioness had reached that stage of wifehood where the interference of a third person is particularly distasteful, she insisted so strongly upon joining the excursion that her husband yielded. During the twenty-four hours preceding their start, however, he fretted and fumed over the necessity of going, and many times took occasion to confide to her the disgust he felt over the whole affair. "Why should there be such great fuss and feathers over such a simple matter?" he demanded, petulantly. The lady stared at him in perplexity. During his residence abroad the marquis had never been averse to participating in any public celebration, and, in point of fact, had been very partial to the very fuss and feathers which he now affected to despise. She made no reply, and there was no one to observe that the troubled look deepened in her eyes, and a new restraint sprang up in her manner toward her husband.

Instead of being a genial travelling companion, after his wont, O'Shaughnessy was gloomy and preoccupied during the whole day's travel, which bore them over the summit of the Sierra and down through the fertile valley of the Sacramento to the barren foot-hills which stood guard along the coast. As they stepped out on the deck of the ferry-boat, looking off across the bay to the beautiful city, with its broad water-front, its noble hill-slopes, and ranks of substantial buildings, the marquis did not wear the look of a man returning to the place of his nativity after an absence of many years. He seemed to forget the presence of all about him, while his face grew pale and stern, like that of a man who deliberately exposes himself to some great danger. As the boat slowly steamed into her slip, he scanned the loungers on the wharves with nervous apprehension; and when the great cables were flung ashore and the boat hauled close to the pier, he neglected the little tender offices he had been accustomed to perform for his wife, and the secretary relieved the marchioness of her hand-bag and shawl, with a face scarcely less troubled than his master's.

Forty-eight hours in San Francisco appeared to restore O'Shaughnessy to his usual good spirits. The dark shadow, whatever its nature, which had for a time obscured his pleasant temper, seemed banished. It was really quite delightful to meet the scores of old friends whom life had prospered, and who hastened to offer him the hospitality of their homes. He took a mischievous delight in refreshing the impaired memories of the army of old bummers who besieged him, trying to establish some slight thread of connection with his early life, and quarter themselves upon his bounty. Accompanied by his wife, he drove about the city and its environs, pointing out to her changes that had taken place, and remarking cheerfully that it had almost outgrown his recollection; but there was one portion of the town, a dismal quarter, extending from Kearney and Jackson sts. eastward and northward to the water-front, and known by the unsavory title of "Barbary Coast," that he never visited.

It has been intimated that San Francisco people showered many social honors upon the newly-elected Congressman and his wife; but these attentions were due less to the fact that he had just assumed an important office as representative of the people, than to the circumstance that he bore a high-sounding foreign title. The notes of invitation with which he was deluged were almost invariably addressed to "The Marquis and Marchioness O'Shaughnessy," and fortunate republicans who had contrived to stumble across a coat of arms in their search of old family records modestly paraded these upon their stationery or wax which sealed the envelopes. Everyone took it for granted that O'Shaughnessy would take up his permanent residence in San Francisco, in keeping with the habits of Nevada statesmen, and he was persecuted by real estate dealers, each of whom wanted to show him the most commanding site in the whole city for his castle or palace—for San Francisco people were sufficiently well informed to know that a marquis could not be expected to live in a house, like ordinary people.

Although it was generally understood that O'Shaughnessy had spent the earlier years of his life in San Francisco, he never referred to the fact, and prevalent ideas regarding his immediate antecedents seemed to be about as vague in the city of his birth as they had been abroad. The few who may have been presumed to know the circumstances of his early life appeared to respect his reserve, and forbore indulging in reminiscence.

The time drew near for the opening of Congress, and some of his admirers determined to give O'Shaughnessy a farewell reception, which was to be a genuine ovation, followed by dancing, and terminating with a banquet and speeches. All the city made ready for the most brilliant social event of the season.

The two chief participants came thither with anything but joyful hearts. A little incident which had occurred that afternoon had widened the breach between them. For days the young wife had been nerving herself to a bold and audacious step. She had paved the way with a woman's cunning wiles, leading up to it with a series of wifely attentions, then plunging into well-counterfeited meditation, from which she aroused herself as if by an effort, and, coming up to her husband, laid one hand lightly on either shoulder, and looked up innocently into his face, prefacing her question with a kiss.

"Where did you get that scar, Brian?" she said, and then a hot flush swept over her face, and she felt that she had given the Judas kiss of betrayal.

"I received it when I was a little boy," he replied coldly, and then, without another look, he had put her aside.

Over the marchioness swept a succession of dismal sensations. She had discovered nothing, but she had betrayed her distrust. What if there were nothing to learn, after all, and she had only succeeded in wounding a noble heart with the knowledge of her misgivings? She asked herself the question as she leaned back in the corner of the carriage, pressing her fingers to her eyes to keep back the weak tears which threatened to dim their brightness.

As they reached the brilliantly lighted entrance to the house of festivity, it was whispered that the honored guests of the evening had arrived, and a crowd of curious spectators pressed forward to see the occupants as they descended from the carriage. At that moment O'Shaughnessy pulled his handkerchief from an inner pocket, and something struck the steps with a thin metallic sound. O'Shaughnessy felt in his pocket, and then began to look anxiously about him. A policeman stepped to his side, respectfully touching his arm.

"What is it, sir? Have you lost something?"

"Oh, it's nothing! Nothing of any consequence," returned O'Shaughnessy; but he did not seem inclined to give up the search, for he knelt down and felt in the shadow of the steps.

"Bring some lights there," called out one of the bystanders, and a servant promptly handed the Moorish lamp which swung form the middle of the porch. Every one joined in the search, but whatever the marquis had dropped, it had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed it up.

"What was it, dear?" asked the marchioness, in a low voice.

"Only a picture. A thing of little value."

He tried to laugh it off, but a great horror chilled her heart, and a new and terrible suspicion came upon her. It was not her picture, for the only one they had was a life-size portrait, framed and packed away among their luggage. And if not hers, whose picture had he been carrying? Could he be interested in some other woman, and was this the explanation of his mysterious reserve and frequent fits of abstraction?

Others heard his reply, and it spurred them on to renewed zeal. "A picture—a thing of little value!" A thing of little value in the eyes of O'Shaughnessy meant a small fortune to the people about him. The rumor flew around that the marquis had lost an article of fabulous worth—an old family heir-loom—a miniature framed in gold and ablaze with jewels.

"It must be one of them beggars grabbed it. Never mind, sir, I'll have it before the evening's over, if I have to set every man on the force looking for it," the policeman answered O'Shaughnessy, and forthwith a number of amateur detectives, nothing loth to lay O'Shaughnessy under obligations, volunteered their services, for they felt that notwithstanding his assumed indifference, the marquis, being a property himself, probably entertained a high respect for the sacredness of property rights, and would rejoice in seeing so bold a crime properly avenged.

Had the bystanders been less intent upon watching the distinguished arrivals, and a little more interested in each other, they could not have failed to observe an old woman who had been one of the first on the ground, and had patiently maintained her place of vantage. The tender mantle of the night enrobed her figure, disguising her soiled and tattered gown, and the light, which fell full upon her face, brought out with pitiful distinctiveness its wan look of age, and the wistful expression in her faded old eyes. She had bent eagerly forward as O'Shaughnessy appeared, and saw the glittering bauble he let fall, clutching it with a single swift motion of her long, skinny arm, and then shrinking stealthily away to glout over her booty in solitude.

They found her seated in an angle of the wall, shedding tears and uttering low, inarticulate cries, and crooning a low song, as she clasped the trinket to her breast. So violently did she contest the possession of her plunder, so fiercely deny the authority of the officers to take it from her, that they feared the costly workmanship might be injured, and consulted together as to the most pacific manner of securing the trophy.

"She's a hard case," said the policeman who had addressed O'Shaughnessy; "but I wouldn't like to have the name of handling an old woman rough. Besides, she's that set on keeping the gimcrack that she'd screech and yell like a good one if we got it from her. We're here to keep things quiet, not to raise a row. Better speak to the gentleman, and get him to step out for a moment and talk to her peaceable-like. It's my opinion the poor creature's loony"

"Aye, let me see your grand lord, with his brave dress and fine manners. It's a matter lies between him and me."

Moved by some malicious impulse she wrenched herself from their hold, and darted up the steps and into the house, past the astonished servants, who made no effort to arrest her, through the broad hall to the large room where the guests were congregated, and at whose further extremity the Marquis and his lady stood, the centre of an admiring circle. As the queer apparition moved across the floor, all conversation was hushed in her wake. Her garments hung in tatters about her, and the little three-cornered shawl tied about her head failed to confine the locks of straggling gray hair which fell about her face, where dissipation and vice had left their ineffaceable record. Barry Conover gave vent to a fierce imprecation as he saw her, and hastened to her side, expostulating with her in a savage undertone, but apparently without effect.

"Who is she?"

The question was repeated on every side as she walked unsteadily across the floor, her bleared eyes fixed on the Marquis with a cunning look of recognition. The Marchioness, observing the stir and espying the odd figure, repeated the inquiry, laying her hand on her husband's arm to attract his attention. O'Shaughnessy, with his usual good breeding, turned at the touch, listened to her inquiry, then quickly wheeled about and faced the new-comer. Aye! Who was she? There was one who knew her. Let him tell.

"Indade, but I tried me best to kape her back, O'Shaughnessy, but the divil was in her, and there was no pacifyin' her at all. Now, shame on ye! Be afther goin', like a good crayther, can't ye?"

In his excitement it was noticed that Conover's brogue got the better of him. The closing apostrophe was added in an undertone, and was an ingenious combination of mild persuasion with subtle threat.

The old woman did not stir. She looked at O'Shaughnessy and O'Shaughnessy looked at her, and all the people looked on in a state of dumb stupefaction. Then she spoke, in a shrill, quavering voice:

"Which of us has the best right to it? Speak out, if you want to claim it."

She stretched out her hand, and upon the wrinkled palm, instead of the costly trinket they had expected to see, they beheld an old-fashioned ambrotype in a tarnished gilt frame. The Marchioness, bending her head above it, saw the faded likeness of a young woman holding a baby with its cheeks pressed against her own. Between the fresh young matron in the picture and the wrinkled hag before them there were few points of resemblance; but the chubby infant folded in her arms was the very image of O'Shaughnessy.

As the old woman awaited his reply, an indescribable change stole over her ill-clad figure, with a subtle dignity; but her eyes never wandered from his face.

The events of a lifetime were passing in review before O'Shaughnessy. He thought of his outraged childhood, of his degraded boyhood, of the desperate effort he had made to free himself from the miserable circumstances to which he had been born; of the success that had attended his endeavors; of the respect all men paid his name. In the strong contest he was waging with himself his face grew livid, and the scar upon his cheek glowed with sudden flame. The old woman saw it and cowered as if a phantom of the past had arisen to accuse her. She recalled the time when a broken cup thrown by her own hand in a fit of drunken rage, had struck the innocent child who owed his life to her.

Then she relapsed into the vernacular of the street.

"An' is it satisfied ye are that the trinket is none of yours, after settin' the cops on a daycent old woman an' doin' your best to blacken her reputation?"

She clasped her withered hands to her breast, drawing her ragged shawl closer about her with the movement, and turned to go. O'Shaughnessy knew that he was safe, that by the act she abdicated all claims upon him. She was again the wretched outcast, creeping humbly from the room, shrinking from curious and pitying glances; yet in her rags and her humiliation, her guilt and her shame, she had proved herself equal to the noblest test of mother love, the divine duty of renunciation. Could O'Shaughnessy himself, brave, generous-hearted fellow that he was, match the act? Honor and truth flung down the gauntlet to his manhood.

The people fell back to let the old creature pass. O'Shaughnessy's friends regarded her as an escaped lunatic, and accosted him with gay congratulations. His wife alone stood silent and distracted, watching him with sad suspicious eyes. Line by line she deciphered the miserable secret he had endeavored to conceal. He did not dare look at her. He did not dare question what course she would pursue when he should take the step which every principle of his manhood demanded of him; for which he was nerving himself with every deep-drawn breath.

"Mother!"

He spoke the word huskily, but it acted upon the gay assemblage like an electric shock. The old woman stopped short in her dreary progress, and turned her wan face toward him, but gave no answering sign of recognition, while her eyes expressed the protest that her trembling lips failed to speak. The marchioness heard the call, and sudden tears rained down her face, but her lips parted in a tremulous smile, and she threw back her head with a nobler pride than ever sprung from noble lineage or haughty title.

Fast as he strode across the floor, one who followed him was swifter. As he bent with pitiful tenderness over the sad wreck of womanhood, another arm was offered for her support, and O'Shaughnessy, looking up amazed, met the eyes of his young English wife, in which there no longer dwelt a shadow of suspicion or of doubt.—Flora Haines Loughead, in The Argonaut.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER IN CAMP.

From The Poughkeepsie News-Press.

The State camp at Peekskill is not entirely abandoned to the stern realities of military discipline. The soldiers entertain themselves with a love affair in which a member of the 14th Regiment, of Brooklyn, is concerned. Half a mile from the camp is Annsville, just on the edge of a little creek that tumbles down the mountain side. There is little animation in the place; a large iron water-wheel, once the centre and hope of the village's prosperity, is rusty and idle, an interesting relic of prosperous days.

To a gallant member of the 14th the mill-wheel, the mountain, the bubbling brooklet have less interest than the fair form of a girl who gathers flowers to send to a soldier boy in the camp. When the regiment landed at Peekskill last Saturday the people of the town turned out to see the sight. "As they marched through the town with their banners so gay" many a feminine heart beat responsive to the martial step. One maiden looked with flushing anxiety for a face that cheered her when the boys were at camp before. She had come from Annsville along a dusty road to see that face. Johnny was there in the ranks, enduring the rigors of discipline with a docility unusual to him; he is not fond of discipline and hardships in camp.

The temptation to visit the deserted mill-wheel was so strong that no sooner had the shades of the second evening in camp settled upon the spotless tent than the Brooklyn boy stole away, running the risk of a court-martial, for the pleasure of seeing his sweetheart at the mill. No officer knew of his absence, but his company comrades were let into the secret, and it is whispered around the camp that many of them helped Johnny to get away on his love errand. Now every day a blushing maiden walks from the old mill-wheel to the camp with a bunch of wild flowers, which are soon spending their fragrance in one of the company tents. The couple are already engaged.

UNEXPECTED INCIDENTS OF A WEDDING.

From The Boston Journal.

The custom of having little girls in picturesque costume attend the bride to the altar is a charming fashion of English origin, but it may be attended with serious consequences, as a recent wedding proved. Two small relatives of a bride were added to the bridal procession with pretty effect and all went well until the place in the ceremony was reached when the bride gives her bouquet to a bridesmaid. Then each of the small girls demanded the bouquet. One seized the flowers from the other, and a genuine nursery quarrel arose, which lasted until the two bridesmaids were deprived of the contested bouquet. As an incident, it was decidedly unique.

THEY COULDN'T POSSIBLY.

From The Boston Beacon.

Sweet Girl Graduates—Deputation from the senior class—"We have come to request that you give the senior class all next week as a vacation." Miss Crocker (principal of young ladies' seminary)—"A vacation next week? Why, what are you thinking of? Don't you know that your final examinations for degrees take place next week?" Deputation—"Yes, Miss Crocker; but Madam De Cutter, who is making our graduating dresses, has informed us that unless we can give her our undivided attention all next week while she fits and drapes them, she can't possibly have them ready in time for graduation." Miss Crocker—"Dear, dear! Well, of course, if that's the case, you will have to let the examinations go."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

FOR SUNSTROKE.

It relieves the prostration and nervous derangement,

PASTORS AWAY FROM HOME.

MANY CHURCHES NOT TO BE CLOSED.

SOME OF THE MINISTERS CROSS THE SEA, WHILE OTHERS SEEK REST IN THE COUNTRY.

The season for clerical vacations has arrived, but no one need fear that the city will suffer for want of clergymen. In the first place, the Roman Catholic Church will have almost its full quota of priests in their places as usual. Indeed, so little account is taken of vacations by the Roman Catholic clergy that it is impossible to obtain any news in regard to their movements in summer. All that can be said is that each priest will try to get a few days in the country between Sundays, or perhaps for two weeks. But one or more priests will always be found in every parish every day in the year. And in the great majority of Protestant churches also, some provision is made for the religious needs of the people during the absence of the pastor in summer. No one can stay away from church in the summer on the plea that no church of his denomination is open. It is somewhat surprising, however, that several churches of the same denomination in the same neighborhood do not oftener combine and hold a united service during the summer. This would give the "supply" more people to preach to, and enable a greater number of clergymen to get out of the city. But probably local church pride stands in the way. Below will be found information in regard to the vacations of some of the more prominent clergymen of the city.

Bishop Potter has just finished a peculiarly hard year's work. Indeed, it looks as though the Episcopal Diocese of New-York will soon have to be divided again, or an assistant bishop appointed. The latter course is not considered desirable, however, when the bishop of a diocese is not physically incapacitated from work. Another more churchly way out of the difficulty would be the establishment of suffragan bishoprics in the Protestant Episcopal Church. A suffragan bishop would have the entire supervision over a certain portion of the diocese in which he would act for the bishop. A canon looking to the establishment of such an office was proposed in the last General Convention, but failed to pass. It will be brought up in the next General Convention, and will then probably pass. Bishop Potter sailed on Wednesday for England, to attend the Pan-Anglican Synod of Bishops, and he will probably return home in August.

The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Parish, will go to the Dix homestead, in West Hampton, L. I., about the end of this month, and will be absent from the city until about the first of September. The services in Trinity Parish are never suspended during the summer.

The Rev. Dr. John Hall, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, sailed for Europe some time ago, with no definite plans except to visit his old home, and to be present at the Convention of Presbyterians in London. During his absence his pulpit will be supplied from week to week.

The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, will, as usual, spend his vacation, July and August, at his cottage near Pine Hill, in the Catskills. During his absence his church will be closed. The two chapels connected with his church—Grace, in East Twenty-second-st., and Hope, in East Fourth-st., will be open all summer.

The Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington, rector of Grace Episcopal Church, says: "The church is to be kept open all summer. The services will be at 9 and 11 a. m. and 5 p., with preaching at the 11 o'clock service. The preacher during August and September will be the Rev. Dr. Babcock, of Columbus, Ohio. Where I shall take my vacation is uncertain."

The Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, says: "The Church of the Messiah will be closed from Tuesday, June 24, until the third Sunday in September, and we shall spend the vacation at Spring Lake, N. J., in our own hired house. But in August I shall 'lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help,' up New-Hampshire way, and do a bit of preaching Sundays where I happen to alight, if all is well. We do not 'supply' our pulpit in vacation because there is no congregation. People seem to be as glad to take a rest from hearing as we are to take one from preaching; and I don't blame them."

The Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur says: "The Calvary Baptist Church never closes. We have put ourselves squarely across the track of the church-closing tendency. Even when cleansing and repairing are necessary, services are held in the chapel. I have not taken any regular vacation for the past eight years. This summer, however, I purpose taking a brief trip to Norway and Sweden. My assistant will have charge of the services during my absence, which will be as usual.

The Rev. Dr. G. H. Houghton, rector of the Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration, in East Twenty-ninth-st., more familiarly known as the "Little Church Around the Corner," will, in accordance with his custom, take no vacation. "The Transfiguration," he says, "is never closed except at night. I expect to remain in town during the summer as usual, and to supply my own place as usual."

The Rev. Dr. Burtsell, pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of the Epiphany, will only go away between Sundays and the services of his church will be as usual.

The Rev. F. F. Buermeyer, pastor of the English Lutheran Church of the Epiphany, says: "We have no vacation at our church. The services continue, in summer as they do in winter. It is my custom to take charge of the services myself."

The Rev. Theodore C. Williams, pastor of All Souls' Unitarian Church, will take his vacation from the middle of July to the middle of September, spending part of the time near Boston and part in the Adirondacks. His church will be closed.

The vacation of the Rev. Dr. G. F. Krotel, pastor of the Evangelical Church of the Holy Trinity, will be from July 8 to September 9, during which time the church will be closed.

The Rev. T. McKee Brown, rector of the Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin, in West Forty-fifth-st., sailed for England on June 2. He will be absent during the summer, returning probably in September. The Rev. Edward Benedict is in charge of the parish during his absence.

The Rev. I. Newton Stanger, the rector of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity, Harlem, will take a vacation of six weeks, beginning on the last of July. "I go," he says, "into the North Woods, where there is more real pleasure for the thoughtful, nature-loving man and more robust strength to be found, more deer to be shot and more trout to be caught by the true sportsman than in any place I know of. I always go in tired and jaded and come out robust and strong." Dr. Stanger's assistant, the Rev. William Huckel, will officiate during his absence in the hall of the Young Men's