

SHUT OUT.

All day you knock at my heart's door,  
As though you could not understand  
That door is barred, and opens no more  
To your soft beating hand.

Too swiftly, swiftly, long ago  
It opened once, when June was kind,  
And now the earth is whelmed in snow  
And you no shelter find.

A wind like death is moaning on—  
I cannot pray you to depart—  
But yet I keep my weary watch upon  
The portal of my heart.

Only in dreams I quit my guard,  
I fling the portal open wide,  
And you, the weary day debarred,  
Within my heart abide.

—(Literary World.)

MISS GYURKOVICS IV.

FROM THE HUNGARIAN.

Every year the Gyurkovics of Tamási put the proceeds of the tobacco factory in their pockets and came down to Pest to combine a visit to their brother the Deputy with a little amusement.

Along the Corso in the mornings, on the ice in the afternoons, they were always in evidence, while every evening at theatres, balls or concerts they were to be seen enjoying themselves to the scrape of fiddles and the popping of champagne corks until the small hours, while, wherever they appeared a perfect stream of tips followed for coachmen, waiters, gipsy musicians and all sorts of hangers-on.

Then, too, they moved about in such an immense family party as reminded one of patriarchal times; all their young men were officers or government officials, or rising young lawyers, and had the reputation of being ready to flirt with anybody at any moment, though it was understood they were not marrying men. Whereas, on the other hand, it was well known that no eligible parti who came within flirting distance of one of their sisters could possibly escape.

Every year the Gyurkovics's parents brought a fresh daughter to Pest and provided her with a husband. Nobody knew how many girls still remained at home, but it is certain that as soon as one was settled another appeared immediately to take her place. They were all charmingly pretty and coquettish; could dance seven Csardas running without feeling any fatigue, and could sit night after night at the supper table till the dawn began to creep in without showing any deterioration of their dazzling complexions.

To see one of them roll and light a cigarette—after a glance at her brother the Deputy for permission—simply turned your head! No wonder if, after a good lot of champagne, and the near proximity of a round white shoulder, an eligible partner began to murmur all sorts of ridiculous things, which were promptly clinched by the young lady's practical answer, "Please speak direct to mamma!"

It was thus that three of the Miss Gyurkovics had already found excellent husbands, and had settled down, report said, into the best of wives. When the shopkeepers in the Waltzer-gasse were set to work upon lace petticoats and embroidered table linen, people nudged each other and wondered what dowry the girls had. The initiated smiled, for they guessed how Mamma Gyurkovics contrived those founced petticoats and other smartness: of the trousseau out of her own special industry of peach-liqueur, of which, nevertheless, she continued to send each of her married daughters a dozen bottles every autumn.

Two years ago the good lady brought her fourth daughter to Pest. Ella was this one's name, and she was quite half a head taller and a good bit more coquettish than any of her sisters before her. The young men who were introduced to her swore that she was out and away the prettiest of all the Gyurkovics's girls, and that meant that she was the prettiest of all the girls who came to Pest, be the others who they might! With astonishing ease Ella Gyurkovics took to the asphalt and parquet of town life, having all the experience of her three preceding sisters to help her. From the very first evening, in a five hours' sitting at supper at the Bristol, she made a conquest of the gipsy *hestra*, and so enchanted the first violin that all the concerts and restaurants nothing but her favorite airs were to be heard. As usual the Gyurkovics never seized all the young men of the town, and to all appearance it lay completely in Ella's power to decide which of them should be conducted toward the inevitable crisis, to which all laid themselves open. Nevertheless everything went awry.

It was a certain Andreas Gabor whom Ella encouraged most markedly, and, as her brother had occasion to point out later, her unexpected mismanagement of the affair ended in the Gyurkovics family having to return to their country home, after their fortnight was over, without having received the proposal which was evidently their due—a thing which had never happened to them before!

Andreas Gabor, with whom the fourth Miss Gyurkovics had really fallen in love, was an exceedingly eligible and well-behaved young lawyer, perhaps almost too correct in his behavior to fall in with the usual plans of the country family.

A young man who set himself to check the waiter's bill while the supper Csardas was being danced, and who appeared to grow more and more circumspect the more champagne he took, might well arouse the suspicions of Mamma Gyurkovics.

"I believe that young Gabor is after money," she observed to her daughter. "Perhaps it would be as well if you gave him his congé, so that he does not manage to spoil your other chances."

But Ella was really in love, and was not at all inclined to let Andreas slip. Somehow she contrived that he seldom danced with any other girl, and was generally beside her out walking or on the ice. When she touched his champagne glass with her own before drinking, and he saw her brown eyes look straight into his (in spite of her mother's warning frown), the young man's head, cool as it was, began to buzz with strange fancies.

"How can one think of marrying into such a family unless one is a regular Rothschild? I don't know what they would expect; but"—Gabor left this thought unfinished and picked up Ella's fan, which lay beside her.

"What a lovely fan! I should like to get one like it for my sister. Are they very expensive?" "Oh, not at all! If you like I could order one for you—only eighty florins!"

The young man bit his lip. "Eighty florins!" he thought to himself; "just the third part of my month's salary!"

One of the young Gyurkovics was angrily finding fault with a waiter; he had ordered Monopol, and they had brought him Promontore Monopol.

"Do you take me for a cab driver that you serve me with Hungarian champagne?" he demanded in a rage.

"No, no! I cannot marry into such an extravagant family as this," Andreas Gabor sighed to himself.

The fortnight was almost over, the Gyurkovics's money was almost finished, and it began to be time for them to pack and return home. Ella, who was as lovesick as a schoolgirl, did not know how to face the approaching parting. She plined all her hopes on the farewell supper party, at which all the Gyurkovics were to be entertained by Gabor and his set; perhaps he meant to speak out on this last opportunity. He sat as usual at her side, and what with the thought of parting and the tenderness of Ella's manner, he came very nearly forgetting his prudent resolve of the previous week; it was a stupid action on Ella's part which recalled him to his right mind. The gipsys were playing Ella's favorite melody and she called across Gabor to her brother the Deputy.

"Milan, I want you to lend me three ten florin notes!" "What for?" "To give the gipsies." "Nonsense! That's my affair!" When she saw that he did not mean to give her the money she loosed from her arm a shining gold bangle, set with little brilliants, and tossed it into the plate which the gipsies had handed round. The Deputy brother seemed annoyed at first, then he began to laugh, and redeemed the bracelet with thirty florins.

Andreas Gabor buttoned up his coat. "I should be a fool, merely fit for a strait waistcoat, if I offered myself in such a family!" thought he; and with that he turned to the lady on his other side, to whom he had only just been introduced, and whose name he had not caught, and began to make himself exceedingly agreeable.

And next day the Gyurkovics family left Pest for their country seat, Mamma Gyurkovics taking home with her the disappointing conviction that her fourth daughter was not the success that she had expected.

It was eight months later, and already mid-autumn. Andreas Gabor was spending some time in the country with his relations, for the quail-shooting, and suddenly he remembered that he was in the neighborhood of the Gyurkovics.

"I ought to go and call," he explained to his people. "I was always meeting them in the winter at Pest."

It was arranged that they should go shooting in the direction of the Gyurkovics's house and drop Gabor to pay his visit; so it happened that he found himself one middle-day, with a gun on his shoulder and a tired pointer at his heels, in front of the great old country house, just outside the village, which he guessed must be the Gyurkovics's home.

"I hope I know them well enough to drop in and take a plate of soup without ceremony," he thought hungrily as he stepped across the courtyard. The house certainly showed no outward signs of magnificence, and testified in no wise to the aesthetic tastes of its inhabitants. In the great empty, sunshiny forecourt some guinea fowl were scratching up the sand; on the paling a lot of milk cans and wooden tubs were stuck upside down to dry.

Not a living soul did Gabor encounter as he stepped softly into the corridor which ran along the front of the house. He did not dare penetrate further in that direction, fearing to stumble upon one of the young ladies in negligé perhaps, and turned instead toward the laundry, under the big mulberry tree, where the week's washing was going forward and a whole swarm of maids were passing to and fro with baskets of linen, while the ironing-board stood in the shadow of the over-reaching thatch. The gentlemen's shirts, with hem-stitched fronts, which required special attention and careful treatment, were sorted out and put ready for Miss Ella's iron. For here was Ella herself with a white handkerchief tied over her hair and her sleeves rolled up above the elbow, her cheeks pink and warm from the heat of the iron which from time to time she tested against them.

As she caught sight of the approaching sportsman, and recognized who he was, she gave a cry and made a rush for the house, almost losing a slipper in her hurry to escape. Two or three others of the girls who were engaged with the family washing—and who were also the Misses Gyurkovics—followed their sister's example; only the genuine washerwomen stolidly stuck to their business.

Andreas Gabor went back to his relations' house, and in the course of conversation related this curious adventure to his cousin. The latter pursed up his lips: "What would you have?" he asked. "Mrs. Gyurkovics has such a lot of children that she is obliged to set them all to work. The sons who remain at home attend to the farm, the daughters manage the kitchen and dairy. They scrub, cook, iron, prepare the market produce, make all sorts of still-room confections."



FIRST COUNTRYMAN—WHO BE TH' GENTLEM AN WGT'S TAKEN TH' SQUEE'S 'OUSE, JIM?  
SECOND COUNTRYMAN—'E BRANT NO GENTLE MAN, 'E BE A LAWYER.—(Sketch.)

Andreas Gabor clasped his hands: "If you could only have seen them in Pest!"

"Of course! Because they spend down there what they earn here in a year's hard work. I suppose in town they pass for grandees—eh? They work the whole year in order to enjoy that fortnight in Pest, and stint themselves in nothing as long as it lasts!"

Miss Ella Gyurkovics was not a little astonished to find that, in spite of the ironing episode, young Gabor repeated his visit to her mother's house early in the partridge-shooting season. He found her in the forecourt as he approached overseeing some workmen, with a cloth covering her pretty hair from the dust. This time she did not attempt to escape from him, for she had given up the hope of impressing him with her grandeur; she made room for him beside her on a heap of empty sacks, and when he sat down she let the cover slide off her hair on to her shoulders. She spoke of all sorts of indifferent subjects. Then he suddenly interrupted.

"Do you remember, Ella, that last evening at Pest, when we danced together? I did not think then that I should ever see you like this!"

The girl grew very red; then with a quick, natural impulse she turned and looked the young man full in the face.

"It matters very little. I did not please you particularly that evening—nor can I please you much now!"

"You are mistaken. Both then and now you pleased and pleased me very much indeed!" "But better that evening in Pest?"

"On the contrary, much better here in Tamási!"

The girl shook her head doubtfully and looked down at her leather country-soled shoes just showing beyond her cotton skirt. The farm man came to fetch the sacks and they had to move, Ella's heavy shoes making a crunching on the gravel as the young lawyer walked beside her.

"Why do I please you best here in Tamási?" she asked, looking at him over her shoulder with a smile.

"Because here I dare to hope that by the side of a man of small means"—

He did not finish. Ella interrupted in a very low voice: "It would depend so very much on who the man was!"

"If it were I?"

Ella seemed to weigh the proposal for a minute or two, then she answered: "Please speak direct to mamma!"

Andreas Gabor went to Mamma Gyurkovics straight away. Afterward Mamma Gyurkovics said to her daughters: "I always knew that it was necessary to impress a man, but I had no idea that household work and all that sort of thing would make such an impression on a man of the world like Gabor!"

A few months later Ella Gyurkovics's trousseau was on view in showrooms of the Waltzer-gasse in Pest, and every one was astonished at the elegance of the embroidered petticoats and the lace-trimmed tea-gowns. And the following carnival Mamma Gyurkovics brought her fifth daughter to town, who was even prettier than the four previous sisters.—(G. R. Stuart in The Argosy.)

SORIA-MORIA CASTLE.

Nora Hopper in Black and White.  
To Soria-Moria Castle, where all the dreams come true,  
To Soria-Moria Castle would that I went with you;  
A thousand miles of meadow-land, a thousand miles of sea,  
And what though winter overtake and rough the waters be?

To Soria-Moria Castle we'll rise and go to-day,  
And sure some leagues we'll cover ere the west turn gray;  
And though to-night we slumber beneath the roofless blue,  
We'll dream of that fair Castle where all the dreams come true.

Round Soria-Moria Castle it's always afternoon,  
The thorns are thick with mayflowers, the air is sweet with June;  
Though fields are white with winter but half a league away,  
Thorns in the Castle Gardens are always white with May.

Oh, you may walk in satin, shod, and barefoot I may go,  
But we shall take the self-same way and all its perils know,  
We'll sail the hungry waters and flee the following fire,  
That fain would drive us backward from the land of our desire.

To Soria-Moria Castle the way indeed is sore,  
For we must tread o'er Brig of Dread and pass o'er Whimpy Moor;  
And we must sail, unpiloted, upon the hungry sea,  
And turn not back, however black doom o'er our heads may be.

And if o'er the Castle upon our vision shine,  
The hungry sea take toll, dear, of life o' mine or thine,  
We will not grudge to pay the price, but drink the salt cup down;  
Since, though the seaweed wrap us, and though the rough seas drown—

'Tis sure we'll find the Castle the day that we are dead,  
For souls may enter freely where bodies ill had sped;  
To Soria-Moria Castle, where all the dreams come true,  
To Soria-Moria Castle I'm fain to go with you.

REASON ENOUGH FOR A FINE.

From Answers.  
"That bike, your worship," said the victim of the bicycle thief, "was the finest on the market."  
"Stop!" cried the magistrate. "I'll fine you £5 for contempt. This Court rides the finest bicycle on the market!"