

THE CITY BY THE SEA.

Somewhere an ancient city stands,
A beautiful city by the sea,
And smoke-puffs of incense from
The pointed roofs of the houses brown
That line the streets of this quaint old town,
Or that city by the sea.

Never a sound of clamorous strife
Disturbs this city by the sea,
But calm and sweet is the tranquil day—
The white sails ride on the moonlight bay—
Or the young lovers hand in hand,
From this city by the sea.

Sometimes at eve, when the tide goes out,
A troop of children, glad and free,
Gamboled and shouted on the sand,
Or over the shining, sea-wet sand,
Or two young lovers, hand in hand,
From this city by the sea.

Often and often I sit and think
Of this beautiful city by the sea,
Till I see the flash of the crimson sky,
And the youthful lovers hand in hand,
An, the snow-white sails as the ships go by,
From this city by the sea.

Is it a picture—or a dream—
When haunting memories come to me?
Or did I somewhere, long ago,
Face the shining smile when the tide was low—
Hear the murmuring of the waves and how
Did I see the crimson sunset glow,
And watch the white sails come and go,
From this city by the sea?

The Heroine of the Curfew.

It lacked but half an hour of curfew toll,
The old bell-ringer came from under
The walled roof of his cottage tower,
And stood with uncovered head in the
clear, sweet-scented air. He had grown
blind and deaf in the service, but his
old arm was muscular as ever; and
he who listened his day remarked no
falling in the heavy, metallic throbs
of the cathedral bell. Old Jasper had
lived through many changes. He had
told out his notes of mourning for
good Queen Bess; and with tears scarcely
dry he had rung the glad tidings of
the coronation of James. Charles the
First had been crowned, reigned, and
expiated his weaknesses before all Eng-
land in Jasper's time; and now he who
under his army held all the Common-
wealth in the hollow of his hand, faced
as more than monarch, and still the
old man with the habit of a long life
upon him, rang his matin and curfew.

Jasper stood alone now, lifting his
dimmed eyes up to the softly dappled
sky, gathering but a faint sense of the
lovely scene or of the incense-freighted
air.
The walls of his memory seemed so
written over—so crossed and recrossed
by the annals of the years that had
gone before, that there seemed little
room for anything in the present. Little
receded that Cromwell's spears-
men were camped on the moor beyond
the village—that Cromwell himself rode
with his guardsmen but a league away;
he only knew that the bell that had
been rung in the tower when William
the Conqueror made curfew a law, had
been spared by Puritan and Roundhead,
and that his arm for sixty years had
never failed him at eventide.

He was moving with a slow step
toward the gate when he saw a woman
hurriedly from the street and stood be-
side him; a lovely woman, but with
face so blanched that it seemed carved
in the whitest of marble with all its
roundness and dimples. Her great sol-
dier's eyes were turned to the woman
in pitiful appeal, and the lips were form-
ing words that he could not understand.

"Speak up, lass," I am deaf, and can
not hear you clatter."

"For Heaven's sake, good Jasper, do
not ring curfew now! I must be
dashed, lassie!"

"Jasper, for sweet Heaven's sake, for
one night in all your long life forget to
ring the bell! Fall this once and my
lover shall live, whom Cromwell says
shall die at curfew toll. Do you hear,
—my lover, brave Richard Temple.
See, Jasper, here is money to make your
old legs happy. I sold my jewels that
Lady Maude gave me, and the gold shall
all be yours for the curfew."

"Would you bribe me, Lily De Vere?
You're a changeling. You've in the
blood of the Plantagenets in your veins
as your mother had. What! corrupt
me, bell-ringer under Her Majesty, good
Queen Bess! Not for all the gold that
Lady Maude could give me! I will not
sell my lover to me! Babel have been
born and strong men have died now
to the ringing of the bell. Away!

And out on the village green, with
the solemn shadows lengthening over
it, a strong man awaited the curfew to
toll for his death. He stood handsome
and brave, and tall—taller by an inch
than the tallest pike-man who guarded
him.

What had he done that he should die?
Little it mattered in those days when
the sword that the Great Cromwell
wielded was so prone to fall, what he
or others had done. He had been scribe
to the late lord up at the castle, and
Lady Maude, pleading that she was a
woman, and woman must wait, had given
her heart to him without the asking,
while the gentle Lily De Vere, distant
kinswoman, and distant companion to
her, had, without seeking, found the
treasures of his love, and loved them
fast. Then he had joined the army
and made one of Cromwell's pious sol-
diers. But a scorned woman's hatred
had reached him even there. Enemies
and deep plots had compassed him about
and conquered him. To-night he was
to die!

The beautiful world lay as a vivid
picture before him. The dark green
wood above the rocky hill where Robin
Hood and his merry men had dwelt;
the frowning castle with its knowledge
and square towers; the long stretch
of moor with the purple shadows upon it;
the green, straight walks of the village;
the birds overhead, even the daisies at
his feet he saw. But all more vividly
than all he saw the great red sun with
its lazy veil lingering above the trees
as though it pitied him with more
than human pity.

He was a God-fearing and God-serving
man. He had long made his peace
with heaven. Nothing stood between
him and death—nothing rose pleading
between him and those who were to
destroy him, but the sweet face of Lily
De Vere, whom he loved. She had
kneled at Cromwell's feet and pleaded
for his life. She had wept herself
with her prayers, but she came no re-
lief. Slowly now the setting sun went
down. Slowly the last rays were hid
behind the green wood. Only thirty
seconds more and the curfew would
ring. Thirty seconds more and his soul
would be with his God. The color did
not forsake his cheeks. The dark rings
of hair lay upon a warm brow. It was
his purpose to die as martyr, and brave
men die. What was life that he should
cling to it? What was death that he
should shrink from it? He almost felt
the air pulsate with the first heavy
roll of the death knell. But no sound
came. Still facing the soldiers with
his clear gray eyes upon them, he waited.
The crimson banners in the west were
paling to pink. The knee had ceased
their lowering, and had been gathered
into the sick yards.

All nature had sounded her curfew;
but old Jasper was silent.

The bell-ringer, with his gray head
yet bare, had traversed half the dis-
tance that lay between his cottage and
the ivy-colored tower, when a form

went flitting past him, with pale, shadowy
robes floating around it, and hair that
the low western lights touched and
glinted as with a halo.
"Ah! Huldah, Huldah!" the old man
muttered: "how swift she flies! I will
come soon, dear. My work is almost
done!" Huldah was the good wife who
had gone from him in her early woman-
hood, and for whom he had mourned all
of his long life. But the fleeing form
was not Huldah's; it was Lily De Vere,
buried by a sudden and desperate
purpose toward the old cathedral.

"So help me God, curfew shall not
ring to-night! Cromwell and his dragoon
come this way. Once more I will
kneel at his feet and plead!"
She entered the ruined arch. She
wrenched from its fastenings the carved
and ornate door that barred the way
to the tower. She ascended with
flying and frenzied foot the steps; her
heart lifted up to God for Richard's
deliverance from peril. The bats flew out
and shook the dust of centuries from
the black carvings. As she went up
she caught glimpses of the interior of
the great building, with its grained roof,
its chevron and clustered columns; its
painted saint and carved image of the
Virgin, which the pillagers of all ages
had spared to be dealt with by Time,
the most relentless of all.

Up—still up—beyond the rainbow
tints thrown by the stained glass across
her death-white brow; up—still up—
past open arcade and arch, with griffin
and gargoyle staring at her from under
bracket and cornice, with all the hid-
denness of medieval carving the
stairs, flight by flight, growing frailer
beneath her young feet; now but a slender
fret work between her and the outer
world, but still up!

Her breath was coming short and
gasping. She saw, through an open
space, old Jasper cross the road at the
foot of the tower. Oh, how far! The
seconds were treasures which Cromwell,
with all his blood-bought Common-
wealth, could not purchase from her.
Still up—up—there, just above her, with
its great brazen mouth and wicked
tongue, the bell hung!

A worm-eaten block for a step, and
one small, white hand had clasped it-
self about the clapper—the other pre-
pared, at the first tremble, to rise and
clasp its mate, and the feet swung off;
and thus she waited. Jasper was old
and slow—but he was sure, and it came
at last. A faint quiver, and the young
feet swung from their rest, and the ten-
der hands clasped for more than their
tender life, the writhing thing. There
was groaning and creaking of the rude
pulley above, and then the strokes came
heavy and strong. Jasper's hand
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And just beyond the worn pavement
stood a form against the wall, waiting
him. There were drops of blood upon
the white garments; and the face was
like the face of one who walked in her
sleep, and the hands hung wounded and
powerless at her side.

Cromwell paused with his horsemen
under the dismantled maypole before
the village green. He saw the man
who was to die at sunset standing up
in the dusky air, tall as a king and beau-
tiful as Absalom. He gazed with knitted
brow and angry eye, but his lips did
not give utterance to the quick com-
mand that trembled upon them, for a
young girl came flying toward him,
Pike-man and archer stepped aside to
let her pass. She threw herself upon
the turf at his feet, she lifted her
head and looked up at him with her
gaze, and once more poured out her
prayer for the life of her lover; with
trembling lips she told him why Rich-
ard still lived—why the curfew had
never sounded.

Elizabeth Wallbridge, "The Dairy-
man's Daughter," is dear to the heart
of the people of the New Northwest.
The tract containing the story
of her life has been translated into
nineteen languages, and has attained a
circulation of 4,000,000 copies.

"Maria," said a pious husband, "them
wicked Smiths are allowing their chil-
dren to play in the yard on Sunday.
Tomorrow I'll sick the dog on their chick-
ens. The judgment of heaven must be
visited on 'em in some way."

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