[illegible] ended,
[illegible] were blended,
[illegible] grown
[illegible] rough small soft rain,
[illegible] strain.

[illegible] refuge
[illegible] n's tinkling falls,
[illegible] but never stay their sighing,
[illegible] all my soul appalls;
[illegible] y should I try
[illegible] must die?

[illegible] ch his strains of sleeping
[illegible] of summer time—
[illegible] Spring is surely bringing
To these [illegible] perfumed climes:
[illegible]
[illegible] this cold gray time will go.

[illegible] more forever
[illegible] from all the rest;
[illegible] now could I sever
[illegible] speckled breast
[illegible] songs are sung at eve
[illegible] summons and to grieve?

[illegible] song that lingers
[illegible] money changes as it
[illegible] cost, without charge
[illegible] surely is
[illegible] sweetest the song
[illegible] bearing.

[illegible]

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

A NOVEL.

BY MARY [illegible]

[illegible]

CHAPTER II.

Jasper Raymond went slowly and sadly out of the woman's presence, out into the street. With not any conscious act or volition, without thinking or caring where he went or what he did, he wandered back to his lone apartments at the hotel. He picked up the papers and glanced over their contents. He did not expect to find anything of special interest in them. He had been going so long that names and places were all strange to him. But at length a familiar name caught his eyes. Among the list of prominent persons arriving a wedding reception was the name of Miss Lionel Wyvillie, with a long description of her dress and jewels.

[illegible] of animation on the part of the reader now. He grasped the paper tightly, as if fearing that it might vanish from his gaze. His lips were parted, and his eyes dilated with intensity. He read the paragraph over and over again. If the letters burned upon his sight. There could be no mistake; it was there, without the addition or omission of a single letter. There was no guessing about the matter. It was not possible that there was more than one Lionel Wyvillie in the city. This woman must be his wife.

"Married! married!"

He repeated the word until it lost all meaning, and became an unintelligible sound.

At last, after many years, his hopes were to be realized, his weary waiting rewarded. It he could only have known it in the morning, that Wyvillie was another woman's husband, he would have declined more politely to be a witness of marriage. The last trick was swept away. He had found her. She was free. Now he could begin to search for years of fruitless search and for his ruined life.

He put out the item carefully and folded it in his pocket, and then he went back to Agatha. But even upon the street and on his way he reflected how awkward such a course would be. Better to wait till the morrow for her anger and resentment toward him to abate its violence. Perhaps she would hear in the meantime that the man whom she had come so many miles to see had forgotten her and married a woman of whom she had been jealous when this same man was her husband. He wished that she might receive the information himself. He felt he could do it better than any other.

"Well, man, do I look like a beggar, that you give a share at me in that way?"

"I beg your pardon," said the man, touching his hat, and thus betraying that he was a sailor. "Can you tell me where B—— & Sons live?"

"No, I cannot. I am a stranger in the city myself."

Raymond answered coldly. He was angry with the man, who refused to pay him his unaccountable compliment on the chance meeting, and who, again touching his hat, crossed himself, and was soon out of the way.

Raymond stood irresolute for a moment, then turned and followed his questioner swiftly. It was evident that the man recognized him, and not as a friend. Raymond followed him from place to place and saw him distinctly, but to no purpose.

"I never saw the idiot before. I must bear a strong resemblance to some one who has murdered some of his friends, or beggars."

With this very just conclusion, he went back to his room in great disgust, leaving the man to pursue the even tenor of his way. He was right—he had never seen Joel Strong before.

Early the following day Raymond went to see Agatha. He was met with the information that she had left the day previous. She had gone, they knew not whither.

Gone! Was it possible that she was lost to him again? But no, he would not believe it.

"Did she leave no address for inquiring friends? Is there no clue to her present whereabouts?"

None whatever. They supposed that she had left on the out-bound steamer, which had sailed at daylight. It was mere supposition, however. They had nothing otherwise to base their conclusions beyond the fact of her early departure in a carriage, with all her baggage and servants following.

Baffled and disappointed, Raymond turned away. The woman had eluded him again. She had discovered his offhand marriage and gone back to England. Did he hope thus to escape him? Her experience of the past should have taught her better. He knew the name of the steamer she had come over in, knew when it was due, the same one which left that morning, and this knowledge strengthened his belief that she had sailed for her former residence.

He [illegible] the company's office as the most accurate source of information, and the agent, the hour of sailing, the rate of speed, and the probability of being able to land in England as soon as she did. When he reached the office, he found them greatly excited. The "Amazon," which had sailed ten hours before, had been sighted out the harbor, slowly returning to the port she had just left.

With a low-breathed prayer of thankfulness, Raymond went with the agent to the dock to await the approach of the crippled vessel. Slowly the ungainly monster rounded in to the quay. Orders were given that no one should leave or board her except officers and persons immediately interested. The agent went aboard, accompanied by Raymond, the former to discover the cause of the return, the latter to search for the missing woman. Well he knew that to find her would be no light task. If she had gone to her state-room, and chose to remain there, it would be impossible to discover her retreat. He searched fa[illegible] above, below, but no glimpse of the sought-for object rewarded his efforts. He leaned against the companion way, uncertain how to act, what move to make next. A conversation near him attracted his attention.

A refractory doll dropped from the hands of a crying baby and fell upon the deck. A gleeman stooped, picked it up, and gave it to the weary-looking mother, who said, kindly:

"I think that we have been fellow-voyagers before. Unless I am mistaken, you came over the last trip with that famous prima donna."

"Yes, I did. I remember now that——"

Passengers with their noise and chatter between Raymond and the two women. But it made no difference; he had heard enough. His course was determined. He found the agent. The steamer had met with a slight accident of which could easily be repaired, and would only detain them in port a short time, but long enough for him to get his luggage aboard. Then, by the aid of a liberal expenditure of money, he succeeded in securing a very desirable state-room.

The waiting which was so tiresome to the other passengers was certainly a lucky stroke, good fortune to Raymond. He had completed his arrangements and was perfectly triumphant, when the wheels turned, the vessel started, and the journey was begun.

For the first three days nothing was seen of mistress or maid, but on the fourth day the latter appeared on deck for a few moments. Raymond went down stairs and sauntered carelessly through the main saloon. When he had nearly made the circuit, his attention was attracted by a black-robed figure moving on before him. He tried to overtake her, but she glanced back, and he saw that her face was covered by a heavy veil, which even his sharp eyes could not penetrate. She walked more rapidly, he increased his speed, and just as he overtook her she gilded into her state-room and closed the door.

Raymond smiled sarcastically at his defeat and looked up at the number. It was 133. He turned and walked away to wait for another opportunity. He could not have told, to have saved his life, whether or not the woman was those for whom he was searching. That he wished to avoid him was obvious. That she resembled what he would inquire. He went to the purser.

"Room 133? Yes; a wild-looking lady, travelling with her maid."

"Her name?"

"Smith."

As indefinite as ever. He decided to try the stewardess. But no further information could be gain. He determined that the next time he saw his maid he would question her at all hazards. But cruel fate seemed determined to thwart him at every turn. Not till the day they reached their destination did she again appear on deck.

Raymond went to her and spoke respectfully.

"Will you be so good as to give my card to your mistress and tell her that I desire to speak with her at her earliest convenience?"

Raymond [illegible] not so intimate to the girl that the [illegible] would not wi[illegible] to [illegible] all.

The maid lo[illegible] sunrise; then said, slowly:

"My mistr[illegible]? You are mistaken in this per[illegible] travelling alone."

"[illegible] thought you were waiting-maid or [illegible] the English singer, Miss Hargrave."

"[illegible] but she had no further need of my [illegible] going home."

"[illegible] not with you?"

"[illegible] remained in New York."

[illegible] refuse [illegible] closely as to the cause of her [illegible] lady's recent movements, but [illegible] elicit no satisfactory reason.

The girl [illegible] reason for [illegible] lady's [illegible] as she had been handsomely remunerated for any loss or inconvenience she would otherwise have suffered, she did not seek to interfere with her mistress' private business.

Convinced that further inquiry in that direction would be useless, Raymond apologized for his intrusion, and, slipping a piece of gold into her hand, withdrew to his state-room, where he remained until they were in port.

As soon as possible, Raymond started again for America, which he reached after an absence of [illegible]-three weeks of time totally lost! Not a clue now remained to guide him in the [illegible] search. She had had time, great[illegible] plenty of time, to go anywhere within the borders of civilization.

He was sitting one day in the club-room, conversing indolently with some friends of the last opera, the new stars, and kindred matters, when he turned carelessly to one of his companions with the inquiry:

"By the way, speaking of the stage, what became of that wonderful nightingale, Miss Hargrave, that you were all raving about when I left here last month?"

"I guess that no one knows just what did become of her. I suppose that she went back to 'merrie England.' She came here under no engagement, you know. She was at liberty to leave when she chose."

Raymond's further questioning was interrupted by a gentleman who was sitting by the window talking earnestly to another party on a different subject, and who now exclaimed, hastily:

"By Jove! Here she comes now!"

So perfectly did the words accord with Raymond's conversation that before he knew what he was doing he had crossed to the window and stood gazing down into the street. He saw, not the woman to whom his friend had been speaking, but a young lady, dressed in great richness and elegance, standing on the edge of the pavement as if waiting for some one. She was in full dress, with the air of a queen, and wrapped in a small overshoe, the fellow to one which she had just dropped, leaving it just beyond her reach. She was in high and contemptuous tone of [illegible] and seemed most unprotected from the gaze of the crowd.

"Who is she?" inquired Raymond, [illegible] interest.

"[illegible] of our leaders this Winter; Miss De Guerry."

Hab[illegible] indifference had fled to and [illegible] in distress, [illegible] to her assistance. Truly hoping to gain a smile for their reward, but upon reaching the pavement they failed to find the missing overshoe.

Without making any reply to his friend's information, Raymond left the room, put into the [illegible] and carrying the rescued article, followed in their wake, and overtook her just as she was [illegible] with the gracious inquiry:

"Cinderella, will you try on the shoe?"

The girl extended her hand in pleased recognition.

"Mr. Raymond! I am glad to see you again."

Raymond asked and received permission to accompany her in her walk; and, bowing to the defeated and discomfited admirers, they strolled slowly away.

Raymond had met Isabell De Guerry on the Continent, and if his heart had not already been given past recall, he would undoubtedly have fallen a victim to her brilliant beauty and rare fascinations. As it was, he admired her very sincerely, and was glad of an opportunity of renewing an acquaintance which had afforded him unalloyed pleasure.

And Miss De Guerry? was glad to see him—nothing more. The time came when she heartily wished that Jasper Raymond had never crossed her path. But that [illegible] afterward. Now she regarded him as a very desirable friend, sometimes attracted and moody at times, but always affable and pleasant to her.

"He looks like a man who had a history, and a history not agreeable to remember," Bell said one day, when speaking of him to her mother.

"What an absurd fancy, Isabell! Why do you think that?"

"Because he seems to be looking for some one, and often——"

"Perhaps it's the sheriff," suggested Jack, her irrepressible youth, who was keenly jealous of her interest in Raymond.

Without heeding the interruption, Bell continued:

"[illegible] connected with his life abroad, he will stop suddenly, a frown will darken his face, as if some unpleasant memory had been awakened, and when he speaks again, it will be on a different subject."

"Why don't you inquire into the matter?" asked Jack, [illegible]ally.

"I did ask him [illegible] why he left America for so long a time [illegible] ted the oddest!"

"Whew!" [illegible]nted Jack. "Quite likely. That was [illegible] shing!"

"Jack!" [illegible] Mrs. De Guerry, with a trifle more excitement [illegible] her manner than she usually displayed. "Jack, will you confine your comments to subjects you are more conversant with? Pray what do you know of Mr. Raymond's life while in America, England?"

"[illegible] Guerry."

"[illegible] abell, don't allow your im[illegible] y with your reason. If Mr. [illegible] done anything disgraceful [illegible] ld probably have heard of it [illegible]

"[illegible] t disgraceful; I didn't mean that. But I thought he had met with some great sorrow or disappointment."

"Perhaps so," acquiesced Mrs. De Guerry, with a look of relief like a person who had met and overcome a dreaded obstacle.

Jack closed his lips tightly, with the firm determination to inform Bell of the nature of the disappointment of Raymond's life. He would wait, however, until Mrs. De Guerry was out of hearing distance.

Raymond was not a favorite with his own sex. He was cold and haughty, and, although always ready to grant anyone a favor, he never asked one in return, and his very politeness proved a barrier to any attempts at intimacy. Maneuvering mammas with marriageable daughters angled for his attentions with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. But, if he was aware of their designs, he never betrayed his knowledge by word or look. Young and strong, possessed of talents which the world needed, he was drifting through life, and would pass on to the judgment beyond, leaving the world no better or wiser for his existence. The world thought him a man living for the pleasures of to-day, without any definite object in life. That would have been bad enough; but the facts were infinitely worse. He was working steadily, but blindly, toward the fruition of a hope that had wrecked his youth and was wasting his manhood.

The days lengthened into weeks, the weeks rolled into months, and still Jasper Raymond was [illegible] no nearer the end of his search than when he departed from his [illegible] place in Kent.

(To be continued.)

FEMININE CRITICISMS.

"[illegible] epigrammatic sayings of feminine authorship. Who can say how many [illegible] it is philosophy, how much is hard fact [illegible] experience?

"The ultimate effect of marriage upon a man is to make all women appear lovely except her he married.

"Hy is near akin to love outside of wedlock; inside of wedlock it is another name for contempt, and soon destroys all hope of sympathy.

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure is no truer than marry at leisure and repent forever."

"She who converts her lover into a husband transforms a worshiper into an intolerable despot."

"Matrimony is the thorn on the rose of love."

"To a woman who has long been a wife death loses its terrors."

"Women who want children have already suffering enough to be re-suffer through the offspring."

"The brightest [illegible] comes from thinking the [illegible] of heaven risage not giving in marriage."

"The way to Hymen's temple is over the grave of love. When a woman seeks to tell you she is sure it is the uncovered [illegible] that she loves her husband."

"One of the greatest faults of woman is her cowardice. She is so cowardly that she cannot or will not appreciate courage in her sisters. This she declares indecency, and so discourages the brave of her sex from showing any bravery."

"No woman is a heroine unless she have her hero by her side; and then heroism is a pale reflex of the hero's virtues."

"The reason a woman is always hopeful is because, never understanding herself, she never suspects that self-knowledge would reduce her to absolute despair."

John Greenleaf Whittier sent his first published poem to William Lloyd Garrison, then (1826) editor of the Newburyport *Free Press*, by sticking it under the office door. He was eighteen and Garrison just twenty-one. Many weeks passed before it was published, and the paper was brought to him by the carrier while Whittier was working with his uncle on a stone fence. He was so dazed by finding it published that he waited a long time before returning to work, which he only did when his uncle called him. Garrison liked it so well that he came out to the farm to see the author. Whittier, while at work in a field, was "[illegible]" [illegible] at the house inquiring for "Mr. Nobody had ever called for him before, and he felt Mr- running away. But he got [illegible] by the back way, [illegible] who encouraged him to [illegible] the talent he had displayed. Whittier [illegible] in and he and Garrison not to part [illegible] those into the head of his son. But [illegible] them.

A certain editor of a weekly paper [illegible] the of "sicking the press to announce" [illegible] had notices more of importance [illegible] than a cock fight. One week [illegible] dull as a patent office report, but [illegible] stole crept out as follows: "We [illegible] to announce that nothing has occurred [illegible] worth the press of sufficient interest to [illegible] stop the press to announce it."

A sick man is considered out of danger [illegible] tor decay discontinues his visits.