GLADSTONE.

[Walter Malone, the most promi ing young poet of the South, is rapidly forging out for himself a national fame—singing himself into the hearts of the people. The poem below, addressed to Gladstone, is beautiful, tender and strong.]

Gathering snows of six and seventy winters
whiten on thy lofty brow,
Gathering glooms of six and seventy winters
hover 'round thy proud eyes' fire,
And thy latest days seem cheerless, clouded
is their sunset glow,
While thy hopes, no more triumphant, in
the shadow of the tomb expire.

But above that waste of systems, strewn
with ruins of the grand and great,
Streams thy banner, still resplendent, as the
morning flames through dusky night.
Like a star thine eye still flashes, never
dimming 'mid the clouds of Fate,
And thy form is still unbending, battling in
in the burnished mail of Right.

Thou, that scornest empty titles, where the
heart and head are false and mean,
Thou, that rendest chains of tyrants, forged
in feudal dungeons of the past,
Servile custom, proud oppression in thy
presence never dare be seen,
And thy bright arms soon must conquer,
scattering all thy haughty foes at last.

England's proudest kings are shadows,
placed b sides thy glorious Titan mien,
And their diadems are dimmer than the
shadow of thy sunlike fame;
By crown jewels are the tear drops of the
grateful emerald ocean green,
And thy garlands, fadeless emerald, shine
with undying flowers of flame.

Through the years shall live thy trophies,
when thy spirit dwells beyond the stars,
When Napoleon's arch of triumph in the
gathering dust of Time must lie;
England in thee shall be honored more than
in the glory of her wars,
For thy good works bless all nations, and thy
greatness cannot fade and die.
—*Walter Malone.*

A SANE MADMAN.

Chapter I.

"ARE YOU A MADMAN?"

Wildbad—a would be second Bath. ied between hills at the north of Black Forest. Essentially a prim- place, though they have here six class hotels, most of them with French names, and all of them good French bills of fare. In Wildbad is doing her very best get Germany—no easy task for ituate as she is amid old time an bills and forests, with the of old time German pines wafted out her. It began with her hose great piles of buildings, ar- y, as the local phrase puts it, "von a und hochsten Herrschaften cht"—in English, if you please, ted by the upper and uppermost. Nor are these the only pr de le Wildbad. Far from it. Here is a kuranstalt, wherein play fountains, and beside it a kapelle, wherein play trumpeters, ists and blowers on the horn—this ference to an opinion held, I be- the wide world over, that there btle bond of union between g waters and wind instruments, ch so that the one without the would be inefficacious. More- there are in primitive little ad (for it is primitive) a bank, a fice and a public reading room, a er, a concert hall and an English h.

complete the list of the little 's attractions. It has one police- it has, rumor says, one cab, and , or it had, a few years back, already known as a health re- all twenty lamps slung on ropes the leading streets! it had an English church. It aplain during the season. At here under discussion I was ain, and was staying at the ellevue. I had been here for ne, and had learned that the ment sheltered beside myself number of English folk, some upper—and uppermost—ten near lying royal residence, and, added my informant— me German actress.

om was opposite to the gen- g room. Having asked to be nother apartment leading out had been told that it was occu- y a sadly invalided English lady. well as I can remember, the was 5 o'clock. The heat was in- I had closed my outer shutters, aving opened window and door, ting between them, reveling in light, the draught and a cer- tty picture.

e room aforesaid opposite to young girl was playing on a pi- From the carriage of her and shoulders, and, I may as y, her elbows, I decided that s English. She was playing a sition of the worst possible nd she played it execrably. On r hand, she was as pretty as perfect features, the softest a glory of red gold hair hat darling creation of l.

ting at her, thinking, doubt, how wondrous and how wondrous bad- when some one near ng deep moan. ar that wretched Miss ?" said a voice in the I thought of my neigh- glish woman. At the same other groan sounded, loud- and deeper. Nothing but anguish could wring such a om human lips. I started. t the piano also paused to rning half round with her the keys. ne of those dreadful moans. ries of gasps. Then total si-

dying. How ghastly it is!" aker was the pretty blonde strument; then—positively, resumed her piece where stopped, and was sweeping words when— a madman?" before me, her eyes flash- side of her face a long pur- had seized her so roughly her to stagger against a de the piano—one of those ming into the room. Its sed her cheek. ng in one hand the music d seized from the reading ard the piano with the oth- ooked straight at the scarred ce. is death!" I thundered, might have done from my child! girl! go and pray give you some heart!"

Chapter II.

DOESN'T MATTER."

s peaceful nature of my have when roused what used to call "my father's ollowing a custom, I have dink, not quite uncommon ce. While delivering my- speech given above I was led by passion to see that in the room. Having com- ejuration, however, I be- that I was surrounded by ast more and more people ging round me. Some tit- looked only too earnest; gaunt old gentleman, who er more earnest than all d me in that tone which t of speaking through th—what the devil I dissipated my answer: understand it! He didn't know that Fraulein was only practicing the death scene in Lessing's play of *Miss Sarah Simpson*. It must be so dreadful for him! Please don't say a word."

The artlessness of this appeal was irresistible. I have a notion a smile went round the room. Anyway, the gaunt old gentleman drew the child toward him. I gazed at her and him stupefied. She was now perfectly white, with the exception of that cruel mark. How had I dared to touch her? How did her father refrain from clinching me where I stood? I have not the remotest idea how I looked. My head was in a whirl.

"Why does nobody horsewhip me, kick me?" I exclaimed, throwing myself on the nearest couch and hiding my face in my hands.

My head was surely bursting. I was quite mad for the time being. When I looked up again everyone had left the room—no, not every one. Beside me stood the girl. Her eyes were full of tears.

"I am so sorry for you," she said simply. "Do, please, not think of it. I have told father he must forget it. I—I have come to shake hands with you."

As she held out the little white hand that had swept along the keys and brought upon her that blow. Was the mark still there? She held her head averted on purpose. As I strained to see, she still averted it. As I said 'But I will see!' she put up the other hand and bid the place, smiling through her tears. "It doesn't matter, indeed. We are friends now," and she gently disengaged the hand placed in mine.

I started. "Friends! Only this once. Forgive a madman!"

And, seizing back her hand, I covered it with kisses, giving no heed to her words—"I shall tell father."

Which saying she ran from the room.

Chapter III.

"I LEAVE TODAY FOR LONDON."

"Might he ask did I intend staying in Wildbad?"

The speaker was the gaunt old gentleman who did me the honor of paying me a visit in my room next morning.

"No? Good. In that case he would stop there; otherwise he would have sought quarters elsewhere. Not that he bore the least resentment with regard to yesterday. His little girl (the one pleasant thing about him was that he spoke thus of his daughter) had not stopped crying until he had promised to regard yesterday's proceedings as—as——"

He paused; not liking to say, I suppose, "a pleasing break in life's general monotony," which was the construction that his little girl seemed to have put on the matter. Both of us were silent. The sun was blazing in at my window as it only blazes in Wildbad; and, as well as I can recall my feelings, while my visitor looked maddeningly cool, I, like poor Verdant Green awooing, had only one miserable consciousness—of being hot, inexpressibly, horribly hot. I mumbled something about being aware that I had behaved like a maniac (my visitor grimly bowed agreement in the notion)—that I should never forgive myself, and could, of course, never expect his pardon.

A pause, in which he said nothing, thereby giving me to understand his total assent in this assumption likewise. I began to feel hotter.

"It would," I added, "gratify me to be treated as such a seeming lunatic deserved."

"H'm!"

At last he uttered a sound—the most primitive in the language—but still a sound. At the same time a light came into his face, which showed me that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to see me put into a straight waistcoat at once, were he not under orders. He bent forward. "The main thing is that you are going to leave the place. You will—or—understand that I should not care to know you longer under one roof with myself." This rising, and with an apparent effort to throw as much politeness as possible into the manner of stating what certainly was a blunt truth.

"Quite so!" I also rose. I was not in the least offended. Things had come to a point that, I felt, could I myself have refused to live under the same roof with myself I should have most certainly done so—an uncomfortable feeling for any man to have, but peculiarly so, I fancy, for one of my calling.

"I am leaving today for London," I added.

"Indeed!"

This small word was said in a tone which would have bore expansion as follows:

"The name of the place you are leaving for is of absolutely no interest to me. The main thing, as I remarked before, is—er—that you are leaving."

"Good morning!"

Was it possible that he was holding out his hand? Yes, there it was, a patent fact. Was ever a gaunt old man so totally under command of "his little girl!"

The hand was as cold as ice, and he gave to mine not the slightest pressure, but with a shake hands we parted.

An hour later I passed out of the hotel. Surely I knew that face at the window. Why was it drawn back as I looked up?

Chapter IV.

"AM OFF TO THE STATION; CAN'T STOP TO TALK."

"Tom Tragett!" I might have known it. I have never yet been in a dear gazelle mood, brooding on the peculiar pathos of my lot as compared with that of the majority of humanity, that Tom Tragett had not stumbled across my path with his grin and his "Well, old fellow?"

"All right, thank you; am off to the station; can't stop to talk."

This I say with a not exactly radiant reflection of his beam. Then I hurry on, feeling that I have displayed noble self control in not hurling my two handbags at my friend's head.

"W-h-a-t t-h-e d-i-c-k-e-n-s i-s u-p n-o-w?" he replies slowly, all but spelling the words. Being more than usually critical, I think how atrociously vulgar he is. And I walk on. As I do so I am conscious that he is walking beside me; I am also conscious that he has my two handbags; and, finally, that he is studying my profile with an interest that few men take in any male side face. What more than all this makes me indignant is that every now and then he utters a low, significant whistle, as a sort of summary of his thoughts. On my suddenly turning around, he blandly announces his intention of "going a bit of the way" with me.

The "bit" ends on the platform. Having all but lifted me into the train (my Tom Tragett is always tender), he says:

"Sorry for you, old boy, whatever it is. A woman, I suppose." This in a lower tone. Then, as I do not answer, eying me, ensconced as I am in my carriage, from his post in the sun—"You look nice and cool in there. Confoundedly hot, this platform!"

Here is my opportunity. I prophesy sunstroke. Will he go? Not he!

After all, he means it well, "Tom," I say at last.

There must—at this distance of time, I have not a shade of a doubt of it—have been something radically wrong with my head on the day of which I am writing. Hardly have I said "Tom" when I observe that the train is in full motion, that we are making, and, to judge from the landscape, have been making for some time, for the north, in the slow but determined style peculiar to German trains. It is painful and humiliating to see the effect of my conduct on my cotravelers. With the exception of one small boy, who stares at me through china blue eyes with the fearless pertinacity of childhood, and especially German childhood, they all look more or less scared. One poor old lady sits with her various belongings piled on her lap, having decided, I can see, to change the compartment at the next halting place. The rest of the company neither speak nor move, the prevailing idea being evidently that anything might excite me, while the mother of the boy with the china blue eyes directs furtive gazes at me every time I stir.

Well, to be thought a madman at large is bad, but to be thought a dangerous madman is worse. I feel an irrepressible longing to explain to these good people that I really am quite harmless; that, though, undeniably, I have partly succumbed to the mental strain of the last, say twenty-four, hours and am suffering from slight temporary aberration, shown in the fact of my addressing a friend at a distance of several miles from me. I have not the faintest intention of assaulting them.

Feeling, however, gloomily that such a statement would be met with complete if unexpressed credulity, I refrain from making it, and, by way of giving to myself an air of sanity, bury myself in seeming perusal of a paper, only too soon to learn through the medium of a small shrill voice, "He's holding it upside down!"

Flesh and blood could not stand this. I give the misguided owner of the china blue eyes a look meant to freeze the marrow in his bones.

He returns it with a wide, bland stare.

After that I relinquish any idea of re-establishing my character in the railway carriage, and fall anew to thinking.

"How pretty she looked as she stood beside me! What hair! Why did she stand at the window, and why did she go away? What a dear little hand she had! How——Is that old lady going to have a fit?" This somewhat irrelevant question is suggested to me at this point of my reflections by observing in this person the most curious social contortions. I have, when lost in thought, an unhappy habit of fixing my eyes rigidly on whatever happens to be exactly before me, and attribute to this fact, combined with any preceding strange conduct, the evident terror of the worthy old dame, at whom, as my *vis-a-vis*, I have gazed fixedly while indulging in the above mental soliloquy. It is a relief to see her depart at the next station.

"Friendship!" So I continue my monologue. "She offered me friendship, placing her hand in mine. The mockery of it! How could a man of thirty, with his heart free, feel friendship for a girl whom he had hurt and who had forgiven him?"

"Friendship! Was she mad? No, it was I who was mad. Could I ever dare face her again? Could I ever dare face her father?"

I fancy I gnashed my teeth at the answer my heart gave me. I believe men do gnash their teeth—sometimes.

And so we crawled on to the north, and in time I reached London; and the minutes grew to hours, and the hours grew to days, and the days grew to weeks, and the weeks grew to months—nothing changing. Always the same picture of a young bright girl, with a glory of red gold hair; with a little white hand and—ah, that was the worst of it!—with a purple bruise on one cheek and tears in her eyes, because she was so sorry—it must be so dreadful for me.

This form I used to see everywhere; just as young Werther used to see everywhere the blue eyes of Somebody—even on the buttons of her errand boy.

Poor young Werther!

I should think in those days there was very little difference between us, and but for the penetration of other blue eyes, superadded, perhaps, to a certain amount of common sense in myself, I sometimes fancy I might at this time have been found, like that dismal young man, with a bullet in some vital part of me, stated, life extinct, at my desk.

"Phil, dear!"

The speaker—need it be said?—was the owner of the other blue eyes.

Chapter V.

"YOU'RE NOT LAUGHING, ARE YOU, NELLY?"

"Now, you know, Phil, you hear me."

I did hear her, but what in the world was I to reply?

To say why girls act so or so
Or don't, 'ould be presumin',

says an American poet; and I, for one, confess that my presumption has never soared so high as to lead to my pretending to understand that enigma, woman. What did she mean? What man would lean over one's shoulder and say in a tone of significance, "Phil, dear!" or "Tom, dear!" adding no remark whatsoever, and then feel aggrieved at your not bursting into eloquence? Or was I to say in a similar tone of sweetness—long drawn out—"Nell dear!"

For her name, of course, is Nelly. Half the sweetest women in the world are Nellys. This woman is my brother's wife. She is young, is pretty, is good; and, while loving my brother immoderately, she confesses to a moderate liking for me.

In reply to her second speech—"You know, Phil, you hear me"—I repeat a kind of shrug with which I had answered her first—one of those, to the masculine mind, intelligent gestures which signify "go on; I am listening."

She proceeds:

"I mean, dear, you ought to tell us who she is."

Here I beg to draw the reader's attention to three things: Firstly, the time was evening and my study lamp had not yet been lighted; secondly, even had the room been illuminated, the lady speaking stood behind my chair; thirdly, while alluding apparently to more than one person, her use of the pronoun was so loose and obscure as to leave me as much in the dark, symbolically, as both of us were in point of fact.

Unable to catch a glimpse of her face, I ponder on the possible meaning of her words. A two years' residence under the same roof with my sister-in-law has to a certain degree familiarized me with her style, and I pique myself on being generally able, after some reflection, to guess what she is driving at, even when her language is most veiled.

I scorn to deny that an instant's thought reveals her meaning to me; I blush to confess that, feigning crass stupidity, I say interrogatively, with another shrug and a hideous disregard of euphony:

"I—I ought to tell you who she is?"

"Why, the girl you're breaking your heart about."

Her two hands are on my shoulders. I feel her breath on a rather exposed spot on the top of my head.

"Girl? What girl?"

My lady disdains to be more explicit. She still stands behind my chair.

Supposing I tell her? I will.

"What's the good of talking of it?" I exclaim, by way of graceful beginning. "Nobody can help. What's the use of my saying her name is Nelly, the same as yours, that she is the daughter of one Dr. Drayton Murray, that I met her in the Black Forest last year and just stopped short of dashing all her teeth down her throat, leaving, by way of a souvenir, a purple mark on her cheek. You're not laughing, are you Nelly?"

And I turned round fiercely.

"No, dear." Nelly's face, as dimly seen by the firelight, is solemn as a judge's. How account for the vibration imparted to the chair?

"Of course I'm not laughing; but do explain yourself a little. How did you come to—to—"

Somehow he seems unable to proceed with this question.

The ice is broken, and I cannot forego the relief of confiding in her.

"See here, Nelly; I'll tell you all about it," I say magnanimously; and I pour forth the whole story, concluding as again I turn round—

"Now you know how matters stand. I need not say that I love the girl; I should be a brute if I didn't."

"And very likely she loves you."

"Don't talk like a fool, Nelly."

It is seldom that I am so grossly rude to my brother's little wife; but her remarks, made pensively in reply to my confession, sounded too like a mockery.

Silence.

Why does she not speak again? I wait, wishing she would, and rather wishing that I had not used language quite so strong. As regards that, well, she brought it on herself, and anyway, I will beg pardon afterward.

"A girl who only saw me once!" I say at last by way of showing my readiness to return to the subject.

Silence.

I think this downright mean of Nelly and decide to let her know so.

"If you've nothing at all to say, I wonder why you brought up the subject," I observed amiably.

"Well, talk of us women, Phil! You men certainly are!"

I may here remark that whenever a man incurs Nelly's disapproval she tells him that we men certainly are. What, she never adds, but pulls up short at the verb; the idea unexpressed being, I fancy, a combination of the criminal and absurd for which language mercifully has no name.

"You only just now as much as told me that I talked like a fool."

"Mere expletive. Of course, if you choose to sulk—"

"I'm not sulking, only—well, there, I'll take it as a compliment. And now, if you want me to speak, let me say what I think. To begin with, you mustn't expect me to see things from your point of view. To me it seems the most likely thing in the world that the girl loves you. What say! she only saw you once? For the matter of that, dear, you only saw her once?"

"If you care to apply the same test to a man of 30 years and a child of 17! I'm as certain as that I am sitting here she has forgotten me long ago."

"And I don't believe!" triumphantly. Then, in a far away voice, which shows me that she has been turning the matter over in her mind: "No; I certainly don't believe it. There are meetings and meetings, Phil, and with yours and hers is connected—well, the sort of thing one remembers."

This is too much. I start to my feet.

"Look here, there are things one can't stand, even from a sister, Nelly! What the ——"

"Philip, if you're going to be violent and disgrace your cloth I shall never open my lips again."

I collapse at once. I always do when madam reproaches me with disgracing my cloth, which the dear little lady does on every occasion, great or small—especially small—upon which I illustrate the famous axiom concerning fallibility.

Sitting down again, I say in a dismal tone:

"Violence apart, Nelly, I suppose anyone would admit that to taunt a man with the fact that the girl he loves may remember him on the strength of his having all but disfigured her for life, is not exactly generous."

"'Taunt'—'generous'—pooh! I can't conceive how you can be so stupid, Phil. See here."

She glides round my chair and sits down on the fender. Her face, as it stands out against the mellow fire light, is strangely beautiful. That shade of hair, too—red gold—is quite my favorite color. A pity only her eyes are blue. The other Nelly's are brown—"exquisite, brown, blessed eyes," as Jean Ingelow somewhere says. Decidedly my favorite color for eyes is brown.

"What I meant to say, dear, is," proceeds the old lady on the fender, complacently sliding my brother's ring up and down her finger, 'if I weren't your sister—if instead of the wife of a much nicer man than you are" (looking up)—"don't wriggle now; it's only women, you know, that can't bear to hear each other praised—where was I?'

Nelly, needless to say, never can manage parentheses.

I smile despite myself. Her hair with the light dancing on it is quite like a glory. Strange little woman.

"If you were a girl, you were saying, instead of a beldame—"

'Yes—don't be absurd, dear—if I were a girl—and all the rest, and you and I had met as you and she met, and you had hurt me as you did her, and—and the little episode afterward—you so remorseful, and the dear, splendid, handsome—"

"That'll do, Nelly." I believe I say this in no very insulted tone.

"And you are a clergyman, dear—there is something about clergymen, when one doesn't know them as sister-in-law" (I believe I "wiggle" again)—"I mean to say that, supposing all that, Phil, and, well, I disengaged like her, I b lieve—nay, I'm certain—I should have fallen in love with you on the spot, and lived on the romance until even some woman should tell you that I was doing so—and, if she she never did, as likely as not to my dying days. I should, and lots of girls would, so there!"

With which parting shot she rises and marches from the room, leaving me to my reflections.

I fancy, as I bid her good night, some hours later, I kiss this blue eyed Nelly even more tenderly than usual, and I love my brother's wife scarce less than my brother.

"I didn't really say this evening you talked like a fool," I add; "did I, Nelly?"

"No, of course not; and any way I didn't mind."

This somewhat dark reply sets my mind at ease.

"Odd folk, women!" I reflect for the hundredth time as I slowly go up stairs. "I wonder do they understand each other. As, if my brother's wife were only right. But—but——"

I resolve to put my trust in my brother's wife, and am nevertheless so influenced by what she has said that the very next day I find myself sauntering down Harley street, which, apart from the fact that in it there lives one Dr. Dayton Murray, is of absolutely no interest to me. To gaze at the door-knocker of this gentleman gives me a certain indescribable pleasure. The next day I bend my steps in the same direction, and again the day after that—and that—and that—how many days I know not; with absolutely no result beyond the fact that I get to know every line and curve in Dr. Murray's door-knocker. Not to be particular to a shade, I had, I think I may say, "done" Harley street daily for something like twenty days, when one afternoon, on my nearing the house, the door was opened and out walked—the doctor and his little girl.

Both bowed. How he looked I cannot recall. As for her, first a wave of color went over her face, then she turned white. Her hand was on her father's arm; I saw him tighten his hold of it. Dear, trembling hand!

In another instant they had passed.

It must have been very absurd, but I can quite well remember arriving home like a sunbeam and blazing away all the evening in competition with the lamp, and in defiance of the hour, in a manner like unto that displayed by no sunbeam before or since.

"Good night, you little Nell." This as usual to my sister-in-law at 11:30 o'clock p.m., the breakup hour at the establishment of Charles Bourke, barrister, brother of Phil Bourke, D. D.

"Good night Phil. You see I knew—of course—why it wasn't to be expected otherwise, at least, it wouldn't have been natural, and—Charles and I are so glad."

I simply stare. This sentence, involving and perplexing though it is, shows me that Nelly, to whom, as to Charles, I have breathed not a word concerning my walks in Harley street, much less a word concerning today's meeting, by some uncanny omniscience peculiar to herself, seems to know everything that has happened, and, to judge from her radient eyes, rather more about everything that is to come than myself.

Charles, who has stood beside his spouse while she delivers herself of this speech, now draws her toward him with one arm, and holds out the other to me.

"Good night, old man. She's a mystifying young person, no doubt. Now that she knows you're happy, perhaps she'll deign to notice that I am pining from neglect—wasting away, I may say." And he seeks to give himself a pathetic appearance, but fails, as is but natural, Dame Nature having dealt by my brother's outer man much as she is supposed to have dealt by that of the famous Prince of Denmark.

The words "too, too solid," and Nelly's merry laugh as she goes off with him, are the last sounds that I hear that night.

Chapter VI.

"HOW CAN I EVER HAVE THOUGHT THIS MAN GAUNT AND GRIM?"

The next day after the eventful meeting I did not go to Harley street, nor the next day after that, nor—nay, the truth will out!—I did go the day after that.

It was ignominious to seem to play the spy, but quite impossible to sacrifice more than two days to dignified scruples. On the third day I decided that take a "run" down Harley street I must, and thither accordingly betook myself. It was no figure of speech: I ran. I simply shot past the house, and I did not look at the door knocker. Going at full speed toward Cavendish street, I all but collided with a fellow being.

"Dr. Drayton Murray!"

"Dr. Bourke!"

"How do you do? Are you busy? Or can you come back to my house for a moment's chat?"

How can I ever have thought this man gaunt and grim? He is a stately old gentleman with the kindest face in the world.

I returned with him, nothing loath. Going along we descant on the atmosphere as a topic of absorbing interest.

"Will you come to my study," he says, as we enter the house, and leads the way thither. The first thing that catches my eyes as I enter is the picture of a young man in somewhat antiquated garb, bearing a strong resemblance to myself—my father (we have the same picture of him) before he was married.

"A dear college friend," says the doctor, in reply to my gaze. "No less surprised than are you to see his picture here was I when some months ago I learned that you are his son. I have never seen him since he gave me that portrait before going to India. Ah, yes! I heard of his death, poor fellow!"

And we both of us consecrate some minutes of silent respect to one of the best of men.

Then the conversation turns into other channels, until:

"About this little girl of mine," says the doctor, suddenly. May I ask if I am wrong in thinking that you care for her?"

'Care for her? She is never out of my thoughts, Dr. Murray."

"Then, why the—" (he stops). "Why on earth don't you make each other happy?"

And he rings the bell.

"Ask Miss Drayton Murray to come to me." (This to the servant who answers the summons.

A step on the stair, a run in the passage. Miss Drayton Murray does not keep her father waiting.

In another instant the door is opened.

"What! You're not alone? Did you not send for me, father?"

She stops on the threshold. It is a pretty picture! It would make a pretty scene in a play—but it was cruel on the child. She begins to tremble. The same change comes over her face; first a great wave of color, then pitifully white.

'Father, what does it mean? What do you want with me?"

I think he cannot have foreseen the effect his summons would have. He hastened towards the girl, and, putting one arm around her, leads her into the room. He makes her mine with his blessing and leaves us alone. In another instant I am holding between my hands her golden head. I am looking in her eyes, and she says—with something that is not quite laughter, and is not quite tears, that the other Nelly was perfectly right, that her thoughts have been with me always—and why? Because (this without ever a smile) about our first meeting there was, indeed, "the sort of thing one remembers."—*From Belgravia.*

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DISSOLUTION NOTICE

BY MUTUAL CONSENT, the firm of Alston, Crowell & Co. is this day dissolved, E. W. Crowell retiring. The remaining partners, P. S. Alston and H. H. Maury, will continue the business at the old stand, corner Front and Union streets, assuming all liabilities and collecting all outstanding accounts.
E. W. CROWELL.
P. S. ALSTON.
H. H. MAURY.
Memphis, Tenn., September 1, 1886.
On retiring as above, I bespeak for my successors a continuation of the liberal patronage heretofore extended the old firm.
E. W. CROWELL.

NEW FIRM
ALSTON, MAURY & CO.

R. L. COCHRAN & Co
OFFICE, Corner Front & Union.

YARD, Corner Third & Union.
SAW AND PLANING-MILL, NAVY-YARD.
Doors, Sash, Blinds, Molding, Lumber,
Lath and Shingles, Flooring, Ceiling and Cedar Posts.
MEMPHIS. - - TENNESSEE.

M. C. PEARCE. JOHN L. McCLELLAN.
M. C. PEARCE & Co
Cotton Factors & Commission Merch's,
No. 280 FRONT STREET, MEMPHIS, TENN.
Cotton Warehouse—Nos. 88 and 90 Union Street.

D. W. FLY, Late of Commerce, Miss. F. B. HERRON. Late of Coffeeville, Miss. SAM HOBSON. Late of Brooks, Neely & Co.
FLY, HERRON & HOBSON
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
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WE DESIRE TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR LARGE STOCK OF FINISHED MARBLE. We are prepared to furnish new work from latest designs on short notice.
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In every respect and to give entire satisfaction.
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J. C. NEELY, President. D. P. HADDEN, Vice-Pres't. W. H. MOORE, Sec'y