

WILL YOU COME?

BY DELLA HARRY.

When elements bloom again, Will you come? In the sunshine or in the rain, Will you come?

When the snowflakes are flying Will you come? When the whippoorwill doth call, Will you come?

When the wheatfields are growing, When the clover-hay is mowing, When the sailor-lad is rowing, Will you come?

When the nightingale is crying Will you come? When the larks are flying, Will you come?

When sweet springtime comes again Will you come? We shall roam o'er hill and plain, Will you come?

When the evening breeze is moaning, When the nightingale is crying, When the whippoorwill doth call, Will you come?

IN MY LAST HOURS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN PITTS.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—At seven o'clock of a July morning, the eminent physician and surgeon, Dr. X., was seated in a chair beside his library-table.

The musical voice of the chamber-clock tells me that the hour is four in the morning. A slight breeze stirs the foliage of the great elms before the house; the faint plash of the fountain reaches my ear; the earliest sparrow is timidly twittering under the eaves; the world is still happy in slumber.

I do not know just how I broke away from the man's garrulous chatter; nor have I any recollection of how I reached my hotel. I locked myself in my rooms, and never left them till the evening of the following day.

Such things as vanity and pride are not left to me, and I speak the simple truth when I say that positive genius was born with me. I was given the capacity to do great things.

My knowledge of all its branches was accounted simply marvellous. Nothing in all its science seemed difficult or abstract to me. Not only did I lecture and illustrate to the astonishment and admiration of the graybeards of the faculty, but mine was the skilled, confident hand, mine the quick eye, the ready perception, the absolute knowledge of what might be done and what must be attempted in the capital operations at the hospital.

My father had reached as far as this city, and his last practice and first society were not long withheld from me. Among the first families that I visited professionally was that of which Lillian was the pride and ornament. The ways of the heart are mysterious, and past finding out. The passion of love, the condition of marriage, were things that I had thoughtfully, but positively, prohibited to myself.

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fastened and gratified by my preference, and promptly gave me their consent to woo their child. That I should presently succeed I did not permit myself to doubt. True, that I was ten years her elder, was grave and thoughtful of aspect, with a face already as seamed and wrinkled as the medallion of Caesar, with no beauty to redeem it but that of deep, luminous gray eyes.

Absorbed in the exacting duties of my great calling, I had not yet seriously begun upon the subject when the rash blow fell that threatened to demolish the whole airy castle of happiness that I was rearing.

I was suddenly called one evening to attend a youth of twenty, prostrated by a sudden attack of acute hysteria. Nervous disorders of this kind, though rare among the young, are apt to be dangerous when they exist; not so much from their present effects as the results to which they may lead.

I gave him a simple remedy, but informed his parents that in such cases as this prevention must be looked to. Here was a most keenly susceptible nervous organization, upon which a sudden shock of excitement, disappointment, or fear might be expected to produce even worse results than that which they were witnessing now.

Darkness was approaching, when, the next evening, I sallied out and walked rapidly and aimlessly through the streets. Chance took me past the stately residence of Mr. Lennox. As was passing, a door opened, and Edgar and his mother came out upon the steps.

"Don't stay long, my dear." "No, I won't; but I must speak to Mrs. Graham to-morrow, mother." "Yes, my boy."

The door closed, and he tripped jauntily down the steps. I have more than once spoken of impulses; I say now that the influence that led me at that instant to act as I did was simply overpowering. I sprang from my place of concealment; I took him roughly by both shoulders, and warned and terrified him by my savage speech.

"You fool!" I said, "Lillian Graham is not for you. Cease your visits there, or I will not answer for what may happen to you. She is mine—do you hear? Mine only."

No eye had seen, no ear had heard what has just been described. Rapidly I returned to my rooms. Not five minutes had passed when an urgent message demanded my immediate presence at the Lennox mansion. Anticipating the meaning of the summons, I complied. The house was in confusion, the parents wild with apprehension. I was told that Edgar's mother had parted with him at the door, and that a few minutes later one of the servants found him lying senseless and speechless in the hall.

"He is dead," I replied. Let the procession of events that followed pass again rapidly before me. The best society of the city shocked and startled; its fairest mansion changed to a somber house of mourning; a thronged funeral, the air heavy with the perfume of rare flowers; a white face beneath the glass, above which were sighs and tears; mournful hymns; words of prayer, and the clouds on the coffin-lid. A year passed; desecrated, and not with ardor, my suit for Lillian Graham was commenced. She yielded slowly, and consented at last with indifference, almost with apathy, and only because I urged and her parents wished it. She had loved him who was dead, she told me (of such stuff are women made), and her heart was in waiting with him. She honored and respected me, and ought to be proud of my love. So we were married.

More years passed; our child came; the tenderness of mother-love drew her closer to me. I knew that at last I was loved. The white face in the coffin was forgotten, or only remembered as a strain of primitive music stealing on the air at night. "Ah, she told me that she loved me, and that she thanked God for bringing me to her. I was rich. I was fated. I was honored. What stood between me and perfect happiness?"

By night and day, at home and on the street, even with Lillian's arms about my neck, always, everywhere, that white face in the coffin came to me, and will not be forgotten.

Go back with me to the evening when I stood over Edgar Lennox, lying in his father's house, and informed those agonized parents that he was dead.

learning told me at once that this was the counterfeit, not the reality of death. For here was a youth in the flow of life's tide, with a high-wrought nervous organization, easily affected to hysteria, and but the day before suffering from an alarming attack of it. The organs were sound, as my cursory examination then satisfied me; there was no fluttering, feeble heart, to be paralyzed by a shock. And I knew—none other knew—the crushing blow to the hope of his life that my own hand had dealt.

I never doubted the ghastly truth. I knew it when I pronounced him dead; when his mother and Lillian sobbed over his white face; when the earth was shovelled upon his coffin. Aye, and that he was perfectly conscious; that he heard their sobs; that he strove to cry out, to speak, to move, to burst his iron bonds, to rise up through this hideous death-in-life. I knew it all.

As deliberately, as designly as I thought I had driven my knife into his heart, did I murder him. I sent him to his living tomb, to linger for days in agony before merciful death could release him. The mad, that roam in hell could do nothing blacker.

Remorse consumes me; my brain reels as I think of these things. Lillian, my life, my love—it was for you—all for you! 'Twould have been death to lose you—and now—now that I have gained you, it is also death.

Engage in an argument with every person you meet. If a man has a glass eye, a wooden leg, or a wig, always refer to it. Never listen to other persons, for if you do you may forget what you are going to say yourself.

Always talk of your private, personal, and family matters while conversing with strangers. They like to listen to long accounts of how you had the rheumatism.

Always pretend to great gentility yourself, and ridicule people who have come up from a modest beginning. If you can't say that your ancestors belonged to some notable family, make a strong point of being acquainted with a great many distinguished people yourself, and constantly refer to the time when you were at college.

"Not for Good Luck." "Hello, Anthony," said the Secretary of State, addressing a negro, "I hear that you are married."

"I don't peer ter be, sah." "Did he say anything?" "Nec in particular."

"Well, sah, we got inter er little 'spite, an' from de way he fit me I 'lowed dat he wan't willin'."

Afghanistan. Its area is estimated at 250,000 square miles, and its population is 5,000,000. It is a land of deserts, rocks and inhospitable mountains, generally speaking, though it has a few well-watered, fertile valleys, where an abundance of tropical and other fruits are to be found.

Many attempts have been made to fix the height of the anora borealis, but the estimates have given a discouragingly wide range of figures. The anora has been observed when it seemed to rest on the earth's surface, and at other times has appeared simultaneously at stations so widely separated that it has been supposed to be 200 or 300 miles high.

The sheep have been badly fleeced and they know it.

A WILDCAT IN THE CELLAR.

A Pennsylvania Man's Exciting Experience with an Unwelcome Visitor.

Cyrus Tobin, of Cherry Tree, Pa., took a lamp and went down cellar to draw a pitcher of cider one evening not long ago. In one corner of the cellar ranks of kindling wood are piled. As Tobin went down the steps he heard something jump on the wood, and several sticks tumbled down to the cellar floor.

The camera has destroyed many agreeable fancies regarding the notions of "that noble animal," the horse. The charger no longer dashes into the thicket of the fray by "a series of quick and graceful bounds," but ignominiously propels its weight over the stiffened fore-legs used like "the spokes of a wheel." The leap of the racing thoroughbred, by which it was supposed to cover a distance of twenty feet, proves to be but a momentary interval between the time the horse leaves the ground from a still-like fore leg until the weight is received by the opposite hind leg, in which the animal is carried through a space that is seldom much greater than the length of its rider's whip.

When she reads this, shall I see her? Can I come to-night and be near her when she sleeps? Can I—

Not yet; not quite yet. Just a moment. A bird is singing at the window. The clock struck six a while ago; I shall not hear it again. Lillian—Lil—

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HUMOR.

Give your thanks! To express them is expensive.

Who is the burglar's best friend?—His faithful Jimmy. It is wrong to speak of a "respectable" embezzler as a "good man gone wrong." He is a bad man found out. Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

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