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ENTRE NOUS.

As we two slowly walked, that night,
Silence fell on us, as of fear;
I was afraid to face the light,
Lest you should see that I loved you, dear.

You drew my arm against your heart,
So close I could feel it beating near;
You were brave enough for a lover's part—
You were so sure that I loved you, dear.

Then you murmured a word or two,
And tenderly stooped your listening ear,
For you thought that all that you had to do
Was to hear me say that I loved you, dear.

But, though your face was so close to mine
That you touched my cheek with your chestnut hair,
I wouldn't my lips to yours resign;
And yet I loved you—I loved you, dear.

And all at once you were cold and pale,
Because you thought that I did not care;
I cried a little behind my vail—
But that was because I loved you, dear.

And so you thought 'twas a drop of rain
That splashed your hand? But 'twas a tear;
For then you said you'd never again
Ask me to say that I loved you, dear.

Well, I will tell—if you'll listen now;
I thought of the words that you said last year;
How we girls weren't coy enough, and how
There were half a dozen that loved you, dear.

And I was afraid that you held me light,
And an imp at my shoulder said, "Beware!
He's just in a wooing mood to-night,"
So I wouldn't say that I loved you, dear.

Not though I thought you the man of men,
Chiefest of heroes, brave and rare;
Not though I never shall love again
Any man as I loved you, dear.

I have suffered, and so have you;
And to-night, if you were but standing here,
I'd make you an answer, straight and true,
If you'd ask again if I loved you, dear.

—*Laura C. Redden, now Mrs Searing.*

A WOMAN'S LIFE.

When Julie Mortimer accepted Lee Cameron as her liege lover and future husband, she had every reason to believe her life-happiness was secured permanently. She was barely eighteen, and life hitherto had been so cloudless and happy for her—untouched by any remembrance of sorrow or pain. The idol of a happy, unbroken family circle, with every wish gratified, she seemed now to have reached the summit of all earthly bliss.

Cameron was as handsome as the rarest ideal hero of her brightest day-dreams, with a face almost womanish fair, but whose effeminacy was redeemed by the large, dark, lustrous brown eyes, and hair of the same color waving back from the pure white forehead. He added to the charm of his personal appearance the grace and ease of manners found in a thoroughbred gentleman, for he came of noble blood, and prided himself not a little on his family pedigree. Julie had known him all her life, his father having been formerly associated with her own in business.

At the decease of Mr. Cameron, Sr., Lee had succeeded him in the firm, and so it seemed a very natural thing that he and Julie should learn to love each other so well, and, no objections being offered to the engagement, should look forward to a wedded future as the consummation of their highest hopes.

They were both young enough, and Julie would not listen to any entreaties for a speedy marriage. It was so delightful to be affianced, to have bouquets and jewels showered upon her by her generous lover, opera invitations and amusements without number, to realize the envy of all the girls in her set, who could not understand why Lee Cameron was so wild about Julie, whom every body knows was an outrageous coquette.

And though Julie in her heart cared very much for her handsome *debonaire* lover, and had no thought of disloyalty to him, yet it was sweet, very sweet, to feel her power over him.

To stand leaning on his arm at a reception or party, and talk pretty nonsense to the men who crowded around her, or to use her opera-glasses continually, and flirt desperately with her numerous admirers between the acts of Trovatore or Mignon; and, as she furtively watched him, to see the sensitive, mobile mouth twitch nervously, and the fair forehead knit with an ominous frown.

At such times, I say, it made her, after all, true woman's heart throb with fierce delight, to see how greatly he cared for her, how entirely she seemed to hold his happiness in her hands.

In such a moment she would languidly ask him if he felt unwell, or if his head ached, and receiving for an answer only a long look of intense sadness and reproach from the luminous eyes, her own would suddenly fill with a wondrous love-light, and she would whisper softly, as she leant intoxicatingly nearer: "Oh, churl, to grudge a smile when all is thine."

And so the rapid months fled on rosy wings; ever and anon Lee would plead to limit the engagement, and she, with a gay, careless confidence in the future, put by his prayer. Meanwhile a cloud commenced to gather on the horizon of these two young lives.

Julie noticed that her betrothed grew more abstracted and thoughtful than was his wont, but rallying him lightly on the cause of his melancholy, he disclaimed any reason save his anxiety about their marriage. This caused her to blush vividly and change the subject. The cloud grew larger, and finally broke. One evening she missed Lee from her side; the next day she felt in a dim way that something was wrong; all the members of the dear home circle were quiet, and she could not rid herself of the idea that they regarded her with pitying eyes.

In the evening, as she was dressing to attend a party with Lee, she received a note, which ran briefly thus:

MY DARLING—Maybe it is the last time I shall call you so. I can not go with you tonight; I am leaving town for a few days. Your father will tell you all. Should you want to see me when I return you can let me know; but how dare I hope that—of course they will not let you; it is all over. Ah, my own, my own, farewell! LEE.

She let the note fall from her hands; a long shiver shook her frame, and stifling back the sobs that the pathos of the note threatened to wring from her, she leant her head on her arms, resting them on the dainty toilet table, and began to wonder wearily what it all meant.

I think I have not yet described my heroine. Let us now look at her a few moments under this the first shadow that has ever crossed her bright path. For her figure she is tall and exquisitely formed; the face is of the richest brunette type, and the whole head reminded one, as Lee Cameron was wont to say, of the Southern loveliness of Murillo's dark-haired Madonna. The chief charm of the face lay in the eyes—almond-shaped eyes—fringed with long black lashes—eyes of deepest blue, changeful and sparkling tender; and a shade thoughtful at times, full of tearful sadness or brilliant with mischief at others, even as her mood changed, but always beautiful.

The head is nobly set on the clear olive-tinted neck and shoulders and crowned with an abundant suit of raven-black, glossy, wavy hair. To gaze on her in the graceful abandon of her present attitude, with no knowledge of the sadness that has fallen on her bright pleasure-loving existence, one unconsciously murmurs, "A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Suddenly she rouses herself, as the stag who feels his wound is not fatal, and feels at the same time the spent strength stealing back into his palsied limbs. She reached down and lifts the note from where it has caught in the lace draperies of her party costume, and slowly reads it again. At the words "your father will tell you all," she smiles a little wearily, a shade scornfully, and wonders how he could so mistake her. She is far too proud to ask an explanation from any lips but his own; besides she loved him, and it was her true nature to trust implicitly those she loved.

And so she waited, hiding her anxiety with a show of unconcern, asking no questions of those who could tell her all, going through the days mechanically, and feeling grateful to the night that sheltered her sorrow, and let flow the tears of grief and surprise at this unintelligible, unlooked for reverse in her life.

A week passed thus, when, hearing of his return, she sends for him, and listens for the first time (from his own lips) to the story of his ruin and disgrace. How it had come he could hardly tell, but, having only an ordinary income, he had spent money like a millionaire; having only the means of a gentleman in moderate circumstances, he had indulged in the follies, tastes and fancies of a prince. On his mother and sisters, who had been left to his care, he lavished money without stint; his home was a model of elegance and luxury; on Julie he had showered costly presents and jewels, which she, poor child, accepted gracefully and unquestioningly, with no thought of their cost. She had rarely stopped in all the course of her life to ask the cost of any thing or to debate whether she could afford this or that.

Julie's father had for some time foreseen the end of Lee's extravagant habits, and had determined when it came, the engagement should be broken. And so when one morning Cameron came into the office of his partner with an unusually care-worn, restless look, the latter said to him, not without a certain ring of regret in his tone, for he had known him from his boyhood and had honored his father right heartily, "You are a ruined man, sir; not only ruined, but something worse; your business debts of course the firm will be held responsible for; but your debts of honor," with a scornful stress on the last word, "I can not cancel; you will understand that it is all over between my daughter and yourself. I could forgive you the complications in your business affairs on the score of your experience, but I could never trust Julie's future with a man who borrowed money of his dearest friends without a prospect of ever paying them, and without allowing them to suspect the truth that he was a ruined man."

The words were scathing and bitter, the more so that the culprit felt they were just. He only uttered one appeal in a broken voice, sinking into a chair and hiding his haggard, agonized face in his hands.

"Oh, sir, you do not know how I was tempted; for her sake I strove to keep off the evil day."

"And so," answered the other, "you have spoiled the future for both;" and then, in a gentler tone, as some thought of the suffering that must come to his child, and some remembrance of the love he bore the dead father of this man stole on him, he said:

"Cameron, if you had to borrow this money, why, oh, why, did you not come to me? I might have saved you this; but now it is too late. You must write to Julie at once, and release her. It would be better, in my opinion, for you not to see her again; but I leave her to decide that. I can trust her fully to do what is right."

And so this was the story of the ruined man, poured into the ears of the girl who had loved him and placed her happiness in his keeping. She had summoned him to her, and no one had interfered with his coming, but had left them alone in the cosy library seated at a window that opened on a beautiful garden. It was the sunset hour of a late spring-day, and there was a warmth of splendor and beauty outside that contrasted strangely with the sad, heavy-hearted silence that followed Lee's recital.

She had heard him very quietly, only closing her eyes, when he spoke of the interview with her father, and when he spoke the scornful words, "Your debts of honor I can not cancel," she instinctively drew her hand out of Lee's—the spirit of her father for a moment possessed her—then, remembering all they had been to each other, she hastily put it back and murmured in a stiffled tone, "My poor boy, that was hard."

After he had finished, she sat perfectly mute, lost in thought; the shadowy twilight crept upon them, and presently, tiring of the silence, Lee raised his head wearily and said:

"Speak to me; tell me something, any thing. What must we do?"

"*We* can not do any thing," she murmured, with a slight inflection in her tone and a strange, troubled look in her eyes; "but you must go away somewhere at once—of course there is no chance for you here."

"Go away?" he repeated wonderingly; "go away?"

"Certainly," replied Julie, impatiently; "do you suppose you could ever do any thing here? Your failure is not so bad; but who will trust you? Will not the whole town know of—of—" she stopped short; she could not frame the words, the thought of the dishonorable conduct smote her with so keen a pang; her own instincts were so high and noble, she would sooner have died than practiced such deceit upon unsuspecting friendship as he had done; and it hurt her more than she cared to show to miss this quality of honor, which she deemed so essential to a true manhood, in his character.

"You are cruel!" he exclaimed, fiercely. "God knows I am wretched enough, without being reminded of that."

She rose and faced him steadily—studied his countenance as a physiognomist, the face she had never before studied save in love. Was it fancy, or had she never before noticed that expression of irresolution about the sensitive, mobile mouth—too beautiful, almost, for a man? The eyes looked up to her with the tender, appealing glance of a woman. But she thrust these thoughts away from her hastily; they seemed treachery to her gracious nature; he had been so dear to her in their brighter sunlit hours, and her whole heart went out to him in infinite pity in this the first day of his adversity. Alas! the birth of that pity was but the prelude to the death of her great love. Love, they say, is sometimes born of pity; but a woman rarely continues to love a man whose weakness has once demanded pity alone.

Julie let her hand fall caressingly on her lover's head, and, lifting the face toward her own, looked very tenderly into the shrinking eyes as she said:

"Forgive me, *mon cher*, and remember that it is equally hard for both of us. Trust me fully. Lee, do you not feel that I can only counsel you for the best? Is not my honor and yours one?"

"Ah, *ma belle, ma belle*," he cried passionately as he drew her down to him; "ask any thing of me but to leave you. I can not go away unless," he added, dropping his head on her breast, and winding his arm tighter about her waist—"you can go with me."

The selfishness of the demand struck her, but she forgave it for the sake of the great love that had tempted him to ask the sacrifice of her, and only said, gently:

"No, no. We must wait. You forget you will have to begin life all over again. I should only drag you down—hold you back. I will never consent to do that. I will wait years and years rather than do that."

Yet even while she spoke some dim presentiment that the reward of her waiting would have lost its worth to her, stole on her senses, that because of the new light in which she had seen his character he would never be so dear to her again. Still, she was of too noble a nature, too tenacious of what was generous and loyal, to fail him now; and she made the promise solemnly and earnestly, in all sincerity of purpose, talking to him and kindly pleading with him, for the sake of his dear mother and sisters, by the memory of his father's unblemished character, on behalf of her own love, to start afresh in some distant city and struggle manfully to wipe out the past, making the blamelessness of future years redeem the unfortunate beginnings of his business career. Above all, she counseled him to make any sacrifice to repay the indebtedness to those who had suffered from their generosity to him in his hour of need. She wearied herself in the effort, and strive as she might she could not push from her the thought that, after all, it might be a fruitless task, he seemed to have so little sense of what she said, to realize nothing save that she was asking him to leave her. For all her earnest entreaties he had only one answer:

"Ah, Juhe, *mignon*, how can I ever leave you? God help me; I have no strength to do that."

She drew herself away from him and commenced to pace the room. She was exhausted with the effort to impress him with what was due to his manhood; for the first time there dawned upon her a perception of her own strength and superiority; woman as she was, she felt how impossible it would have been for her ever to have acted as he had done; young as she was, she felt she would have faced the future braver under such misfortunes. She never stopped once to think of how his failure must affect her own life; there was no trace of selfishness in her nature; she thought solely of him, and, despite of all she missed in him that was required to make her love perfect in an hour like this, she mentally resolved to be true to him, and make the best of the worst. She went back to his side, and he rose to go; holding his hand, and looking tenderly into his tearful eyes, she repeated in a low, thrilling tone those beautiful lines from Tennyson's "In Memoriam:"

I hold it true with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match,
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

The last words fell sadly and brokenly on his ear, and as he caught her mildly to his heart, her own tears fell like rain; but presently drying her eyes and flinging her face beyond the reach of his lips, she said bravely:

"We must part now. Better so. If I see you again it will only weaken us both, and what I ask you to do is right, wise and the best and only thing left for you to do. You must write to me, Lee, and I will answer all your letters."

"Ah, *ma belle, ma belle*," he interrupted her, "what guarantee have I that you will be true to me—that you will not forget me?"

"What guarantee?" She drew herself up proudly. "You have my word—my promise."

With all his faults there was not a wish in her heart that was untrue to him. The possibility of her ever being unfaithful could not cross her mind. She knew he had destroyed utterly the most beautiful illusion of her life. She knew it would be never again the bright, glad, shadowless existence of heretofore; but she had no word of reproach for him, no thought of treachery toward him.

"Ah!" he muttered, jealously "if you loved me as I want you to, this parting would be impossible. You would go with me into poverty, exile—any thing—rather than say good-bye."

"It is because I love you," she said, firmly, "in the highest, best sense o the word, that I will not consent to do what you ask. I will not so drag you down. Father would justly refuse, under such circumstances, to help us, and I should only be killing your whole future. I simply ask you to be true to the best in you. 'Being true to yourself, you are also true to me.' And now go, else I shall no longer be capable of deciding what is best for either of us."

And so they parted.

Years passed, during which Julie received occasional letters, at first histories of struggles, privations, and hardships endured for her sake, then, later, more cheerful and encouraging news, coupled with promises, assurances, and good, strong resolutions, which she accepted gracefully and hopefully. From time to time as his prospects brightened she would remind him of his still uncanceled obligations, and question him as to what he was doing in that direction. No answer ever came to her queries. At last she wrote: "In addition to words I want fruits: What are you saving? What are you doing to redeem the past? Your success is worth nothing—it can only prove fatal—if it does not prompt you to do your duty."

Not replying to this, a silence fell between them. Julie learned through friends who knew him in the city where he had made his new home what he had not been brave enough to tell her himself—that, intoxicated with success, he was leading the old gay, careless, easy life of extravagance and pleasure. It was not more than she had been schooling herself slowly to learn.

Another year passed. She receives a letter full of reproaches for her silence and forgetfulness, and announcing at the same time his approaching marriage with a lady of great wealth and beauty, and releasing Julie from her promises.

And so the dream ended. Whether our heroine ever loved again—what were her after experiences—we can not say. We only know that she is still Julie Mortimer; that men call her cold and women think her proud, and that only among her most intimate acquaintances and her family is she truly understood. With them only does she relax and show herself the true, warm-hearted woman. And if the shadow of the past still pursues her none suspect it, and least of all herself. She thinks she has lived it down, but because of it life no longer means love and happiness, but duty and work, yet she is content.—*Sunday Telegram.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"I KNOW that I ought to pay up that little bill I owe the washerwoman," mused a fashionable "swell," the other day. And then he continued thoughtfully: "But then I can't, for I've got to have a new pair of lavender kids"—*Chicago Journal.*

A WOMAN out in Ottumwa fell out of a second-story window of a hotel, and lit on her head on the sidewalk below. They picked her up, and in due time she recovered her consciousness. "Oh my hat, my hat," she sobbed, "I can never get that feather to look like any thing again. Oh, why didn't I die? Why didn't you let me die?" And they all went out and left her to her anguish. —*Hawk-eye.*

HORACE GREELEY used to tell this story: H. once sent a claim for collection to a Western lawyer, and regarding it as rather a desperate claim, told the attorney if he collected it he might reserve half the amount for his fee. In due time Mr. Greeley received the following laconic epistle: "Dear Sir—I have succeeded in collecting my half of that claim. The balance is hopeless."

THE worst thing we have seen about Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the only stain on an otherwise irreproachable character, is that he is the inventor of that parlor aggravation known as the hand stereoscope; a vexatious contrivance for which the pictures are always too large to be crammed into the springs or too small to stay in them, of which the slide is always shoved off the end of the stick in the vain efforts of the observer to find a focus, and of which the glasses always make you see the picture so double that it gives you the headache and finally compels you to peep over the top in order to gain the information necessary to make some intelligent remark about the jumble you have been staring at.—*Hawk-eye.*

A BOY'S OPINION OF HENS.—Hens is curious animals. They don't have no nose, nor no teeth, nor no ears. They swaller their wittles whole and chaw it up in their crops inside of 'em. The outside of hens is generally put inter pillers and made into feather dusters. The inside of a hen is sometimes filled up with marbles and shirt-buttons and sich. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up more tomato-plants than any thing that ain't a hen. Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum-pudding. Bet yer life I like plum-pudding. Skinny Bates eat so much plum-pudding once that it sent him inter the collery. Hens has got wings, and can fly when they are scart. I cut my Uncle William's hen's neck off with a hatchet, and it scared her to death. Hens sometimes makes very fine spring chickens.

A LADY called on a photographer, for fifty cents' worth of pictures. When the artist removed the plate from the machine, he told her she need not sit longer. On coming out from the dark room, he found her still bolt upright in the chair, with that look of petrified despair on her face peculiar to the photographic pose. "You needn't sit there any longer," said the frightened artist. "What's that?" she hoarsely whispered, without changing a muscle. "I say you needn't sit there now. I have got through," he explained. "Aint I to pay ye fifty cents?" she interrogated, in the same gurgling tone, with her eyes strained on the mark. "Yes," "Well, thin, do ye mane to say I'm to give you fifty cints foor only five minits in the cheer? Be gorra, I'll have a full tin minits foor the money, and that's little enough in all conscience." And she had it.