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DAILY LEADER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23.

For Morning Edition News see outside.

For Evening Edition News see inside.

MAN.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven;
And madness, risen from hell;
Strength, without hands to smite;
Love, that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light;
And life, the shadow of death;
And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea,
And dust of the laboring earth;
And the bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span,
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.
From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto the sea;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to sorrow and sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty, and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch and a vision,
Between a sleep and a sleep.

THE HIGH TIDE OF DECEMBER.

[From the Atlantic Monthly for January.]

Breakfast was ready. Captain Lufflin, who, like most retired old salts, had a healthy stomach, and humored it, crossed and uncrossed his stumpy little legs, and pulled his gray moustache complacently, when he caught the first sniff of the hot coffee and broiling beefsteak.

He had been down on the foggy beach, (for the high winter tides were worth watching on that lonely coast,) and was now drying his feet before the crackling wood in the dining-room grate; but even Ann, (the clam-digger's daughter, promoted to cook,) as she bustled in and out, had seen the Captain was out of temper, as he waited, frowning portentously, and wagging his bald head now and then as if a wasp stung it.

Lufflin, who aboard ship would have risked a thousand lives on his own cool judgment, had been uneasy and irritable for two months back, ever since Mrs. Jacobus had written to him about buying this house for her.

"It was to be a Christmas gift from her to her husband," she wrote. "She wanted it, therefore, kept a secret from him. Any quiet corner along the coast which they could make a home in." Adding something about M. Jacobus "being fagged out with work, and needing rest," at which Lufflin shook his head. The Captain knew, that, book-worm and picture-maniac though he might be, Jacobus had managed to squander in some unaccountable way, his own and his wife's fortune. So much of their history had got back to the fishing-town where she had lived when a child. People even hinted that they had been almost starving lately in New York. However that might be, old Lufflin knew that the sum she remitted to him was the last they had left, and beyond this, he had a shrewd suspicion that the shipwreck the Jacobuses had made of life something of more worth than money had been lost, and that this home she talked of was most probably a last effort to bury some shameful secret.

The Captain, in his disgust at the unknown bookworm, fretted under the whole affair. "Its not in my line," he would growl. "It's a cursed bore. Poor Charlotte! she used to swim like a frog in the inlet there, when she was only eleven. She's little heart for swiming now, it's likely!" And would begin his search with redoubled vigor.

This house, a grey stone cottage of five or six rooms, in the most solitary part of the leo-coast, had been vacant sometime, and was to be sold cheap. Lufflin bought and furnished it in his own name; and then, as she directed, asked the Professor and his wife down to spend the Christmas holidays with him. He was as anxious and awkward as a school-boy when they arrived the night before.

"It was too tough a job for you to set me, Charlotte" he grumbled. "How was I to choose a home for a man that lives, they say, by the sight of his eyes and the hearing of his ears? Water's water to me, and rock's rocks," trotting after her as she went through the house in silence, ending the survey with two or three sharp, decisive nods and a quick, pleased little laugh.

"Satisfied? Yes, I am. We've had a good many houses, Jerome and I; but this is home."

The Captain understood her.

In the morning, however, he felt all his doubts return. Mrs. Jacobus' quick, firm step sounded above, below him; presently she came in with a jug of yellow cream and set it on the table, adjusting the dishes, putting a glass of holly in the middle, opening the window-curtains to let the cold, gray wintry light fall on the white cloth and pretty blue china service.

"Those oysters now?" said the Captain, anxiously. "Ann's a poor cook."

"She's clean as a Shaker, though. But I broiled them myself," laughing to see his relieved face.

"They're all right, then, Charlotte?"

"Yes."

She would give mind to the oysters, he knew. It had been her way to put a little of her brains and blood into all her jobs in life, finishing each with a self satisfied little nod. No wonder that she was worn, now that she was a middle-aged woman.

"She's lost something, Lotty has, since I knew her," he thought, watching the light figure in its dark blue dress moving about; "but she's the right stuff for home use,"—with some vague idea in his old salt-water brain of delicate, incomplete faces suiting best with moonlight and country strolls, and of the sparkle of dinner-lights and brilliant eyes agreeing together, but that a face like Charlotte's was the one for the breakfast-table. The shrewd, kindly eyes, the color on her face, and the laugh came on you as fresh as a child's,—if her hair was a bit gray.

She had gone to the bay-window that overlooked the stretch of coast on which the heavy winter tide was coming in, and grown silent watching it. The Captain called her; he wanted nothing to put the breakfast back this morning. And he fancied that to a woman who had been a leader in the world of culture and refinement yonder, this sky and loud foreboding surf might have some meaning of which he knew nothing.

"Nature's voices, eh?" coming to her side.

Some expression that had held her face suddenly escaped it.

"I am watching for Jerome. Yonder he comes with your fisherman, by the inlet,"—pointing to two dark figures in the mist crossing the sands below.

Thee house stood on a ledge, facing the sea; ramparts of rocks, gray and threatening, in this light, running down on either side, and shutting out all out-look but that of the dull, obstinate stretch of sand on which the sea had beaten and fallen back for centuries, with the same baffled, melancholy cry. Behind the house were clumps of pine and cedars. Nature had done all she could in wringing out whatever green and lusty life which left inrocks and sand, to make the place home-like and cheerful. Beside the trees, there was a patch of kitchen garden back of the house, a grape vine or two on the walls, trailing moss hanging to its eaves,—the delicate web-like moss that grows along this coast out of dead wood; even the beach rocks glowed into colors,—dark browns, purples, and reds.

But for all these it needed summer and sunshine. On this, the day before Christmas, the houses about it were smothered in a cold mist; not only the shivering sea beyond had voice or motion.

"It is a dull, uncanny place, Mrs. Jacobus," said Lufflin, anxiously. "It looks like a prison to me to-day. What if we've made a mistake?"

"We have made no mistake," calmly.

"Indoors," he persisted, "the house is cheerful enough. But it's a rough coast, and the oyster-dredgers and wreckers hint that the house be n't above the highest water mark. They're a wild pack, them wreckers. I doubt it's a gloomy home I have picked for M. Jacobus, after all his"——

Something in her face silenced him.

"You did right, Uncle George," she answered cheerfully.

But the pleasant eyes he had liked so much last night he noticed were turned to the sea now with a hard look, new to him, begotten both of great pain and obstinate endurance.

"Of course you know, Charlotte,—of course, God knows I want to do what's for the best."

He hesitated, then went on briskly, taking courage.

"See now, Lotty, I'm an old fellow. I've walked you to sleep many's the night, being your father's chum, and living in his house till the day of his death. I'd like you to know I'm a true friend. If so be as you're in trouble, you must tell me. If this house is a sort of hiding, as I've thought once or twice, speak the word, and there's nobody shall get below Barnegat, to disturb it, or"——

Mrs. Jacobus faced him suddenly,—the nerves in her body seeming to stiffen, her half-shut eyes fixed on his. The Captain's quailed.

"You mean Jerome?" in a low voice.

He did not answer. She waited a moment, and then turned again to the window,—holding forcibly down whatever resistance his touch had roused in her.

"You mean well," she said, quietly, after a pause. "But you do not know my husband. I was a fool to expect that; yet I did expect it,"—remembering bitterly how when she brought her husband here, she had counted surely on a real justice for him from the single-minded old Captain, which shrewd, sensible men had not given.

"How could I know him? You talk like a woman, Lotty," stammered the Captain. "I never saw M. Jacobus till last night. It was a vague whisper, or rather an old man's whim, that there might be something done which both you and he wished forgotten."

She had her face pressed against the pane, but Lufflin fancied that it lost color, and that the delicate jaws closed with the firmness of a steel spring.

"There was no crime," she said, in a moment or two.

The old man came close to her after a while, and put his hand gently on her hair; streaked with grey as it was, she seemed nothing but a child to him still.

"You're growing like your mother, Lotty," he said.

After a long while she spoke again, but under her breath, as if half talking to herself.

"We had a child once, Jerome and I," she said.

"I know," the captain rejoined, quickly turning his eyes from her face, and, after waiting for her to go on, added, "Never but the one,—I know."

"It was a boy,—little Tom."

There was a sudden choking gulp in the mother's throat; she had overrated her strength a little. The old man looked steadily out to sea, and took no notice.

"They never were apart, Jerome and the boy," she went on at last, firmly; "and when I would see them at work with their play-tools, or romping together, I used to wonder which of the two had the most simple, affectionate nature, or knew less of the ways of the world."

Lufflin said nothing to this defense. He was annoyed at himself for having vexed her,—conscious and remorseful for any wrong he had done M. Jacobus, but with a stronger suspicion than before that he had galled some old wound in her memory. Whatever the secret might be, it had made her feeling for her husband, he saw, as tender and keen with pain as that for the little child she had lost, and whose place none had ever come to fill.

"I've often thought, too, that when the time comes"——

She stopped abruptly.

"Yes, Charlotte,"—to hide her effort to control herself.

"He's gone, Tom is, you know,—eleven years ago, now. But when the time comes for Jerome to see his boy again, I've often thought *he* would have no reason to dread the child's eyes. It's different with me. But they say of my husband what they will, my baby need not be afraid to lay his head upon his father's breast. He needn't be afraid."

The Captain took up the cold hand that was nervously thrumming on the window-sill, and held it quiet, averting his eyes from her face, distorted with dry, silent weeping.

"It's different with me," she cried. "Sometimes I think, Uncle George, it would be better if I'd never see my boy again. I'm sharper and coarser than other women. I've had to rub with the world."

Lufflin was a queer old fellow. He did not tell her these were but the morbid fancies of an old hysterical woman, or blame himself for rousing them. He muttered something about low tide and George Cathcart, and bustled off down the stairs. She had a stronger mind than he suspected, silence and her own will would bring her to herself quicker than any comfort of his could do.

He proved to be right. She did not notice his going; stood at first looking into the dark bank of sea-horizon, as if she would have forced out of that vague beyond where her child had gone the truth of all that had hurt her in her life. The dull thud of the retreating tide kept time to her thoughts,—finally came into them: it was so natural for her mind to swing back into whatever was real and at hand.

Not that she forgot the little fellow whose restless feet and hands were quieter at last in the graveyard at Salem: she never forgot him; since they had buried there, the thought of him had sounded in every day of her busy life like a faint hymn sung by lips far away, holy and calm,—a story of God in it.

But she held it down; watched the tide go out, measuring each sullen sweep with calculating eyes: the old swimming and fishing education in the inlet had not worn out its effects on her.

"The wreckers talk folly," she said; "no tide could touch the house,"—leaning farther out to see the two approaching figures go in the doorway beneath.

One man looked up, waving his hat as he passed, and she drew in her head with a sudden blush and a dewy light in her eyes, catching her breath.

"I have made no mistake," she thought, vehemently. "Look in his face! It is the right home for Jerome."

As she listened to the footsteps coming up the stairway, she moved uneasily about the room, touching almost every article with the eager fondness of a child: she knew what it had cost her; for the house had been paid for by money she had earned; it seemed as if she could remember now every seam she had stitched, every page she had copied,—the days of heat and sickness and weariness, when she had almost given up in despair.

That was all over now; she could put her hand on the result in actual stone and mortar; and as she thanked God for it, she went about, woman-like, touching and looking for the hundredth time to enjoy it more utterly. Nothing was too trivial to give her pleasure; she measured the depth of the window frames with her arm, tested the grain of the door, felt the texture of the curtains; how warm and clear a crimson they were!—remembering how becoming they would be, and touching her worn cheeks with a quick smile.

She peered through the open door from the dining-room into the room beyond; she meant that for the library; planning rapidly where on the gray walls their one or two pictures could hang; how Jerome's old desk would fit into one corner, and her work-table in the other; the bookshelves were below, and the books and what other home treasures she had been able to smuggle with her; she would arrange their all to-night, after he was in bed.

In New York they lived in a crowded tenement house, out of which old Jacobus, as the boys called him, went to give his daily lessons. How he had argued and proposed for weeks as to whether they could afford these few days! although it was vacation, and Lufflin had sent free passes for the road. To-morrow he would know that the holiday would last always, and that the book could be finished which was to bring them bread. Madame Jacobus knitted her brows, counting for the twentieth time how many months the money she had would last: long enough for the book to be done, provisions were so cheap here.

So would they start afresh, thank God! There would be nothing here to tempt him to —— The old look of defiance flashed over his face.

"It was no crime," she said, half aloud; and just then the door knob turned.

Captain Lufflin, who had left her with conscience and grief both at work with her a few minutes before, opened the door with a half-scared look, pushing Jacobus before him, whose sleeve she caught eagerly, bidding him good-morning with a laugh.

"God bless us all!" said Luffin. "The ways of women!"

M. Jacobus had a fisherman's corduroy trousers and red shirt hung on him, as one might say. He made a formal apology to Madeame for sitting down to breakfast in them.

"But I like to clothe myself according to my occupation," he said to Luffin, gravely. "I have begun at dawn to make my holiday, the time is so short; I feel myself quite of the sea already."

The clothes being to small for him, his gaunt legs and bony neeck protruding above and below, capped by a brown, honest, homely face, over which thin, iron-gray hairs straggled.

"A younger man than I expected to see," thought the Captain; "but that's one of the faces that never grow old."

M. Jacobs munched his breakfast in silence, and then, clearing a space on the table, dragged out of his pocket one or two crabs, a sea-horse finger-length, and a general mess of slimy legs and tails.

"*Cancer pagurus! Cirripedes!*" triumphantly spreading them on the table-cloth. "The fruits of my morning's labor, except *Hippocampus brevirostris*, vulgarly called Sea-Horse, which stood to me in the sum of forty cents; it shall be saved in other modes of expenditure,—say shoes," —with a deprecating glance at his wife.

"Yes, Jerome,' her eyes fixed, hungrily, on the childish delight in his face.

Luffin began to perceive now for what she had worked; he chafed his whiskers, and entered into the spirit of the thing with zest.

"You'd call me a happy man, now, Mounchere, to be the owner of this bit of ground, eh?"

"I can conceive," said the Professor, gravely, catching his squirming prey, and tying them up in a handkerchief,—"I can conceive no better abode than this for a man of *esprit*,—of what you call stamina in mind. His wants are little; he rests, he works, he studies books, Nature. She is greatly good to him in this place; she opens her most delicate secrets; she gives to him grandeur, beauty, from full hands."

"She fills his stomach, too," said the Captain, hastily. "No better fishing on the coast, not to mention clams and oysters. Yes, Mounchere," after a pause, as they rose from the table. 'Nature's grand here, as you say,—or God, which is the same thing. If a man don't come nearer to Him by a day's outlook on you sea than by years of town life, it's because his eyes are n't worth the having."

M. Jacobus stretched his long neck to look out at the dull, creeping, moaning waste without, his warm Gallic blood shivering with a vague idea that the relent less, inexorable Thing was no bad symbol of the Puritan's God.

"Ah, *le bon dieu!*" he muttered. "All that is best in men's nature has been given to make up that image,—and all that is most cruel."

"Eh? yes," said the Captain, not understanding, but wagging his bald head wisely.

"I will go now and preserve my specimens," said the Professor, "and then join our friend George below,—with your permission, Madame? He is but a fisher for the oyster, but I find in him a man of many facts."

When he had mounted to his chamber and secured his prey in a jar, however, he did not return to George Cathcart, but stood irresolute, his hands clasped behind his back, the shiny boatman's hat he wore pulled over his eyes.

Twelve years ago the poor Frenchman and his son had planned this coming to the sea; the boy used to get into his father's bed by dawn to talk it over snugly. It came to be their grand scheme and hope for the future; for neither the father nor little Tom had intellects of a high achieving order. Jacobus had never, I suppose, considered whether his son had genius or not, or what he was to do in the world; to get the boy out of the poisonous city, to see his first look at the ocean, to watch the sturdy little rogue fight the breakers, fish, swim, not for crabs, was about the highest pleasure which the simple old man had ever pictured for them. Now the holiday had come for him; and Tom—

He walked about the room, glancing uneasily from side to side, as if in search of something lost. The sick, intolerable loneliness of those first days after Tom died came back to him.

"*Mon fils! mon fils!*" he muttered once, holding his hand to his side.

It gave him actual pain to breathe just then; but his eyes were dry. He never had cried for Tom as his mother did,—never named him to her; she thought he had forgotten. The fancy seized him, that, now that he was here, if Tom cared for him, and for coming there, as he did once, he was not far off at that moment. His sallow jaws colored at the boyish notion, and then he laughed at it,—in a strange saturnine fashion. It was as if another man than the simple Professor suddenly looked out through his eyes,—a man older, more untrustworthy, weak through a life-long doubt,—not his natural self, in a word, but the man which years of life in dirty ways, and the creed which his father gave him, had made of him. He looked out of his window, his fingers knitted behind him.

"There is the sea, and I am here, but Tom is not here; he's dust and ashes, yonder in Salem graveyard,—a heap of yellow dust, nothing more,"—a laugh, which the foulest of French skeptics would have envied, crossing his face at this fancy of the child's being yet alive and near to him.

Does one creed having asserted itself thus, the simple face grew suddenly blank, and the gray eyes looked out of their dark hollows as if the world were empty and he alone lived to tell the tale.

M. Jacobus had a watchful keeper; she was never far off; she put her ha d on his shoulder now with—

"What do you look for at sea, Jerome?" —speaking cheerfully and in his own tongue.

He did not turn his head until he thought he had put all his trouble out of sight.

"I pursue your Captain's fancy," then he said. "*I* find in the sea but muddy water, with power to bring rage and destruction for no cause. I find great treasures lying useless below, starving men sailing above,—great pain,—death every day,—the baby washed from its mother's arms, the husband from the wife. The good Captain see's a loving God behind all these: my eyes are not so clear."

She pushed the lattice farther open.

"It is a strong sea for December," was all she said. "The tides run higher later, usually."

"Every man makes his own God and heaven," maundered on the Professor, in a set, monotonous voice, "out of his individual animal or mental needs. The Southern European surrounds Him with virgins, paradise, and music; and the cold Scotchman gives us a magnified shadow of his own grim face, gracious and merciful only to his own petty clan."

Mrs. Jacobus did not reply. It was an old tale to her ears, perhaps; she remembered it croaked by his father with a venomous zest; but Jerome repeated it with a stolid apathy, like one who asked for bread in life, and they gave him but thistone.

"Come down on the beach," she said. "There are curious bits of wreck washed ashore to-day, they tell me: broken seaweeds from far-off coasts, unknown here; and small shell-fish coming into shoal water for safety, that never ventured so far inland in the memory of any of the wreckers. Come look at this sky, Jerome: how rapidly it has changed!"

M. Jacobus thrust out his head with an assumption of sagacity.

"It was there that Captain Lufflin warned me the dapper lay," said his wife, pointing to a mere fleck of quiet and black in the northeast, which remained immovably solid while the whole heaven around was broken into drifting frightened masses. Beneath (yet not far beneath, for ocean and sky to-day seemed like gray, fast-approaching planes,) the angry roar of the waves and the tossing of yellow frothy caps had been suddenly quelled into the vast silence which rose and fell in slowly darkening, awful pulsations. Jacobus and his wife looked on anxiously.

"These are peculiar features of a storm," he said, "if they forebode a storm. The tide should be at its lowest ebb now. I will go and consult our friend George. Come down! come down!"

As he hurried out of the door, however, he stopped and put his hand on her shoulder with a deprecating smile.

"I ought not to let those old thoughts strike the light out of the day for me, ought I?"

"No, Jerome, no!" She caught his hand and kissed it as a mother might a child's.

"I had almosed ceased to make holiday," he added, gravely, putting his foot up, retying the leather strings of his heavy shoes, and looking down on his fisherman's rig with secret complacency.

"Shall we go down? There are foreboding signs in the sea that I would wish to study."

Late in the afternoon of that day, Captain Lufflin, coming up the rocks from the beach (for he had spent the day measuring the advancing tide,) saw a queer-shaped cart or van drive up to the side door, and a woman with divers bundles alight and go in. About an hour after, Madame Jacobus came out to him, a woollen shawl over her head, and stood beside the garden-fence with him, pulling the heads off the dead hollyhock-stalks as she talked.

"I've a story to tell you," she said, her voice thick at first, and her face hot.

"Eh? About yourself, Charlotte?" The Captain's small eyes kindled with curiosity and he pushed a log for her to sit down. "Go on, my dear."

"About ourselves—M. Jacobus and me,"—with another pause.

"I perceived," said her father's friend, preparing for the confession of some imprudence, "that your married life has been peculiar: modelled after the ideas of young people, I suppose."

"I do not know," she said, absently. She balanced herself more comfortably against the fence, and went on with her story with a quiet unconsciousness that balked Lufflin's intention of censure.

"We have been poor in the two or three years just past," she said,—"wanted enough to satisfy even his favorite Saint-Simon's theory. My husband is no"——

"Financier?" gently suggested the Captain.

"No. He could beard the world in defence of an idea; but for bread and butter, ah-h! I'm rougher! I ought to have been the man for that! About a year ago he was offered a chance to go with a geological party to Brazil. I was glad of that. The air and sights of our close court were killing him. I wanted to finish some work I had to do, and then"——

She stopped; a scarlet flush broke over her neck and face.

"Yes, child?"

"God was very good to us,"—in an almost whisper. "Six months after my husband left home, He gave us another child."

"You never told me this," cried Lufflin aghast.

"I never told Jerome," quietly. "I put my baby out to nurse, where it could breathe air, and not poison,—not far from here. I have left it there since. May be it was wrong;" said poor Charlotte, hiding her face in her hands, with a happy laugh. "It was a whim, I know. I may have wronged him, but I had a fancy to give him his home and his child both upon this Christmas day."

The Captain gasped, took a fresh bit of tobacco, but said nothing.

"There is no more to say,—but you want to see the baby?" suddenly.

"Certainly, Charlotte, certainly,—see the baby!" And the old Captain followed her, glancing about him in a mild imbecility of astonishment.

"Gold bless my soul!" he broke out at last. "The idea of springing a house and a baby on a man in one day! It assuredly is, child, the most unprecedented whim—"

"Yes, yes," dodging suddenly into a room, and bringing out a bundle of white linen and wool. She stood in the passage by a window, the red evening light falling about her.

"It's a boy," she whispered, lifting off the covering. "He is very like little Tom," —an inexpressible awe on her face.

"Yes," said the Captain. He had meant to say a few sensible words to bring her to reason about this matter; but, instead, he took up the little white foot thrust out of the blanket and kissed it sheepishly, looking askance at the woman's figure and face bent over the child, beaming with a rare and tender beauty.

They said little after that. The mother stood playing with her baby, touching its cheeks and chin until it laughed. Her soul seemed to be in her fingers, her pure passion to envelop the mite of flesh as the weak sunshine did herself, and to hold it in life. There was something in this wife-and-mother-love which poor Lufflin did n t understand.

"Very well," he said "I'll go now. God bless you, Lotty! You'll let me have a share in this young fellow here, eh?"—and trotted down the back stairs, leaving her in the narrow hall. "Old Mounchere Jacobus must have been a good fellow," he thought, "to have deserved all this. God deals so differently with different men!"

She had nothing more to say about it, Madame Jacobus had told him; yet, standing there in the quiet cold night, within a few steps of the closed door behind which was her husband, her feet on the floor of the house she had worked hard to buy him, the child in her arms she would give him to-morrow, she thought she had touched in this hour the very depth and heighth of life.

"It is worth all the pain that's gone,—it's worth it all," she said again and again, pressing the boy so closely that he cried. When she turned to the window, the cold and gathering night somehow made her home more real, the future alive with great and good possibilities.

Yet it was a foreboding, revengeful night outside the little panes of the passage-window she could see the gray walls of the house and the bare trunks of the trees darken and draw apart in the dull light. There was no mellowness in the outlines of rock or beach; they loomed up harsh and threatening. From the low, dingy horizon came at intervals subdued soughs of wind that broke on the projecting headlands with a muffled cry. The floor grew chilly to her feet; the strips of carpet shook in the gusts; and the passage was dark, but for a cheerful glimmer of light under the Professor's door. Charlotte went shivering with her baby into the nurse's room; and when she had watched it safe into its cradle, came out, going again through the hall to the library. As she touched the door-handle, she checked herself in singing some song, growing colorless as she thought what it was,—an old ditty with which she used to lull little Tom to sleep, but never had sung since then. But in a moment a curious smile came on her lips. "That is all right," she said opening the door. From that moment her little boy and poor Tom, dead in the city grave-yard yonder, were as one to the mother; she nursed them in her heart together.

[*Concluded next week.*]

AMBROSIA.

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CITY NEWS.

ONE OF THEM.—We saw at the station house, this morning, a lot of bran new maces, a present to the police force from Captain Paddock. It would seem from gifts to the "boys," that the Captain is one of 'em.

MASONIC ELECTION.—At the annual Convocation of Webb Chapel, No. 14, R. A. M., held December 21st, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Comp. C. A. Woodward, M. E. H. P.
" Geo. H. Adams, E. K.
" J. J. Benton, E. S.
" A. V. Cannon, C. H.
" E. A. Hopkins, P. S.
" Jas. T. Townsend, R. A. C.
" Milly Robinson, M. 3 V.
" Wm. A. Lyon, M. 2 V.
" Thomas Connor, M. 1 V.
" E. R. Griswold, Treasurer.
" D. E. Field, Secretary.
" George Owens, Guard.

DRAWS AND PAYS WELL.—The Academy of Music, nor Brainard's Hall, nor Garrett's Hall have "drawn" better houses this season than the office of the Treasurer of this county, the last few days. It is the tax-paying season, and all day, and every day, the office is crowded with spectators. The "houses" are good. The show "pays" well, exceedingly well. We don't know how well satisfied the audience are with the entertainment. Perhaps they don't believe it "pays." But they pay the admission fee all the same. An original writer, in an essay on "Politics," exclaims, "What a satire on government is the universal disinclination to pay taxes!"

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