

The Girl I Left Behind Me.

When I hired lodgings at Mrs. Hampton's, I had no idea that she owned so precious a thing as a daughter. Not that it would have made any difference if I had known it. I had become indifferent to women; they interested me only as a trivial study. You will say that woman as a study is too dangerous, but it had never proved so with me. In the meantime I neither sought nor avoided them; those whom fate threw in my way I placed under my mental microscope, not caring much for what it revealed. My indifference, however, did not arise from any lost illusions. I had never been in love, and it never occurred to me that the thing was possible. I had been on friendly terms with blonde and brunette, with the pensive and the coquette, the clever and the giggling, but I had forgotten their existence half an hour later. Mrs. Hampton herself never left her room; she was doubtless dying, but she had been so long about it, and made so little circumstance about it, that nobody gave it a thought, it would seem. She saw her lodgers, and arranged terms, and sent in the bills; and yet the house and all its appointments seemed to share the order of the planetary system. The motive power was Madame's daughter. I involuntarily pictured her, since we always picture those who appeal individually to us in any way, as a coarsely featured woman, with "a face more like a bulldog than a girl's," a face more or less wrinkled, a sharp nose, big rough hands, and a general air of exalting the servants and laughing with butcher and baker.

On entering Madame's room one day in order to settle my account, according to the custom of the house, behold a slender being before me, with one tiny hand on the mantel, a lavender morning gown turned the color of yellow hair at the back of her head, from which some curls escaped, into pure gold. There was an air of luxury and beauty about her which was simply delicious in view of the facts.

"My daughter," said Madame presently, "Estelle, this is Mr. Van Huysum; you have heard me speak of him."

Estelle turned a beautiful, haughty face in my direction, bowed slightly, smiled vaguely. "Indeed, I might say I have heard you speak of me in one way," I said. "I found the old lady had been singing my praises, and the young one did not deny the time."

I do not know what chord thrilled in my heart at those words, it that soft minor voice, outside of all melody, of terse expression, nor how I got myself out of the room. A man who has received a fatal bullet in the breast does not renege the sensation, for the reason that he has never experienced it before; he does not know its import. We must often, after this, always by accident, be introduced on the staircase, in the hall, and finally one night I made so bold as to knock at the door of her music room. She welcomed me with her haughty cordiality, if haughtiness can be cordial. There were three or four young men already in possession, but she placed her seat near my own, and while she and I threw out javelins of wit for the general benefit, I received the lion's share of attention. This was flattering to my amour propre. But with, whenever I repeated my eul, I had seen a girl, my eyes were such a kind of compass for the appearance. I had seen her, and that before I reached this point I had been obliged to wrestle with myself to overcome a prejudice. A Van Huysum, with the family's daughter for a companion, was a thing to which I had never intended to marry her; that, that boy, my school girl, with the big eyes and frank lips, had never appeared to me; I had never been able to forgive her for stammering and blushing. Besides, there had been some rumour that the colors of the family had shifted during her sojourn abroad, and that her sister of them through their own negligence. But a lady's daughter! The idea would rather all my acquaintances, but at one's visitations. When I glanced myself in Estelle's presence I feared no more for the world's opinion, or for that of any Van Huysum, but myself, then for the inhabitants of Earth, but once away from that subtle magnetism, then my poles changed. I saw a thousand reasons for giving her up—if one can be said to give up what one does not possess. Such a thing as Van Huysum marrying out of his sphere had never been known in the family annals. But how did I know that Estelle would marry me? To be sure, if I had been quite certain of that perhaps I should have hesitated to proceed further. The far off, unattainable and dim is dear to the soul of man—at least till it is his to take or leave. One day, when we were reading a new poem together, a card was brought in. "Tell Mr. Chester that I am engaged and cannot see him to-night," I overheard her say to the servant. "Mr. Chester does not approve our author," she apologized to me, "and I am not self-sacrificing enough to accept him in exchange for Browning." It occurred to me at that time that there were other young men belonging to aristocratic families who had no fear of a resemblance with a lady's daughter, although to be sure they might be simply amusing themselves as gilded youth were wont to do. Estelle would never go out with me, she had no champion, she said. I wondered if my sister-in-law would answer should I write her to chaperon my lady's daughter to Lehigh, she who chaperoned only the very elect, so to speak.

One evening the conversation drifted into the subject of marriage. Mr. Chester and some others were present, and led the theme. "I would marry the woman I love," said Mr. Chester, "if she were a beggar, and my father disinherited me on the spot."

"I beguies nothing," returned another, "but would not ask her to do so, and yet has she the blood."

"An ancestral tree, in short, with more roots than branches," spoke a third. "As for myself, I confess I should prefer my wife to belong to the imperious old families rather than to the nouveau riche. Poor Bishop, how his world came down upon him when he fell in love with a shop girl with neither blood nor fortune, his mother especially! But Bishop stood by his guns; it must have taken a lot of pluck to weather all he did from friends and foe."

"You call that pluck," said Chester. "I call it obstinacy, in his case. It was such an easy thing for Bishop to fall in love that he might have pleased his mother and given up the girl."

"And what do you think, Mr. Van Hui-sum?" asked Estelle.

"I think Bishop was a fool; that is—I mean—there may be exceptional shop girls, who have all the refinement and cultivation, all the traditions of good breeding, in the world; but Bishop's choice was not one of these. She was simply beautiful, and he was a fool to allow himself, at his age, to be hoodwinked, so to speak, by mere flesh and blood."

"I quite agree with you," she said. "I could have bitten my tongue out when I

called Bishop a fool—in fact the whole conversation had seemed malapropos to me, and I went away with a sense of defeat. But how could I tell her that although I might draw the line at the shop girl, marrying a lady's daughter was quite another affair! Every day, to be sure, I made up my mind that I would seek Estelle no more; that the difficulties in the case were too great to be surmounted; but every day, all the same, found me beside her, without self denial enough to resign the infinite charm of her presence, and yet too weak of will to accept all the consequences of such an alliance.

You will say that if I could thus judge and weigh circumstances I was not in love. But what is it, when all your soul is saturated with thoughts of one being, when you seem to be not so much yourself as another? "The heroine in 'Wuthering Heights' asks, 'Do I love Heathcliff? I am Heathcliff,'" and so, I am sure, I felt with regard to Estelle. I am certain that in time I should have overcome all obstacles, that the nobility within me would have got the better of any meaner qualities; but every man's nature or temperament is in a manner his own fate. Had I not been quite certain at this time that I pleased Estelle, in spite of her gentle haughtiness, perhaps I should have been able to overcome my social scruples sooner. A few weeks later I was called away on business, and it was a month or more before I found it convenient to return. During that time I had written to Estelle more than once, without, however, receiving any reply. Yet I was sure she was mine; that I had only to speak; and I meant to speak at last—to speak so eloquently that she would not remember the silence had been long.

I went first to pay my respects to Mrs. Hampton.

"I have been making my will," she said, after a little.

"Your will, Madame?"

"Yes, I have other heirs besides Estelle, who may disinherit it. They will contend that I am what you may call a 'crank.' But I had a method in my madness. I beg you to be my executor."

"I am at your service, Madame."

"Thank you. I leave the bulk of my property to Estelle."

"The bulk?" I repeated. "You have found your business remunerative?"

She chuckled audibly. "I have found it entertaining, enlightening," she answered. "It has paid me? Yes, I have discovered who are my friends. I must tell you that Estelle is not my daughter."

"Not your daughter?"

"Are you disappointed? When her father died abroad, insolvent, I was at hand. We were both drinking the waters at some German spa. Long ago I had been going to marry Mr. Douglas, her father."

"Mr. Douglas?"

"Yes, does the name offend you? When he died I promised to take Estelle if I might give her my name and money. There was literally nothing left from the estate for her to live upon. However, when I returned from Europe I returned a pauper, so to speak. Do you follow me? I allowed myself a little masquerade, I deceived even Estelle, but I have never deprived her of a luxury; even the lace on her handkerchiefs is real. She often marvels that the business is so good. I have held the purse, and she has been glad to work with me. But my friends were too impatient at my misadventures to lend me aid. What business had I to lose the money which they might have inherited? And adopt a daughter! They wanted me to place Estelle in a shop—Estelle! How I laughed in my sleeve! I am now about to retire from business, the doctor has advised me to make my will. You will find Estelle in the music room."

I entered the music room without knocking, according to my habit. Estelle sat with her mandolin on her lap, but every chord had snapped in the last sterner touch.

"You have returned," she said, smiling as a ghost may smile.

"Yes, I have come to tell you—what you already know—I love you, Estelle. I have loved you since I first met you; yes, and before. I loved you before I knew that you existed. It must be so, because I have never loved till now. You do not doubt it?"

"No, I do not doubt it; I know that you love me, Mr. Van Hui-sum; and I know that your love must be great, since it has overcome every conventional scruple in your heart."

"My darling Estelle, I was sure you loved me; it is that which has given me courage." I would have taken her in my arms and kissed that perfect cheek where the rose was just beginning to blossom, but she escaped me.

"You know that I love you," she repeated. "Mr. Van Hui-sum, I don't mind confessing that there was indeed a time when I loved you better than life. At least I believed so. At that moment I thought you loved me."

"I did, I do love you, Estelle," I protested.

"Yes, then I would have loved you forever. Then I could have died for you, lived for you. One day I saw, I saw that you could not love me, or nothing on earth could keep you silent. You did not see how I suffered. Then my heart broke. Do you know what it is to have a broken heart? It is to have lost the power to love any one again. I have read somewhere that a man never loves the same woman twice."

"But you—I love you. Listen, Estelle, time will!"

But she smiled sadly. "I thank you, I forgive you, she said. "I would love you if I could."

And then the servant announced Mr. Chester—Mary N. Prescott in Harper's Bazar.

No Waste in Sugar Barrels.

"The great majority of the sugar and molasses hogsheads which are exported in this city," said a well known importer to a reporter, "find their way back to the West Indies again. The hogsheads are bought from the dealers by some enterprising firm, who take them apart, clean the staves and bind them up into sheaves or bundles, and export them, together with their heads, to Cuba. One firm have a yard in South street in which they prepare 2,000 hogsheads per week for export. The export trade in new sheaves to the West Indies is also an important one, those that sell for \$2 from \$1 to \$1.75, while the second hand sheaves bring fifty to seventy-five cents. The stave trade of New York is in the hands of a few firms, and as more than \$1,500,000 worth of cooperage stock of this kind is exported, in addition to what is used in the immediate vicinity, the business is a large one. The staves which are so largely exported from New York to the Mediterranean and to England are white oak. They come from the West, largely from Michigan. Staves are usually exported in the rough or unfinished state and range all the way from \$60 to \$150 per thousand for hogshead staves and \$80 to \$200 for the finer grades, such as are used for the higher priced goods, and are known to the trade as pipe staves.—New York Mail and Express.

Admitting Sun and Air.

"That's right, my dear. Draw aside the curtains and raise the sash to admit a little sun and air," cheerily shouted Phœnixus, wheeling baby into the yard just as Lavina was about to give the front room its customary morning ventilation.—Detroit Free Press.

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RAILROADS.

RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG AND POTOMAC RAILROAD.—Schedule commencing MAY 6th, 1888.—eastern standard time.

7:25 am. leaves Byrd-street station daily; stops only at Ashland Junction, Milford, and Fredericksburg. Sleeper to Washington. Leaves Washington for New York at 11:40 am.

11:47 am. leaves Byrd-street station daily, except Sunday. Leaves Washington for New York at 4:10 pm. Parlor car to Washington.

6:20 p.m. leaves Byrd-street station daily. Sleeper to New York. Sleeper from New York.

2:48 pm. arrives at Byrd-street station daily; stops at Fredericksburg, Milford, and Junction. Sleeper from Washington.

10:45 pm. arrives at Byrd-street station daily, except Sunday. Parlor car from Washington.

ASHLAND TRAINS.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS. 4:00 pm. accommodation, leaves Byrd-street station; arrives at Ashland at 7 pm.

6:04 pm. leaves Ashland; arrives at Ashland at 6:12 pm.

8:47 am. accommodation, arrives at Byrd-street station; leaves Ashland at 7:45 am.

6:50 pm. arrives at Elba leaves Ashland at 5:12 pm.

C. A. TAYLOR, General Ticket Agent. R. T. D. MYERS, General Super-intendent.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO ROUTE

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JUNE 17th, 1888.

LEAVE RICHMOND:

8:45 am. For Newport News, Old Point Comfort and Norfolk, daily except Sunday.

8:15 am. Sun-days only. To Newport News, Old Point, and Norfolk.

11:10 am. Through and Local Mail to all points West, except Sunday. Pullman Sleepers from Clifton Forge to Lexington, Ky.

4:02 pm. For Newport News, Old Point and Norfolk, except Sunday.

3:42 pm. R. F. & P. Junction accommodation, except Sunday.

6:20 pm. For Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, and New Orleans. Fast Express, with through Pullmans Daily. Only route running Pullmans West from Richmond.

8:30 pm. For Old Point daily, except Monday; stops only at Williamsburg. Pullman palace car to Old Point.

10:30 pm. For Virginia Springs and Ashland, Ky. daily except Sunday. Sleeping car to White Sulphur.

ARRIVE RICHMOND:

8:30 am. Virginia Springs express except Sunday.

11:00 am. From Norfolk, Old Point, and Newport News, except Sunday.

3:00 pm. From Local points and the west, daily except Sunday.

5:05 pm. From Norfolk, Old Point and Newport News, daily. Pullman palace sleeping car from Old Point to Cincinnati.

8:50 pm. From Louisville and Cincinnati. Fast Express daily.

Depot: Seventeenth and Broad streets. Ticket-offices: 100 Main street and depot.

H. W. FULLER, General Passenger Agent. Wms. C. WICKHAM, Receiver C. & O. Railway.

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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JULY 4, 1888.

	Train No. 56	Train No. 52
Leave Richmond	3 10 p.m.	2 30 a.m.
Arrive Danville	8 19 p.m.	7 30 a.m.
" Salisbury	12 21 a.m.	11 18 a.m.
" Greensboro	1 55 a.m.	12 40 p.m.
" Augusta	10 30 a.m.	9 15 p.m.
" Atlanta	1 20 p.m.	10 40 p.m.
" New Orleans	7 10 a.m.	7 30 p.m.
" Birmingham	8 50 a.m.	5 00 a.m.
" Vicksburg	10 30 a.m.
" Shreveport	8 15 p.m.

CONNECTIONS. Train No. 50 connects daily except Sunday at Knoxville for Chase City, Clarksville, and Oxford; at Greensboro for Durham, Raleigh, Salem, and Winston, and all points on North Carolina Division; at Salisbury for A-bville, Hot Springs and all points in Western North Carolina, and at Charlotte for C., C. & A. R. R. Train No. 52 connects daily at Greensboro for Salem, Winston, Raleigh, Goldsboro, and Morehead City; at Salisbury for Asheville, Hot Springs, and all points in Western North Carolina; at Charlotte with Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta railroad for Columbia, Augusta, Aikton, Charleston, Spartanburg, Thomasville, Ga., Jacksonville and other Florida points; also with Carolina Central railroad for Wilmington.

Trains from the South arrive at Richmond 5:00 a.m. and 3:30 p.m.

*Clover Accommodation.

Leave Richmond..... 7:50 a.m. Arrive Manchester..... 5:55 p.m.

*AMERICA COURTHOUSE TRAIN.

Leave Richmond..... 6:00 p.m. Arrive Richmond..... 8:40 a.m.

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WEST POINT ACCOMMODATION.

Leave Richmond (3d St. depot), 7:00 a.m. Arrive Richmond, " " 7:45 p.m.

*Daily. *Daily except Sunday. Depot and ticket-office foot of Virginia street; up-town office, corner Tenth and Main streets.

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RAILROADS.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Commencing MONDAY, June 26, 1888, trains on this route will run as follows:

TRAINS SOUTHWARD.

No.	Leave Richmond.	Arrive Petersburg.	Sunday Accommodation.
21	8:30 am.	9:20 am.	Through train.
23	9:25 am.	10:35 am.	Accommodation.
27	10:58 am.	11:45 am.	Accommodation.
31	12:25 pm.	1:15 pm.	Accommodation.
35	1:58 pm.	2:50 pm.	Accommodation.
39	3:30 pm.	4:20 pm.	Accommodation.
43	5:05 pm.	5:55 pm.	Accommodation.
47	6:40 pm.	7:30 pm.	Accommodation.
51	8:15 pm.	9:05 pm.	Accommodation.

TRAINS NORTHWARD.

No.	Leave Petersburg.	Arrive Richmond.	Sunday Accommodation.
14	7:35 am.	8:25 am.	Fast mail.
18	8:30 am.	9:20 am.	Sunday Accommodation.
22	9:25 am.	10:15 am.	Accommodation.
26	10:58 am.	11:45 am.	Accommodation.
30	12:25 pm.	1:15 pm.	Accommodation.
34	1:58 pm.	2:50 pm.	Accommodation.
38	3:30 pm.	4:20 pm.	Accommodation.
42	5:05 pm.	5:55 pm.	Accommodation.
46	6:40 pm.	7:30 pm.	Accommodation.
50	8:15 pm.	9:05 pm.	Accommodation.

*Daily. *Daily (except Sunday).

STOPPING PLACES.

Nos. 27 and 14 make stopovers. No. 27 stops only on signal at Manchester and Chester. No. 78 stops only on signal at Chester, Centerville and Manchester. No. 15 stops on signal at all regular stations. No. 60 stops on signal at all regular stations, and also at Temple's and Port Walthall. Nos. 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37 and 38 will stop at all stations for passenger PULLMAN CAR SERVICE.

On Trains Nos. 14 and 23 sleeping-cars between New York and Tampa, Fla., via Jacksonville, On Trains Nos. 14 and 27 sleeping-cars between Washington and Charleston. On Train No. 78 sleeping-cars between New York and Jacksonville. On Train No. 27 sleeping-cars between Washington and Jacksonville.

THE ONLY ALL-RAIL LINE TO NORFOLK LEAVE RICHMOND: Norfolk, 2:25 pm. Richmond, 3:05 pm. Norfolk, 3:55 pm. Richmond, 4:35 pm. Norfolk, 5:25 pm. Richmond, 6:05 pm. Norfolk, 6:55 pm. Richmond, 7:35 pm.

These trains also make close connections for Farmville, Lynchburg, and southwestern points on the Norfolk and Western railroad, except the 10:58 train. Passengers for points west of Petersburg should take the 9:55 a.m. train instead