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## THE FLIGHT FROM THE CONVENT

THEODORE TILTON

I see the shadows quiver  
Like jewels in the river;  
The bank is hid with a sigh;  
What if I fall in the night?  
I thought I knew the way  
By night as well as day;  
How soon a lover goes astray!

The place is somewhat lonely—  
I mean for just one only.  
I brought the boat ashore  
An hour ago or more.  
Well, I will sit and wait;  
She heard the hour at eight;  
Good angels bring her not late!

To-morrow's tongues that name her  
Will hardly dare to blame her;  
A lily still is white  
Through all the dark of night.  
The morning sun shall show  
The bride as pure as snow.  
Whose wedding all the world shall know.

O God! that I should gain her!  
But what can I do then?  
Hark! ye angels, hark! ye angels,  
Will ye bring her in the dark?  
What! striking nine? That's fast.  
Is some one walking past?  
Oh, so thou art come at last!

Now, why thy long delaying?  
Alack! thy beads and praying?  
If thou, a saint, doth hope  
To kneel and kiss the Pope,  
Then I, a sinner, know  
Where sweeter kisses grow—  
Nay, now, just one before we go!

Nay, twice, and by St. Peter,  
The second was the sweeter;  
Quick, now, and in the boat!  
Good-bye, old tower and moat,  
My maiden from the sky  
Drop blindness on the eye!  
That lurks to watch our going by!

Oh, saints! maid, I told thee  
No current wall should hold thee.  
Look, yonder comes the moon;  
We started not too soon.  
See how we pass that mill;  
What, is the night so chill?  
Then I must fold thee closer still.

## RICK AND THE ROCK.

A Bold Scheme That Won a Bachelor  
A Beautiful Bride.

"I think you've jumped too quickly to your conclusion, Helen. She doesn't care a pin's point for me now, though time once was when she did."

"And what made her throw you over?"

"Come, you can talk as candidly to me as if I were your mother."

"If I wasn't so sure of your friendship for her I wouldn't dare to," he replied; "for I know you are longing to bring us together again—not merely for my peace of mind, but for hers, too."

"Ah, egotist! How do you know she loves you yet?"

"I—I don't know it. I want to find out, and you said you'd help me if I came down."

"But I didn't tell you to proclaim that fact to the world—did I? And yet you told it to the girl herself. When I tried to patch it by saying 'September it's a wonder you didn't produce my letter as evidence that I had written the 1st of August. No wonder you always need assistance in everything. You're too—too—too!'"

"Inebriate," he suggested meekly.

"Yes, that's the word I was after—to help yourself."

"And that's why I depend so much on you this week—for a week is all I can take. Get up some nice scheme that will straighten matters between us and I'll give you my blessing."

"Pshaw! more than that's needed," replied the practical Helen.

"Well, that pearl locket at Tiffany's you want so much—don't, isn't it?" and he held out his hand.

"Yes," she said meditatively, "I think of it. But as I said before, what broke your engagement off?"

"She—she fell in love for the time being with some one else, and—and threw me over for him," said Dick, in a choking voice, as he arose from Mrs. Darcy's suggesting it was near the dinner hour, and obediently took up the camp-chair and followed her the house.

"Both of them pretty well touched—that's a good sign," she mused. "I'm not the match-maker my friends believe me to be if I don't bring my Rachel to her senses."

At dinner Rick, by Mrs. Darcy's contrivance, was seated beside Dick, and common politeness was compelled to speak occasionally to him.

It was a very pleasant meal, she could not help confessing to herself. But after dinner they were separated. Of course, Mrs. Darcy had not thought of a scheme so soon, so Dick was obliged to curb his impatience till the next day. But the next day she kept her room with a headache, so it was not till evening that he got a chance for a few words in private.

"How about that scheme, Nell?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know," very carelessly.

"You haven't thrown me over, have you?" he exclaimed in alarm.

Mrs. Darcy laughed.

Roman gold coils in shape of a snake, with diamond eyes and ruby nose."

Dick groaned aloud, but did not dare to let a word of disapprobation escape him.

"And you'd think it up right away then?" he said, humbly, "for I haven't time left now."

"I'll tell you to-morrow," she said, graciously, and with that he had to be content.

The morrow came. Taking Dick down to the very place where he had first come upon them two days before Mrs. Darcy unfolded the interesting scheme.

"You remember," she began, impressively, "that it was on this spot you met her again for the first time in all those years?"

"Months," put in Dick wearily.

"Well, months isn't so bad. I'm a little absent minded this morning and thought it was years. Now, I've selected this spot for the reason I've just mentioned, and intend to have her come upon you—reverse matters for sake of change, you know."

"And what will I be doing here?" he asked eagerly.

"You'll be lying down on the sand, waiting for some one to come and roll a piece of rock off your shoulder, which I will take care to roll on so that you won't be able to extricate yourself. She will think it has fallen on you from the ledge above, will believe you half-killed, rescue you, bring you out of a faint, do all those little kindnesses one is so ready to do for people they suppose are dead or dying; and after it is over and you feel sufficiently rescued you can just propose, and everything will be lovely. Now, that's what I call a first-rate scheme. I know what your going to say—for he endeavored to interrupt her—"you want her to go in bathing and get out of her depth and you plunge in and rescue her. But that wouldn't do, for the simple reason that Rick won't go in bathing. And if by chance she ever got into the sea, I'm willing to wager that she'd get out of it quicker than a wet cat; so you are the one who'll have to be rescued. Now, look around and select the size of rock I'm to put on you."

Dick had laughed at first very sceptically, but after a little, for lack of any other scheme occurring to him, he agreed to accept it.

"Then we'll begin immediately. I can fix you up nicely and then I'll leave my book a little way off—by those other rocks—and Rick after it, and when you hear her coming just call for help, and she'll come, and her heart will melt at the sight of your suffering, and you can strike while it's in that condition."

Dick obediently stretched himself on the sand as she desired, and Mrs. Darcy gently rolled up a fair-sized rock and laid it on his chest, having first torn a little of his shirt and put a plentiful sprinkling of sand over him. Then she took a small box out of her pocket, likewise a piece of chalk.

"What's that for?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Powder, to put on your face, of course. You see I intend to copy my bracelets, and haven't neglected a single thing. You must be pale, you know; a red face is too healthy a sign for a man who's been mangled by a rock."

Dick laughed as she skillfully applied the powder, and then declared himself fixed.

"Begin to groan the very minute you hear a footstep, for it's sure to be hers, as all the rest have come to camp meeting. Give a trial groan, Dick, just to see if you do it right."

He gave one.

"Yes, that will do—suffered, you know, as if you could make it louder if you wanted to."

Then she departed, and Dick was left to himself.

Mrs. Darcy had inconsiderately placed him in the middle of the sun, and he was not very warm there with a light breeze from the ocean sweeping over him, but it gave him a kind of drowsy feeling, after he had lain there awhile, listening breathlessly for Rachel's footsteps.

Then he began to wonder what he would say—what form the declaration would take. "Why, a confused form," he said to himself, "for I'll naturally be flustered, and probably she'll be the same, and—and rather sorry for me, and will accept while she is confused, and—with which last word Dick's brain began to get confused itself, and what with all this serious thinking, and the glare of the sun, which was so uncomfortable that he closed his eyes to shield them from it, he gradually fell fast asleep.

It was quite a while before Mrs. Darcy found Rick. She was not in her room, and it was only after a prolonged hunt through the barn and garden and the shady orchard beyond, that she came upon her and dispatched her on the errand. Rick proceeded to the desired place, but instead of sundry groans and sighs issuing from the recumbent figure behind the rocks, there came the sound of a gentle snore.

Rick started, and then, went softly round the corner and peered cautiously at her sleeping lover.

The perspiration creeping down in thin streams upon the powder, gave him a rather unearthly appearance, and Rachel mistook his snore for those sounds which a person at their last gasp beneath a heavy rock might be apt to give. Exerting all her strength, she lifted up the rock with one hand and dragged him from underneath with the other, and then, woman-like, fell fainting beside him.

The motion awoke him, and before he could utter a word he was able to realize how matters stood.

Tenderly he lifted her up and carried her down to the sea, where he bathed her face and hands with the clear, cold surf. At length she opened her eyes and looked anxiously at him.

"You are not killed? Oh Dick!" she said, and fell back senseless in his arms.

Dick and Rachel have been married several years, but he has never dared to tell either his cousin or his wife that he fell asleep on that memorable morning; and looks upon the bracelets as simply money thrown away. "For," he argues, "what's the use of any scheme which puts a man to sleep at the wrong time? If it hadn't been for Rachel's presence of mind in fainting when she did I'd never had a chance to propose."

## A Pet Squirrel.

In front of the telegraph office at Stockbridge, Mass., there is a large elm

tree, which is the home of three red squirrels. A little girl who is employed in the office comes out a number of times a day and knocks on the trunk of the tree, at the same time making a whirling noise as squirrels do. Instantly three squirrels come out of the tree, and, running down the trunk, they take the nuts she has in her hand for them, and go up to a place where the branches divide. Then they sit upon the landing while they crack and eat them.

"Two of them are very tame," she told us, "but one is rather wild yet."

After the tame ones had been fed, she pointed up to one of the topmost boughs where the "wild one" sat, looking down very wistfully. The little girl kept knocking with the nut and whirling like a squirrel. Soon the little creature timidly began to come down from its high tower, holding and debating every now and then as it came nearer and nearer the uplifted nut. At last it made one quick bound, snatched the nut, and was off to a place of safety again. The Evangelist.

## IT CHANGED HER MIND.

Various Views of the Situation to be Taken Before an Elopement.

He looked all around to see if anybody was within hearing, and then dropped his voice to a whisper and said:

"Boss, I reckon you kin gimme a little information. What does a pussen do when he elopes?"

"Why, an elopement is when a man and woman or boy and girl run away together."

"Whear do dey go to?"

"Oh, anywhere they decide upon."

"Who pays de expenses?"

"The man, of course."

"How long am dey gone?"

"Sometimes a week—sometimes forever."

"Who pays de expenses back?"

"The man."

"What becomes of de woman's husband?"

"Well, he generally arses himself with a shot-gun, and if he overhears the couple he shoots seven kinds of daylight through the man and forgives his wife and takes her home."

"Fo' de Lawd! Shoots right at ye?"

"Yes."

"Doan' gin ye no time to run or repent, an' can't be bought off wid a silver watch and \$2."

"No, sir."

"Now, Say?"

"Well!"

"I isn't gwine! I've changed my mind! Good-day!" Detroit Free Press.

## CANNINES AND FELINES.

It is no indication that a cat knows the value of money, simply because it always carries its paws with it. St. Paul Herald.

When is it that when looking at a cat you commit a State's prison offence? When you count her feet. Chicago Sun.

"Twenty years ago," says an exchange, "there were fifty cats where there is only one to-day." This gratifying state of affairs is undoubtedly due to the evolution of the modern night editor. Burlington Free Press.

Ten thousand and eight hundred cats were found dead in the streets of New York last year. As the statistics of Gotham for one year at least, are eminently satisfactory. Louisville Courier-Journal.

## SOMEbody UNDER THE BED.

What Two Smart People Thought Was a Pet Dog.

Sam V. Harris lives in North Vermont. Neither he nor his wife are very smart, as will be seen by the following incident: Last night Sam heard a noise under his bed.

"There is somebody under the bed," said Sam to his wife.

"It's Fido, I guess."

"No, I think it's a burglar," replied Sam.

"Just reach your hand down and if it is Fido he will tick it."

The burglar, for it was one after all, overheard the conversation, and when Sam reached his hand down the burglar licked it all over affectionately. This was entirely satisfactory, and they both went to sleep, but when they woke up the next morning there was worth carrying off. Texas Sittings.

## GIVEN AND TAKEN.

J. G. WHITTIER.  
Smoothing soft the nestling head  
Of a maiden fawn-faced,  
Thus a grave-eyed woman said:  
"Richest gifts are those we make:  
Dearest than the love we take  
That we give for love's own sake."

"Well, I know the heart's unrest;  
Mine has been the common quest,  
To be loved, and therefore blest."

"Favors undeserved were mine:  
At my feet as on a shrine  
Love has laid its gifts divine.  
And a sense of unpaid debt."

"Heart of mine unsatisfied,  
Was it vanity or pride  
That a deeper joy denied?"

"Hands that ope but to receive  
Empty close; they only give  
Richly who can richly give."

"Still," she sighed with moistening eyes,  
"Love is sweet in any guise; I  
But its best is sacrifice!"

"He, who, giving, does not crave  
Likest is to him who gave  
Life itself the love to save."

"Love that self-forgetting gives  
Shows surprise of ripened loves—  
Late or soon its own receives."

Brides now go to the altar with the left hand uncovered. This means that when the husband comes home late he will be handled without gloves. Philadelphia Call.

## NEW YORK LIFE.

Sketches From the American Metropolis.



The season for public balls is at its height. The chief French ball of the winter, the Harmonie, was kicked last week. That was a lively night in the city, too. There were the masqueraders and lofty dancers and revelers at the Academy of Music, Sullivan and "Paddy" Ryan to amuse the thugs and "sports" of the community at Madison Square Garden, and Wagner's beautiful opera of "Lohengrin," splendidly produced at the Metropolitan Opera House. Later in the week the Old Guard gave its ball at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the big ball was brilliant with gay decorations and rich costumes. The stage was set as an old fort in the woods, with two bastions on either side, and with the banner of the Old Guard on the outer wall. The French cooks' hall will be given soon, and all the high priced cooks of the city will send fancy examples of their art for exhibition. There is one special difference between the French balls and the big balls of "society." At the ones given by society the dresses of the women are decolette from the top, while at the French balls the costumes are mostly decolette from below.

A sudden freak seized the police department a few nights ago, and twelve "fashionable, high-toned" gamblers were raided. The police are taken with such spasms of virtue semi-occasionally. By some mysterious atmospheric or electric phenomenon the gamblers, most of them, knew that the guardians of the law were coming, and only two arrests were made. But heaps of costly "lay-outs" and gambling implements were seized and carted to police headquarters, where they were stored for their owners to come and claim their property. No one came. It is said with much show of reason that the raid was made to discredit old Superintendent Walling. It was done without his knowledge by order of the police commissioners. Walling had said often that there was not a gambling den open in New York. He is getting old and the politicians want his place. So it was hinted, the raid was made to show that the old man neglected his duty.

The Tobacco Woman.

"Five cents worth of snuff," said a little woman as she bent over the counter of a drug store this morning and whispered the order in the clerk's ear with a mysterious mien. Glancing furtively around to assure herself that there were no witnesses to the transaction, she added:

"It's for another lady. I never use the horrid stuff." Picking up a neatly wrapped little bundle in white paper, she placed it to her nose to assure herself that it was the genuine article, then flung down a nickel and hurriedly left the store.

"Here, Johnny," said the clerk, turning to a boy who was standing behind the prescription case in conversation with a reporter of this paper, "put up some more snuff. All those packages we put up last night are gone already. Hurry! Here's another customer coming across the street. From the way she stares through the door I judge she wants snuff. Ah, this is a rushing business."

He continued, aside to the reporter, who let fall his under jaw in utter amazement.

"Who are your chief patrons in this line?" ventured the reporter.

"Why, the ladies, of course. We have no male callers for snuff at all. The men chew tobacco instead. Of course no woman buys the snuff for herself. The purchase is always made for a neighbor or friend. I have seen women come here with the brown juice dry in the corners of their mouths, and complain of the dirty stuff, which they said they were buying for another woman. The habit, I understand, is very fascinating, and when once learned is more binding than either chewing tobacco or smoking. In its strength to enslave the will it approaches the power of narcotics. Louisville Evening Post.

The elopement business is going so far in this region that fathers of attractive daughters are beginning to ask themselves whether ere long they will not be approached by ardent suitors in the manner portrayed in the cut. Gus O. Rudolph, son of the city surveyor, loved Addie Stiger, daughter of the president of the Acme Water Company. Old Stiger didn't like the match, because he said his family was American and he didn't want any foreigner to become a member of it. Then he didn't like the idea of Gus and Addie going to the Liederkranz balls, as they did. One day the old gentleman went out of town, and when he came back the next day found his daughter gone and with her a grand piano and a lot of furniture and things that had been willed to her by her mother. There was a brief note from Addie saying that she and Gus were married and asking old Stiger to call on them at their new home. He forgave them.

And here the line of wealth I see,  
Lost in a broader line above;  
If I know aught, that line should be  
The sign of true and perfect love.

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