

Oh, why should I sigh?  
Oh, why should I sigh for the billows that roll  
To beat me afar on their bosom away?  
For the winds that waft, when the veils of my  
soul  
In flight will go as free as the eagle's some  
day?  
Oh, why should I languish and wearily pine  
For the lands of the sun beyond the blue sea?  
The sweet summer breeze of the winterless time,  
When the Eden of heaven is waiting for me?  
Oh, why should I mourn and so bitterly grieve  
And longingly search for a haven of rest,  
When the spirit of earth my spirit shall leave  
When the worn, weary heart is still in my  
breast?  
A tear for the slumber the life call death,  
May fall on the turf that above me is spread,  
When God has recalled from the body his breath  
And the soul its chrysalis cover has shed.  
But far from the valley of tears  
And the shadows that darkly my vision ob-  
scure,  
My phantasies will soar to your rapturous sphere  
And the bliss of a love all happy and pure.

**POOR SNOWDROP.**

"Never did I know anything so re-  
digious in my life!" exclaimed Mrs.  
Spence, angrily. "The idea of asking  
a little child like Nella to a ball be-  
cause Lord Wilton happened to meet  
her in a train."  
"Nella was eighteen last Monday, so  
I suppose she is old enough," said  
Elizabeth, the eldest daughter; "but I  
really think she must have behaved  
very improperly, or Lord Wilton never  
would have spoken to her."  
"Of course she must; but as the  
countess makes such a point of it, I  
am afraid we must let her go."  
"I can tell you what, mamma, will  
be the best plan," and Clara looked up  
eagerly. "Dress her as if she were a  
child in the school-room, and then no-  
body will notice her at all. A few  
yards of white tulle over a muslin  
skirt won't cost very much, and it  
needn't have any trimming, except on  
the body."  
This was agreed to, and soon after  
luncheon Mrs. Spence and her daugh-  
ters started for Canterbury, to inspect  
the two ball-dresses which had been  
ordered long ago from the best dress-  
maker, and to purchase the simple  
materials for the one that was to be  
made at home.

Eleanor LeStrange was an orphan  
niece, who had been received into the  
household much against the will of  
her two cousins. She had two hun-  
dred a year of her own, and a lovely  
face, so she might be considered a  
dangerous rival by the girls. But  
there was no thought of rivalry in her  
gentle breast as she strolled down the  
shrubbery and across the paddock in-  
to the cool woods of Wilton Hall. Her  
eyes were full of tears, for her cousins  
had been very rude to her about that  
little episode in the train a month ago,  
when Lord Wilton, the eldest son of  
the earl and countess of Canterbury,  
had come to her assistance, and saved  
her from the impertinence of a fellow-  
traveler.

She sat down at the foot of a gnarled  
oak, from which there was a lovely  
view through the branches of the trees,  
and resting her head on her hand, fell  
into the saddest thoughts possible for  
youth. No one wanted her in her new  
home. Mrs. Spence did not under-  
stand her; the girls were jealous of  
her. Even a proper dress for the coun-  
tess's ball had been denied her, and  
she would go to it looking like a coun-  
try dowdy.  
Oh, if her own idolized father, Colo-  
nel LeStrange, were only alive, or she  
at rest by his side in the quiet church-  
yard at Beverley!  
"Miss LeStrange!" The soft, rich  
voice startled her from her melancholy  
dreams, and she looked up to see Lord  
Wilton standing before her with his  
fishing-rod in his hand. "How glad I  
am I came this way!" throwing down  
his encumbrances and subsiding on  
to the grass at her feet. "Do you  
know that I have done nothing but  
think of you from morning till night?"  
looking up into her blushing face with  
his bold, blue eyes.

"Then you have wasted your time  
shockingly," trying to appear at her  
case.  
"Don't you deserve it better than  
dogs or horses?"  
"No, I'm not half so useful."  
"Nor half so nice, I presume. But  
what is the matter? You've been cry-  
ing!"  
"It was nothing," growing crimson,  
"only—"  
"Only what?" creeping up closer to  
her side. "Have they been bullying  
you?" a fierce light in his eyes, as if  
he would have liked to bully them.  
"No."  
"Then what? They are not going  
to prevent you from coming to our  
dance?"  
"No, I'm coming; but—" her lips  
trembling.  
"But what?" his eyes looking  
straight into hers and compelling her  
to answer.  
"I am going to have such a horrible  
dress."  
"Come in the one you've got on,  
looking down at her pink cambric,  
and you'll cut out all the rest. Mind,  
the first dance is for me."  
"I shall look such a fright that I  
shall hide in a corner," her heart flut-  
tering at something in his eyes.  
"Then I shall come and drag you  
out. But what's the matter with the  
dress? It isn't green, is it?"  
"No, white; but, oh, so terribly sim-  
ple! Just like a child's."  
"So much the better," with a look  
of relief. "You will look like a sweet  
little snowdrop among them all."  
He bent over her, and clasping her  
hand in his, raised it to his tawny  
moustache. She snatched it away from  
him, and sprang to her feet like a

started down, a vivid crimson dyeing  
her cheeks with a sudden sunset.  
"Nella!" he cried, jumping up as  
quickly as his long legs would let him;  
but she was gone, and only a distant  
flutter of pink could be seen through  
the trees.  
"Here's a basket for you, Eleanor,"  
said her aunt, coming out of the draw-  
ing-room with a flushed face, as she  
went down stairs. "It has just been  
brought over from Wilton by one of  
Lord Canterbury's groom. I am sure  
there's some nice take about it, but you  
must open it, as it is addressed to  
you."  
"With eager fingers Nella undid  
the fastenings, raised the lid, and re-  
moved layers of cotton wool and silver  
paper. Then a cry of delight burst  
from her lips. An exquisite bouquet  
of white flowers lay inside, with a  
lovely wreath, and hang down to the  
shoulder, and hang down to the skirt.  
Lord Wilton's card, "with his compli-  
ments," was pinned on to the first.  
"Oh, aunt, isn't it beautiful?" ex-  
claimed Nella ecstatically, but Mrs.  
Spence walked out of the room with a  
thunder cloud on her brow.

At dinner it seemed as if a storm  
was brewing, but Nella had great dif-  
ficulty in keeping still, for her inno-  
cent young heart was brimming over  
with joy. He had thought of her  
among all his fine friends, and remem-  
bered her simple dress without trim-  
ming.  
"Eleanor, I want to speak to you,"  
said her aunt sharply, as soon as des-  
ert was over; "come into the drawing-  
room."  
Nella followed her in a fright. Mrs.  
Spence had not been particularly kind  
to her, but she could not be so wicked  
as to prevent her going to the ball.  
Her heart nearly stopped beating at  
the thought.  
"I have been thinking the matter  
over," said Mrs. Spence gravely, as  
she seated herself on the sofa, "and  
your uncle and I have come to the  
conclusion that it will be better for  
you not to wear those flowers to-  
night."  
"Not wear them?" her brown eyes  
opened wide in dismay.  
"No; we consider that you must  
have behaved in a forward and un-  
ladylike manner in order to induce Lord  
Wilton to take such a liberty as to  
send them! We do not blame him,  
but we blame you, because, of course,  
a man will always do that sort of  
thing if a girl encourages him."  
"I never encouraged him," stamp-  
ing her foot.  
"Yes, my dear Eleanor, you did.  
He has known Elizabeth and Clara  
ever since he was a boy, but he has  
never taken such a liberty with them.  
Now don't cry, or you will spoil your  
appearance."  
"I don't care. I won't go to the ball  
at all."  
"Nonsense, child, you must. Go up  
stairs to your room and compose your-  
self, and I'll send out into the garden  
for a rose."

Nella went up stairs, but there her  
obedience ended, for she threw herself  
on her bed and burst into a passion of  
tears. There she was still when Clara  
knocked at her door and asked if she  
might have the bouquet as it would go  
so well with her dress.  
"Good gracious, Nell, the carriage  
will be round in half an hour," she  
cried in dismay, as she went out of  
the room with the flowers in her hand.  
As soon as she was gone, Nella got  
up and bathed her eyes with eau-de-  
Cologne, arranged her sunny hair  
with the utmost care, and scrambled  
into her dress with the housemaid's  
help. Then she tossed aside the red  
rose which her aunt had sent her, and  
detaching a lovely white bud and a  
spray of lilies from the wreath, pinned  
them on her shoulder.  
Mrs. Spence noticed the change  
when she came down stairs, but  
thought it best to make no remark,  
lest another burst of tears might be  
the consequence.  
The two sisters looked gorgeous,  
but nothing could make them look  
pretty; while Nella, in her simple  
dress, cut them out completely.  
Her heart beat fast as they were  
marshaled through the spacious hall  
into the brilliantly-lighted room where  
Lady Canterbury was standing to  
receive her guests.  
The countess gave her a pleasant  
smile and a hearty shake of the hand,  
then Nella slipped behind her cousins,  
casting a shy glance around. She had  
never been in such a splendid scene  
before, and the flash of jewels on ev-  
ery side seemed to dazzle her.  
Mr. Upperton, a tall curate, came  
up and talked to Elizabeth. Mr. Med-  
way, a young barrister, asked Clara  
after her brother, but no one noticed  
Nella.  
Presently there was a movement in  
the throng, and a pair of broad shoul-  
ders, crowned by a handsome face,  
came in sight. As Lord Wilton shook  
hands with the Spences, the band  
struck up Beethoven's lovely waltz,  
"Mon Amour," and, with a bright  
smile, he bowed low to a certain little  
form in the background, and said with  
a smile:  
"This is our dance, Miss LeStrange."  
The curate stared; Mr. Medway put  
up his eye-glass, while the sisters grew  
with jealousy.  
"Where are my flowers?" said Lord  
Wilton, as he led his partner into the  
ball-room.  
"Here," looking down at her shoul-  
der.  
"Only those! But where are the  
rest? Why did you give them away?"

"I didn't."  
"Do you mean to say they took  
them?" the fierce light returning to  
his eyes. She did not answer, but her  
lip trembled.  
"Never mind," he said, more gently,  
"they can't take you from me."  
Then he put his arm round her soft  
little waist, and they floated together  
round the room, the lights reflected in  
countless mirrors, the sweetest music  
in their ears, and a delicious happi-  
ness stealing from heart to heart. To  
Nella it was like a delightful dream,  
from which she would be sure to wake  
in another minute.  
When the dance was over, Lord  
Wilton introduced her to his cousin,  
the duke of Portsmouth, a very grand  
young man with a diamond solitaire  
as big as a sixpence.  
Toward the end of the evening,  
Clara came up to her mother, and asked  
her if she shouldn't tell Eleanor that  
it was time to go home.  
"Certainly, my dear. But do you  
know where she is?"  
"With Lord Wilton again," lower-  
ing her voice. "Isn't it atrocious?"  
Mrs. Spence shook her head, and  
sighed.

"You cried before you came to-  
night," said Lord Wilton softly, as  
they sat together under the drooping  
branches of a yellow rose in the con-  
servatory. "Don't deny it, I saw it in  
your eyes. Was it because they took  
away my flowers?"  
"Partly," her lashes drooping on  
her blushing cheeks.  
"Why did they take them?"  
"Aunt said I oughtn't to have allowed  
you to send them," her bosom heaving  
as she thought of her wrongs.  
"But I never asked you."  
"No; but—she thought—!" hesi-  
tating and crimson. "She didn't  
blame you."  
"I see, she thought you had been  
flirting," his eyes twinkling. "Did  
you tell them that it didn't matter  
one brass farthing if you had?"  
"No."  
"Nella, don't you love me?" No an-  
swer. "Do you know that I can't get  
on without my little snowdrop? Do  
you know that I shall shoot myself if  
you won't be my little wife? Nella,  
look at me!"  
One shy upward glance, when the  
fluttering heart seemed to shine out  
of the loving eyes, and then her head  
drooped on his shoulders, and his  
mistake swept her cheek.  
"Eleanor!"  
The roses were swept aside by a hasty  
hand, and Clara Spence stood trans-  
fixed by the sight before her. Instead  
of being in the least abashed, Lord  
Wilton raised his head with a sunny  
smile.  
"Ah, Miss Spence, you have just  
come in time. Let me introduce you  
to my future wife!"—*Burlington Hawk-  
Eye.*

**Reversed the Decision.**  
Two farmers, Tom Barker and Sam  
Piles, became involved in a dispute  
concerning the ownership of a piece  
of land, and finding themselves un-  
able to settle the dispute, applied to  
a justice of the peace. The magistrate  
listened attentively to each statement  
and said:  
"Gentlemen, if you don't think that  
I understand this case and all the law  
that happens to hang around its neigh-  
borhood, why you are very much re-  
moved from your center of gravity.  
Mr. Barker, you may take the land."  
"Your honor," said a lawyer who  
had heard the statements, "your de-  
cision is unjust, and I am sure that a  
higher court will reverse it."  
"Now, here," replied the justice, "I  
am just about as sudden as any high-  
er court you ever saw. I can reverse  
the decision myself. Mr. Piles, you  
may have the land. You see it makes  
no difference with me."  
**Wanted to Make His Hat Fit.**  
"Gimme a quarter, wont you?" asked  
a seedy looking man of a citizen  
who was passing down Chestnut  
street.  
"What do you want of a quarter?"  
was the demand of the citizen.  
"Wan' t' put it in the hat."  
"Whose hat?"  
"My hat."  
"What's the matter with you old  
hat?"  
"Nuzin's the matter with the hat—  
want to swell my head big 'nough to  
fit it in."  
The citizen did not contribute.  
"Well, Sambo, I learn that you  
have just been to Springfield."  
"Yes, massa; I've been ter see de  
Grubman man."  
"You mean the Governor don't  
you?"  
"Yes, massa, an' he tole me a se-  
cret."  
"A secret, eh? And what did he dis-  
close to you?"  
"He—w'y, he dis closed de doah to  
me."  
"John Henry," severely observed  
the young wife to her husband this  
morning. "John Henry, I saw you  
coming out of a saloon yesterday af-  
ternoon."  
"Well," growled the obturate of-  
fended, "I thought that would oblige  
you. Didn't suppose you wanted me  
to stay there all night."  
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astic since her distinguished absent  
citizen, Prof. John L. Sullivan, said  
with a deep postulate-sigh, "There's no  
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