

A Duet.

Mamma and her dark-eyed Leah—
Closely to her bosom clinging—
Twilight shadows round them falling
Softly a lullaby is singing:

"Soon the roses will be coming,
When you're all now they may be,
White and pink and red to bloom for,
Crosses the darling, "Mamma's baby!"

"And the bees will fly quickly—
So! Mamma's wings she'll be sunny—
Ever humming pretty stories,
Of the dew and fragrant honey,
And they'll draw their words so slender,
But they'll only love, in play be;
Never yet was he wanting honey,
Crosses the darling, "Mamma's baby!"

All the daisy-leaves are folded,
And the birds are sleeping—
Ard from darkening skies above us
Many sparkling stars are peeping,
Close your eyes, and in the streamland
Tarry, dear, until it day be;
Then the sunbeams bring forth waken—
Crosses the darling, "Mamma's baby!"

My Miss Laura.

When twelve years old my mother's
death made me an orphan, poor and
friendless. Miss Laura De Neale soon
one day, crying bitterly, took com-
passion on me and brought me to her
home. Miss Laura's mother was an
invalid and the care of the house devolved
upon Miss Knox, the housekeeper.

I had been there a year when the Rev.
Mr. Waldron, the rector of St. Paul's, be-
came a frequent visitor, and at last Miss
Laura's accepted lover. He was not
handsome, but yet a man of splendid
presence; and because of his love for my
mistress, and for his commanding figure
and noble bearing, I came to look up to
him with reverence and admiration.

One day, when I was waiting for her till
the clock struck eleven. I knew the rector
had gone some time before, and was
wondering what had become of Miss
Laura, when the door flew open and she
came in.

Her face was startlingly pale, and her
eyes, unnaturally large, seemed to scin-
tillate with quick fiery flashes. For a
moment I was frightened, but when she
saw my face, her countenance changed. She
nodded and smiled in her own pretty
fashion; then, going straight to the mirror,
she suddenly gazed again, and began,
in an absorbed way, to pull the pins out
of her hair.

"Won't you let me do that for you, Miss
Laura?" I asked.

"Not now—I'm in a hurry; my hair is
so heavy! It hurts me—my head has
ached all the evening. You may do it for
me to-night—there! now, my dress-
ing-gown, child—the easy-chair—that is
comfortable." I don't often keep up my
hair. How could you keep up your
hair? It was not that my hands were cold—
it was that her head was hot, it throbbled
heavily at the temples, and it almost
seemed as if the hair were burning. Her
golden brown palpitated as they fell
over my arm, in rich, unrestrained
luxuriance.

At length the long coil was combed
and carefully fastened just above the
nap of the shapely neck.

"That will do," she said, almost im-
patiently, for I still lingered. "I can get
along myself now, one quick, passionate
sob, but her face was hidden from me,
for she had thrown both arms over her
head, and the drapery concealed her
features.

I left her reluctantly, feeling that
trouble had come—trouble between the
beautiful mistress and the rector of St.
Paul's. Was it on account of her hand-
some cousin, Philip Lanning? The
gracious, proud face of Mr. Waldron
seemed to light in disdain as I caught
myself necting the part of Miss Laura in
an imaginary dramatic episode, he leav-
ing the fact that the woman he loved had
been wooed, abandoned, and thrown
aside, and that still her heart throbbled
at sight of her old lover.

On the awaking the following morning, I
found the sun shining brightly in my
room. Miss Laura was not in bed, and
must have hurried for me. Hastily
dressing, I hurried to her room. She
was up, sitting in the great arm-chair
restlessly, like one dreaming with open
eyes.

"Did you ring for me?" I asked.

"I'll yes, I believe I did," she re-
plied, with a start. "I thought me so quick,
as you can see," she added, with forced
quaint; "I will have my breakfast brought
up stairs. You can make some excuse to
Miss Knox—say I am not well, and I really
can't get up at all to-day. I suppose I
had better eat something."

I dressed her, and had a tray with
coffee and toast sent up. When she had
finished, she suddenly turned and said,
"Renie, go put on your plainest
wraps," she said, "and a thick veil, and
wait for me in the library. I want you
to go with me this morning."

Wondering at her manner, so quiet
and self-contained, so almost humble,
more than at the message, I arrayed my-
self in a waterproof cloak, and drew a
thick veil closely over my eyes, and
went for her as she had directed. She came
in presently, habited almost like a nun. I
could see how white her face was under
the muller she had drawn across it.

Placing in my care a parcel and a
small basket, she led the way, leaving
word with a servant that she might not
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deeming quality of seclusion, for it sat
far back from the street, overlooking a
narrow garden-plot. One window over
the hall-door was draped with a scant
lace curtain, and a pot of geraniums
bloomed underneath on the sill.

The young man, with a few eager,
whispered words to Miss Laura, unlocked
the door with a key which he took from
his pocket, and we entered a long, cheer-
less hall, and from there the dreary par-
lor, in which there was no vestige of fur-
niture save two wooden chairs.

"Thank you, you are so kind and
thoughtful. I knew you would like the
poor little lady. Sometimes I reproach
myself sadly for bringing her here, but
what could I do—starve? And we came
probably to her death."

"Oh Philip!" said Miss Laura, with a
shuddering voice, "so poor as that?"

I held my breath. Philip was mar-
ried, then. It was his wife Miss Laura
had been so kind to me. No need to
fear for the rector's happiness. My
suspense and suspicion had been both
foolish and groundless.

"Poor, indeed!" he repeated, most sav-
agely. "Do you know if it had not been
for that fifty dollars you lent me, she
would have suffered for the necessities of
life? And when I went to my uncle, and
told him I had lost my money coming
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ance of ten dollars a week.'"

I had started myself, when a step on
the stairs and the opening of the door
caused me to spring up in terror. Philip
Lanning stood in the doorway, in his
hand, and his face absolutely lighted up
by the room. It was, as I had heard, radi-
antly beautiful, with haunting dark eyes,
and his more fascinating than their ex-
pression at that moment was intensely
sad.

"Come, Renie," said a voice outside.

I met Miss Laura in the hall. I thought
she had been crying. She had a basket,
that seemed heavier than the one I
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"Renie, this is my cousin, Mr. Philip
Lanning," she said. "He has lately re-
turned from abroad. He has been in the
army, and he has seen a great deal of
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The weeks passed on. I began to no-
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not been wont to sit brooding over her
trouble, but now she seemed to be in
a state of nervous excitement. It was
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early morning, and that she spent much
time with him; that when he had gone,
she was pale, preoccupied—in fact, entirely
unhappy. It was that she would
often go to her money desk, and something
weighed upon her spirits; that now and
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but I dared not even conjecture, though
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One night I sat up waiting for her till
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poor little homestead stranger! I'm going,
to send her some lilies that somebody sent
me yesterday—part of them, I mean—she
came from a land of lilies. Just where
did you find her, Philip?"

"On the island of Barbadoes, in one of
the coziest nests you can imagine. Poor
child! I don't doubt she longs for her
own land—the orange trees, the shade-
ful hammocks, and her hammock. I was
a barbarian to covet her."

"I must see her often," said Laura. "I
will go so often as I can."

"Thank you, you are so kind and
thoughtful. I knew you would like the
poor little lady. Sometimes I reproach
myself sadly for bringing her here, but
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Placing in my care a parcel and a
small basket, she led the way, leaving
word with a servant that she might not
be back to luncheon.

"Thank God for that! When may I
see her?" He was very humble now.
"I will let you know," I said, and hur-
ried home to her with a heart as light as
a feather.

And so it came to pass that one day, as
she sat supported by pillows, white and
shadowy, and more beautiful than she
had ever been before in her brightest
days, I told her that the rector of St.
Paul's was below stairs, waiting to see
her.

"A faint flush tinged her cheeks—a ter-
rible pang curved her lips.
"Let me see her," she said, and I
went to the room by the door as he en-
tered by the other. I could not keep
from crying, and yet—was very happy.
When Miss Laura rang for me two an-
gels, and she looked so beautifully
content. And I knew what the pressure
of his hand meant as he laid me good-by.
He will go abroad, after all, but not with-
out Miss Laura.

"They can never know too much,"
said some one long ago, "who have the
happy faculty of using what they know."
A person, whose memory, experience,
talents and skill are all at his ready com-
mand, is the really efficient person, in
any capacity. He may not know nearly
so much as the man who knows less, but
he knows what to do with what he knows;
and the knowledge of the latter is water
in a pond that has no outlet, while that
of the former is water turning a wheel,
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"It is not the amount of knowledge, but
the way it is used, that counts. A man
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does not know how to use it, is like a
man who has a fine horse, but does not
know how to ride him. The man who
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in a pond that has no outlet, while that
of the former is water turning a wheel,
and moving the machinery of life.

"It is not the amount of knowledge, but
the way it is used, that counts. A man
who has a vast store of knowledge, but
does not know how to use it, is like a
man who has a fine horse, but does not
know how to ride him. The man who
knows how to use his knowledge, is like
a man who knows how to ride his horse.
He will win the race, and he will be
happy."

The Tale of the Terrible Fire.
In the dark—
Windy sky,
See the sparks—
See the glow—
Into flame!

See it burning and blazing;
See it spring into life!
With a vigor amazing—
How long for the strife!
Hear the noise and the rattle—
How it swells how it grows,
Like the crash of a battle,
Like the clash of the foes!

See it rushing and rising and roaring,
See it leaping and leaping and leaping,
See it leaping and leaping and leaping.

How it leaps and how it dashes,
As though it had taken for aim
To reach all the world in a dash,
And to bring all the stars into flame!
It is a thing of wonderful daring—
It is a thing of wonderful daring—
It is a thing of wonderful daring—
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