A SONNET FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

My own beloved, who hast lifted me
From this drear flat of earth where I was thrown,
And in betwixt the languid ringlets blown
A life-breath, till the forehead hopefully
Shines out again, as all the angels see,
Before thy saving kiss! My own, my own,
Who comest to me when the world was gone,
And I who only looked for God, found thee!
I find thee; I am safe, am strong, am glad.
As one who stands in dewless asphodel,
Looks backward on the tedious time he had
In the upper life—so I with bosom swell,
Make witness, here, between the good and bad,
That love, as strong as death, retrieves as well.

Mrs. J. E Browning.

MICK TANDY'S REVENGE.

"And why's the r'ason ye'll not be my wife, Kathlie?"

"Only bekase I can't, Mick."

"Why?"

"Bekase."

"Niver?"

"No, Mick, never!"

There was silence for a moment in the lovely glen of Coloony where sweet Cathleen was gathering water weeds from the edge of a great mud puddle, for her green goslings at home.

The lover who had followed her thither was not in holiday attire. He wore a brown paper cap on his head, a leather apron about him, and corduroy breeches, gray stockings and hob-nailed shoes on his great legs and feet. Mick Tandy was a stalwart, handsome, energetic fellow, who could have gained the hand of any rustic beauty in his native country. And he knew it.

During the silence that followed these words, he was looking down tenderly on the young girl before him; but her gaze was fixed on a company of shearers who were relieving a pack of sheep of their wool, in the far-away stream, which ran, like a blue ribbon, through the green meadow.

"Give me yer r'asons for bein' such a fool, Kathlie," said the young blacksmith. "Bekase is no r'ason at all."

"Don't be botherin' me Mick," said Kathleen, in a pleading tone, with tears hanging on the long lashes that fringed her gray eyes.

"There's some other boy in my way!" he exclaimed almost fiercely.

Kathleen turned her head slightly, and a little flush came in to her cheek.

"Is it not that same that ails ye?"

"And it is," said Kathleen, frankly.

"It's the Earl's waitin' man. A white faced fool that chooses rather to dance around anither fool, with a brush in his hand, than to do brave, hard work with the two stout fists God gave him!"

"It's never a bit *him!*"

"Is it the inn-kaper's son, who wears the rid diamin' pin and drinks half his father's whisky?"

"Never *him!*"

"It surely can never be Teddy Looney, that's contint to mind sheep and shear 'em? The little spaleen, with curls and pink cheeks like a girl, and a cough like a sick collie-dog?"

"It's just him, Mick!"

Mick threw back his head and laughed. But it was a bitter scornful laugh. "Look at thim two hands o' mine, as strong as iron and as black as coal; hands that had shod two hundred horses afore they was twenty-five years old! And my father with two-hunder and fifty pounds o' money in the bank for me! Look now at me with a hunder and saxty pounds of flesh on my bones, and two arms that can thrash any three lads in Colooney! Am I like him?"

"Yese not, *indade!*"

"Am I as poor as him whose father has bare enough laid by to bury his family?"

"Yese not."

"Thin will you marry me in place of him?"

"Niver!"

"And why niver?"

"Bekase I loves him and he's so pretty, Mick," said Kathlie, with amusing frankness, and blushing deeply.

"Thin I'll bate him till I put out the small bit o' beauty and the little life that's in him!" cried Mick, fiercely.

"Yese not mane enough to bate a lad less than yersel, Mick! Ye were niver a coward afore! Don't be one now! If ye want to fight sarch for one that's yer equal for size and beauty; small chance for findin' one!"

"I'l do that, my jewel!" cried Mick, greatly mollified by this shrewd compliment. He drew a heavy sigh, and as he walked away he said, mournfully, "God bless ye, Kathlie, whatever happens to your poor, wake-chisted, low-voiced thing o' a lover. I see now it's the shearers ye are waitin' for rather than gatherin' water-wades for the goslin's."

Teddy and Kathleen had long had secret plans for emigrating to America—that terrestial heaven of the Irish. And now Kathleen, being seized with fear of the powerful young blacksmith, hastened the wedding and the departure. So quietly and quickly were their plans carried out, that they had set sail from Liverpool before their neighbors knew they were married.

Many are the gay dreams of wealth and pleasure that dance in the brains of young emigrants which are rudely broken or never fulfilled! Teddy and Kathleen were compartively rich, for they landed with good strong clothes and shoes, two blue wooden boxes and "twinty pounds o'money."

Perhaps this innocent boy expected to find applicants waiting to engage him to tend flocks and to shear them at Castle Garden! Perhaps Kathleen, in her ignorance, thought of stepping at once into a bright little home of her own with a looking-glass and a rocking-chair ready to reflect and to receive her! But there was no call for shepherds, and Teddy was not strong enough for rough work on a farm or a railroad; nor yet for enduring the close air of a factory.

They tried first one place and then another; one kind of work and then another! till their "fortune" of one hundred dollars was gone. Then they wrote home, under charge of secrecy; and a fond grandfather sent Kathlie ten pounds, with which they went west. Next, Teddy fell ill, and they wrote again, and the other grandfather sent a hoarded five pounds, and with that they came east again!

The years flew by, Teddy working when he was able, and Kathleen working able or not, to keep up a home for the two little ones who had come to share their misfortunes. All this time they had not crossed the path of any old friend who could write the truth about their condition to the neighbors at home; and the proud parents and grand-parents had allowed the impression to get abroad in Coloony that Teddy was in fine business and Kathleen a great lady in the city of Lowell, convanient to Boston."

It had been all that the angry young blacksmith could do to bear his disappointment and loss. It was a consolation to him, after they had sailed, to imagine the poor, frail Teddy rent with the agonies of sea-sickness; and we are sorry to say that more than once he said a prayer not written in the book—"that yon white-faced young baby of a man might be s'a-sick till he was turned wrong side out, and then cast into the s'a, dead intirly!"

Mick, notwithstanding his fiery temper, was, after all, a generous fellow. I am sure that, could he have known what his old friends were passing through in a strange land, he would have sent them without revealing his agency in the matter, some of his hard-earned "pounds o' money." But he could not forgive their imaginary wealth and happiness.

He grew moody and gloomy, and his parents feared for his reason. They urged him to go to confession—a ceremony he had seldom gone through, as his sins never troubled him much. But he went to the priest to please his mother.

The well-meaning old father asked all sorts of questions to learn what the trouble was that was pressing on his heart.

"Have ye iver murdered anybody and hid him in the bog?" he asked.

"'Deed I haint, thin!" replied Mick.

"Have ye iver stole money, or its value?"

"'Deed, I haint done that, father!"

"Have ye coveted your neighbors' goods?"

"Deed, I've no nade o' doin' that, for I've got more mysilf nor most o' them has!"

"Have ye lied agin yer enemies!"

"Deed, I haint! I've a better way o' settlin' them. I jist ups wid my right fist and knocks 'em down widout the trouble o' lyin' agin 'em!"

The priest rebuked this spirit, and asked if there was a grudge in his heart against any fellow-creature.

"Plinty o' 'em, yer riverence."

"Go this hour and ax their pardon," was the good advice of the old man.

"Faith, the one agin whom I am evilest is far away—beyont my power, yer riverence."

And as he said this, the thought darted into his mind that if he "could jist get over the sea and give Teddy a fine thrashin' he would feel better." "I'll take yer advice, hooly fayther, and hunt him on the other side o' the s'a."

And at once the gossip about Mick's low spirits was turned into a new channel. It was now said that he was conscience-struck about the curses he had prayed down on Teddy Looney, and was going to America to ask his pardon as a penance. When asked by an old friend if he had really forgiven Teddy, he replied,—

"Yes, have I, till I gets within arms reach o' him; and then he'll find out what Mick Tandy's revenge is—will he!"

So Mick left his forge, his anvil and his leather apron, and set sail, to the great grief of the many who had always found a friend in the hot-headed, warm-hearted fellow.

The street lights burned dimly in a dingy part of the city of Lowell, when a stalwart fellow, with a strong Irish brogue on his tongue, stepped into a grocery and asked' "Would you be tellin' me, sir, where lives a rich gintleman in these parts by the name of Looney?"

"I do not know of any gentleman in the city of that name," was the reply.

"Did ye never hear the name in these parts?"

"No; except a family up Dash Lane, in one of the factory tenements."

Then Mick, thinking these poor people might direct him to their rich namesake, followed the grocer's direction, and soon found himself mounting a ricketty stairway, every board of which creaked beneath his ponderous tread.

He tapped at the door to which he had been directed, and in a moment it was opened and he saw dimly by the light of a poor lamp a woman with one child in her arms. Everything in the room was very poor but very clean.

"Is this Misthress Looney?" he asked.

"Yes, yer honor," replied the woman, softly.

"I'm new come from Collony, Ireland, mistress, and am s'arching for old friends by your name. They're people in fine circumstances, and I thought ye might direct me to em."

The woman caught her breath, for the voice was familiar, and she rose up and laid her child down and stood at the door while her visitor stood in the dark entry.

"Och, dear Coloony!" she gasped. "I'm from that same myself; but I never heard of another one in this place blessed enough to be born there—dear, dear Coloony!"

"The wife's name, afore she married, was Kathleen Byrne, and she married a fable sort o' young man, and some say they got rich here. If I heerd right, he had a footory o' his own in this place."

Here the pale woman gave a groan, and threw her apron over her head.

"What ails ye, poor sowl?" cried Mick, thrusting his hand into his pocket for his purse to relieve her suffering.

The light, which was behind the woman, had shone on Mick's face, and Kathleen knew him and thought he had come to persecute her in her distress.

"What ails ye, woman, that ye howl and wail this way?" he asked.

"Och, Mick, ye never knew this pale, overworked cr'atur for Kathleen!"

"Niver! What has befell ye?" he asked, stepping into the room and taking her two thin hands kindly in his own, and adding, "Where is Teddy?"

"He's in his grave this last six months, I thank ye," was the meek reply.

"And who sees after ye and the childer?" for he now saw another child asleep in the room.

"Not a one! I washes and scrubs—but O Mick, I'm that sick and heavy, I'd be glad to go back and lie down in the dear old churchyard at Coloony and rest!"

"There's rest this side o' the grave;" cried Mick. "Ye needn't go there for it, dear heart."

And Mick stooped down and took up a chubby, sleeping boy of four years, remarking, not very delicately, as he stroked back his golden curls, "There's no look of the faython in him, thank heaven."

Kathleen was too much overwhelmed to notice this remark; and when she removed her apron from her eyes little Teddy was laughing and playing with the iron chain that guarded the blacksmith's silver watch.

In another hour the whole party, Kathleen carrying the younger boy and Mick leading small Teddy, were gazing into the store-windows, resplendent with gay colors and jets of gas. They were on a shopping excursion, and went home laden with groceries, dry-goods, and new shoes all round, besides oranges and candy.

Before Mick left his old friend he told her she should never want "while his two fists were spared him—if—if—she would only take him now in the end, and let him be a faythor to poor dear Ted's little boys."

"Shame on ye, Mick, to be savin' the likes o' that, and Teedy only six months in his grave!" sobbed Kathleen.

"But ye'll not say 'niver,' as ye once said in the vale of Coloony?" asked Mick.

"No, Mick, I'll not say that, but I'll ask a respectable time to mourn in; and manetime I'll work hard to fade my darlin' boys!"

"If I can do twice the work o' any blacksmith in this country, ye nade not break yer heart o'er anybody's washtub!" and with lavish pride Mick threw a handful of gold coin at her feet.

"I wouldn't touch it," cried Kathleen, "while I can work. I took the shoes and eatables from sheer want!"

"Och, well, I'll sarch out yer priest and give it to him for ye! It'll be holy if it come through his hands," said Mick, smiling. "How long will it take ye to mourn it out, Kathlie?"

"Maybe a year, Mick," was the innocent reply.

"Couldn't ye get through sooner than *that?*"

"I'll try," replied the modest creature. "and see what his riverence says about it. But I'll only take ye on two conditions, Mick—that ye mend yer timper, and that ye put up a headstone to poor dear Teddy's grave!"

"I'll do that last—half-dozen of 'em if ye say so—and do it with a hearty good will. Och Kathlie, I've grown wonderful hooly since I've touched foot to American shores. I cam, here as fierce as a lion to be revenged on Ted, and here's me to-day, so hooly that I've forgiven him intirely, and am supportin' his family for him, and puttin' up a headstone to his grave!"

Mick found profitable work in another city, and Kathleen was well looked after by the priest, who had a little fund to draw on for her wants. When the "mournin'-year was out," Mick, who had conquered his spirit in a good degree, moved his family in a style that showed real prosperity, to his new home, and put on a "fufty-dollar headstone to Teddy's grave." on which was this inscription:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
EDWARD LOONEY, AGED 30 YEARS,
BORN
COLOONY IRELAND.
ERECTED BY
HIS LOVING AND GRATEFUL FRIEND,
MICHAEL TANDY.

And thus ended Mick's revenge. Love for his old friend and her little ones had softened his heart towards the whole world.

Miscellaneous Paragraphs.

Maggie Ballentine, a sweet Virginia girl of seventeen years, was burned recently by her clothes taking fire from a match which she had just used in lighting a pipe she was smoking.

It is estimated that within the last three years over 130,000,000 cans of tomatoes have been consumed in this country. The statistics indicate the prosperity of canning factories and the growth in popularity of the once unfamiliar "love-apple."

At Mineral Park, Arizona, the coyotes are so tame that they come into town and play with the dogs.

Louisiana claims that during the past year great success has been achieved in restoring her levee system to a high state of efficiency. The embankments resisted the great flood of last year better than even the most sanguine could have expected.

There are said to be about 90,000 drummers in this country, including men who run around selling on commission. Some of them get $1,000 a year and expenses, quite a number from $3,000 to $5,000 a year; and the average salary is about $1,500 and expenses, which average $6 a day.

A dog of the shepherd breed, owned by Aaron Hutchinson, of Mansfield, Conn., not only possesses the usual accomplishments common to the educated canins, such as shaking hands, awaiting the signal three to snap the piece of bread, speaking, etc., but he also sings, "Sit up, hold up your paw and sing" says his mistress, and Pedro will pose in a most knowing attitude, and to a musical accompaniment will join his voice varying his song as the tune is high or low, fast or slow, and stop when the instrument ceases.

One of the prominent insurance companies of Hartford recently appointed a young man to a vacancy caused by a resignation of a woman stenographer. It is stated that this is in accordance with what is now the settled policy of the company, which has bitherto employed a number of females. Women do the work well for a time, but it is said to the general impression in insurance circles that they are deficient in "staying qualities."

Louisiana boys take young mocking birds just before they can fly and sell them to New Orleans Creoles for 10 or 15 cents a piece. The Creoles sell them to German or Italian retail dealers for 50 cents, and the dealers, mainly peddlers, receive $3 and $4 for them in the north. The peddlers say that rich people do not buy birds; they prefer dogs.

Florida lemons—A Jacksonville merchant has just shipped north 200 boxes of lemons grown in Florida. They are said to be as fine lemons as can be grown anywhere, their color being perfect, while they are finely flavored, and as juicy as the best Messinas. Mr. Bean, the shipper of the lot, says the fruit-growers throughout Florida are paying very much more attention to growing lemons since a successful experiment was made in curing them last season, and are setting out or budding a large number of trees.

According to recent reports, South Africa will soon be important for something besides diamonds and Zulu wars. Mr. David Jones, a mining engineer, has just sent to England a formal report, in which he states that there is good ground for believing that there are abundant coal mines in South Africa. The coal which has already been mined is rather poor in quality, but it is steadily becoming better. If the supply of coal should prove to be abundant and good, South Africa will present many attractions to the emigrant from Great Britain.

Boring for coal at Jacksonville, Ill., has been discontinued, after reaching a depth of 985 feet, leaving a balance of $400 against the enterprise in excess of the amount raised for the purpose. The last boring was in hard rock, and all hopes of reaching coal there seemed to have been abandoned. The result confirms the theories of the geoligists, and the enterprise will probably never be renewed in view of the failure of previous experiments.

Army officers are discussing a proposition to change the law regulating the pay of enlisted men so as to retain in the hands of the government half their wages, upon which interest will be allowed at the rate of four per cent. per annum. This will assure each private over $400 with which to start in the world when his first term of enlistment expires, besides teaching economy and a habit of laying up part of his earnings. On the other hand some argue that, though this may be an excellent plan for giving a young man a start in life, very few men with $400 in hand will reenlist in the army; and to withold half the pay and allow privates only to receive $6,44 per month of their wages would go far toward entirely stopping the business of recruiting.

General Gleanings.

When Texas came into the Union it had 200,000 000 acres of land which it reserved to itself for future emigrants and for use in developing its resources. With the advent of railroads, however, grants were made lavishly, and now it is found that more land has been given away that existed. The books indicate that there are still 160,450 acres left, but, as no account was made of water courses and many errors have been made, there is in fact a deficiency of over 2,000,000 acres. The granting still goes on, however,

Speaking of the contrast between the trial of Mrs. Surratt and Guiteau, the Boston *Advertiser* remarks: It has been suggested, by way of contrast with the Guiteau trial, that "sixteen years ago a woman who was, at the worst, only a constructive partner in the assassination of a president, sat manacled hand and foot before the tribunal which was trying her." That was a military trial, conducted when the passions excited by the war were still hot, and the laws, long silent, had hardly begun to assert themselves. Long, long may it be before there will be occasion for another trial like that.

It if said that every lake in Southern Florida that is large enough has its family of alligators. They visit each other from lake to lake. When a person encounters one in the woods the beast runs to the nearest water. If hemmed he stops, swells and blows like a mad bull. They handle their tails briskly in resisting an enemy or flipping a hog or dog into their great mouths. They are omnious eaters, and devour almost everything. When their stomachs are opened they are found to contain pine knots and black mud. They eat many of the best fish and largest turtles of the lakes.

"You said you were going to vote for me," indignantly exclaimed a defeated candidate, addressing Mike, the well-known Irishman. "An' didn't I vote fur ye? "Naw you didn't." "Well, sor, in that evint, there's only one conclusion that I kin arrive at." "And what is that?" "That I towld ye a lie, sor."

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

"Such a wedding! No bridesmaids, no music, no breakfast or reception! I declare I should not feel as if I had been married!" exclaimed Marion Willoughby, throwing herself down upon a low fauteuil in her own elegantly-appointed drawing-room, and drawing off the delicately-tinted gloves which served as a finish to the exquisite Parisian toilet.

There was only one other occupant of the room, a man, tall and handsome, standing with one hand resting lightly on the back of her chair. She did not glance up as she spoke, or note that Chester Thorley's face had lost its color.

"You are speaking of Miss Marvine's wedding?" he said. "There is one essential to most marriages you have not enumerated in your list of things lacking. Was love wanting, too?"

"Oh, no! I believe she loves him. She certainly must do so to an almost absurd extent. They are to go to housekeeping in a small flat in an unfashionable locality up town, where he must be away from early morning until quite 6 o'clock. He occupies some salaried position—clerk in a bank, I believe—and she a girl who might have married anybody."

"Honest labor degrades no man, Marion," came the firm, quiet answer. "Even a clerkship is not always to be found, and I would rather break stones in the street than live on money acquired dishonestly or doled out of charity, though in such a case I would ask no woman to share my lot."

"This looks like breaking stones, does it not?" she laughingly answered, letting her own jeweled fingers close over the man's hand where it rested—a hand whose shape betokened its aristocracy, and which was white and soft as a woman's.

At her light touch his strong frame quivered. He bent and let his lips rest an instant caressingly on her hair, for the girl beside him was his affianced wife.

"It could break stones though, dear; and I don't know but that it would make of me a better man. Suppose I lost my money, Marion? Suppose it were all swept away from me in an hour, and I had a position offered me—a position which would enable me to live but very humbly, very much as your friend is going to live—tell me what you would do?"

"You are only talking to try me, Chester, and I hate such questions. In the first place, it is entirely out of reason; for even were it so, papa, you know, is very rich, and our home could always be with him."

"I have said to you, Marion, that I would rather starve than eat the bread of charity. Therefore, putting this possibility aside tell me still what you would do."

Her fingers relapsed their grasp upon his hand. Was there significance in the action? He smiled bitterly as he saw it. His face was very pale now. Except that he still stood behind her chair she must have noticed it.

"You are utterly absurd this afternoon, Chester," she replied, petulantly. "Have I not just told you that Edith Marvine's wedding was more like a funeral than a wedding, and though I presume I shall one day have to attend my own funeral, it will not, I assure you, be as a voluntary agent. Have you nothing more agreeable you can find to say to me?"

The man shook off a certain something which seemed to envelop him in an almost invisible cloud, and he answered with the old, courteous grace which suited him so well, and had made his power with women almost a proverb.

Money always seemed to belong to him by an inherent right. It was so natural that he should be rich. No one could have imaigned Chester Thorley poor. He knew so well how to expend his wealth. He gave it so generously, yet without ostentation, that no man envied him it.

Yet he knew a half hour later, when he left his farewell kiss on Marion Willoughby's beautiful lips, that it was farewell to all his hopes and happiness.

The blow had already fallen. He was a ruined man, with scarce a dollar he could call his own—he who had had no wish ungratified money might procure in all his thirty years of life. It had fallen, too, through no fault of his own, though there was feeble comfort in that. There was comfort, however, in the knowledge that he owed no man, and that he might start afresh in the world with no burden on his broad shoulders or his conscience.

True, there was a deep wound in his heart. He had loved Marion so well that to give her up was to voluntarily renounce God's sunlight. But all her life had been spent amid luxury. It was to her a necessity. Deprived of it, she would fade and droop; and better any lot than to watch her struggle, and know that he had brought it upon her.

Besides, she had made her choice. To her a wedding meant flowers, music, friends, the toilet of the bride. The future, the communion of two hearts, the solemn responsibilities incurred were but secondary considerations.

"Good-by, my darling!" he said, as they parted; but when she added, "Until to-morrow," he answered neither yea nor nay.

"To-morrow" the world knew that Chester Thorley's ship had gone upon the rocks. Many of his business associats would have held out to him a helping hand, but firmly and kindly he refused every offer.

He wrote Marion a few lines, recalling to her mind the conversation of the day before, and releasing her from her vows to him.

"If any good fortune comes to me," he concluded; "you shall hear of it. If I am silent, you may know it is because my life is wrapped in silence and shadow. Bless you, darling, for the light you have cast upon it! It will be like looking into heaven. I dare not see you again—I tested my strength to its full yesterday. God grant that some better man than I may win you. To love you better is not within his power. Nor must you think I blame you that you shrank from sharing the new life upon which I enter. Flowers cannot live without sunlight. Even as I spoke I knew your answer. I only wanted to be sure that I made no mistake in interpreting the best course for your happiness."

And then, with a few more warm, passionately, living words of farewell, the letter closed.

Two years passed, and the little world which had known Chester Thorley so well, knew him no more. He had entirely disappeared. It were as though the sea had opened and swallowed him up.

Marion Willoughby was Marion Willoughby still. If she suffered, she made no sign; but those who had seen the one sparkling stone, which had been the pledge of her engagement to Chester Thorley, noticed that she wore it still, and others, yet more narrow watchers observed that always, when she entered a crowded room, she would take a hasty glance about, as though expecting to find some one not there.

She was yet but twenty-two, a belle and a beauty still. The third winter of his absense she went West to spend several weeks with an aunt.

"I cannot spare you," her father had said when the invitation had come.

But she, going close to him, and laying her head a moment on his breast, had said:

"I think, papa, it would be best."

They were simple words, but he interpreted them aright. The old wound would not cease its bleeding. She wanted to go amid new scenes, so he only kissed her, and bade her remember that the old father awaited her return.

"You have not been through the steel works," some one said to her one day. "It really is a most interesting sight. Will you join a party, if we make up one to visit them, Miss Willoughby?"

"With pleasure," she answered lightly.

And her aunt, charmed with the brilliant success of her beautiful niece, smiled at Clay Clayton's numerous devices to ensnare Marion's society.

He was the great parti of the place. She had heard something of some early disappointment in Marion's life. It would be a splendid triumph thus to obliterate it, and already she felt quite sure that the fiat lay in the girl's own hands.

The morning appointed for the expedition dawned beautiful and bright. They seemed indeed like drones, intruding upon some busy hive of workers, as they entered the great building and looked about them. Department after department they visited, watching with interest the delicate, subtle machinery and its wonderful workings.

Marion's cheek flushed with interest, and Clay Clayton, noting it, thought he never had seen her look more beautiful.

To-day he determined he must speak; when suddenly he heard a little cry and glancing up, saw her standing quite apart from the group, her eyes ablaze, her lips quivering.

At a little distance from her, adjusting some piece of machinery, was a man in a workman's blouse. Her cry also attracted him, and he looked up.

Their eyes met. His face grew deathly pale, but he gave no other sign of recognition. She went straight towards him, oblivious of all, with hand outstretched.

"Chester!" she said in a voice scarce louder than a whisper. "At last."

He bowed low in response, and took no notice of her hand; but the old, dauntless pride was in the uplifted head and fearless glance.

"Did you know that I was here?" she questioned.

"No," he replied; "I am no longer in your world."

"You will come to see me?"

"I can not."

Here his voice broke a little.

"Mr. Clayton," she said "let me present my friend, Mr. Thorley."

Spite of innate breeding of the man, some of the instinctive surprise at hearing a steel worker addressed by Miss Willoughby as friend, made itself apparent in the manner he yet strove to conceal.

Then the party passed on. He wondered, however, why Marion lingered a moment in the office to address the superintendent some question as they came out into the air. He had meant, too, to ask her, on the way home, the question which all day, and for many days, had been trembling on his lips, but there was a new expression in her eyes and about her mouth which instinctively told him that this was not the time to plead his cause.

Had that fellow inside, who bowed so like a gentleman, been any other than a workman, he might have suspected him as some way responsible. It was quite singular enough as it was that Miss Willoughby should have addressed him as friend. Doubtless some man who had seen better days, and for whom she felt a womanly sympathy.

"Can I see Mr. Thorley?"

The mistress of the humble little cottage in one of Chicago's suburbs looked up, amazed, at the beautiful young lady who asked the question.

"Indeed, I suppose you may, miss. He's gone up to his room, where he spends all his evenings, and not a bit of supper to-night has he touched. Shall I call him down?"

"No; let me go to him."

"It's the first room to the right of the stairs, Miss. He's the only lodger I have, and you are his first visitor."

But the girl heeded not the words. A strange vision she surely was as she stood an instant outside his door, clad in costly velvets and rich furs; then she softly turned the handle and entered.

He did not hear her. He had thrown himself upon his sofa and buried his head in its cushions. He was so still, so motionless, she thought he must be sleeping.

She swiftly crossed the room, and laying her hand gently upon his shoulder, called his name.

"My God!" he cried, and would have started to his feet but that she held him back, falling on her knees beside him.

"Chester," she pleaded, "you would not come to me. My pride is less than yours—my love greater. I have come to you. Did you think that my heart uttered the unworthy words for which you have punished me all these years? I have tried so long to find you. So long and so hopelessly!"

And she bowed her beautiful head and sobbed outright.

"Hush, dear—hush! You should not have come here, Marion. It might compromise you."

"Compromise, me with my future husband? See, Chester!" and she held up the hand on which gleamed the ring, "I have never accepted my freedom."

"My own brave girl," he said, his voice softening even while he girded himself up to the strength of which he stood in such need. "But the heaven you open to me can not be. I am foreman in the works where you saw me to-day, Marion. My knowledge and love of machinery stood me in good stead. I heard of this opening and secured it. To-day I was adjusting some difficult piece of work I dared not trust to the workman. I am in receipt of a liberal salary, which I am laying aside, dear, living as poorly as I can, hoping one day to buy an interest in the business. One or two improvements I have made are rapidly attaining me this goal; but it is still far off. I can not ask you to wait, nor to forget the years of labor which have helped me to reach it.

"I have waited already too long, Chester, —she whispered. "I am ready now to become your wife!"

His face grew deadly white.

"Do not tempt me," he said hoarsely.

"Oh, Chester!" she said. "When I have so much money, why are you so cruel and so proud!"

"I cannot go back to a life of ease and dependence," he answered—"even with you, dear love, to brighten it. Bless you for coming to me, Marion! Bless you for showing me all that a noble woman may be. The memory of this hour will lighten all future years."

"Chester, you do not understand me," she persisted. "I ask you to return to no life of dependence. I will forget that I have a single dollar in the world except what you give me. I will share whatever home you offer me—even this. For better for, worse, darling, we pledged ourselves as sacredly as though already we had stood before God's altar! In God's sight I am your wife! I claim my right to share your dark days as well as those on which the sun of prosperity may shine!"

He strove to answer her, but his voice broke. She had conquered; but, womanlike, she gave to him the glory of the victory as she sobbed out her happiness upon his heart.

A month later there was a quiet wedding, at which were neither flowers nor bridesmaids, nor music; but Marion Willoughby missed nothing. It was only after the ceremony had been performed that Chester showed her a document which had been his wedding gift from the firm he had served so faithfully, and which admitted him as a junior partner from that date. But she smiled half sadly as she looked at it through a mist of tears.

"You said once, dear," she whispered, "that flowers, to live, needed sunlight. My darling, I had not then made the wonderful discovery that love makes sunlight everywhere! With your heart my home, be its outward adornments what they will, I envy no king his palace, no queen her throne!"

"How much did you pay for your new dress?" asked Mrs. Smith. "eight cents a yard; they asked ten cents." "Why," said Mrs. Smith, "it is just like mine, isn't it? But I did better than you. They asked me eighteen cents, and I got it for twelve cents. I got off more than you."

Biggins never loses his gallantry. When he came home how-came-you-so, the other night, and Mrs. B. told him she was ashamed of him. Biggins replied: "Better my wife (hic) should be ashamed of me (hic) than that I should be ashamed of my wife."

TRUE LOVE.

"Amor, che ne la mente mi ragiona."—DANTE
"Amor vien nel bel viso di costei.—PETRARCA

If there can be any one can take my place
And make you happy whom I grieve to grieve,
Think not that I can grudge it, but believe
I do commend you to that nobler grace,
That readier wit than mine, that sweeter face,
Yea, since your riches make me rich, conceive
I too am crowned, while bridal crowns I weave,
And thread the bridal dance with jocund pace.
For if I did not love you, it might be
That I should grudge you some one dear delight.
But since the heart is yours that was mine own,
Your pleasure is my pleasure, right my right,
Your honorable freedom makes me free,
And you companioned I am not alone.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

A POLICEMAN'S MISTAKE.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

It was a dull rainy day, towards the end of August—one of those days when earth and sky alike are gray and dreary, and the rain-drops pattering against the window sound like human sobs. The clock that hung against the wall pointed to the hour of three in the afternoon, and I was sitting by myself in our little inner office, looking out at the expanse of the dull, gray wall that formed my only prospect from the not over clean window, and thinking. I had read every square inch of type in the newspapers; I had made out all the necessary papers and documents, and now with literally "nothing to do, I was musing about Kitty Elton, and wondering how long it would be before I should be able to marry her.

Dear little Kitty! She was as sweet and as patient as it was in the nature of a woman to be, but I knew it was a hard life for her in that overcrowded milliner's work-room, day after day and month after month, and I longed to set her free from the monotonous captivity. She was a pretty blue-eyed girl of 20, with a dimple in her chin and the sweetest rose on her cheek that ever inspired the pen of a poet. I was no poet, yet I think I understood and appreciated all her womanly grace and delicate beauty as fully as if my heart's thoughts could shape themselves into verse. And it was of them I was thinking when the door opened and Mr. Clenner came in.

Mr. Clenner was our chief,—a dark, silent little man, with square stern mouth and clouded gray eyes, which appeared almost expressionless when they were turned full upon you, and yet which seemed to see everything at a glance. He sat down beside me.

"Meredith," he said, in a quiet subdued tone that was natural to him, "didn't you say you were getting tired of doing nothing?"

"Yes, sir.

"Well, I have something for you to do."

"Something that will bring you both credit and friends, if you manage it skillfully. I had intended to go myself but circumstances happened untowardly, and I shall send you instead."

Bending his head toward me and speaking scarcely above a whisper, he told me the special business on which I was to be sent. There had been, it seems, a series of very heavy forgeries lately committed, with a boldness and audacity that fairly seemed to set the authorities at defiance. For some time he had been in doubt as to the exact perpetrator of the crime, but after much quiet investigation and casting hither and tither, he had detected the hidden spring—one Perley Matteson—who had skilfully eluded all pursuit, and was now somewhere hidden in the northeastern portion of the state. His whereabouts had been ascertained as nearly as possible, and it was for me to go quietly up and apprehend him before he should become aware of our knowledge of all his movements.

I sat listening to all the various details of our plan as they were sketched out by Mr. Clenner. The reward that had been privately offered was high—my heart leaped as I reflected how much nearer it would bring me to Kitty Elton, nor did the enterprise seem particularly difficult to accomplish.

"Do you think you can do it?" Mr. Clenner asked, after the whole thing had been laid before me.

"Yes, sir. When shall I start?"

"Now—within half an hour."

"Yes, why not?"

I could think of no sufficient reason except one, which I did not care to communicate to my superior—the longing wish to see Kitty once more before I started.

"Just as you decide, Mr. Clenner, of course," I said, raising. "If I take the 4 o'clock express I shall be there by daylight to-morrow morning."

"Yes, and that is altogether the best plan. He will not remain long in any one place just at present, depend upon it, and what you have to do must be done at once."

All through that long night journey I mused myself upon the task that lay before me. The house to which I was directed was in the village of Drownville—the residence of Mrs. Matteson, the mother of the audacious forger. If help was needed I was fully authorized to call for it upon the constabularly authorities of Drownville, but I expect to need none.

The rosy dawn was just finishing the eastern sky when I alighted, stiff, weary, and jaded, from the train at the little way station of Drownville.

"Can you direct me to Mrs. Mattleson's place?" I asked of the sleepy station-master, who was yawning behind the little aperture of the ticket office.

"Matteson—Mrs. Matthsoo; I don't know her, but I guess likely I can tell you where she lives. Just you follow the main street of the village out about half a mile, and ye'll come to a patch o' woods, with bars at the fence. Go through them bars a little way further on, and ye'll see a little yaller house, just the last place in the world where you'd expect to see a house. That's where Mrs. Matteson lives."

I thanked my informant, and set out on a brisk walk, carrying my traveling bag. It was quite a distance ere I emerged from the suburbs of the "main street" into a quiet and secluded road, or, rather lane. The "patch o' woods" and the "little yaller house," a cream-colored cottage, literally overgrown with honeysuckles—rewarded my search, and as I knocked at the door a clock somewhere inside struck 7.

A decent-looking, elderly woman in widow's weeds came to the door.

"Is Mr. Matteson in?" Mr. Perley?"

"No," she answered, quickly, with, as I imagined, rather a confused look. I did not believe her, and asked quietly:

"When do you expect him home?"

"Not at present:"

Apparently she expected me to go away, but instead I stepped in.

"Mother," asked a soft voice at the head of the stairs, "who is it?"

And then for the first time I became aware that some one had been watching our coloquy from the head of the stairs—a young girl, dressed, like the mother in deep black, with very brilliant black eyes and a profusion of jet black ringlets.

"Someone to see your brother."

She came half way down the stairs, pushing back her curls with one hand, and looking at me with wondrous eyes. Even then her beauty struck me as I stood gazing at her.

"Terry is not at home," she said hurriedly. "He has gone away. We do not know when he will return."

Evidently the mother and daughter were in the secret of Matteson's villainy, and doing their best to screen him from its consequences. My heart bled for both of them; but it was no time to indulge in sentimental pity. Speaking as briefly as could, I told them it was my duty to compel them to remain where they were while I searched the house.

Mrs. Matteson sat down, pale and trembling; her daughter colored high.

"Mother," she said, "why do you stand by and listen to such slanders? It is false! Let this man search the house if he will; my brother is as innocent as I am!"

No opposition was offered to my search. It was entirely fruitless, however—there was nowhere any trace of the flown bird. Nevertheless, I concluded to remain there quietly for a day or two, to see what a little waiting might bring forth.

The same afternoon, Clara Matteson came in, as I sat by the piazza window, keeping a quiet watch on all the surroundings.

"Mr. Meredith," she said softly, "mother thinks I have been rude to you. She says it was not your fault, personally, that you were sent here—on such a mistake, and perhaps she is right. I am sorry I have hurt your feelings."

The pretty penitent way in which she spoke quite won my heart, and a few questions on me part seemed to unlock the hidden recesses of her confidence. She talked at first shyly, but afterwards with more assurance of herself, her absent brother, and her mother, giving me a thousand artless little family details which I almost dreaded to hear. The twilight talk was one of the pleasantest of my by no means universally pleasant life, and I was considerably annoyed when it was broken in upon by the arrival of the Drownville constables who were to watch through the night. At the sound of their footsteps on the piazza floor, Clara rose up and sat down again, confused and frightened.

"O, Mr. Meredith—those men—"

"Be easy, Miss Matteson," I said; "you shall in no way be annoyed by them. Your privacy shall not be broken in upon, believe me."

"I know I am silly," faltered Clara, "but oh! it seems so dreadful!"

My orders to the men were brief and succint. I stationed them as seemed best to me, and then returned to spend the evening with Miss Matteson. And when I was at length left alone I could not help thinking—God forgive me—how much more winning and graceful she was than poor Kitty Elton.

At length an answer came to my report to Mr. Clenner—it was short and to the purpose:

"Come back—you are only losing time. If the bird has flown we must look elsewhere for him."

I read the missive with a pang. Clara Matteson's cheeks deepened in color as I announced my departure to her

"You have been far kinder than we dared to hope, Mr. Meridith," she said as I held her hand in mine.

"You will think of me sometimes Clara?"

The reader will easily see how our intimacy had progressed. She smiled, hung her head, and taking a pair of scissors from the table, severed one bright tress from the abundant tresses that hung over her forehead.

"Keep this, Mr. Meridith, in memory of me."

Was I foolish to press the jetty ringlet to my lips ere I laid it close against my heart?' Clara evidently thought I was—for she had laughed, but did not seem displeased.

Mr. Clinner seemed annoyed when I got back to the bureau—rather an unreasonable proceeding on his part, for I certainly did all that man could do under the circumstances.

"We have been mistaken all the way through, it seems," he said, biting his lip. "Strange—very staange—I was never mistaken before in my calculations. Well, we must try again."

I went to Kitty Elton's that night. She received me with a sweet, shy sadness of welcome that should have made me the happiest man in the world; but it did not. Clara Matteson's dark beauty seemed to stand between me and her like a visible barrier. When I took my leave there were tears in her eyes.

"Kitty, you are crying!"

"Because you are changed. Edward, you do not love me as well as you did."

"Kitty, what nonsense!"

I was vexed with her, simply because I knew her accusation was true. But I kissed her again and took my leave, moody and dissatisfied.

When I reached the office next morning Mr. Clenner was not there.

"He had gone to Drownville," said my fellow detective; "he went last night."

"To Drownville?"

I was seriously annoyed. Did Mr. Clenner distrust the accuracy of my reports. Or did he imagine that I was unable to institute a thorough and complete investigation of the premises?

"It's very strange," I mused aloud.

Jones laughed.

"Well," he said, "you know Clenner has a way of doing strange things. Depend upon it, he has good reasons for his conduct."

I was sitting at my desk two days subsequently, when the door glided noiselessly open and Clenner himself entered.

"You are back again, sir? and what luck?"

"The best."

"You don't mean to say it. Edward Meredith, I knew I could not be entirely mistaken. Perley Matteson is in the next room—half an hour from now he will be in prison."

"Where did you apprehend him?"

"At home in his mother's house."

"But——"

"He was there all the time you remained there. Ned, my boy, you've made a blunder for once; but don't let it happen again."

"What do you mean, sir?"

For reply he opened the door of the private inner apartment, his own special sanctum. A slight boyish figure leaned against the window smoking a cigarette, with black curls tossed back from a marble white brow, and brilliant eyes. He mockingly inclined his head as I stared at him, with a motion not unfamiliar to me.

"Clara Matteson!"

"Yes," he said, in a soft, sarcastic voice; "Clara Matteson or Perley Matteson, or whatever you choose to call me! Many thanks for your politeness, Detective Meredith; and, if you would like another lock of hair——"

I turned away, burning scarlet, while Mr. Clenner closed the door.

"Never mind, my boy, it will be a lesson to you," he said laughing. "He makes a very pretty girl, but I am not at all susceptible."

What a double-dyed fool I have been! I had lost the reward—failed in the estimation of my fellow-officers, and behaved like a brute to poor Kitty—and all for what?

I went to Kitty and told her the whole story, and to my surprise the dear faithful little creature loved me just as well as ever. "I won't be jealous of Perley Matteson, Edward," she said, smiling. "Whatever I might be of his sister. And, dearest, don't be discouraged. I'll wait as long as you please, and you will be a second Mr. Clenner yet."

She was determined to look on the bright side of things, this little Kitty of mine! But I felt the mortification none the less keenly, although, as Mr. Clenner said, it would undoubtedly prove a good lesson to me.

Perley Matteson's girlish beauty is eclipsed in the state's prison—nor do I pity him. The stake for which he played was high—and he lost.

Never before, within the memory of that famous oldest inhabitant, was so much buildings going on in New York and Brooklyn. A recent count here showed that building enough are going up to make homes for 10,174 families, or 50,874 persons. Many of these are immense and costly "French flat" houses, accommodating from 20 or 30 to 150 families each. They range from 7 to 15 stories high, and on more than one of them the outlay counts up among the millions. In Brooklyn 1,922 buildings, more than six for each working day, were completed last year, at a cost of more than $8,500,000. In the first six months of this year 1,165 were finished; in the same months last year 800.

Defective Page