

Age and Song.

In vain men tell us time can alter
Old loyes, or make old memories fatter,

No time east down, no time upraises,
Such loyes, such memories and such praises,

Old thanks, old thoughts, old aspirations,
Outlive men's lives and lives of nations,

FENALLOSA.

Will you marry me? Those were
the words that, coming from the veranda
in a deep rich voice and most tenderly

It was Ignacio Fenallosa's voice; and
he was repeating a question that, under
various disguises, he had asked of Christy

Onis was the prettiest, if not the busiest
little village in the world, with all
its embowering green close upon the sea,

When he came again I was crossing the
lapp myself, and at the gate we saw
Christy, sitting on the roof of the veranda

"What do you know?" he asked,
in solemnity, turning and releasing
the great eye, "that of all things the

"What is that amusing?" he answered,
"Is it to please you? Then I
will not grow." He glanced up and

Of course I could only laugh at him
and so did Christy when he repeated it
to her. "I hope you will never grow up,

"You learn the Spanish to-day?" he asked,
changing his tone to one of more
seducing sweetness; for with all the

He did not wait for an introduction
but climbed the fence one sunset, and
accosted her in the garden with such an

Unnecessary to say that the brig sailed
without him, indeed, but never without
the transaction of a little high tragedy

"I have my colors," he answered,
"Give me mine," she cried, in some
thing like one of her own riddles. "Give

"How did you come by it?" he asked,
"as we read the Spanish," she said,
"and I thought it to be her, after he

"Yes, you ridiculous boy. Do you
suppose it is my hair, that curl? Look at
it, I thought it to be some prison girl's

"Dios!" cried Fenallosa. "And you
did wear it?"
The disgust on his face quite

But Leon was a tickle youth, and it did
not much signify. As for Fenallosa, we
rather wondered at Christy, for he was

like nobody else in the world, and with an
irresistible personal charm, it seemed to
us—such eyes were never seen except un-

Christy had been singing a Spanish
song, with the guitar, Juan correcting here
and the rest of us were bending over the

"What are you going to do on the
Fourth, Fenallosa?" asked John Allen,
as he brought the box of Roman candles

"What is that the custom of the
country is to do?" asked Fenallosa, for
he had arrived last year just after that

"Oh, burn powder," he answered,
"and blow toot-horns."
"And set towns ablaze with fire-

"I do wish, Fenallosa," murmured
Christy, as he bent his head to listen,
"what you will make love to me, you

"What care I for the world?" he cried,
"The universe is nothing then if you but
go to listen!" And he turned about and

"I was on the afternoon of the Fourth
itself that Fenallosa appeared before us
in deep mourning, clad in the blackest

"But it was quite otherwise," he said,
"the news had just come of the loss of a great-
uncle, whom he had never seen, but who

"But not alone," he said, "they are not
mine; they are his." And he felt more
than ever assured that, after this,

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together on the piano," he came in. It
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"I shall be married in just three
weeks," cried Fenallosa. "Your Fourth
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"One's glass in the eyes and the other's
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head and all her silver bangles ringing
like the Almee's bells. "But the
beautiful arms! The fair head!"

"There you go again," cried Christy,
"to-day, as Fenallosa played, there was
something very grand and solemn in his

"You should have seen the transport of
rage into which Fenallosa fell, and heard
the anathemas on the luckless head of his

"But there was no help for it; Fenallosa
now would not stir out of the house till
night." "It is indecorous," he said, "I

After dark, when we had sat for a
while on the veranda overhanging the
sea, watching the great stars rise from

"Why she not to pacify me?" he cried,
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purchase them." This is welcome news.
We shall take our market basket this
evening and go out and purchase our
next winter's stock.

"Do not take down your sleeves, shed
your flannels, or put your overcoat in
paw and August. Prof. Tice predicts
several hard frosts in July. This same

Victoria Woodhull is Americanizing
England. She has three libel suits under
way, and has married a Londoner. Her

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