

The Home Journal.

W. J. SLATTER, Editor.

"pledged to no Party's arbitrary sway,
we follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

MADELEINE.

A HEART HISTORY.

CONTINUED.

NOTE.—A reward of \$200 was offered some time since by the Home Journal for the best original story written for its columns. Several were written, and after a period of each, "MADELEINE—A HEART HISTORY," was considered the most deserving. Its style is simple yet beautiful, and that all will be highly interested we have not a single doubt.—Editor.

The house stands on a high ridge of land while directly in front the descent is rapid to the lowland beyond, with its deep forests, its snug little farms and scattered homes of plenty and peace.

They are standing—not sitting—a youth of twenty, and a maiden of sixteen. One arm is timidly passed around her waist, his hand clasps one of hers, and he is speaking in love's low, soft and musical tones, and yet through the feeling trembles in every utterance, he mentions not a word of the passion.

He is a timid, boy-lover, and though he feels all the intensity of the first delightful heart-throb that wakes the slumbering soul to the master-passion of one's life, he is too diffident to speak the words his heart most pleadingly urges him to utter. And yet why should he not? Has he not been her constant companion for more than a year in rides and walks and rural excursions, and did she ever repel his attentions by word, or look? Have they not been classmates at school, and at night have they not conned their lessons from the same book, consecrated by such pleasant companionship; and did she not always greet him with a cordial welcome as his free, glad step, rung upon the floor of the entrance to the setting-room, where her mother nightly places for them the round baize-covered, study table and taking the bright needles places her knitting on the other side of the capacious fireplace?

And when he had failed to appear, after having formed the habit of coming so often as to be always expected, did not Madeleine's poorer lesson next morning, and the slight frown that darkened her pretty brow, assure him that he was sadly missed!

And yet, in all his intercourse with the fair young girl at his side, he had never made the slightest allusion to the charm her presence had for him, to the love he felt for her so deeply intertwined with every fibre of his being; and she had never dreamed that she was ought to him than a dear friend, a sisterly companion, and a much prized schoolmate.

She knew their tastes were similar, their feelings and opinions, on most subjects, strictly in unison, and that their association and companionship were delightful. Still, had any one hinted that Henry Moreland thought of her in any other way than this, she would have indignantly denied it, believing, that in all their familiar intercourse, if other, and warmer emotions had found a place in his bosom, he would have frankly and unhesitatingly avowed it.—What a mystery is the human heart, and how little do the most intimate friends always know what is passing in its inner sanctuary.

Had Madeleine Cranston been aware of the entire consecrated affection that lived and burned with glowing intensity in the breast of him whose arm lightly encircled, for the first time, her slender frame, gaining strength and power from every previous interview; in short, had she known it had been ought else than desire of companionship in his studies, (I have said they were classmates at the village Academy,) that drew him nightly to the quiet of her father's fireside, the frank, unrestricted association would long before have found a close, or she would have sounded the depths of her own nature and tried to discover if he were the one who could satisfy it, from centre to circumference; if she could love him with all the power of her being and yield to him willingly and joyously the guidance of her outer and her inner life, for young as she was beautiful and admired as she had ever been, there was no vulgar desire in her to win a heart because she could, to coldly fling it back to him who offered it. Her character was but the impregnation of truth, justice and kindness, and though the world, at large, looked upon the maiden as cold and haughty, it

was but a natural result of her peculiar constitution and mental training.

Gifted with an ardent, poetic temperament, a lover of nature in her simplest as well as grandest forms, she loved the plants and trees, the rocks and hills, and glorious old forests, tangled dells, wild vines, bright streams and leaping floods, far better than common human companionship, and so the world called her cold. She was truthful and conscientious almost to a fault, if such a thing could be, and therefore had little sympathy with the petty prevarications, and follies, and follies, which formed part of the lives and conduct of those around her; consequently, was not a general favorite, for though kind and generous, she ever stood aloof from all such association, and so many called her proud and haughty. But such a being, when love touches the master-chord to which all the other life-strings vibrate, must find her earthly weal secured, or totally lost. Love, for her, must be a pure, holy star, that with clear and steady light shines on, and on, whether the sky is bright with undimmed azure, or darkened by the wing of the storm-angel; or it must be a flashing meteor whose vanishing track, covered by the blackness of darkness, can never be lighted again.

Madeleine felt that she stood alone in the world. That few felt and thought like her, and how pleasant it was to find, even now! How natural that her heart should be dearer to such a one. She had had little companionship, or acquaintance with her own sex, much less, with the other. An only child, petted, caressed and quietly indulged, and yet always with judicious restriction, she had been very happy in her wanderings beside the stream, and in the grey, old woods, and at home, with her books and work in the quiet little room she called her own, or sometimes lending her aid to the gentle, but feeble mother who so often needed it.

Dearly and devotedly she loved that patient invalid, and many pleasant hours she spent in ministering to her comfort, or gratification, and with a feeling of pride mingled with her affection, she looked upon a father, who though as I have said, kind and indulgent, had but little time to devote to his child, living, as he had done, for many years, in the world of practical excitement.

Dearly I said she loved them, and yet there were times when she felt there was a void in her heart, which must sooner or later be filled; a consciousness that all the energies of her being had not been called into action, and an intense desire for more full and perfect companionship, for an appreciative, intellectual association with some high-toned and lofty spirit, that could think and feel as she did. And such had been partly supplied to her during the past year, her companionship with him whose intellect was equal to her own, whose judgment she felt superior and who seemed to understand and appreciate all her acts and motives, and one who had never failed to assist her in all her efforts at mental and moral improvement, if not in words, yet by the kindling eye and approving glance, when she was more than ordinarily successful. What a stimulus had it proved to the development of the natural strength and excellence of her character.

But on the morrow, all their pleasant intercourse must have an end, for he was to leave her for his distant home, and now upon that cottage porch beneath the holy starlight, clasped by that timid arm, what were her thoughts? and what were his?

The spring-fires were burning in scattered heaps upon the fallow grounds below, consisting of old stumps, the roots, of which had so decayed during the previous winter that they could easily be separated from the softened ground of early spring, and brush from the zigzag corners of the fences, and all other superfluous trash the farmer could turn to no possible advantage on his lands and which rendered his fields unsightly to the eye.

The first brightness of their kindling had passed away. They no longer blazed, but the burning logs and stumps alar off looked like the gleaming lights we read of, upon the prows of the princesses, moored along the shores of the Orient rivers.

Henry had lately bowed his heart in sweet subjection to the Holy of Holies, the compassionate savior of his spirit, and many times in the secret meditations of his chamber, he had almost vowed to take his life in his hands and go forth a herald of salvation to the benighted regions that sit, and still sit, in the shadow of darkness. 'Tis the feeling of many ardent and generous souls when the droppings of mercy first distil their healing balm

upon a sin-crushed spirit, and the light of Divine favor dispels the clouds of doubt and unbelief, to announce to others, who have no means of learning it, the glad tidings which have diffused such joy over their saddened hearts.

When faith with outstretched hand grasped the Eternal throne,

And made the promises of him who sat thereon, her own

So with Henry Moreland. Earnest and enthusiastic in temperament, and nobly impulsive and self-sacrificing in character, such was his first thought when he felt that his sins were forgiven him, without stopping to consider whether he possessed the necessary qualifications for such a work. The more he thought, the more he had come to a decision that he was not, unless he could be joined and aided by her who had the strongest hold upon his affections of any earthly creature, without whom he felt his own being was incomplete, and without whose life-long companionship and affection, existence was to be a dreary waste. Could she feel the same strong impulse and self-sacrificing desire to devote herself and all her energies to the consecrated work, he would no longer hesitate. He must have the bride of his spirit to go with him, and yet not so much that he could not make the sacrifice, terrible as it would be, as that it would be useless, for without the presence, companionship and co-operation of his second, dearer self, he felt that his most strenuous efforts, for the redemption of fallen humanity, would be powerless and futile.

Easy as it would have been for Madeleine Cranston to have loved with her whole heart the noble, gifted and attractive youth, she had never believed he felt for her anything else than a pure and guileless friendship, and though she had delighted in the charms of his presence, she had studiously avoided yielding to any warmer feeling on her part, and had succeeded in restraining her maiden affections, so far in her own keeping, as never to manifest a regard she might not have exhibited for any right-minded, intelligent and virtuous man.

But it seemed to him that she could read his secret soul, that she could penetrate his inmost thoughts, and divine the words he would utter before his tongue had formed them, and therefore she must know how devotedly, how entirely he loved her; and more, he felt that knowing this she must reciprocate all his deep, deathly affection, or she would never treat him with that constant cordial regard, which sparkled in her eye and beamed upon her features.

Little did he know there is in woman's nature, a little heaven of distrust, and though she may be aware from his bearing of all the partiality he feels, she cannot, does not appropriate it, much as she may desire it, unless he has given her unmistakable evidence, in words, that his affection is all, and entirely hers.

He believed that Madeleine Cranston loved him even as he did her, and now did he but know that she could nerve herself to the sacrifice of home, friends and country, he could leave her in the morning, for a brief visit to his parents and then enter College, as he was prepared to, two years in advance and after completing his Collegiate and Theological studies, bear away to the Palm-groves of the Orient land the girl-bride of his boyish love-dreams.

But had Henry Moreland stopped to analyze all the motives that actuated him, he would have found another feeling in his bosom, very different from entire devotion to his Maker and his benighted fellow-being, mingling with and casting a glorious halo over the idea of the sacrifice he must make in leaving home, friends and country, for the wilds of heathendom.

His affection for Madeleine was fast becoming the absorbing feeling of his life. Friends had faded away on the dim, far off distance—the one sister of his childhood and youth, though she was still very dear, was overshadowed by the strong and rapid growth of the one great master-passion of his soul, and the brother, in whose house he was domiciled, seemed scarcely more than a passing acquaintance, so entire, so overwhelming was his love for the being that seemed necessary, not only to his happiness, but to his very life.

Love so absorbing cannot be free from selfishness, and there was something pleasant to him in the thought that in that far-off land she would be all his own, yea doubly, tribly his, and he be all in all to her. The music of her silvery voice should soothe no other ear than his and the brightness of her beaming smile glance on no other eye.

In short, the very desire of leaving

all the world beside for the jungles of the Indian rivers, had its origin not more in his love for his Maker, than in the absorbing passion of his soul for the beautiful and gifted creature by his side.

He had told her in the vine-covered porch, 'neath the truthful gaze of the solemn-looking stars, of his sometimes resolves to be a missionary—he had pictured to her, in glowing colors, the wondrous beauty of those Orient lands, the tall and graceful Palm-trees of that sunny region, the luxuriant exuberance of its vegetation, the splendor and gorgeousness of the flowers and foliage that drape its deep-tangled forests, and then in soft and saddened accents he dilated upon the ignorance and superstition of the dwellers in that lovely clime.

"O Madeleine," said he, with the touching eloquence and fervent exaltation of impassioned feeling, "Fancy yonder lights gleaming at intervals in the surrounding darkness, the cox-cox-nut-lamps that burn on the boats of the lovely but heathen Ganges and we the only christian inhabitants in our bamboo dwelling by its sacred banks living to instruct and christianize the dusky devotees of their idol gods, could we not be happy then? and the circling arm pressed more closely the unresisting form of the thoughtful maiden, whose low, but seemingly indifferent answer of "I don't know Henry, I never thought of it," showed that she spoke truly. She had never thought of it, the missionary's life, and so interested had she become in his fervid descriptions as scarcely to have noticed the coupling together of herself with him in the question he had asked.

Accustomed as she was to think of his partiality for her as only a school friendship, a brotherly affection, how could she see in his query a declaration of love? It was to her but another proof of his entire devotion to his Maker and a longing desire for the benefit of his fellow-beings. Further, she considered what was said of her being with him as only a means of discovering if she too was as unselfish and devoted to the service of the living God, as he himself. She felt that she was not, and while she loved and respected him more than ever for it, her increased esteem for the benevolence of his character, seemed to remove her farther from him.

And in that truthful, passionless answer of hers he read no misconception of his meaning, no misunderstanding of his feelings, but merely that she had no call to a missionary's life; for if she had, her imaginative fancy would most certainly have responded to his fervid descriptions of the thoughts and feelings that warmed and glowed in his own bosom. It would suffice for the present. His course must be determined before he would speak more explicitly. Time and circumstance should determine for him, yet he would have one more proof of her affection, and he stooped, and for the first time, his lips touched lightly the maiden's cheek.—

He almost blushed at his own temerity and withdrawing his face a little way, inquired if she was offended?—"No, Henry, how could I be?" was the low but distinct and delicious reply, for on it he had depended for a confirmation of the hope that he was dear to her, even as she to him.

But she, simple, natural child that she was, thought of it only as the pure kiss of a brother, who was spending the last sweet hour with a precious sister whom he might never behold again, and dreamed not that he had made in his own mind, her reception of it a test of her regard or indifference, for the heart of a delicate maiden scarcely dares to admit to itself in the darkness of the stillest night that it loves unless it has good reason to believe that its affection is desired and fully reciprocated, and then it manifests, unsoftened, no appearance of the delightful feeling which is only discerned by the studious efforts made at concealment. It's involuntary acts—the glow that mounts to the cheek, the brilliant sparkle of an eye that brightens at the mention or approach of the object of its secret preference, alone betray its existence.

Such an one was Madeleine Cranston, and she would have thought it unmanly and indecent to suppose any man loved her till language, as well as manner, had informed her, unmistakably, of the fact.

A close pressure of the hand, one fond embrace, one sweet farewell, dearer than Madeleine and he was gone. Their last interview was over. How unsatisfactory had it been to her.—There was a feeling of disappointment to which she yielded without enquiring the cause and, she sunk upon the vine-covered porch-seat and wept a flood of bitter tears.

Morning came and there was champing of bits, and rattling of carriages, for a bevy of young people, Madeleine included, were to accompany Henry and his sister to the river, eight miles distant, and exchange their final adieus by its brink.

Close and warm was the clasp of his hand he gave to her at parting, the last of the youthful band, and low and tender were the few, fond words his tongue could scarcely utter. Tears were in the eyes, as he bent his lips to the white unglazed hand, that in part returned the strong grasping of his own, and, "Do not, O never forget me, will you Madeleine?" was falling softly on her ear when the cry of, "All aboard," and the appearance of the man at gang-way to take away the plank, warned her that she must be gone. She had but time to answer, "Never," and spring lightly to the wharf, ere the boat swung round and waving handkerchiefs on deck and shore spoke the farewells lips might never more articulate.

Years are passing, and have passed—two, three. No longer a maiden of those peaceful, and quietly happy, sixteen summers, we will look at her again. There is the slightest possible shade of care upon the otherwise fair, open brow—the lips are a little, a very little compressed, and, with one hand supporting the leaning head, she sits upon the same vine-covered porch as when, dear reader, you were introduced to her three years ago. An open letter lies before her. She has read it and is musing over its contents. Her eye shows that thought is busy within. The past, the present and the future, all have place in her meditations, but more especially the past.

Let us read.—"In less than a year, dear Madeleine, even as soon as the Autumn frosts shall have changed the leaves of the forest leaves, I hope to look upon your face again. Again to sit in the old porch by your dear side, and talk with you as in the old times. O Madeleine, will you rejoice to see me, even as I shall you? My precious one, the thought of you, the anticipation of that delightful meeting, has sustained my fainting spirit through these long and dreary years of separation. Do not forget me, Madeleine, never, no never, O no, you cannot. I will not think of such a thing. It can never be."

And thus he wrote, and in a similar manner had he occasionally written during the three years in which she had not looked upon his face. What must she, what ought she to think of such singular communications? There was no vanity in Madeleine's composition, but much of pride—a just, womanly pride—a proper appreciation of what was due to her, and shrinkingly and delicately sensitive, she could not yet suppose that one of Henry's frank and open characters could love her with that entire affection that would wish to make its object the sharer of his joys and sorrows, without avowing it and seeking his destiny at her hands.

Many times did she ponder the subject over, and as often dismiss it as much in doubt as ever. And why might she not have replied to his letters in such a way as to lead him to declare himself? She would not have done it for the world. She had been reared to think that woman must conceal every appearance of affectionate regard, only as it was to be exhibited in return for undeniable evidence of love, on the part of him who carefully sought to win it. To have made the slightest advance, herself, would have appeared to her unseemly for a wise and discreet maiden, so she crushed back into her heart all the sweet untold buds of hope and joy that might have bloomed in beauty over the wasting years to come, of suffering and sorrow. And thus she schooled her trusting heart to think of him as only a dear and valued friend, who was deeply interested in her welfare, and to whom all that concerned her was of importance. But it was difficult for her at all times to suppress every trace of that warm and pure affection that trembled on the open leaves of her guileless heart, as the ready pen translated from the full unwritten feeling, the answers to such occasional communications from one who was so inexpressibly dear to her.

A rogue down-south stole a lot of newspaper accounts, and upon being discovered was sentenced to eat all which could not be collected as desperate debts. Guess he would have a full stomach for once.

All men have their frailties. Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks; we love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

Written especially for the Winchester Home Journal.

THE BARON'S DAUGHTER; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Once upon a time—it matters not when—there lived an old German Baron—no matter where—who was blessed by his godfather with an unpronounceable name. He had—as all great men have—a long line of ancestors, and as he gazed upon the portraits which hung in his chamber, a feeling of pride took possession of his soul. Like all distinguished individuals, he had his peculiarities: He wore a long pig tail; his boots were a second leviathan pair, and, to crown all, he told extraordinary long stories; in fact, it is said that one of his stories he had been telling for ten years, and yet he had only half finished it. Take him all in all, this Baron was a very extraordinary man and long will it be before we ever look upon his like again.

But there was one jewel in his household whose sparkling brilliancy shed light upon all who came within its reach. The old Baron had a daughter—a sweet girl of seventeen summers—fair as an Eastern Hour, and lovely as an angel of light. The smiles of youth were dancing upon her sunny brow, and as her heavenly glance fell upon the soul of the beholder it awoke blissful visions of angelic beauty. She had long flaxen ringlets, eyes as blue as the far-famed skies of Italy, a complexion as fair as the lily and lips like twin rosebuds, and as you gazed upon her witching grace you would marvel by what magic power she had become the child of so strange a looking father. So it was, however, I challenge contradiction. And besides, it must not be kept secret that she was blessed with a lover. Now, truth compels me to state that the young Dutchman who had won Angelina's affections was not blessed with a superabundance of that metal which the world holds so high in its estimation,—in fact, he was poor. But then, nature, ever kind, to make up for this deficiency, had endowed him with a noble mind, a true spirit, and a large store of manly beauty. Such was Count Horatio Von Flyboots, the chosen one—the heart's idol of sweet Angelina.

The Baron had notions of his own as regarded his daughter, and had resolved that no one who could not boast of a long line of ancestors, and who also was wealthy, should deprive him of his daughter. Count Horatio was possessed of neither, and it therefore never entered the Baron's knowledge box that he would have the unparalleled, unexcelled, and preposterous audacity to aspire to Angelina's hand. It was owing to this, and the Count's pleasant manners, that he tolerated his presence in the castle. He disguised not the pleasure he took in his society, and the gratification he experienced in having Count Flyboots spin his long stories, and when he would drink the old miller's wine, and call it capital, the Baron would sigh and wish that fortune had bestowed riches on the Count.

Many, many were the suitors who thronged the Castle for Angelina's hand, but out of them all, the Baron had selected a humpback prince, whose lofty title was Prince Kossuth Napoleon Catchpenny. Nature, when she formed him, must have been in an exceedingly bad humor, for his face was like a full moon on a foggy night, and his hair was red as the setting sun. But looks to the Baron were nothing. The gold which filled the coffers of the prince, and the long line of ancestors of which he boasted, gilded over every defect. It is an old adage, and a true one, "that the course of true love never runs smooth," for strange as it may appear, impossible as it may seem, yet the love of this mighty prince was not reciprocated by its object. Vain were his arguments, useless his entreaties. Angelina was unchangeable.—Finding her so refractory, one morning in the sweet month of May, when the birds were singing on the trees, he walked into the Baron's room, with a scowl upon his countenance, and thus addressed that august personage:

"Baron of the unpronounceable name, listen to me. For six long months have I condescended to woo your daughter, have visited her twice a week—have made her costly presents, and was consoling myself, that I like Caesar, 'had come, had seen, had conquered.'" But no such thing (here his frowns were tremendous awful)—your daughter flies at my approach as if I were some frightful monster. She laughs at me,—and you, yes, even you, Baron, have of late treated me somewhat coldly. How is this? Come, answer, sir; I am not to be deceived, humbuggled, swindled."

"Prince Catchpenny, be silent, you disturb my tender nerves by your loud talking. Here, take this 'long nine' and smoke it while I regain serenity."
"But I want to know the fact," replied the prince.
"Princes," responded the Baron in a voice made husky—not by emotion, but by tobacco smoke—"my mouth shall speak the truth; I have had a fearful dream."
"A dream?" gruffly rejoined the prince, "what in the name of his Satanic majesty has that got to do with your daughter?"
"Lend me your ears, O mighty prince,

and listen. I thought that I upon an angel's wing had been transported to your castle, where a numerous assemblage had gathered. Beauty and fashion crowded the halls. The blaze of jewels, the brilliancy of the lights and the sparkling of eyes gave a hup of enchantment to the scene. All were gaily dancing, but you were not there. In vain I searched for you. To all my enquiries as to your whereabouts, I received for answer: 'I know not.' Midnight drew near and as the old clock pealed forth the hours, a servant came tushing in the room so agitated as scarcely to be able to speak.—On being requested to state the cause of his alarm, he horrified the whole assembly by saying: 'I saw my master, the prince, fighting with a skeleton upon the staircase.' As flies the dew before the sun, so flew that whole crowd as they heard the servant's story. I was left alone. At length I was about to depart when I felt a cold hand laid upon my shoulder and heard a voice say: 'Baron, beware! Prince Kossuth Napoleon Catchpenny is a villain. It is written in the book of fate that your daughter must marry me, or else she dies.' Prince, three times that night I dreamed that dream, and the spirit shall be obeyed."

As the Baron ceased he turned round to look upon the prince, but what was his surprise to see that he had fainted.—On coming to himself, he stored wildly around him, made some very unbecoming grimaces, slid off the chair, and muttering "murder," he departed, and that, too, without saying good bye.

"By the shade of my grandfather," said the Baron to himself, "but that is strange. He must be a villain indeed, and have some great crime upon his conscience.—But this spirit, to whom it seems I am compelled to marry my daughter—who in the devil is he? He might have had sufficient politeness to give me his name—his name—what in the devil is it?"

"My name is Wolfgang Hollowhead. At twelve o'clock I claim my bride," replied a deep, sepulchral voice from the inner chamber, which made the Baron start. "Remember," it continued, "she is mine to-night or she dies. Be ready or beware!"

"I will," replied the trembling Baron. In a few moments after, the Baron called his daughter, and told her his dream, and commanded her to be prepared to meet the ghost that night. Poor Angelina was in agony, but there was no hope. Separation was triumphant, and fate held the scales. The return to her chamber to grieve over her fate, but like a true Baron's daughter, she made ready for the ceremony. "Where, O! where, is Count Horatio, my true love," would she cry—"has he deserted me?—and I loved him so."

Midnight came, and there sat the Baron in the hall with his lovely daughter. Her eyes were fixed intently upon the fatal door through which the ghost was to make his entrance. The Baron was busily engaged in supplying himself with wine, in order to keep up his courage.—The tinkling notes of the clock as it struck twelve, still sounded in their ears, when the door was thrown back upon its hinges, and a figure, wrapped in a mantle stood before them.

"Baron, I am come—she is mine, I die," and as he spoke, he seized upon Angelina, who had fainted, and carried her off, while at the same time a sulphurous smell rushing up the Baron's nostrils, prevented him from interfering.

When the lovely Angelina opened her eyes, judge of her astonishment, when she found by her side her own true Count Horatio. She threw herself in his arms. They were happy.

"How come all this to pass?" said she, as she pressed a rosy kiss upon his brow.
"I heard your father tell his dream, knew how very superstitious he was,—dressed as a ghost, claimed you—run off with you—and you know the rest. And now my dearest, best beloved, angelic Angelina—"

"A letter, sir," interrupted a servant. The Count opened it and as he read his eyes sparkled. "Your father, sweet love, will own me at last," he said, "for here is a note from your old flame, the Prince. Listen."

"Count Horatio Von Flyboots, you are now a prince; I forg'd a will in my favor, and murdered your uncle. The Baron with an unpronounceable name dreamed a dream and now knows all.—Bury your uncle—his bones are in a chest at my castle—as for me, I go to be seen no more."
"Kossuth Napoleon Catchpenny."

The Baron was all smiles, the Count was married, the prince forgotten—Angelina was happy, and in the course of time little Flyboots sprang up all around them and—and—my story is done.
BALTIMORE MD.

A friend wants to know when the man who stopped up all night is going to take the plug out.

Nothing is so dangerous as to pretend to fall in love with a woman; the reality is sure to follow.

Why is the Star Spangled Banner so like the Atlantic Ocean? Because it will never cease to wave.