

MY LOSS.

Day after day while at my window sitting,  
I see the children at their play near by;  
I like butterflies in summer gardens flitting,  
They hover round beneath my watchful eye.

The little girls, with flushed and merry faces,  
Glance at me shyly for my answering smile,  
And tempt me with their most alluring graces  
To put sad thoughts away while they beguile.

Blonde hair and brown in soft confusion  
blending,  
Black eyes and blue upturned to meet my gaze,  
Roses both white and pink their contrast lending  
To add new beauty to the 'withering maze.

But when they one by one, tired out with playing,  
Steal slowly homeward through the sunset light,  
Memory goes back beyond the dark years,  
straying  
Among the days of yore that seem so bright.

I turn my head, a radiant, golden splendor  
Shines from the west across the pictured wall,  
And glories a face divinely tender,  
With bronze-brown hair waved round it, fall  
on fall!

With violet eyes so wondrous in their sweet-ness,  
That mine grow smiling in spite of grief and pain,  
With curved lips, the seal of love's comple-ment,  
Ah, heaven! could I but press them once  
again.

In vain I watch and wait, she will come only  
When night has cast her spell on sea and shore;  
Then when I sleep and dream, no longer lonely,  
She comes to feed my hungry heart once  
more.

'Tis then and only then that I behold her;  
Her dear voice floats around me soft and low;  
'Tis then, and only then, my arms enfold her,  
The little girl—lost so long ago.  
—Boston Transcript.

ON THE TIDE ROCK.

They call me "Dot," My real name is Dorothea, but that being such a mouthful, I am generally known as "Dot." I am the youngest of three, and having had my own way from my cradle, it was not refused me last November when my sister and her husband offered to take me abroad with them for the winter months.

They had not long come from India, and, being sensible people, and detesting our changeable climate, and likewise being in mortal terror of their lives, had decided on bidding adieu to the English coast until such time as the sun should condescend to shine there once more.

As far as I am concerned I am always ready for a change and excitement of any description; so when dear old "Jack," my brother-in-law, said, "Come, Dot, pack up your traps and join us," I was nothing loth, and the last week in November found us comfortably installed in the Hotel Angletierre, at Biarritz, with the glorious sun pouring in at our windows, and the bluest of blue seas dashing about on the rocks below.

I have heard some people say there is nothing to see at Biarritz. Ah, blind and miserable creatures! Where are your senses—where your eyes? Did you ever look elsewhere upon such a sea—such rocks? Have you stood by the Rocher de la Vierge and heard the magnificent boom of the waves as they came plunging into that cavern near, and, being repulsed, dash indignantly fifty feet above it.

But I am getting romantic, and that is not my style—not mine, certainly—little "Dot's." No, indeed, the idea makes me die with laughing.

My sister Geraldine (or "Jerry," as I persist in calling her, which makes her very mad) goes in for being delicate, so Jack and I used to take long walks and rides together; he is a dear, good old fellow, and we are tremendous friends; but, somehow, notwithstanding, after I had been a couple of weeks or so at Biarritz I began to feel the time hang a little heavily on my hands.

The fact was (I acknowledge my weakness), there were no men worth speaking to now, but a collection of the lame, halt and blind, whom I believe usually frequent these places, and make life a burden to one by perpetually recounting their several ills, ailments, etc. Preserve me from them all!

Well, as I said before, it was getting a little slow for poor me, and I was beginning to wish I had not left dear old much-abused England, when I had an adventure. Being hard put to it for amusement, I would sometimes take a book and saunter down upon the rocks, there remaining for hours at a time.

I am a desperate tom-boy, and can

climb and scramble splendidly, much to the annoyance of Geraldine, who declares that I get as brown as a berry, and my hands are not fit to be seen. However that may be true, scramble I do, and one auspicious day (never to be forgotten) I got a good way out among some dear old craggy bits of rock, and, finding a snug little corner in which I just fitted, I settled myself down easily and began to read. The book I had chosen was a real sensation novel, and I read on engrossed, utterly regardless of time and tide. Suddenly, however, the pangs of hunger seized me (I may add my appetite never fails me), and, glancing at my miniature watch, I discovered it was long past luncheon time. Alas, Miss Broughton! what have you to answer for?

I seized my shawl and proceeded to make my way back with expedition, when lo! to my intense dismay I perceived that the tide had risen and entirely divided the rock upon which I was standing from the shore. Still worse, the horrid waves were creeping nearer and nearer, and not a soul could I see to help me in my distress. Imagine my feelings—me, poor little miserable "Dot," alone in the middle of the ocean.

I shouted, but the noise of the waves drowned my feeble cries, like they must soon drown me. O, would any one be sorry? O, why had I ever come to this hateful Biarritz, to be drowned all alone like this? I wonder would they put it in the papers?

All these thoughts crowded upon me as the waves approached, and I had begun to lose all hope, when, oh joy! I saw a figure in the distance. Once again I shouted and waved my shawl vehemently. The figure stopped, waited one instant, and then I could see it plunge into the water and approach me gradually. O, the intense relief of that moment!

By the time the figure (which was that of a man) reached me I was nearly surrounded by water, and five minutes more would have decided my fate. Before that five minutes passed I was caught by a pair of strong arms, and was being supported through the water safely and surely to the beach, where soon afterward I was deposited, a dripping, blue little "Dot," feeling very much smaller than usual.

My deliverer I had scarcely looked at; I only felt that he was big and strong, and that I was like a doll in his arms.

Notwithstanding my remonstrances, he persisted in carrying me on to the hotel, at the entrance to which he gently put me down. I turned and gave him my two little blue hands, with what few expressions of thanks I could muster. He took them (the hands, I mean) in his warm, big brown ones, and said in a deep, sweet voice:

"How thankful I am that I was in time! A few minutes later, and then—"

I shuddered; he left the sentence unfinished, and was taking his leave, when I murmured something about my sister and brother, and how pleased they would be if he would call, but he interrupted me with:

"I should have been delighted, but unfortunately I leave Biarritz early to-morrow."

And so he left me—left me with a little pang at my heart, such as I had never felt before.

Was he handsome? I know not; I only know that a pair of dark brown eyes had penetrated into my soul—yes, me, stupid little "Dot." How often after that morning did I feel those strong arms about me, those kind eyes looking into mine! How foolish I am! Probably the man's married—has half a dozen children! One thing is pretty certain, and that is, I shall never see him again.

I gave my sister and brother a slight sketch of the whole affair, and Jack, dear, good-hearted Jack, flies about all over the town to discover and thank my deliverer, but all to no purpose. Not even did he get a clew to his name, so they gradually forgot all about the affair; but so did not I. "Dot" was no longer the same "Dot" of yore, but wandered about like the heroine of a three-volume novel, with the memory of two brown eyes burned deep into her soul.

January and February were very agreeable months at Biarritz, and I became more reconciled to the lack of amusements in consequence of the ar-

rival at our hotel of a most charming family. Colonel and Mrs. Pallisser and their two daughters. The latter were most accomplished girls, and exceedingly graceful and pretty; and before many days Kathleen, the eldest, and myself formed an attachment which, considering how opposite we were in temperament and disposition, was the more surprising.

I wish I could give you an impression of her beautiful face; she had that peculiar tint of auburn hair which, combined with soft brown eyes and a peach-like, delicate skin, gives that Madonna-like appearance which one so rarely sees in real life.

Some people, many I know, would have stigmatized her as "that girl with the carrot hair," and said no more; but I admired her as I loved her, and I trust our friendship will be a lifelong one.

She painted in oils, and I always accompanied her on her sketching expeditions, I sitting beside her with my book, while she produced on her canvas sweet effects of color, combined with a truthfulness of outline remarkable in a girl who had studied so little as Kathleen.

Eventually, as our friendship increased and ripened, I poured into her sympathetic ear the small romance of my life, and, as I found she did not laugh at me or think me ridiculous, I frequently resorted to the subject, and unconsciously it became the center of my thoughts by day and my dreams by night.

So the next three months glided peacefully away, and the time came that we should return home to England, the Pallissers being our traveling companions.

Jack had rented a snug little place in Herefordshire, called "The Grange," and there I was to stay with them for a couple of weeks before returning to the parental roof. It was such a pretty place, a rather old-fashioned red brick house, tucked in among the most luxurious foliage you can imagine. The garden was simply delicious, redolent with the perfume of roses and carnations, and, indeed, flowers of every description. It was separated only by a low railing from the grounds of our, or, I should say, rather, Jack's young landlord, the "Squire of the place."

We arrived tired, dusty, and rather out of sorts, having had to wait two hours at a junction where there was nothing to do but to read the advertisements on the walls of the station, and I think I could imitate exactly the expression on the face of the lion caught in the net, and the old nabob swallowing pickles—having studied them both for so long. Jack, according to his usual fashion, smoked away like ten chimneys; and Geraldine—well, she, I think, only grumbled; and when we did get home at last, the country looked so deliciously green and fresh, and every thing was so pretty at the Grange that we soon recovered ourselves, and the following day was spent in exploring the new territory and giving our several opinions about every thing.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon Jack came in, brimful of news. First item, there was splendid shooting to be had in the neighborhood, and fishing, too, was good; then, he had visited the young "Squire, who was a "thundering good fellow," as Jack expressed it, and "game for any thing." He had only just returned from a tour on the Continent, and had not long come into his property.

"Ah, Miss Dot," said Jack, with a very knowing look, which he always put on when he means chaff, "now, there's a chance for you—fifteen thousand a year and a title! You would make a charming little lady of the manor, and we would tow-tow to you most delightfully."

"Don't be silly, Jack," I said, in a huffy tone, trying to look serious. "I never mean to marry" (this vehemently); "and I detest your Adonises with their money-bags!" Jack shrugged up his shoulders rather incredulously, and gave a little laugh.

Now, I hate that laugh of Jack's. "Well, my dear child," said he parentally, "all I ask of you is to be civil to him to-night when he comes to dinner, and put on your smartest gown."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," replied I. "Smartest gown, indeed! What do I care about young 'Squires with large rent-rolls?"

And I left the room with a strong determination not to look my best that

evening. What did I care about fascinating men, when a certain pair of brown eyes were forever haunting me.

"Ah, me!" thought I; "how I have changed. A few short months ago and the idea of flirtation would have made me perk up and jump for joy, and I would have done all in my power to make the country girls green with jealousy; but now I don't seem to care one little bit to become acquainted with this magnificent Squire."

At first I thought I would make some excuse and not appear at dinner; but then Geraldine would think it unkind, perhaps; and, after all, what did it matter?

Six o'clock struck, and I went to dress for dinner. I hesitated a little as to what garment I should wear, and finally selected a pale-blue gauze trimmed with blush-roses. Yes, that would do—any thing would do. I did care, though, a wee bit as to how I looked. I had been thinking about Biarritz again, and my eyes were very bright when I looked in the glass.

"Shall I ever see him again?" I said to myself; and as I said it something seemed to whisper "Yes," and I felt the blood rush quickly to my cheeks.

I was dressed before Geraldine, and demurely took my work down to the drawing-room and seated my little self on the amber damask sofa. As I did so, I glanced at my reflection in the opposite mirror, and I flattered myself I looked rather well in my blue cloudy-looking dress against the soft amber. My eyes were certainly unusually brilliant. As I stitched away at my embroidery, my thoughts once more reverted to the time I had spent at Biarritz, and more especially to a certain never-to-be-forgotten day, and to a certain tall figure with broad shoulders and kind eyes. I was just recalling every incident of my adventure, when the door was suddenly thrown open and the servant announced "Mr. Wigram."

I rose to meet our guest. I glanced for one instant at his face, and my heart stood still. I moved forward in a sort of mist, and dreamily extended my hand. Was it indeed he, my hero? Were these the eyes I remembered so well—this the same deep, sweet voice? He looked at me steadily for a moment, and then a troubled expression, half of surprise and half of disappointment, came over his face.

"Mrs. Temperly, I presume?" were the formal words which rose to his lips, and he took my offered hand.

I murmured something incoherently to set him right. Happily he caught the meaning of my words. His face suddenly lighted up, and coming nearer to me, he took my hand once more and raised it to his lips.

"I am so very glad we have met again. I never thought to be so fortunate."

And then Geraldine entered, with many apologies for being late, and other guests were announced.

Later on in the evening I confided in Jack, who only remarked laconically: "Then why the deuce didn't the fellow come to see us at Biarritz?"

"Never mind, Jack," said I; "he is here now. And please, dear, don't chaff any more about him."

"All right!" said Jack. "But I thought you hated rich young men."

This was Jack's last bit of sarcasm; and when, day after day, the "Squire" joined us in our rides and drives, and spent evening after evening at the Grange, no one seemed astonished; but when he actually proposed to me, the one who sympathized most warmly with me in my happiness was my dearest friend, Kathleen Pallisser, to whom I had confided all my small bit of romance. Yes, our remembrance and love for each other was mutual.

He had endeavored to find me out after leaving Biarritz, and all his efforts had been fruitless. To make a long story short, we were married very soon, and the Pallissers' girls were my bridesmaids.—English Paper.

—British import tables tell the story of wonderful changes during a period of 20 years. They show foreign receipts of fresh and salted meat 11 times as large as in 1859, three times as many live cattle, four times as many sheep, five times as many swine, six times as much poultry and game, and eight times the value of poultry.

A WIFE'S pies are never as good as mother's.