DESERTED.

The Thames nocturne of blue and gold
Changed to a harmony in gray;
A barge with ochre-colored hay
Dropped from the wharf; and chill and cold

The yellow fog came creeping down
The bridges, till the houses' walls
Seemed changed to shadows, and St. Paul's
Loomed like a bubble o'er the town.

Then suddenly arose the clang
Of waking life; the streets were stirred
With country wagons; and a bird
Flew to the glistening roof, and sang.

But one pale woman, all alone,
The daylight kissing her wan hair,
Lingered beneath the gas lights' flare,
With lips of flame and heart of stone.

—Oscar Wilde.

A PRETTY ROMANCE.

Was Ever Deeper Gloom Succeeded by Brighter Sunshine.

Mine had been a sad life until the sunshine of Estelle Carleton's friendship had come to illumine its gloom.

I had been a teacher in Madame Dupoy's academy for two years before Estelle entered as a pupil.

It had been very kind of madame to take one into her employ whose name had been clouded as mine had been, and I had appreciated it to the full; for, though it had been through no fault of my own, no sooner had the cruel blow fallen that had attainted the name that I bore with disgrace, than all the fair-weather friends who had apparently been so fond of me in prosperous days, fell away until, had it not been for my mother's old friend, I should have been homeless as well as parentless and unhappy.

My misfortunes, united to an excessive sensitiveness, had combined to render me morbid and reserved in the extreme.

But before the winning charm of Estelle Carleton all my barriers of coldness were cast down. From the first she had seemed attracted to me; perhaps it was because of the entire contrast there was between us, for where I was all darkness she was all light.

I will try to describe her. She was slight and ethereal of figure, with eyes as blue as dew-washed violets, and a face whose skin was tinted as delicately and softly as an infant's; her mouth was love's own throne, with a sweetness of expression that never failed, wherever she went, to win all hearts to her.

And she won mine. Poor and full of sorrow as I was, she chose me from amongst her gay companions for her friend, and in time my own lips learned to copy in a graver fashion the smiles that so constantly played about hers, while, as I looked forward, a glow of hope began to disperse the utter darkness that the future had hitherto only seemed to hold for me. For this is what Estelle said to me:

"When I finish the academy course, which you know will be in just one more year's time, I shall not leave you. You shall come with me, You need not shake your head, Marcia, it will certainly be so. I am my own mistress. Aunt Mary only lives to gratify me, and she will be only too delighted to have me provided with a companion of my own age. See, here is her last letter, mentioning you, and saying how much she would like to know you."

And as I read the kind old lady's letter tears rushed to my eyes. While coldness and slights had only the power to rouse all that was hardest in my nature, a sympathetic word or action would always unseal the healing font.

The year slipped by, and I bade Madame Dupoy good-by, thanking her gratefully for her many kindnesses.

"Indeed, I have received more than I have given. I shall miss your services sorely, Miss Murray, and I shall be delighted to welcome you back again, if ever you should wish to return."

And so, after being an inmate of its walls for five long years, I left the academy to accompany my friend to her home.

I had heard that Estelle Carleton was a great heiress, but so simple and unaffected had she always been in her attire and manner, that until I saw the elegance of her stately home, I hardly realized the truth of what rumor had avouched.

The days rolled by until they merged into weeks, and months and then years. Three had elapsed since my advent at Belvoir, and already a tiny cloud had loomed up over the horizon of my happiness, visible only to my own vision, for as yet Estelle had only an inkling of what was in my mind.

Six months previous a new neighbor had made his appearance in the vicinity of Belvoir. His handsome presence and evident refinement and culture had soon obtained for him the entree to the best circles, and thus Estelle had met him.

Despite her many urgings, even supplications, I never accompanied her to any of the parties or gay doings to which she was frequently invited.

"I am more content at home," I would always answer.

"You are too handsome, Marcia, to always hide so persistently your light under a bushel. Come with me to-night, and let me add to my enjoyment the additional pleasure of seeing the sensation you will create."

Only once she said anything like that. When she heard my reply she never again urged me to set aside my resolution.

"If you love me, Estelle, do not ask me to leave the seclusion in which I have found such peace. Once out in the cruel world, I should again feel the sting of contemptuous, averted looks. I should inevitably meet someone who knew my painful story and whose eyes would not scruple to tell me so."

But it was not long before I too met Arthur Meade; for, in the company of a mutual acquaintance, he called, and once having learned the way he did not forget it.

As his visits became frequent, and I noticed the eloquent light that would spring into his eyes as they rested upon Estelle's lovely face, and the answering glow that would deepen to a sudden damask the tender pink of her cheek, I read all too clearly just what was approaching and that my image would soon no longer be foremost in my darling's heart.

And so when, one day, she hid her blushing face upon my bosom, and whispered her sweet secret I was not taken by surprise.

I was silent for a moment after she concluded. Though I tried to speak, a lump rose in my throat and prevented me.

She looked up quickly.

"Why do you look so sad? You like Arthur—you have told me so—dear Marcia; you rejoice with me?"

"Surely 'yes' to both questions," I replied, straining her to my breast with clinging arms.

"But you do not understand why, though I am happy in your happiness, I grieve as well. Estelle, your marriage means only hope and joy to you—to me it will be separation from her I love best in all the world!"

"Not so, not so!" she cried. "My home will always be yours. We cannot be parted!"

But though she wept and tried by every fond means, even drawing her lover into acting jointly with herself, my decision was not to be changed.

I would remain at Belvoir until her marriage should take place, and then I would return to Mme. Dupoy's.

Twelve months more, full of activity and preparation, and then came the wedding-day. For the first time in many years I was to form one of a brilliant social spectacle.

Despite my shrinking and unwillingness, neither Mr. Meade nor Estelle would take any denial. I was not alone to join in the festivities, but I was to be an important factor in the bridal group as Estelle's bridesmaid.

"I wish no display, and, therefore, shall have but one," Estelle said. "If you will not be that one Marcia, I shall stand alone."

Of course I could not but consent; and one afternoon, with my hand upon the arm of a tall soldierly man, whose face I had seen for the first time that morning, I stood by the side of my darling and him she had chosen out of all the world to love, honor and obey.

Always fair, she looked like an angel in her snowy satin robe, with the soft flush of happiness upon her cheek and its light speaking so eloquently from her thoughtful blue eye.

My own dress was white also, but crimson roses, fastened there by Estelle's own loving fingers, nestled among the laces at my throat and bosom, and formed the bouquet in my hand.

"Oh, Marcia, how beautiful you look! That touch of vivid color is just what you need to set off your dark hair and eyes. See for yourself," and, unmindful of her own superior charms, my darling led me with a triumphant air to the mirror.

I looked, and almost failed to recognize myself in the radiant vision that confronted me there.

I was glad I looked well for Estelle's sake.

The solemn words had all been uttered, the congratulations given and the supper eaten, and, amid a shower of slippers and rice, Estelle and her husband had been whirled away, leaving the harmonious concluding of the arrangements in my inexperienced hands, aided by the old lady, Estelle's aunt, whose eyes were unclouded by tears, for, unlike myself, she had the prospect of seeing and being with her beloved neice before a very great while, it having been decided that Belvoir should be closed or rented, and that Miss Carleton should go to her niece's new home.

A few days later found me back at the academy. There is a saying that one wedding makes another, and it is certainly true in some cases, of which mine was one.

I little thought, as, the evening of the wedding day, Mr. Meade's best man made his adieux to return to his own home, that before a month was out I should see him again. Not alone that, but should be sought by him.

I had known from the first that I had admired him exceedingly. I had noted the noble, kingly grandeur of his bearing, and the intelligence and manliness that beamed forth from his soulful eyes; but I had never imagined that my dark face had found favor in those same eyes.

Four months went swiftly by. I lived as one in a dream, enjoying the present and not daring to look forward to the awakening that must inevitably come.

Surprises, blissful and profound, followed one after another, to culminate at length in a greater than all, when Donald Argyle laid his heart at my feet, imploring me, by accepting it, to make of him the happiest of men.

Before I could give him the answer he craved I had an ordeal to go through, and I trembled and turned cold as I thought what must be its issue.

That he was very proud of his unstained honor and ancient name and lineage I well knew.

What, then, would he say when he heard what I had tried to tell him before, but had always failed to do through sheer lack of courage and dread of the look of aversion I had seen so often in other eyes, but which would be the keenest torture from his?

"I cannot say yes to your suit," I said to him, "for I am not the one upon whom you should bestow your honorable name. My father, years ago, was convicted of robbing his employers of a very large amount. He was imprisoned and died in confinement a few years later. I was then left bereft of both parents and home, to bear, as best I might, the burden of a disgrace that, though I was young, was felt in all its bitterness to the full. It was then that Madame Dupoy, who had known and loved my mother, took pity upon my forlorn state and offered me a home; and it was at the academy that I met Estelle Carleton, and, through her, you. I should have told you this before. I have attempted to, but I could not."

While I stood there, pale and grave, with downcast eyes, I suddenly felt myself drawn close into a warm embrace.

"Was it so hard to speak because you cared for me, Marcia? But wait before you you answer until I tell you that long before I knew you I had heard your sad story, of how your youth and happiness had been blighted, and of how nobly and courageously you had borne yourself amid misfortunes that would have crushed a weaker spirit to the earth. My darling—you will let me call you so?—when I first saw you and your loveliness stole into my heart, the love that then and there sprung into being was all the stronger and more intense for the pity that mingled with it. Now, look up, Marcia, my darling, and give me the assurance I long for, that mine may be the privilege to atone in the future for all the pain your past has known."

This is my love story. Was ever a woman more blessed than I, or deeper gloom succeeded by brighter sunshine? And to Estelle, sweet Estelle, whose name my eldest daughter bears, I owe it all.

We are near neighbors and warmer friends, if that were possible, than ever; and so, with a cloudless sky of happiness above my head, and I hold dear about me, I bid you, kind reader, farewell.

LOCAL MENTION.

Grand Concert

At Grote's Tivoli to-night, by the Great Western band.

Kavanagh

Sells 50x125 feet, at 530 Robert street, at 2 p. m., to-morrow. This property is but three blocks from the Ryan hotel, and fronts on what will be inside of three years the principal business street running north and south in the city.

Summit Avenue Property.

On Tuesday, July 14, at 7 o'clock in the afternoon Cochran, Rice & Walsh will sell, at public auction, six lots in Bryant's Subdivision of block 4, Palace Addition. Each has a frontage of 63 feet on Summit and Portland avenues and are 257 feet deep. There is no better property in the market for speculative investment than this.

This paper is printed with George H. Morrill & Co.'s improved perfecting press news ink. It is also used by all the principal newspapers in the United States and Canada. Western office, 54 and 56 Franklin street, Chicago, Ill.

Notes Bought.

Money loaned on good securities. If you wish to raise money on notes call on R. Deming & Co., over St. Paul National Bank, 362 Jackson street, corner Fifth.

Grand Concert

At Grote's Tivoli to-night, by the Great Western band.

Money to Loan.

Money loaned in sums of $10 and upwards on furniture, pianos, organs, horses, carriages, wagons, etc. Property left in your possession. All business strictly confidential; no publicity. Terms easy. Private consultation room for ladies. R. Deming & Co., corner Jackson and Fifth streets, over St. Paul National bank.

Kavanagh

Sells 50x125 feet, at 530 Robert street, at 2 p. m., to-morrow. This property is but three blocks from the Ryan hotel and fronts on what will be inside of three years the principal business street running north and south in the city.

Borrow Money

On your furniture, pianos, horses, wagons, diamonds, watches and all articles of value. Property left in your possession. Terms easy. Your own time. All business strictly confidential. Mackey's loan agency, room 7, First National bank building, corner Jackson and Fourth streets, St. Paul, or room 7, Mackey-Legg block, Minneapolis.

DIED.

FRAMHEIN—Elsa Marie, daughter of Mr and Mrs. C. F. Framhein, aged 4 months and 28 days.

Funeral Tuesday, 2 p. m., from 236 West Ninth street.

NOTICE TO

Contractors!

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, ST. PAUL, June 8, 1885.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the City Engineer, until 12 m, Thursday, the 16th day of July, A. D. 1885, for the construction and erection of a

Highway Bridge,

ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER,

At Robert street, in accordance with the plans and specification on file in the office of the said City Engineer.

A bond in the sum of twenty per cent. of the gross amount of proposal must accompany the same.

The Common Council reserves the right to reject any or all proposals.

THOS. A. PRENDERGAST, City Clerk.

160-197