STREET STREET WAS AND ADDRESS.

have I known a moment of such unrest mutteredwithout a battle. In that land of dolce here. Arise, and come with me." far niente, your imagination so fondly "Who are you?" he cried, starting pictures, how long, think you, could the up and gazing eagerly about. kiss of passion, and the lullaby of idle- No form was to be seen, but the thrillarch in manacles, your spirit would replychafe beneath the enforced inaction? "I am she whom you have this day dreams of dolce far niente."

With a smile that seemed to illumi- A soft hand closed over his in a firm

are indeed no strangers to each other," face, she turned quickly and disappeared she answered, slowly. "Often am I among the trees. Stanley, leaning lantired, often unfortunate, and discour- guidly upon one elbow, looked after her aged; sometimes even discontent throws until lost to view, then dropping back the shadow of her gloomy wing about me. upon the grass, stretched himself, once Yet, friend, never, in my darkest hours, more, full length, drew a long sigh, and

as yours. Never have I felt that I would "A sweet, earnest little woman. But, willingly exchange my busy, toiling life, oh dear! I'm too tired to even wonder its little joys and sorrows, its hopes, who she is. How well she talks; yet fears, and aspirations, for an existence how painfully her logic grates upon my of idleness and sensuous enjoyment, weary sensibilities. Pshaw! I'll put such as you describe. You are but the her out of my thoughts at once, and forchance acquaintance of a moment, yet, ever. She is just the sort of a creature somehow, I would fain hear you say, be- to march forever ahead of a fellow, shoutfore I leave you, that you will strive to ing back 'Excelsior!' until he drop dead put such recreant fancies from you, ere in his tracks. And after all, what is the they pervert the highest and purest im- spirit that animates and restrains her? pulses of your manhood. What is there What is the theory that falls in such in the existence of an idle voluptuary, beautiful shape from her guileless lips? that is not contemptible? Yet, could Fallacy; nothing but fallacy; nothing-"

your present dream be realized, what The words died away upon his lips, would you be but the idlest of voluptu- his eyes closed wearily, and he lay siaries? You are weary and worn at pres- lent. A moment or two passed thus; ent; you must rest-rest long and well. then he started, and became conscious But when you feel the strength of your of some strange, intangible presence manhood returning and reasserting it- near him-a sweet, subtile, caressing self; when your brain throbs to the birth presence, that soothed, even while it of new thoughts and fresh impulses; startled, him. Soft fingers lifted the and your veins surge once again with hair from his throbbing temples, with a the vigor born of hope and purpose, touch that sent thrills to the center of something very like gratitude to fate his being; a perfumed breath played will blossom in your heart, that you are upon his cheek; a sweet voice sounded still in this world where life is nothing in his ear: "You called me, and I am

ness, hold your soul a captive to your ing fingers still toyed gently with his senses? How long ere, like the mon- hair, and the same voice murmured in

How long-but there-I must leave you so earnestly invoked. I am the spirit of or my whole boisterous band will be repose, come from my distant realm, in upon you, and then farewell to your answer to your prayer. Poor, weary being, come, and I will give you rest."

nate every feature of the dark, little clasp, and yielding to an influence he