

THE SEA'S ANSWER.

The pale moon rushed along the stormy sky,
 Now hid, now seen, as the white belated stars.
 That drives among the breakers aimlessly.
 Their white crests gleaming silver through
 the dark.
 Pale as the moon, beneath the light-house
 covered.
 The silent watcher on the great stone pier,
 She saw how black the gathering cloud wrack
 lowered.
 She heard the gale's hoarse warning mutter-
 ing near.
 She felt the kindred tumult in her breast,
 With Nature's angry mood was prompt to
 blend.
 Yet the sea answered, stilling her unrest,
 "The lander has come over to the end."
 Though the great waves roll thundering to the
 shore,
 And o'er the reef the cruel surges breakers
 foam,
 Though fierce and high the crashing breakers
 roar,
 Between the weary fisherman and home;
 On to its depths the tide will ebb at night,
 The waves creep whispering backward from
 the pier.
 And as the cottage hearth glows welcome
 light,
 The laden cobble leaps the harbor bar,
 Kears that can hear, hearts that can under-
 stand.
 "God ocean tells us, like a staunch old
 friend."
 "How holds the future in his loving hand,"
 The hardest hap comes over to the end."

Mr. and Mrs. Bondurant.

BY DONNE RUEBE.

"I think you will find a document under your plate that may interest you," said Mrs. Bondurant, addressing her husband, as he took his seat at the breakfast table.

The words were uttered with a look intended to express severe censure, with some pity and contempt, and rather more of the latter than the former.

The husband slowly turned over his plate, took up and read a grocer's bill—\$50.34. On the margin were the words, "Check expected immediately."

"I would not send this man a check just now," said Mr. Bondurant. "It is true I have a little more than that amount in the bank, but I shall need all I have and more to-morrow to pay the costs of the suit I am conducting."

"This is about the answer I expected to receive," said his wife, "and I must tell you that your paltry excuses will not answer for the purpose. That bill must be paid at once."

"It is scarcely worth while, Julia, to speak so emphatically in regard to this matter," said the husband. "I am doing a little business for these grocers, and, although they do not owe me anything now, I suppose you think they will wait a few days in the mean time let us have what goods we need."

"They will do nothing of that sort," said Mrs. Bondurant. "And if the bill is not paid before 3 o'clock to-day they will send it to the collector, and then I suppose they will pay it and take an assignment of the claim."

"Then let him do so," said Mr. Bondurant, quietly breaking a piece of hard cracker into his coffee, at the same time deliberately watching the softening process. "This is what they call hard-tack, I believe. It is better for sailors than for our poor landmen. They have more time to spend soaking it, unless when the rough weather comes on, and then I suppose they dispense with the ceremony of eating until the storm has expended its fury."

"Your insinuations are intended to exasperate me," said Mrs. Bondurant, "but I warn you, if you are treating on treacherous ground."

"If the ground, madam, on which I am treading is composed of your feelings I would not expect to find it uncomformably delicate," was the retort.

"Are you willing, sir, to have my brother pay that grocer's bill?"

"I could easily have arranged it in such a way that it would not have gone into his hands, but as I infer from what you say that the matter has been talked over between him and you and the grocer, and that he has agreed to take an assignment of the bill if I do not pay it before 3 o'clock to-day, I shall allow the matter to be disposed of in that way, and give myself no other concern to it at present."

"Then it seems you are willing to have my brother provide for your family? That is just what he told me it would come to when we were married, and in fact immediately after he first learned that you were visiting me. My father and mother also gave me the same warning. They told me more than fifty times that you would never be worth a dollar in the world, and they would have to support us."

"And you are sorry you did not take their advice?"

"Sometimes I am, if I must tell you the truth. You know I could have married Rocky Bunker, and he would have been a good offer. As for Rocky, he was almost dying for me. His social standing was not, it is true, quite equal to yours, and he was not so good-looking, but he had more business capacity than a hundred young lawyers like you. With him for a husband I would never have suffered the mortification of seeing a grocer's bill paid by my brother."

"Mr. Billings is still unmarried, I believe," said the husband dryly.

"What base insinuation are those words intended to convey? You are now my husband, and I have no wish to exchange you for Mr. Billings or any one else. If I have made a bad bargain it is right that I should suffer the consequences of it, and I intend to do so as patiently as I can."

"Whenever you wish to be released from the consequences, madam, and the bargain that has led to them, please let me know," said Mr. Bondurant; and without a word more or any token of affection, he passed down the two flights of stairs that led to their hired apartments, and was on his way to his office.

But, before leaving the room in which he had breakfasted, he placed on the table a ten-dollar bill.

There was an inside history which this table-talk may suggest but does not explain. Julia Henderson was the daughter of a grocer, and, as such, she had a little more than that amount in the bank, but she was fond of displaying to the greatest advantage.

Her daughter Julia was a young lady of recognized beauty and more than ordinary attractions, and they had hoped that her marriage to such a man as they would select and approve would be of some benefit to them as well as to her,

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"Can it be possible, Julia, that you are receiving the attentions of that young lawyer?" Mr. Henderson had said.

"Well, no, father," Julia answered; "not in any other way than that I find him a pleasant companion. He calls and takes me out occasionally, in which I hope you see nothing wrong."

"I don't like the way he looks at you, Julia. He evidently admires you, and admiration sometimes changes to love so easily that it is scarcely possible to say when or in what way the transition takes place. I understand he is a somewhat able lawyer, but is very poor and is no doubt likely to remain so in a profession that is crowded until there is no longer standing-room left. You had better have a talk with your brother and hear his opinion in regard to this young lawyer before you allow him to call many times more."

A scornful and defiant look was the only answer this suggestion raised, and the next moment the young lady had left the room.

"You see how that girl takes and sets," said Mr. Henderson to his wife, who had been a silent witness of the scene.

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, "and I am now satisfied that her feelings are more deeply interested in the young lawyer than any of us had supposed. But let Alfred take the matter in his own hands, for he is a young man of some energy and will get her to encourage the attentions of Mr. Billings. He is rather a low-bred young man, it is true, but he is making money rapidly, and I am not averse to his coming into the family."

"Qerhaps so," said Mr. Henderson, with a look that betrayed more scepticism than confidence.

"I had no notion of seriously encouraging the attentions of Mr. Bondurant," said Julia, the moment she began to feel the pressure of her brother's determination to prevent the acquaintance from proceeding any further.

"But you have done so," said Mr. Bondurant, "and I shall do exactly as I think best in regard to this matter."

From that time onward the young lady found employment for the whole of her life—will—and she had a good deal in her hands to turn her thoughts away from her brother and get her to encourage the attentions of Mr. Billings.

"If you marry him we shall be obliged to support you both, no doubt," was her brother's frequent and tantalizing suggestion. "The young fellow is not making a dollar more than he needs for his own board and clothes, and he has actually been obliged to give up smoking, because he could not afford cigars, and was proud to be seen wearing a pipe."

"The young people had been married four years when the conversation occurred in regard to the grocer's bill. Young Henderson had been making some money, a little of which he had given to his wife, and she had been to his sister, and in every instance had reminded her that he was fulfilling his predictions. In fact, he and her parents also, had been continually reproaching her for her folly in marrying the poor lawyer."

The unfortunate woman—for so Julia began to consider herself—had no children now living. One little girl, born about eighteen months after their marriage, had lived nearly a year, and when its death came it had become united to the parents of the father especially—had been wounded almost beyond endurance by their being made to realize their inability to provide for the funeral expenses in a becoming manner.

"I must take care of the dead also, as well as the living," was her brother's feeling remark, made while the funeral preparations were in progress.

The stern logic of long continued experience had finally exhausted the spirit of the poor wife, and she gradually came to believe that what she had so often been told was true, and that she had made a great mistake in marrying the poor lawyer. The persuasion, having become a settled conviction, soon found expression in complaints and reproaches which were not very patiently borne by the man who was conscious of doing all in his power to make his wife comfortable, and never spending a cent for any personal indulgence. Besides, the amount earned would have enabled them to live in a style of moderate comfort, had not his wife's family continually urged her into expenditures beyond what her husband could afford.

The young lawyer, had, however, at last got hold of a case which he felt certain of gaining, and which, when decided, would bring a few dollars more. He had taken the case at his own risk and cost, and was to receive one-half of the amount received, his client having expended his last dollar in the suit, and in fact immediately after he first learned that you were visiting me. My father and mother also gave me the same warning. They told me more than fifty times that you would never be worth a dollar in the world, and they would have to support us."

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be ready to return to you as soon as you are able to provide for me, but for the present we must part. My brother told me that the claim you are prosecuting will end in nothing, and that you are not worth a dollar to-day, and it is not likely you ever will be."

"And if that is so, it would seem as if you were leaving me with the expectation of returning no more."

"That must depend, Mr. Bondurant," said the wife, steeling herself to a cold and firm look, "on the possible contingency, at some future time of your being able to provide for me in a comfortable way, which, I am sorry to say, does not now appear very probable."

"Then good-by forever!" said the husband, and withdrawing from the room, without taking any further notice of his wife; nor did he even look back.

The marriage, as a legal relation, remained undisturbed. The husband and wife, when meeting occasionally in the street or elsewhere, bestowed upon each other a bow of civil recognition, but without exchanging a word.

In this way eight years had passed. At the end of five years Mrs. Bondurant's father, including the devoted brother, had been both unable and unwilling to do anything more for her, and for the last three years she had been supporting herself by performing the duties of secretary for an insurance company. Why she was able to turn her thoughts away from her brother and get her to encourage the attentions of Mr. Billings, he is rather a low-bred young man, it is true, but he is making money rapidly, and I am not averse to his coming into the family."

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Machinations Follied.

When Lena Rivers was seventeen, her father died insolvent, and she, the luxuriously nurtured, rich man's petted darling, was thrown out of house and home, with no idea of how she was to procure the means of livelihood.

"She might go out as governess," said Mrs. Major Cordleigh, "but it would never do to have it said that a relative of ours was drugging for a living; as she will have to come here, I suppose!"

So Lena went to live at the grand house on the avenue; but she found it quite different from her former life of easy independence. Major Cordleigh (her mother's brother) would have been kind to her if she had been allowed to exercise his inclinations; but, being an easy-going sort of a man, he had been overruled by his wife (who was decidedly a different temperament) and daughters, so long, that he dared not show his real feelings; so everything rested in their hands, and he was sure they did not exert themselves to make her life pleasant.

Lena was beautiful, but her beauty was not of the kind to attract the attention of beholders at first sight; indeed, many would have called her plain. She had a nice complexion, great innocent-looking gray eyes and really beautiful brown hair. "A very common make-up," she would have said, "but I do not know how you found her such a gentle, winning, lovable little creature, that you couldn't find it in your heart to call her plain."

Eva Cordleigh had always been jealous of her beauty, and of the attention she received. Not that Eva was unattractive; indeed, she had often been called beautiful, but she had such a proud, haughty way, and was, withal, such an arrogant creature, that she bore her beauty, and her looks, as a curse, and she was not only not helping disliking her, but she was rich—her father was, which amounts to the same thing—and so she moved on in the so-called best society.

She had never dared show her real feelings toward Lena so long as the girl had a home of her own, and could hold her place in society; but now that she could do so, she exercised her long pent-up spite, by making her cousin's life as miserable as possible. She determined to keep her out of the way of callers. Lena was handy with her needle, so she kept her busy altering and mending, and she was, as usual, as possible. But she could not exclude her entirely from the parlor for Lena had many friends, who always asked for her at first; but they gradually dropped away, and of a year she seemed utterly forgotten.

She seldom went out, for she knew her aunt and cousin did not desire it; and beside, her once beautiful wardrobe was getting old-fashioned and shabby, and she was not inclined to change it. But she could not exclude her entirely from the parlor for Lena had many friends, who always asked for her at first; but they gradually dropped away, and of a year she seemed utterly forgotten.

"Are you hurt, my dear?" were the first words she heard, and her quick, spontaneous answer was:

"Not much, I hope, darling husband!" And as he lifted her into the carriage he had hailed and took a seat by her side, with his arm around her, she said:

"How glad I am that you were there to assist me."

"Yes, dear, that was a slippery path," he said softly.

"Which I hope I may never pass over again!" murmured she, earnestly.

"I gained that suit," said the husband, as the carriage was taking them to his home, which could now be hers also.

"Yes, dear, I knew you gained it, and I am so glad I have saved you the half my salary the last three years. You know, and so do I, that most of that salary has come from you."

The long embrace and fond kiss which each received and returned was a mutual assurance that through their long separation their hearts had become united more firmly than ever.

"It was all my fault," was what the repentant and now happy wife wanted and endeavored to say, but she stopped every time.

"No, no, my dear!" her husband would answer. "These self-reproaches, coming from you, are needless. The past has done its work in its own way, and now let us remember the lessons it has taught us, and forget the sorrows through which those lessons have been learned."

THE HARBINGER.—When ancient royalty traveled, there was much fuss, uproar and turmoil. If it pleased his majesty King Charles II., of jovial memory, to ride to Newmarket or other places of royal resorts, there was a person called a "harbinger" who went before the royal person—an avant courier, in short—who, after the manner existing in Oriental countries even to this day, cleared the way and requisitioned suitable lodgings and food for the king and his attendants. The sovereign does not now ride along tracks more resembling sloughs than roads, nor drive in a right royal carriage, with six or eight animals to draw the same. There are people yet living who can tell of the pomp and circumstance of the sovereign when he came to Windsor and back in the remote past, and of the way in which the king grew up behind their backs into a kind of Gothic arch, and nearly all the material of a lady's dress was put into the leg-of-mutton sleeves. The harbinger appears to have departed, and the very notion of "conducting" the royal party at least—applied to the position instead of the purely ornamental riders who keep pace with the leaders and the coach door. Not one "young person" of the age intended by the statute in a thousand, and the mid-giving of the king, the "running footman" once was, and the work of that functionary is as mysterious to this generation as that of the bygone clerk of the pipe or teller of the exchequer. Royalty no longer travels along the queen's highway, but upon the road owned by the greatest of monopolists since John Company died—the railway companies.

TALLEYRAND'S DEATH.—As Talleyrand was dying, Louis Philippe was announced, accompanied by Mme. Adelaide, and, as sorry, Prince, to find you so ill," stammered the king, so confusedly that his voice could hardly be heard. "Sire," replied the dying man in that deep and powerful voice which contrasted so singularly with his frail frame.

"Sire, you have come to the bed of a dying man. Those who love me can only have one wish—that they may soon see the end of his sufferings."

The calm and bitter reproach of the words completed Louis Philippe's confusion; he stammered a few set phrases of condolence, and rose. Talleyrand raised himself slightly, presented to the King those around him, his doctor, his secretary—even his valet, which was regarded by some as a malicious act—and said firmly: "Sire, our house has today received an honor worthy of being inscribed in its annals, and which my successors will recall with pride."

Harry called the next day and asked for Lena, for he could not believe that she was indifferent to him; could not bring himself to believe that she was acting during those short weeks when she was learning the sweetness of love. But Eva was on the watch, and, as usual, was in the parlor, and though greatly surprised when he asked for Lena—for she had kept strict watch, and knew that they had no explanations—she went through the old trick of pretending that her cousin wished to be excused, and she gave up all hope.

Now Lena did not know that Harry was in the parlor, and, as she looked, she started to go to an arbor in the garden, as was her daily habit, but stopped

to admire a half-blown rose, whose parent stem was twining lovingly around a pillar of the veranda, directly in front of the parlor windows. Harry did not see her, for he sat with his back toward the window, but Eva did, and was in an agony lest she should come into the room. So she asked, in a tone too low for Lena to hear:

"How did you like Lena Hanly's manner last night? Don't you think her a shameless flirt?"

"The Lena alluded to was a mutual acquaintance,"

"Well, to tell the truth," he answered, "I do not admire Miss Lena's style at all. I despise a flirt, and she is decidedly one!"

Poor Lena! she recognized the voice, and thought she was alluded to, so, like a flash, turned and fled to her room.

Eva was happy. The end she had worked for so long was gained at last; she knew that Harry would not ask after Lena again, and if he should, she would have him and her own self to tell that she could catch his heart in the rebound.

Matters were at this pass, when Mrs. Arlington gave a grand ball—the grandest of the season. Harry sent out the invitations, and, of course, one to Lena. But, as fate would have it, Eva received them both, and resolved to destroy Lena's. Not that she was afraid she would go; she knew she would not; but she also knew that Lena would take the omission as a great slight, and so widen the gulf between them. She had only time to slip it into her work-box as Lena came into the room.

Did Lena? No one likes to be slighted, and she was no exception to the general rule; and, considering the source from which the slight came, it nearly broke her heart. But she bore it bravely, giving no sign of the pain which Lena would take the omission as a great slight, and so widen the gulf between them. She had only time to slip it into her work-box as Lena came into the room.

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