

NOT TO BE WON THAT WAY.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing... Ever made by the hand above... A woman's heart and a woman's life... And a woman's wonderful love?

MY ONE LOVE PASSAGE.

CHAPTER I.

I wish I could so describe my mother that you should realize the sweetness of her nature and the pleasantness of her ways.

She was of medium height, of clear complexion and soft brown hair, and a face that tapered from a broad and rather low forehead, with a small and beautifully shaped chin.

She was fair to look upon, dear mother, but her beauty was not her greatest charm. There was about her an indescribable brightness and freshness that reminded one of early sunshine and sweet morning air.

None of the gladness of her own nature descended to me—I was always calm and sedate. From a melancholy child I passed into a serious, self-contained woman.

But I grieve no longer, and as I think of my mother, I wonder much that with her bright face to look upon and her wise and cheerful words to listen to, I ever grieved at anything.

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We sat in the oak dining room, the bright spring shone cheerfully in, lighting up the dark wainscoting and placing in brilliant relief the high-carved mantle-piece, where grinning goblin faces stared and leered and peeped from twining wreaths of flowers, leaves and corn.

Stephen stood by; he had been expatiating on the beauty of the workmanship. I looked at him and I saw also the grinning heads, and their grotesqueness formed a strong contrast to the calm and manly beauty of his face.

His face glowed like a cloud at sunset. I looked no more. He put his arm around me, and whispered softly: "Sarah, you love me; your heart says so."

Presently we sat down and talked of the future, of our unchanging love, and of the great happiness the coming years promised.

When he left me I hastened to my mother. She was delighted, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure.

The days passed very swiftly; there was no hindrance to our happiness; we were both rich; the future lay smiling before us, while the present was full of delight.

I loved Stephen with all my heart. He said he loved me devotedly, and there was an admiration—a sort of worship—with his love that is so dear to woman.

A schoolfellow and dear friend of my mother's had been for some years a widower, and at that time we received a letter to say that she was dead, and had bequeathed her only child, a girl of 17, to my mother's love and care.

Dear mother charmed and consoled her as she had charmed and consoled me in the past, when my father and sister died, and now and then there was a smile in the beautiful eyes, and the pale, pinched face grew pretty and youthful.

CHAPTER II.

Annie's complexion was very fair, her features small and regular, with a timid, pleading expression in them. Her hair was of pale gold falling in masses of curls about her neck.

I particularly recommended her to Stephen's kindness, and he good-naturedly told her stories and did his best to divert her mind from his sad memories.

As I left the breakfast room mother said: "Come back soon, dear; this day week we shall be without you, so we want as much of your company as possible."

I went into the dining room; the mellow autumn sun streamed upon the grinning goblin faces on the high mantel-piece, and I turned from them—they seemed to mock me.

Stephen came soon. I said, as he entered, "Stephen, I have something of importance to say to you."

"Listen to me for one moment." To my own ear my voice sounded dimly hollow, but by a great effort I spoke calmly.

"I have pity," I said—"pity for myself and for you. I am saving us both from misery in the future."

"I love you earnestly, soberly!" he replied sadly. "I have always loved you! If once or twice my fancy has changed, pardon me, Sarah! It will not do so again."

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I was at rest. The fear that had so

strangely disturbed me was dead, and once again I believed that the love of my promised husband was all my own.

For some days Stephen kept away by my side, and I enjoyed again the long conversations that were so delightful to me and the evil thought returned no more to disturb my peace.

Our wedding day was very near. All preparations had been made; fair, new garments of every description were being inspected by my friends.

I suppose the first terrible shock had broken the force of my discovery, for the calamity affected me less severely than the doubt. I was rational now and could understand my position.

My own affection was my greatest danger. I felt that I must show no relenting, no lingering tenderness. I must build up a barrier between us; at least around my own heart I must put a strong wall of separation.

I had dreamed a beautiful dream. Oh, that I could dream a little longer—my awakening was all too soon. I lay still, brooding back the beautiful dream; but its thread had been broken.

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with my father. I once spent some time visiting in southern California, but it was some years ago.

"Have you a good horse?" "Indeed I have. They wanted me to give up my trip to Kearny."

"Nothing but that yellow slicker and the saddle-blanket. I haven't suffered from the cold, but it gets awfully lonely sometimes at night, when the coyotes are howling."

"Have you been annoyed by tramps?" "Not a great deal. I go back from the railroad at least two miles and avoid them."

"How do you manage about eating?" "There I have trouble. If I don't strike a station at mealtime I get nothing to eat."

"I don't want to travel with emigrants; there's no glory in that. I have set out to do this trip alone."

Annie grew strong and merry, but her figure was still slight and fragile, and her eyes kept their sadness, and her manner was still simple and pleading like that of a timid child.

I had to keep my mind well occupied, to fill it with plans, hopes and ideas; to bar entrance to thoughts that should not have admittance.

Three months later I received a sweet letter from Annie, saying she had accepted Mr. Hawthorne.

And thus Annie went from us, and I remained always at the old home, and my dead love ceased altogether to trouble me.

Mr. N. B. Rogers, a barber, and a very intelligent colored man, said: "I can't say that I am a proper person to talk to."

Uncle William Johnston, an old man well known to most people down town, said that he had been a slave for forty years.

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Bad Luck.

Major C— is exceedingly fond of the game of whist. On one occasion he was speaking of the way in which adverse luck will sometimes pursue a man.

He illustrated the same idea in another way. He said he was once in a party when the proposition was made to throw dice for drinks and cigars.

The next day he felt like trying his luck again, and not having another pair of dice, he went into the yard to hunt them up.

"Emma Larson." "Miss Emma?" "Yes, sir."—Cheyenne Leader.

A Problem in Flying. An interesting discussion is at present going on among scientific engineers in regard to the flight of birds.

In 1765 a cook named Boulanger, who kept a shop at the corner of the Rue des Poules, and the Rue Baillet, in Paris, hung out a large white flag bearing the inscription (imitated, of course, from the passage in the New Testament):

Perhaps the most popular department of science in Spain at the present day is geology, and the Mining exhibition at Madrid is considered to be a grand success.

It appears that alum is sometimes added to wines to give astringency and to raise the color. For its detection, evaporate to dryness, and then set fire to the organic matter.

Edison says: "Electricity is a ten-acre lot, with a very high, close fence around it. All we know about it, so far, we have gained by peeping through the cracks in the boards."

Drs. Mitchell and Reichert find that the full grown lizard will bite and cause a wound that may prove fatal. Unlike that of other reptiles, its saliva is alkaline, not acidic.

GENTLE REMINDER.—Husbands are so stupid! The story in the June Drawer of a man who went to town with his wife to do errands, and was sorely perplexed at missing something on his return, until he reached home and found he had forgotten his wife, reminds somebody of a woman in Philadelphia who gave her husband six commissions to execute in New York. He telegraphed back that he had executed five and forgotten the last.

In Rome a small Egyptian obelisk has been discovered in an excavation behind the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, near the site of the Temple of Isis and Serapis. It lies at a depth of fifteen feet and is in a good state of preservation.

Silver City, N. M., pays its public school teachers \$250 a month.