

## A TWILIGHT SONG.

As I sit in twilight, late, alone, by the flickering oak flame,  
Musing on long past scenes—of the countless buried unknown soldiers.  
Of the vacant names, as unfeigned air's and sea—the unreturn'd,  
The dead—those who lie buried with grim burial squads; and the dead in the trenches  
Gather'd dead from all America, north, south, east, west, whence they came.  
From wooded Maine, New England's farms, from fertile Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio,  
From the meadows West, Virginia, the south, the Carolinas, Texas.  
(Even here, in my room shadows and half lights,  
I hear the mournful flickering flames.)  
Again I see the slain march on filling, rising—I hear the rhythmic stamp of the armies':  
You million unwrit names, all—all you dark bequest from all the War.  
A special verse for you—a dash of duty long neglected—your mystic roll strangely gather'd here.  
Each by name recall'd by me from the dark death's ashes,  
Henceforth to die, deep, deep within my heart, re-curing for many a future year,  
Your mystic call entire of unknown names, or north or south,  
Embrained with love in this twilight song.  
—Walt Whitman.

## THE DATE.

As Carmen sprang out of bed that morning she exclaimed with exuberant gayety:

"Today, today at last I am 20 years old!"

And she ran to the mirror.

She surely expected to find her face entirely changed. The longing impatience of the little child, the still stronger wishes of the grown up girl, the reading of romantic verses and fantastic stories—everything contributed its share towards setting forth in magic brightness that so ardently longed for hour in her life. And without doubt she was now surprised to find a radiant glory crowning her head, except the blonde braids which formed a halo about her forehead.

Then she raised her eyes, and while she rested her gaze upon a picture that hung on the wall under a wreath of everlastings she could not suppress the words:

"How beautiful mamma was! We do look very much alike."

Indeed, the countenance of the young and beautiful woman, inclosed by the frame, and that of the charming maiden resembled each other like two sisters of the same age. The expression of the face, the chidlike, unchildlike glance, gave the dead almost the appearance of a younger sister, and a perpetual smile seemed to play about her lips.

"I am as beautiful as she," Carmen continued, without taking her eyes from the picture; "only it is noticeable that I have a more decided character. Of course, for have not I been the head and mistress of our house so long now? And if any one should perhaps not take me for such, just let him ask papa. But there, I chatter, and he is certainly expecting me."

Carmen hastily completed her toilet, gracefully grasped the train of her morning dress, and quickly left her room to go to that of her father.

Don Juan Crisostomo Lopez had just at this moment finished shaving. His face resembled that of a priest, gentle and good. With a little comb that he always carried with him he had once combed his gray perukes—that peruke, so inseparable from his personality, with which Don Juan Crisostomo had covered his head ever since years ago he had passed some time on the island of Cuba, where an obstinate fever had shattered his health and robbed him of his hair.

"Carmen!" exclaimed Don Juan on hearing the noise of the door, and he turned with open arms toward his daughter. He pressed her tenderly to his heart and murmured:

"Yes, she is the living picture of her mother. Poor Consuelo! From me she has not one feature! But is there a better balsam for my wound? For does not her charming being, with all her beauty and grace, return to me in this child, so blonde and sweet, that she left behind in the cradle when she stepped down into the grave?"

"Listen, little rogue," said he immediately therupon. "You must not think that I have forgotten this day. Yonder on the table lies the present."

Quickly Carmen released herself from his embrace and ran to the spot mentioned. A pretty little case stood on the marble slab. Carmen opened it and showed her delight.

"Ah, what a precious ring! A ruby set in diamonds."

"It is a memento of your mother," said Don Juan, whose eyes filled with tears. "I often heard her say that she intended one day to present it to you. It must be one of the ornaments of her girlhood, for I did not give it to her. Put it on your finger."

Then they went to the dining room and breakfasted in the happiest mood. The southern sun that floods with its golden rays the coasts of Malaga, where father and daughter are living, danced in the bottles and glasses and drew vivid flashes from the stones of the ring. Carmen did not take her eyes from them, now taking the ring off, now putting it on, as she examined it closely.

Suddenly she exclaimed:

"Ah! my God! I have broken it! Do look, papa! But no! It can be opened like a medallion; and there is a date on it, too: 18—Wait!"

She cleaned the ring with a few drops of water, and after she had carefully rubbed it the date shone forth clearly and plainly.

"June 2, 1866. Does not this date remind you of anything, papa?"

"June 2, 1866?" repeated Don Juan, and dropped his fork. "No! O yes! in June, 1866, I was in Cuba. You have made a mistake, little one. Let, let me see."

Carmen gave him the ring. Don Juan read the date, and a slight pallor covered his face. Then, shrugging his shoulders and smiling, he exclaimed:

"Nothing! nothing! some forgotten anniversary, perhaps entirely without significance."

But no one knew better than he with what zealously he had collected all the reminiscences of the life of that woman, whom he idolized in his memory,

and which he treasured there as faithfully as one treasures the ashes of a beloved creature in a sealed urn.

He could not, therefore, calm himself, notwithstanding the great effort he made to control himself. Without saying another word, he arose from the table, and, after he was out of Carmen's presence, he hurried to his room in search of solitude, there to solve all the questions that were rising in his troubled brain.

No; he could not harbor the least suspicion against Consuelo. It must be a mistake. Who knows? It was not at all therefore from any misgiving that Don Juan turned to that little cof-

fer where he preserved all the letters of Consuelo like a priceless jewel—those of their courtship and those which the tenderness of the wife had inspired in her during her marriage of three years, until death came to rob him of his companion. Since that time he had never parted, even for a moment, with the key to this coffer; it was always attached to his watch chain; for it seemed to him that he was there also preserving something of the soul of the departed.

Out of his trembling fingers a small package of letters fell on the table. Their envelopes were all covered with post marks which indicated the stations of their great journeys, and carried the address:

"Senores Ramirez & Co., for Don Juan Crisostomo Lopez. Habana."

He soon found the letter sought in the package, and the date June 3, 1866, sprang before his eyes. She had written on the day that followed that mysterious anniversary that was inscribed on the ring.

Did he mistake, or was the letter really written with a trembling hand?

Don Juan read:

"At last, after many weeks, I took my first walk. Manuel persuaded me to do it. He tried it several times before, but in vain! But yesterday I yielded, and we walked along the beach.

And in a postscript Consuelo added:

"You may imagine that at the sight of the billows I thought of you, since you live so far away, far, far beyond yonder blue line of the horizon."

Don Juan dropped the letter. He also was looking at a distant, indefinite point, with the unfathomable expression of one who seeks to explore the past. Then he read hurriedly the four last letters of the package. The name of Manuel did not again appear.

This silence appeared to him like a lie. The more so since he found on his return that Manuel, his younger brother, who looked so handsome in his ship officer's uniform, was still in Malaga. And he was now inseparable from them and gave them the plainest proofs of the greatest attachment. And how intent he was on becoming the godfather of Carmen! And then only he returned to his ship and set his sails for distant seas. But suddenly the ship stranded, and no one but a boatswain could save himself. But in the letter which Manuel wrote a few days before he left the harbor for the last time, he inquired after all with much sympathy.

And in Don Juan's memory the recollections followed each other propheticly. The inconsolable pain with which Consuelo received the report of the shipwreck. The despairing effort with which she asked his forgiveness in her last moments.

"Forgiveness! What for?"

Don Juan struck his forehead with terrible indignation, and he almost screamed out when Carmen gently rapped at the door.

"What?" exclaimed the girl, entering.

"Why, to cemetery, papa, as every year."

Soon he was ready and the two started on their way. On the street Carmen felt how her father's arm trembled in hers. Don Juan was talking to himself.

"Where are we going?"

"To cemetery, papa, as every year."

The snorer asserts itself plainly at intervals amid the hum of voices around. His coffee and cakes steam under his nose. He needs them soon. His head tips back at intervals. He restores it quickly to its place. The unconscious effort is painful to witness. A man enters. He is about to seat himself at the same table with the snorer. When it evidences itself to him that there a snorer sits, he moves away. The talker to whom it is talking somebody's philosophy to an old gray head. The gray headed man is silent and dead. He says little in reply. The talker has in his hand the book of the philosopher he admires. The two have finished a meal of corned beef hash. Now with them is the "flour of soul." The philosopher so enthusiastically talked about is of the positive school. The talker is a positivist. The old man doesn't seem to be much of anything. Hence he is a good man for a positivist to talk to. Occasionally the talker reads the old man a passage; or he reads him a whole page. It seems to make little difference to the old man. He makes no resistance.

The snorer stands patiently by, while, between loud talk and laughter, they study with lively diligence the bill of fare. They seem enjoying life. He seems only enduring it.

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## ALL NIGHT REVELERS.

### IN AN UPTOWN RESTAURANT EARLY IN THE MORNING.

People Who Meet at an Eating House at 6 o'clock a.m.—Tea and Coffee—A Snorer at the Table—The Man About Town.

It is 2 o'clock in the morning, and this is an uptown Sixth Avenue restaurant which never closes, night or day, and where at 6 o'clock in the morning you may see all the night revelers gathered at one table and at the next the diligent, early rising man of business, consuming his coffee and roll preparatory to his trip down town, the workingwoman with her morning tea and toast, who labors hard for \$1 per day; the woman who doesn't, and wears diamonds; the gambler and the bookkeeper; the youth just starting out to see life, and the man of premature old age who has seen too much of it—all here to