

THE REASON WHY.

I went with my children one day
To walk in the bright Spring morning;
The woods and the meadows looked gay
In their leafy and green adorning.
As we walked, said the children to me:
"Do tell us, papa, the reason
Why those fields and those woods which we see
Look so fair and so fresh at this season?"
I was glad they had asked such a thing,
So I said to my son and daughter:
"Each field and each tree that around us we see
Drinks nothing, my darlings, but water."
—*Temperance Banner.*

IN THE LONG RUN.

BY ELLA WHEELER.
In the long run fame finds deserving man;
The lucky wight may prosper for a day,
But in good time true merit leads the van,
And vain pretence, unthought, goes its way,
There is no Chance, no Destiny, no Fate,
But Fortune smiles on those who work and wait,
In the long run.
In the long run all godly sorrow pass;
There is no better thing than righteous pain;
The sleepless nights, the awful thorn-crowned days,
Bring sure reward to tortured soul and brain,
Unmeaning joys enervate in the end,
But sorrow yields a glorious dividend,
In the long run.
In the long run all hidden things are known;
The eye of Truth will penetrate the night,
And, good or ill, thy secret shall be known,
However well 'tis guarded from the light,
All the unspoken motives of the breast
Are fathomed by the years, and stand confessed
In the long run.
In the long run all love is paid by love,
Though undervalued by the hearts of earth;
The great eternal Government above
Keeps strict account and will redeem its work,
Give thy love freely; do not count the cost;
So beautiful a thing was never lost
In the long run.

MISS GAY.

BY MARCUS FALL.

One of the quietest places in the London suburbs is Manville square, Clapham. It lies at the core of a network of shady lanes and sequestered roads, where the thrush and the blackbird sing in the quiet evening. The place is gathered into a peaceful calm; and to find yourself in Manville square, after the dust and turmoil of the city, is as great a change as for the citizen of a sleepy cathedral town to find himself on a prairie with the feeling of inexhaustible relief always arising from the absence of walls. But in Manville square you find no solitude. Lightly-swung broughams and landaus and victorias brush over the smooth roadway now and then; you can on no fine day put your head out of a front window without hearing the laughter of rosy-cheeked children and the patter of tiny feet. Here the sunlight seemed always to come early and stay late. Summer loved the place, and lingered longer here than even at Kew. The square had no pretensions to splendor or wealth or fashion or distinction. The houses were modern, well-built, wholesome and roomy. The grass and shrubs in the enclosure were kept neatly and efficiently, but there was no such prudery in the gardening as forbad cricket to four-year-old boys or the laughing scamper of children through the trees. The gent of the place were peace and prosperous plenty and courteous services. No angry word ever invaded that Tempe of London. No dun ever cast a shadow on its clean flagway or wholesome grass.
The houses all belonged to one landlord, who was a rich man and owned property in several other parts of London. He had made one rule over all his house-property, and that was to take ten per cent a year less for his houses than he could easily get, and to be much more particular as to the people he accepted as tenants than most landlords. It was not enough to satisfy him that the tenant was solvent and respectable; he would also be convinced the applicant for a house of his was free from anything which could make him a disagreeable neighbor. Those who took houses were to be clearly informed one of the advantages of the place was that there were to be no lodgers in Manville square.
When Dr. Stephen Brooks took his house, he read the clause with satisfaction. When a man paid a hundred and thirty pounds a year for a house in the suburbs, he expected not to have lodgers next door. Mrs. Brooks was delighted at the stringency of this proviso. They had had a hard fight in the world. They were childless. Neither was now young, and a little respectability becomes very acceptable in the middle life of woman, when youth and young matronhood have been spent in narrow ways.
For ten years Dr. Brooks and his wife lived a quiet, easy life in the square; and then, when he was sixty and she fifty-five, he died. He had saved a little money—not much. When all debts and expenses had been paid, there was no more than fifteen hundred pounds for the widow. Her friends recommended her to give up this house at once, sell off what furniture she would not absolutely need, and take a small house out farther. She wrote to the landlord, and he replied, saying he would be most happy to do anything he could for her. He recommended her to do nothing definite for a day or two, until he had called. Between the dispatch of that letter and the visit to Mrs. Brooks, the landlord was observed to call at every house in the square. When he saw the widow, he was extremely polite and considerate. He hoped she would not consider it impertinent on his part if he alluded to her affairs. He could not help hearing people speaking of her, for she and her husband had been the most popular people in the square. Among things he heard the cause of her wishing to give up the house was, that her circumstances had naturally been reduced by her husband's death. He had ventured to come with a suggestion, which, if she did not feel disposed to adopt, she would, he felt sure, take as well meant. All the people in the square were most anxious she should not leave it, and would do everything in their power to help her. He, too, should be loth to lose an old and valued resident. Now, what he came prepared to do was to cancel the sub-letting clause of her lease.
Thus it arose in the year 1879, in one house in

Manville square lodgings could be secured, and that Edwin Colthurst lived as a lodger with Mrs. Brooks. He occupied a room at the top of the house, looking into the square. He went into the city every day immediately after breakfast, and was not home till near six in the evening. He was quiet and unassuming, spoke in a soft, low voice, and never was so pleased as when he could steal in and out unperceived. He had no companions or friends. He lived altogether to himself. No one ever called upon him. He always came home straight from his business and went to his room. At 9 o'clock he came down and ate some supper, mostly in silence. Mrs. Brooks had a great liking for the young man; and oftentimes she wished he would have some of his friends with him on Sunday. But he always made the same answer:
"Thank you, Mrs. Brooks. It is very good of you to think of it. But there is no one I care to ask just now."
He had a taste for entomology and reading, and he spent all his Sundays and his evenings over his books or his cases of specimens. Toward the end of May Mrs. Brooks thought he was looking very ill, and attributed this to his want of variety in life, and she feared, his great carelessness about meals. Often at supper it slipped from him that he had eaten nothing since breakfast that morning. Mrs. Brooks made up her mind she would see he ate his supper at all events; so toward the end of May she was always in the dining-room when that meal was served for him.
Early in June, while he was in the dining-room, Mrs. Brooks pulled a letter out of her pocket and said:
"Mr. Colthurst, I got a letter from a lady this morning. She has been recommended to come here by a lady who stopped here—by a lady who was with me for a few months last year. I want to answer the letter at once, and I cannot read part of the letter or the signature. Will you be so kind as to try if you can make it out?"
"Certainly. Let me see it."
He took it, and after looking at it a while, read out:
Dear Madam—My friend Mrs. Shipstone tells me I should be lucky if you allow me to come and stay with you a fortnight or three weeks. Business takes me to London. My niece accompanies me. We should need two bed-rooms, opening into one another, and a private sitting-room. We come up to see a doctor. You need not be alarmed. The complaint is neither infectious nor dangerous. An early reply will oblige. Yours faithfully,
HELEN GAY.
Five nights after that Miss Gay—she proved to be a spinster—arrived with her niece.
"You remember," said Mrs. Brooks that night to Colthurst, as he ate his supper, "the letter I showed you a few days ago from a lady recommended to me by Mrs. Shipstone?"
"Yes; the writing was not very legible."
"That is it. Well, they came this morning. I don't wonder at her coming up to town for advice. I don't think she has many weeks life in her. She's bent on one side, as thin as charity, and quite yellow and pinched. I don't think she came a day too soon, poor lady. She isn't very old—nothing like as old as I—but death is in her face—death is in her face."
"I am very sorry for the poor lady," said Colthurst, seriously. He had a sympathetic nature and a serious manner.
"But her niece, Mr. Colthurst, her niece! I don't think I ever saw anyone more lovely. She is fair and slight and tall and graceful, the picture of health, and no more than eighteen. A most perfect lady. A lady in her carriage, her speech, her smile. They are, I believe, of very good family; but young Miss Gay would do credit to the best house in London. She is soft-mannered and cheerful. I cannot tell you how much I was struck by her. She is the loveliest creature I ever saw in all my life, and so amiable. To see her keep smiling all the time to cheer her poor ailing aunt would win anyone's love, man or woman, old or young. I have seen her only twice, and then for no more than a few minutes at a time, but never anyone else grew on me in so short a space."
Next evening as Colthurst was coming home, he met an elderly lady and a tall, slight girl walking slowly toward Mrs. Brooks's. He made up his mind at once that these were the new lodgers, drew back, and saw them enter the house. This was complete confirmation. He did not go into the house then, but walked around the house three or four times. It was such a pleasant thing to think he could go up to that door at any moment, open it with his latch-key, and walk in.
When he awoke next morning, the birds in the square were singing, the sun shone out valiantly, all looked gay and young. As far as the square was concerned, old earth looked only in its teens. The clean, handsome housemaid was standing in the area-gate, taking, on behalf of the cook, the bread from the strong, wholesome-looking baker. No children were abroad yet, but a nursery window opposite was open, and he could hear the words of the children as they dressed, and subsequently said their prayers in loud, unfeeling voices.
That morning he met no one before leaving the house but the servant who gave him his breakfast. All day long he felt uneasy, discontented. He wished it had been a holiday. He would have liked to stay at home and look at his specimens. When you come to think of it, business was such a poor thing after all. Answering correspondence and seeing men and undertaking to do this, that or the other thing was such a colorless dull way of spending a fine day like this, when one might read in the enclosure, and look out through the railings at any one who might happen to pass.
He was in a great hurry home that evening, he knew not why. He usually came by bus, read *The Globe* on the top, and thought that drive through the fresh evening one of the most delightful events of the day. This evening he fancied the omnibus crawled, and that it was most undesirable one's business place should be so far from one's place of residence.
At last he reached the square. And now he was in no hurry to enter the house. He walked all around the flagway, and then went into the enclosure. He walked up and down the path in front of Mrs. Brooks's. It was close upon 8 o'clock when he unlocked the gate, crossed the roadway, ascended the steps, and thrust his latch-key into the hole. He pushed open the door, and as he did he saw coming down the hall aunt and niece. They were dressed for walking. He drew aside, bowed, and raised his hat.
"Thank you," said the elder lady, as she passed him.
The tall little form of the girl bent slightly forward, and a smile of gracious recognition came upon her sweet young face.
He had never seen anything so lovely in all his life before. He would have given the world to turn round and walk out in the beautiful soft evening with her. He had often before been attracted by beauty, but never as now. A spirit

such as he had never seen in woman before hung about this girl. There was with her a most excellent gentleness. There came with her a subtle presence, a promise of serene repose. You got from her no hint of change of growth, of development, of progress. It seemed as though she had reached the Elysian Fields, the goal of hope, the sphere of immutability.
"What a sweet girl Miss Gay is!" said Mrs. Brooks that night while he ate his supper. "She doesn't seem to know she is good-looking, or that she is so amiable. I know I never saw such eyes. If her aunt only kept her in London and brought her out, she would be the beauty of the season—photographed, and her *carte* in every window."
"I should be very sorry to see her anything of the kind. She is too good to be a 'beauty.' Put a delicate angel like her up among a lot of brazen married women, whose good looks ought to be at home, and not stuck everywhere all over town for vulgar fools to leer at!"
"Well, I am not in favor of these photographs, myself, but I think the girl ought to be brought out. I wonder what will become of the dear child when the aunt dies?"
"I imagine nothing could be better for her, if anything happened to her aunt, than to come and live with you here."
"I should like that. We could take care of her here, Mr. Colthurst. Have you heard her play? Queer, out-of-the-way, dreamy things, that make you feel first as if you wanted to go to sleep, and then as if you wouldn't close your eyes upon any account."
"I should like above all things to hear her."
"I'll ask if I may bring you up to-morrow evening. The aunt is a nice, sensible lady, and isn't a bit hard on the child."
All that night one phrase of Mrs. Brooks' haunted him, "We could take care of her." We—we—we? Take care of her? Take care of that sweet young girl? Ay, though all the world sought to do her harm, it should not succeed while he could raise an arm to strike a blow for her.
To-morrow evening he might meet her! He might hear her voice coming to him. He might watch her as she sat and talked. Her hand might touch his. Her dress might brush against him. He might sit and listen to her playing in the twilight. He might pick up a flower or a ribbon or a glove she had worn.
If, when her aunt died, she only came to that house, what care they would take of this gentle-faced girl! She would be like Mrs. Brooks' daughter—live with her, dine and sup at the same table, and sit with Mrs. Brooks in the afternoons and evenings. That would be delightful.
When he got back to Manville square next evening, he did not linger out of doors, but walked with a quick step up to the house and went in. It was close to 8 o'clock when he met Mrs. Brooks. She had good news for him. He was to go up that evening and be introduced; but Miss Gay had said he must remember they were in the doctor's hands, and he must not take it ill of them if they retired early.
Mrs. Brooks devoted herself altogether to the aunt, and the young people were left almost altogether to themselves. They talked of a great number of things. He found her intelligent, shy, candid, and anxious for surprise.
"You have never been in London before?" he asked.
"No, never; I am greatly delighted with it."
"Would you like to live here always?"
"I should like it very much; but aunt could not manage to live here. In fact, we are going back very soon."
"How soon?"
"In a few days—I do not know how many—when we are done with the doctors."
"I am very sorry for the cause of your visit to London. I wish it had nothing to do with doctors. What do they say?"
"Aunt does not tell me all. She is afraid of alarming me. Fancy the case is a very bad one," she replied.
"Is it of long standing?"
"No; only a few months."
"I understand you have no other relative in the world but Miss Gay?"
"Not one."
"Suppose the doctor's report is unfavorable; what will you do?"
"Go back to the country with aunt."
"And what will you do then?"
"Wait."
As she said this word she cast her eyes down, and he could see her eyelids were heavy with tears. How he wished and prayed she might come to London when all was over! He could not bear the notion of her going away now. He had made up his mind that as soon as her aunt died she should come to London and live with Mrs. Brooks.
"We could take care of the poor child," he said, in his heart. Aloud he said:
"Could you not manage to stay in London?"
"Ah, no. The doctors say London will not do. We must get away to the sea, Torquay or Bournemouth. I am not sure which."
"Mrs. Brooks has been giving me a most enthusiastic account of your playing. Are you very fond of music?"
"Yes, very; I care for nothing in the world so much."
"And who are your favorite composers?"
"Mendelssohn and Schubert."
"May I hope you will play a little to-night?"
"I will play with great pleasure, only not too long."
She played for half an hour, and Colthurst listened enchanted. He knew nothing of music himself, but he loved it dearly. He had never before heard anything so weird, so soft, so tender, so *spirituelle*. It was like the sighing of forlorn winds in mystic groves. He could not play the simplest air, but he could interpret the most intricate, or, at all events, all airs had meanings for him; right or wrong, he did not pause, he did not care to inquire.
At the end of half an hour the aunt came, and said:
"That is enough for to-night, child."
Colthurst rose to go, and in taking leave said:
"You have given me only an appetite for your music. May I, Miss Gay," turning to the elder lady, "come another night?"
"Certainly; we shall be very glad to see you, if you will not mind our being rude, and turning you out early. We live by rule, you know, and we must take no liberties."
He went out for a stroll round the square, it being then only 10 o'clock. As he walked round and round the square, he could think of nothing but the lovely stranger. Every movement of hers had been grace, every word melody. Light seemed to gather round her as she sat. One after the other he recapitulated all that she had said or done, with the intention of finding if anything had been out of harmony, if there had been any savor of bad taste. Time after time he had finished the list

with the reflection, "No, it was as perfect as the most fastidious could dream of—all had been interpenetrated with the essence of grace and spirituality."
Then, from rehearsing the things which had taken place, he rehearsed them merely for the delight of keeping her image before his eyes, her voice about his ears.
Four delicious evenings passed away in the same manner, and then came bad news; they were leaving to-morrow for Torquay. She told him, with a smile, the doctors had said no time should be lost. They were to go, and at once, the east wind now blowing being most injurious. He was greatly grieved they were going so soon, and asked when they were likely to be back again in London.
"We do not know. We cannot say. Perhaps never."
"You must not say that. Surely you will come back again."
"That will depend, in a great measure, on how we get on at Torquay."
"But you—you will surely come back to see us once again? I am sure Mrs. Brooks would do anything she could for you. She is the most kind-hearted woman in the world."
For an instant the habitual faint smile left the face of the girl, and her eyes half filled with tears. Her lips trembled, and she said, in a low, unsteady voice:
"I am sure she would be kind to me. Every one is so kind to me. I am sorry I have to go away."
"But you will come back, won't you?" he pleaded.
She looked up suddenly, with the brightest smile he had ever seen on her face, saying:
"Perhaps I may; I'll try. Now, good-bye."
Life went back to its old course at Manville square. Some other people came and occupied the rooms where she had been. Day after day Edwin Colthurst watched the Summer ripen and the green deepen in the foliage of the square. Day by day he dreamed of her return, and of delicious evenings spent within the charm of her voice, the magic of her presence. As he drove in and out of town, he conjured with her image until all the recesses of his memory were filled up with pictures of her. He would have given anything he possessed to write to her, to get a single line from her; but although the period of their acquaintance had been long enough for him to fall in love, it had not been long enough to warrant him in asking to be allowed to write.
The Summer waned and Autumn was at hand. Still no word came from the guests of June. The rich green of the foliage was here and there touched by the first foreboding finger of decay. Morning found a hoar-frost on the ground, and evening brought a chilly dew. Old people avoided the enclosure after sundown, and the delicate chose the sunny side of the square. The buxom housemaid had married the baker's man, and stood no longer at the head of the area-steps with arms akimbo. The birds were getting ready for Winter, and saving up their songs to keep the cold out.
It was in the November of last year, when the first fine sifting of snow fell out of the sullen sky, that a letter came to Mrs. Brooks. It had a black border, was not in the same handwriting as the former one, and ran as follows:
Dear Mrs. Brooks—As you will gather from the edge of this sheet, the worst has come. I hoped against hope for days and months. It is a heavy trial, but God's will be done. I hope to be with you on Thursday next, when I can tell you all. Yours sincerely,
HELEN GAY.
Mrs. Brooks looked at the mortuary card, and put the card and the letter back into the black-bordered envelope, saying to herself:
"They were both Helens. Poor thing, we must be good to her. Poor thing!"
When Colthurst came home she told him the news. He read the letter slowly; then said:
"We must do all we can for her."
"Yes, poor soul."
He took up the mortuary card, read it, stared at it, stared at Mrs. Brooks, dropped it, staggered to his feet, and cried:
"Good God! it is the girl who is dead!"
"No, no!"
"Yes. Aged eighteen."—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.—A prominent figure in French politics is Madame Juliette Lamber. To her is attributed every political measure undertaken by the Government. Her system of policies is founded on abruptness and decision. To her is attributed the expulsion of the Jesuits, as the same measure was attributed to Madame De Pompadour. To her is likewise ascribed the intention of abolishing the gendarmerie. She is no longer young and blooming, but still attractive enough, through vivacity of expression, to be classed among pretty women. She does not seek to shine in extravagance of dress nor display of jewels. When young she was induced to resort to her pen to eke out a very limited income, but since her rise to riches and power she only dictates to others, who write down her ideas and opinions. By her second marriage she at once stepped into a position of wealth and Republican influence, of which she has made the most active and clever uses. She has become of sufficient mark in the political world of Paris to have been made the heroine of Rochefort's last novel, in which he calls her Mlle. De Bisnarek. All acknowledge her great intellectual power and approve the extreme tact and discretion with which she withdrew from interference with the foreign policy of the country, confining herself to the administration of its domestic affairs alone.

It is rumored that the marriage of Secretary Schurz and Miss Irish, a clerk in the Interior Department, will take place this Fall. It will be rather a private affair. Miss Irish has been in the Interior Department for several years. Others of her family are scattered about in the other departments. Her father holds the fine position of Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing of the Treasury Department. The Irish family draw between \$7,000 and \$10,000 as salaries from the Government annually. Miss Irish is spoken of as a very fine performer on the piano, which instrument Mr. Schurz is master of also. The same rumor obtained circulation last Fall, but was then denied, at least as far as the time was concerned. This time it is put down for certain.

"Henry is so practical," said Mrs. Youngwife. "When mother went into the county last year, Henry sent all her things after her the very next day; he said she might want some of them, you know. And it's kind o' funny," she went on, "mother did want them, for she has never come back to live with us since. Wasn't it queer?"

There are no professional beauties in this country. The great number of amateurs would crowd out professionals.