

FAILURE.

Long ago you said to me: "Sweet, A glorious kingdom before you lies, You pointed it out to my willing feet, You lighted the way with your loving eyes. Mary the triumphs the years have brought; Keen the pleasures, but keener the pain, I stand by your side in the realm of thought, And I ask myself, is it loss or gain? You give to me generous meed of praise, You give to me honor and trust, I know; But you think with secret of my simple ways, My fond unwisdom of long ago. Though I speak with the wisdom of gods and men, (This is the bitter that spoils my sweet), I know full well that never again Can I stir your pulse by a single beat. You are not to blame—there is naught to be said; Ever by fate is our planning crossed, I did the best that I could, loved, led, For the sake of winning what I have lost.

"MIZPAH."

BY ETHELIND RAY.

From the Portland Telegram.

Chloe Hathaway sat in the firelight one cool, autumn evening, her head resting on her hand, and her dark eyes fixed thoughtfully, almost sadly, on the dying embers.

It was her twentieth birthday, and her thoughts involuntarily wandered back over the year that had just passed. What a long, dreary, hopeless year it had been, she thought, and a little broken sigh fluttered from her lips.

These last two years had been like a great barren desert, with no oasis—no bright sun showers to refresh them. And yet no one suspected that Chloe had a "skelton in her cupboard." She was always, when in company, gay, light-hearted and cheerful—always ready to laugh at, and make light of trouble of all kinds; and though she counted her lovers by the score, she kept them all at a safe distance, and solemnly declared she would never marry.

"But Chloe," her uncle—with whom she lived, and to whom she was only related—would sometimes say to her, "you will surely marry some time—for I am old and can not live always, and what would you do without me, dear?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Uncle," Chloe would answer wearily. "I only know that I have a horror of marriage, and never even give it a second thought except when you compel me to. Please let me stay with you, always, Uncle—I am perfectly contented to drift on in this way forever."

But there had been a time when Chloe was 18, when life was not the dreary, aimless thing that it was now; when her heart beat lightly and joyously, and existence itself seemed a pleasure. She thought of it now, and sighed; it seemed so long ago—so many bitter changes had come since those halcyon days.

When Chloe was only eighteen, she had met Will Boone—handsome, noble, intelligent—just such a man as women fall in love with in spite of themselves, and almost unconsciously she had given him her heart.

And he, handsome, polished man of the world, though he was, learned in a few, short months, to love this little, pure, wild flower tenderly, and truly—with all the ardor of his strong, passionate nature.

For one short summer they had drifted on in perfect happiness, forgetting everything and everybody but themselves and their golden dreams—living only in the present, forgetting the past, and caring not for the future. Ah! methinks such days have dawned for all of us—and were they not brighter, purer, better than any we have known since then? "Ah! for the golden days!" But autumn came, and Will was compelled to return to the city. But before he left, he told Chloe that he loved her, and slipped a flashing opal on her finger.

"If you love me, darling," he said, "wear it till Christmas, when I will return—I can say no more till then."

And then he had kissed her and left her, and Chloe had worn his ring because she loved and trusted him. Inside the ring was engraved the quaint, old-fashioned motto, "Mizpah," signifying, "The Lord watch between thee and me while we are absent one from the other."

He had promised to write her, but not one line came from him; yet she waited patiently, trustingly, feeling sure that in the end it would all be right.

The weeks passed away, and December came, and the days dragged slowly by. Christmas morning dawned clear and cold, and Chloe entered the breakfast room and took her place, with her heart in a flutter of feverish hope. He would come to-day, she told herself confidently.

Then the mail was brought in—two or three letters for her father and one for herself, and as she glanced at the post-mark her heart gave a joyful bound, for it was from New York.

She opened the envelope and two cream-colored cards fell into her hand; one bore the name, Miss Lizzie Combs, and the other Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Boone. And poor Chloe, without one word, slipped down, white and senseless on the floor.

"Great God!" cried her father, "I have killed my child—my little Chloe!"

And when, an hour later, Chloe came back to consciousness and life, she found herself an orphan—her father had fallen dead as he uttered that agonized cry. "Great God; I have killed my child!" He had always been subject to heart disease, and the sudden shock had "loosed the silver cord," and poor Chloe was fatherless as well as motherless.

Her uncle immediately came, and after the funeral, carried her away to his own elegant luxurious home in the city—the same city where Will lived with his beautiful bride, who had taught him so

soon to forget poor little, dark-eyed, faithful Chloe.

But she learned that Will had gone to Europe, and would not return for two or three years; and so with a dreary hopeless despair settling over her heart, she "took up the burden of life again," and none of her fashionable friends or admirers dreamed she had a deep, deep grave in her heart, in which she had buried her first and only love; for unlike men, a woman can never forget the man she has once loved.

And as she sat in the firelight, this evening, thinking of the bitter past, and still more bitter future, the door opened softly, and her uncle entered and seated himself beside her.

"Chloe, my dear," he said, gently drawing her head down on his shoulder, and softly caressing the dark, waving hair, "I want to talk to you awhile. Have you given Mr. Hampton his answer yet?"

"Not yet, uncle," replied Chloe, wearily; "he is coming this evening."

"And may I ask, dear, what your answer will be?"

"I intend to reject him," said Chloe, hesitatingly, "for I do not love him."

"My dear child," said Mr. Hathaway, "I beg you to pause ere you reject Guy Hampton. He is the noblest man I know, and very wealthy besides. You understand my wealth will pass to my sister when I die, and you will be compelled to earn your own living. I cannot be satisfied until I see you provided for. O Chloe! if you would only marry Guy! Nothing you could do would make me so happy as this, and I am sure you would care for him in time."

It was the first favor he had ever asked of her, and Chloe felt that she could not refuse. After all, what did it matter? Will was dead to her forever; and as he had been false, why should she remain true to his memory, especially as her uncle desired it so much? He had done so much for her, and it seemed so ungrateful to refuse his first request. Here her reflections were interrupted by the ringing of the door-bell.

"Chloe," whispered her uncle, shall it be as I wish? Dear, I wish it so much!" Just for a moment Chloe was silent, and a convulsive shudder passed over her. Then she said slowly, "Uncle, it shall be as you wish," and kissed him.

He returned her caress and left the room, and a moment later a tall, noble-looking man entered, and with a heavy heart Chloe arose to meet him.

"Chloe," he cried eagerly, clasping both her cold hands in his, "O darling, do not keep me in such suspense. May I keep these little hands forever?"

"If you wish, Mr. Hampton," said Chloe, hoarsely. And as her lover took her eagerly into his arms, and pressed warm, passionate kisses on her beautiful face, she closed her eyes resolutely upon the dreary, hopeless, aimless past, and resolved to make a good and faithful wife to the man who loved her so fondly.

And just then her opal flashed red in the firelight, and a line of an old song that Will used to sing, rang through her mind, and her sad heart echoed, "Ah! for the golden days!"

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hampton were spending their honeymoon—or moonshine, it might more properly have been called in this instance—in continual traveling, but at last, Chloe grew weary, and they stopped at Saratoga to spend the summer.

The first evening of their arrival there was a ball at the hotel, and they went into the ball room and at a late hour, Chloe looking radiantly beautiful in her pale pink satin and opals; her cheeks were flushed slightly, and her eyes flashed with a bright, restless fire; only the weary, hopeless drooping of the scarlet lips showed that her heart was not in this gay scene.

She had danced several times, and was sitting quietly, talking with a friend, when her husband's voice suddenly aroused her.

"Chloe," he said, "let me introduce my old friend, Will Boone!" Chloe lifted her eyes. One wild, startled glance into the cold, handsome face of the man she loved, and then she slipped quietly down off the sofa into the arms outstretched to receive her—the arms of her first, false love.

Twice in her life had Chloe fainted—once when she found that her lover was false, and now that she found that lover before her.

Her husband took her hastily from the arms of his old friend; the usual restoratives were applied, and Chloe was soon herself again.

"My poor little girl," said Guy, tenderly, "what could have caused it?—the heat and excitement, I dare say; and as soon as you've spoken to Will, we will leave—I know you are tired!"

"Indeed I am not," returned Chloe, bravely; and then, with a little cry of surprise, she held out her hand to Will Boone.

"Why, I'll declare!" she cried, "if it is not an old friend of mine, after all! Why, Guy, I knew Mr. Boone two or three years ago! I'm so glad to see you," she went on, hurriedly, for she felt that her courage was failing her. "Is your wife here?"

"My wife!" repeated Will, while Guy burst into a loud laugh. "I have no wife, Chloe."

Chloe's face turned ghastly white.

"No wife?" she gasped, "why? Will, you sent me your wedding cards!"

"By George!" exclaimed Guy, abruptly, "I'm engaged for this waltz!" And the unconscious, blundering fellow hastened away, and with a long drawn breath, that was almost a groan, Will caught Chloe's hand, and hurried her into the conservatory.

"Now, tell me," he exclaimed, with great beads of perspiration on his brow, "what you mean?"

"I mean what I say," replied Chloe, faintly. "Did you not send me your wedding cards?"

"NO!" thundered Will.

"Then—O, Will, why didn't you write?"

"Because your father—curse him—told me you were engaged. I did not believe it at first, and wrote you again and again; but when Christmas came, your father wrote me that you were married!"

Chloe, Chloe, say that it was not true!"

"It was not," Chloe was weeping now. "I loved you all the time, Will!"

"And he—your father—curse him!" He stopped abruptly, as Chloe put out both white, trembling hands.

"Chloe, darling," he said, hoarsely; "you are Guy's wife, and he is blameless—we must not forget that! God help us to live our lives nobly, despite this great wrong! "Oh, Chloe, my darling," he cried, holding out his arms, "come to me just once—you belong to me—I have a right to hold you."

But poor Chloe shrank away.

"Lead me not into temptation!" she murmured, with white lips.

And just then Guy came rushing in.

"Hello!" he cried, "are you two talking over old times? Come Chloe, this is our dance."

"One moment," said Will, as he shook his friend's hand, and then took Chloe's in a long, painful clasp. "I leave in the morning." Then his eyes fell upon the flashing opal, and he added, brokenly: "The Lord watch between thee and me while we are absent one from the other."

Chloe never saw him again.

I wonder, are such wrongs righted in the Beyond.

The De Lesseps Romance.

The history of M. de Lesseps' second marriage is a curious. The lady who is his wife was nearly twelve years at the chateau of which she is now chateleine, staying on a visit. Her family name was de Braga. She was of a French origin, but English nationality, her father having filled a post under the British government in the Mauritius. Mlle. de Braga was the perfection of the French Creole type, and very romantic. She had been in the habit of listening to the accounts of the diplomatic and material difficulties which M. de Lesseps overcame in Egypt, Paris, and London, and of the courage and humanity he displayed in assisting plague-stricken Frenchmen when he was consul at Alexandria. The relations she had impressed her as the narrative of Othello's adventures impressed Desdemona. Mlle. de Braga saw in M. de Lesseps a hero of modern times. His courtliness, chivalrous manners and vivacity enchanted a girl used to the indolent planters of the Isle of France. She was at La Chesnaye when all Europe was astir about the achievement of the Suez enterprise.

Telegrams were arriving from the great ones of the earth, accepting invitation to the inaugural ceremony. The French sovereign was on board a French warship to lead a fleet, composed of vessels of all nations, with their apparent ad heads of governments on board. Festivity reigned at Chesnaye. Mlle. de Braga grew silent and solitary. One day, in the garden, she saw de Lesseps walking on a terrace. She plucked a rose and went to him, begged of him for her sake to wear it at dinner. He asked whether she did not mean it for his son? No. It was for himself. Her host explained to her that he was on the wrong side of 60, while she was not yet 19. That did not matter. What his age was never occurred to her. She had only thought of his greatness and goodness. In short, he was her beau ideal. How was it possible for a man reared on the sunny side of a Pyrenean mountain to reason down the feelings this confession aroused? Time was given to Mlle. de Braga to reflect, and she was made to understand that no friendship would be lost were she to change her mind after the bands had been published. The marriage was celebrated contemporaneously with the Suez fetes.

A Bond of Sympathy.

A man with a grip-sack in his hand halted before a Detroit fruit-stand and priced a choice variety of peaches. When told that they were twenty cents a dozen he whistled to himself, walked softly around, and finally asked: "Are you a Baptist?"

"Hardly."

"Neither am I. I didn't know but that if we both belonged to the same denomination you'd throw off a little. Do you lean on the Methodists?"

"Can't say that I do."

"That's my case. I never did take much stock in the Methodists. Twenty cents a dozen is an awful price on these peaches, considering how tight money is. I expect you are a Universalist, eh?"

"No."

"Neither am I. Can't you say fifteen cents for a dozen of these?"

"Hardly."

"Aren't you an Episcopalian?"

"No, sir."

"Neither am I, but I was afraid you were. I've been a sort of looking you over, and I shouldn't wonder if you trained with the United Brethren. Come, now, own up."

"I never attended that church," was the steady reply.

"Nor I, either. Say, what are you, anyhow?"

"I'm a hard-baked old sinner."

"No! Whoop! That's my case to a dot! I've called the wickedest man in Washtenaw county! I knew there was a bond of sympathy between us if we could only find it out! Now, do you say fifteen cents a dozen?"

The fruit dealer counted them out without further objection.

Companys is the best pedestrian in the world. He has quit the business.

POVERTY OF LOVE.

They are on board a Long Branch steamer, Mr. and Mrs. Jelison and Dolly.

Mrs. Jelison is a delicate woman, lady-like under the most trying circumstances, and made up after the latest fashion.

Dolly is their daughter, and about her is an atmosphere both debonaire and sweet. She is noticeable for quantities of bright, blonde hair, very clear gray eyes and something more.

When you have taken all these points, and decided they are what makes Dolly attractive, you have missed the point altogether. It is Dolly herself.

Sitting in a dog-cart, driving a horse with a banged tail and a cluster of violets in his bridle, at 11 A. M., riding behind four horses with banged tails, between the hours of 5 and 7 P. M., form some of Dolly's pastimes.

She is riding to-night, and while her companion dexterously handles the ribbons she as dexterously coquettes with a big bouquet of Jacqueminot roses. Somewhere between the blush of the fading day and the first shining of moon and stars he surrenders—income which is magnificent, bachelor habits which have their charm, and himself to boot.

"Papa," Dolly says, next morning, "I had two offers yesterday."

"I should say that was nothing miraculous, my dear."

"One was from Mr. Adams."

"You accepted him, my dear? He is reported to be a millionaire."

"I didn't, papa, because I don't love him; the very best reason in the world. The other offer was from Mr. Brooks. He candidly owned to me that if his debts were paid he would find it hard to juggle two quarters together. You see he did not try to deceive me about himself; and, dear papa, I took the liberty to accept him, for I love him, and have all his love in return."

The days that are "golden as a crown" glide very quickly away. The big fire comes, and business depression straight-away follows it. Investments that were bright with promise only a few short months ago, turn heavy as lead on their owners hands—too heavy to hold. Failure and loss is of common occurrence, and many a brave heart grows sick with disappointment in the midst of these dark days.

Mr. Jelison is taken ill, and soon, too soon almost to realize, mother and daughter are one morning fixing flowers in his dead hands. Then, after the tender heart is laid away in its long home, they face a new world,—or rather a part of the world hitherto unknown to them. I mean the grasping avaricious part that seldom lifts its eyes towards God's infinite blue heaven, to catch a glimpse of a life that is not bounded by human wants, or vanities, or measured by three-score years and ten.

It is a clamorous, greedy place that Dolly and her mother step out into, where hands are constantly reaching for more, and where it seems that there is not room enough or things enough for the creatures He has made. Like the figures of a dream melt away stately house and luxurious appointments.

It is the day before the auction; a bleak morning that must be misery to itself. Dolly is busy about some of the many things that have fallen to her to do when she hears a well-known step in the tiled hall and flies down stairs to meet her lover. Her dress is marred by specks of dust, and the room is in disorder so far, and chairs are in unusual places, pictures and mirrors have slid from the walls, and draperies have disappeared. He looks twice at the marble slab before he ventures to let the edges of his hat rest upon it. There is dust there also. But Dolly thinks of neither dust nor disorder. She is only conscious that he is here, and comes forward with both hands extended to him. They are slim, dimpled hands, and her cheeks and lips are a bloom, and there is a tender light in her gray eyes.

Handsome, loving Dolly has never dreamed how this meeting will end, for she judges him after her own heart, and it is both sincere and faithful. It is not exactly words that give her the key to his feelings; it may be his manner, or possibly something more suitable still; but she has the key, holds it irresolute for a moment, and then looks into that necessary organ he calls his heart, and her own nearly breaks in doing so.

"It was only a question of money," she flings out bitterly; "you never loved me at all; you are a coward, a liar sir."

Poor Dolly hardly knows her own voice speaking to him so; and she is conscious that her heart aches through it all. They are the last words he ever hears her speak.

Two years have fled. Two seasons of snow, frost and dreariness. Two seasons of flowers, blue skies and tender days. We left Dolly standing alone in the disorderly drawing room with tears on her face. She wiped the tears away, and did nothing more tragic than go up stairs and finish her work. After the sale of their earthly goods, they moved into a little and rather shabby house in the suburbs, and lived—or existed, rather, on a pittance, a pittance, by the way, that ere long would be exhausted.

All the world is open to pluck and enterprise. It is easy to forget disappointments and failures, in new successes. Dolly had the intricacies of cruel works, or something of a kindred nature, to divert her thoughts. It appears that it was not enough.

It came about in this way. They have a rich neighbor; in fact his mansion almost overshadowed their small home. He is a gentleman of leisure and means, and possesses a mania for farming. He squanders a good deal of money per annum on his thousand acres, but that is of no consequence. "Raising poul-

try is the only part that pays," Dolly heard him remark one day. This result was that she schemed, planned and calculated, until now we behold her victory.

She is in love once more and with that which will never play her false. This time 'tis the sunshine, woods, flowers, fair sky, and all the tender, loving ways of nature, but most of all, the loving One whose symbols only are these.

Mr. Farnham is their rich neighbor. Any one would naturally remark that he is not a handsome man, and he is not a wise one according to the world's discreet ideas of wisdom. Never goes into society unless dragged in, and then his best friends wish he was not there; is careless as to money, and kindhearted, the hypocritical say, to a fault.

"It is good for one's senses to see how plucky and practical your daughter is, Mrs. Jelison," he remarked one morning after his usual greetings were over. "I wish there were more like her, but there are not."

"I think Dolly's manner of getting along is dreadful," and, perhaps unconsciously, Mrs. Jelison heaves a sigh.

"Life is a burden," she remarks, cheerfully, after a slight pause, and so far as it only concerns herself she is more or less right. Well dressed, and carrying a well-filled purse; it is a different matter. Not well dressed and minus the purse, as she remarked the other day, she is merely nothing."

"But why dreadful?" persists her visitor.

"If you only knew!" she answers, in a tone implying that he can never know, it being impossible to make him to understand.

"But please come in, Mr. Farnham; it is getting damp out there." She has a well-founded fear of dampness.

They enter; and Mrs. Jelison sitting in the twilight, dressed in widow's cap and a becoming gown, makes a neat picture, done in quiet gray and lavender. Dolly is not there; indeed she slips out of another door as they enter, and dampness not being suggestive of evil to her, sits down on a bench in the garden.

What is she thinking of? Of Mr. Farnham and her mother; and she has shrewdly made up her mind that Mr. Farnham means more than disinterested friendship. In short, she has concluded that there is to be a change in his family before long.

"Dolly!" a hand touches her hair. She starts as well she may, not knowing Mr. Farnham is within speaking distance. "Dolly," he repeats, you are the dearest girl in the world!"

"Except the girl you have just left," she interrupts, rising and making a sweeping courtesy. "I know all about it, Mr. Farnham, and am glad you love her."

"I esteem your mother more than any woman in the world, but what your words imply I must frankly own never occurred to me. Confound it, Dolly! you pay me a poor compliment. Do I look old enough to wed your mother?"

"I don't know. Mother looks very young when she is dressed," returns Dolly.

"I suppose I am rejected," he says a moment later, "God bless you dolly, anyway."

He is moving away; he has nearly reached the house when something swift rustles behind him, then pauses at his side. It is Dolly.

"I did not comprehend that it was me you meant, you took me so by surprise."

"How could it be a surprise? I have loved you so long I thought you must know even before I spoke. Oh, it was ever so long since I first loved you! It occurred to me first one morning when you stood in this very garden."

"In picturesque rags?" Dolly interrupts.

"No; but your dress was faded and your little shoes were worn. I took it all at a glance. But you stood here, and all unconsciously assumed an attitude that was neither an effort nor an act of vanity; and the faded dress could not rob it of its aristocratic pride. I looked in your face and saw there courage, independence, and dignity—and what were worn shoes or faded gown? It was you, Dolly, I loved."

"Mother always said fine clothes were requisite to a fine marriage."

"But she has made a mistake, if Dolly, you will marry me," he interrupts. And it is such a contented and happy face the moon looks down upon that we will venture to say that Dolly answered "yes."

Emperor Norton once remarked that "All men are liars." He qualified it by saying, "in California." The truth of the Emperor's remark has been verified a thousand times over. The latest untruth is brought to light through the captain of a French bark lately arrived. While in San Francisco he was told that Oregon was a wild country; that he could get no stores in Portland, and that but few people lived here. By this means the captain was induced to purchase his stores in San Francisco sufficient to last him until reaching England. Upon arriving here he was astonished to find a prosperous city and magnificent country, and what was more he could have purchased his stores here much cheaper than he did in San Francisco.

Now that winter is upon us, and the morning sun ploughs his rays along over the earth's surface through heavy frost the good housewife will get out the rusty parlor stove, drag it over the carpet to its former position and attempt set it up. After two hours' hard work to get the legs on the wrong end, and a successful attempt to make the elbow on the oven door, and a successful tempt at begriming the white within reach, she will send for a tin; to set the affair in proper shape and running order.