

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

I heard the bobwhite whistle in the dewy breath of morn.

I saw her pace, with quiet grace, the shaded path along.

Above my station, heaven knows, that gentle maiden shone.

So like a startled fawn before my longing eyes she stood.

'Tis sweet to hear the pattering rain that lulls a dim lit dream.

The little hand I held in mine held all I had of life.

Oh! dearest wife, my heart is stirred, my eyes are dim with tears--

ESTHER VALE.

BY J. WILL. GRAHAM.

From the Portland Telegram.

Esther Vale was but a little more than a child in years, but a woman's soul looked out from her clear gray eyes, and every line of her proud, sweet face expressed character and refinement.

Her home was in the little village of Princeton, on the banks of the Sacramento river; but beautiful as was the scenery around her cottage home, the place had grown distasteful to her.

One evening in May, Esther put on her little white sun bonnet and strolled along the shore of the river, evidently absorbed in the discussion of some important question.

She was suddenly startled by a footfall behind her, and the next moment she was joined by a young man, evidently a farmer's son, with a frank, boyish face, which looked even handsome in the deepening twilight.

"I've been at your house, Esther," he said, drawing her hand through his arm, "and your mother said you were walking along by the river; so you see I have overtaken you. What were you so busy thinking about that you did not hear me?"

"I was thinking of my future," replied Esther, in a slow sad tone; "I have made up my mind what I shall do. You know a great deal of our family affairs, Richard Verney, living as you do so very near us, and being so often at our house, and will understand what I am going to say. I am in the way here." And her tone grew passionate.

"You don't know what you say, Esther," said the young man, frankly; "what can have put such an insane freak into your head? Think of yourself, so young, so innocent, and so beautiful, exposed to all the dangers of a great city!

Your mother would not allow you to go; and I, Esther, I couldn't let you go."

"I love you, Esther. Will you be my wife?"

"Oh, Esther! can it be that you do not love me? Ever since I first saw you, when you were but a wee child, I have loved you, and for years I have looked forward to the time when I might call you my wife!

"It may not be Richard," said Esther sadly. "I have always loved you with a sisterly affection. I never thought that your love for me was other than brotherly. We could neither of us be happy in such a marriage."

The young man pleaded in vain. For a long time he drew such pictures of what her life might be as mistress of the Verney farm, and his own loved and honored wife, that the poor girl was tempted to accept the calm and peaceful life thus offered to her, and trust to time to awaken feelings of wifely love and devotion.

"I do not love you enough, Richard, and cannot marry you. Do not ask me again, in pity to yourself and me."

"Tell me why you do not love me, Esther," said Richard, in a husky voice. "What kind of a man could you love, Esther?"

"I will tell you," she said at length. "I have not thought much of these things Richard! but every girl expects at some period of her life to marry, and, of course, forms some idea of the man to whom she is willing to entrust her own happiness. I could not be happy in the hum drum life of a farmer's wife, and witness only a round of milking, churning and dairy work from my marriage until my death. I have no wish to dispartage a farmer's life, Richard, for they are the men who make the nation, they are the foundation of all other business, but I am unfitted for it. My life has been so hard, so full of hard realities, so unloved and unloving, that I have dreamed too much—made myself an ideal world and lived therein."

"And you would cast away my true and honest love for fashionable society, Esther?" exclaimed Verney; "You reject me in the hope of becoming a woman of the world?"

"You mistake me, Richard. I have no taste for fashionable society. But I would marry a man whom I could feel was my superior, whether he be farmer or blacksmith, one who makes his mark in the world, is honored and respected for his talents and the use he makes of them. The man I marry must have the power to make me love him as I can love—deeply, strongly, with my whole being. I want a refined atmosphere around my married life. My husband must have a cultivated taste for books and pictures, for I love them and I believe in a unity of taste between married people."

They had been walking up and down the river bank, while Esther had told her lover how different her ideal was from himself, and they now paused while Richard replied:

"I understand you, Esther, and do not blame you for rejecting an awkward country boy who has been to full of sports to improve his opportunities of learning. It is not too late yet, I am only twenty now, and if you are not married to some one else before I can claim you, you shall yet be my wife. Remember, Esther, I shall claim you yet!"

He pressed her to his heart, kissed her passionately, and then with a choking sob he turned and walked away through the gloom.

Esther returned to her home and went about her usual duties. The next day she heard that Richard Verney had gone to college.

The summer months wore away and were spent by Esther in fruitless attempts to procure a situation as teacher, and in studying. Every day her stepfather made her feel more and more that she was a burden to them, and her weak, inefficient mother often anxiously inquired if she had heard of no situation yet that would do. Early in September, however, one of the teachers of the seminary, where Esther had been educated, obtained a situation in a "Frisco school for herself, and a position as junior teacher for Esther.

The young girl immediately entered upon her duties, and in the active life to which she now accustomed herself, she strove to forget the past. But in the evening hours, when she was alone in her own room for the night, she would remember with a keen pang, the frank, boyish face of Richard Verney and the strong enduring love he bore her, and she wondered how he succeeded in his college life. She had not seen him in the summer, as he preferred to spend his vacation in the vicinity of the college and devote his time to study, for which he had suddenly shown great taste.

The years went on and Esther Vale had matured into a glorious woman. Time had smiled favorably on her, and had but increased her bright beauty and given her additional graces. She had risen from the position of junior teacher to that of principal, and had no lack of suitors. But not one among them all came up to her ideal. And so she gradually relinquished all idea of ever

marrying. She had heard of Richard Verney, that he had graduated with the highest honors from Yale College, and had thereafter watched his onward and upward course with a proud feeling of satisfaction. In the girlish days of long ago, she had never dreamed that her awkward country lover possessed genius and the gift of eloquence; but her rejection of him had roused those dormant qualities and made a man worthy of the admiration dealt out to him on every hand.

It was ten years from the evening of their parting on the banks of the Sacramento, and Esther Vale, attired as became her queenly beauty, was seated in the well lighted parlor of her residence. Her under teachers and pupils were in their own part of the house, and the mistress was alone. She had just been reading in one of the daily papers a speech recently delivered by the Hon. Richard Verney, and now she was looking into the grate with a thoughtful face. The door bell suddenly rung, and a moment after a servant brought to Miss Vale a card bearing the name of Richard Verney.

Esther's cheek flushed and paled as she read the name, and her voice faltered as she commanded the servant to admit the gentleman. To conceal her agitation she turned down the gas to a twilight, and awaited his entrance. The servant speedily ushered the visitor into the room, but, to Esther's surprise, a fairy-like being hung to his arm.

Esther had never contemplated the possibility of her old lover's marrying, but now a keen pang shot through her heart as she thought he had come to introduce his wife to her—his first love. As soon as the mist had cleared away from her vision, she saw a tall and handsome man regarding her with a puzzled expression. His face was bronzed and bearded, a graceful mustache and imperial lent dignity to his massive chin. His form was commanding, and altogether he was distinguished in appearance. His eyes were those same truthful eyes that she so well remembered, their last meeting on the bank of the famed river quickly passed before her mental vision.

"Miss Vale," he said, bowing.

Esther bowed. "I have brought my ward to you to be educated," he said, all unconscious that his voice and words set Esther's heart throbbing loudly. "She has been sadly neglected, and if you will take charge of her, and make as good a scholar as most of your pupils are, you will confer a great favor. Her name is Minnie Lake. Her father was one of my dearest friends, and I am the guardian of his child."

It was plain to Esther from his manner that he did not suspect her identity with the Esther he had known and loved in the long ago.

As soon as she remembered that it was years since her mother had died and that her step-father had soon after removed from Princeton, she readily understood the cause of his ignorance. She gracefully advanced and received her new pupil, soon placed her at her ease, learned that Mr. Verney had been recommended to her by the parents of one of her pupils, and finally led the girl to the apartments she was to occupy and introduced her to the group of girls. She then returned to the parlor with a heavy heart, for the interest manifested by Mr. Verney in his ward caused her to think that he was educating her for his own wife.

On entering the parlor she found that her guest had turned on the gas and was contemplating the pictures that graced her walls. He turned abruptly at her entrance and regarded her in silence. She stood full in the light of the chandelier, her loose curls thrown back from her beautiful face, the color coming and going in her red cheeks, and her gray eyes lustrous with the excitement his coming had caused, and as he looked at her he gave a quick gasp, and exclaimed as he opened his arms:

"Esther!"

Esther sprang to his embrace and he rained kisses and tears on her upturned face.

"Found at last!" he said; "I have looked for you a long time, Esther, have you waited for me?"

"I am Esther Vale still!" she whispered.

Esther Vale found in her old lover the ideal she had once pictured to him, and the following Christmas she closed her school, bade adieu to her attached pupils and became the wife of the Hon. Richard Verney. And in the long, golden years that followed they had reason to look back with thankfulness upon the truly fortunate day that again brought them together. And their love was none the less because they waited so long for each other.

A SOBBY FEATURE.—One of the most discouraging features of our day is the aversion of American boys and girls to hard work; but this aversion is by no means confined to this side of the Atlantic. In a late official communication to the French Government, it is asserted that the pupils of the elementary schools of Paris are little "bureau-crats," whose only fear on reaching the end of their course is that they shall have to become workmen and workwomen. The boys all want to be clerks and the girls shopwomen, thus glutting the market for these departments. The disposition of the youth of the present day, together with their tendency in almost every country, as well as America, to desert rural homes for life in the city, is one of the most unfavorable signs of the times.

"My lovey-dovey," he said, "I positively cannot give you a diamond for an engagement ring." "Why, my own popsey-wopsey?" "Because," he wickedly replied, "everybody will say I'm stony-hearted."

The Wife's First Love.

Adelheid, hearing her husband's approaching footsteps, hastened to extinguish the taper that was burning on the table, and adjusting her collar and eolifure before the mirror, unlocked the door of the boudoir and went forth to meet him with an unembarrassed air. "Comme! ma belle Hermite, toujours un boudoir! I was looking for you at the Tuileries this very fine day. Truly, my incomparable, I shall begin to grow jealous of the crimson fauteuil, whose arms encircle you so often." As De Morier playfully spoke thus, he drew his Adelheid affectionately toward him, but she complained of a slight indisposition, averted face, and withdrawing herself from his clasp, pointed his attention to some passing object in the street and began to talk of their projected tour to Fontainebleau.

Adelheid Eichrodt was a young and lovely Berliozese, who, at the age of seventeen, had been introduced to the Count de Morier, a Frenchman of family and distinction. He became deeply enamored of her beauty and simplicity. The offer of his hand was graciously accepted, and he brought her in triumph to his hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, where, notwithstanding the little dissensions that a difference in national tastes and prejudice is apt to occasion, they lived in the very plenitude and perfection of conjugal concord.

They had been married about a year and a half, when De Morier fancied he observed an alteration in his wife's habits and manners. It appeared to him that his adored Adelheid was becoming less frank and confiding toward him; she was reserved, distrustful. There was an air of mystery in her proceedings. In fact, it was evident that she had some secret with which she was sedulously desirous he should remain unacquainted. He was constantly in the habit of finding scraps of paper scattered about the floor, for the appearance of which she accounted in various unsatisfactory ways. He more the once surprised her in whispered confidence with old Karl, a German domestic, who, having lived in her father's service since the period of Adelheid's infancy, had, on the event of her marriage, requested to be allowed to accompany his young mistress to Paris. On his approach they would suddenly separate, and, as it seemed to him, in something of confusion. He had also on one occasion been exceedingly perplexed and mortified by overhearing two ladies in society, after extolling the undeniable beauty and grace and affability of Madame de Morier, make an exception to her prejudice (the "particulars" did not reach his ear), which was immediately followed by an exclamation of "Mon Dieu! ce ne pas possible—une bete, un monsieur—afreuz, degoutante." He was not quite sure that the epithets were applied to his wife, but he more than suspected they were. It was not long after that, on entering her apartments unexpectedly he saw her rush to the window and dash something to the ground. "Bah, bah! Adelheid, why surely I have entered Houbrigat's fabrique, it mistake for my own hotel? 'Essence de Millefleurs! Attar du Rose!' What are all these scents that are scattering about the room? You will suffocate me with your many sweets. I have told you of my aversion to strong perfumes."

The suspicious husband having observed Madame, in one of her mystic meetings with the old steward, confide a large purse of gold to his possession, hastily quitted the room, full of vague apprehensions and surmises, and fully resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying himself in what manner his wife was in the habit of employing the intervals of his absence from home, which, owing to a pending lawsuit, had become of late very frequent and protracted. Yet he loved and respected her too much to distress her with any open and direct inquiries upon the subject of her evident confusion.

Accordingly, upon the following day, he took occasion during breakfast to signify that he was engaged out on business for the whole of the day, and should probably be detained until the evening of the morrow. Not long after the usual hour of dinner he made his appearance. The old steward opened the door.

"What, Karl! as I left you in the morning, I find you in the evening—toujours la pipe! Always smoking! Is Madame at home?" "Non, monsieur, non." "No, I think you are mistaken, Karl; I am nearly positive that I saw her close the jalousie of her boudoir this moment, in a white dressing gown. Is she alone?" "Yes, sir; alone, sir! To be sure she's alone—at least, that is—I will tell her you are come, and—" "I thank you, I can find her myself." "Why no; that is—just if you please, sir, to allow me—may be, she might be engaged, or—" "Engaged! how, what, with whom?" "Oh! with nobody, sir." "Let me pass, old man; what does this mean?" "Nothing, sir; but if you would only wait a moment, that I may tell my lady, sir. She will be so frightened—you will be so angry." "Angry! yes, I am angry at your unaccountable detention of me."

The count's brain immediately took fire. Imagination mastered reason; yet he adopted a reasonable course in resolutely shaking the old man from his hold and striding swiftly and silently along the range of rooms that led to his Adelheid's apartment. In a state of considerable excitement, he pushed open the boudoir door with vehemence, but stood transfixed on the threshold at the spectacle that presented itself to his view.

His young and lovely wife was reclining listlessly in the large arm chair, her foot resting on a low footstool, her elbow resting on a small table by her side, while her delicate hand sustained an

enormous chibouque, from which she puffed clouds of fragrant incense!

His astonishment soon relaxed into immoderate laughter. "So, so, my fair Musselman, I have caught you at last—now the secret's out, and the mystery, like most other mysteries, ends in smoke. That cunning old Karl, too, to conspire against me. Truth, Adelheid, I don't know that I ever saw you look more gracefully charming—more femininely lovely. Nay, don't pout and blush and cry and throw down that most magnificent chibouque so disdainfully; I'll buy it of you, mignon; will you sell it to me, eh?" and throwing his arms around her, he hid her tears of mortification in his bosom. "And, now, my sweet wife," resumed De Morier, as Adelheid released herself from his embrace, "we will put this toy away, if you please, until we go back to Berlin. Custom here is everything. Now, the Parisian ladies are not yet accustomed—that is, it is not yet the fashion here—in short, my love, the Parisian ladies don't smoke."

THE NORTHWEST.

How It Was Prevented From Being Tied Away for a Cod Fishery.

Mr. Webster gave to the Tyler Administration all of the dignity and character which it possessed, not only directing its diplomacy through the department of State, but counseling the other heads of departments. He wrote Secretary Forward's report on the currency, and other State papers, besides serving as a balance wheel to regulate the movements of the ardent Cushing and the fiery Wise. Mr. Webster's great work, says the Atlantic for October, however, was the negotiation of the

TREATY OF WASHINGTON

With Lord Ashburton, which he considered as one of the greatest achievements of his life. It settled a vexatious quarrel over our northeastern boundary, it overthrew the British claim to exercise the right of search, and it established the right of property in slaves on an American vessel driven by stress of weather into a British port. But the treaty did not settle the exasperating controversy over the fisheries on the North American coast, or the disputed northwestern boundary. Indeed, Mr. Webster was at one time disposed to cede the valley of the Columbia river for the free right to fish on the British colonial coasts of the North Atlantic, Governor Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, having

REPRESENTED OREGON AS WORTHLESS For agricultural purposes, and only valuable for its furs. Just then Dr. Whitman arrived at Washington, dressed in Mackinaw blanket coat and buckskin leggings in which he had crossed the Rocky Mountains, to plead the retention of Oregon. "But you are too late, Doctor," said Mr. Webster, "for we are about to trade off Oregon for the cod-fisheries." The Doctor soon convinced the Secretary of State, however, that the valley of the Columbia was of great value, and it was retained, while the settlement of the fisheries question was left to a succeeding generation. Lord Ashburton, retaining his business habits brought to Washington not only a diplomatic suite, but a butler and a cook, and rented the spacious mansion of

MATTHEW ST. CLAIR CLARKE

Near that of Mr. Webster. Much of the preliminary negotiation was carried on at the dinner tables of the contracting parties, and Congressional guests were alike charmed by the hospitable attentions of the "fine old English gentleman" and the Yankee Secretary of State. Lord Ashburton offered his guests the cream of culinary perfection and the gastronomic art, with the rarest wines, while at Mr. Webster's table American delicacies were served in American style. Maine salmon, Massachusetts mackerel, New Jersey oysters, Florida shad, Kentucky beef, West Virginia mutton, Illinois prairie chickens, Virginia terrapin, Maryland crabs, Delaware canvas-back ducks, and South Carolina rice birds were cooked by Monica, and served in a style that made

THE BANKER-DIPLOMAT

Admit their superiority to the potages, sauces, entremets, ragouts, and desserts of his Parisian white-capped manipulator of casseroles. Mr. Webster's papers in the negotiations with Lord Ashburton are models of skillful reasoning, and his letter on impressment is regarded as a diplomatic masterpiece. He not only had to contend with a practical and accomplished diplomat, but to manage a wayward President, and unfriendly Senate, a hostile House of Representatives, and the State Governments of Massachusetts and Maine. When a leading merchant congratulated him on the result, he thanked him, and said: "There have been periods when I could have kindled a war, but, sir, I remembered that I was negotiating for a Christian country, with a Christian country, and that we were all living in the nineteenth century of the Christian era. My duty, sir, was clear and plain."

When the old sailor came home from a whaling voyage, he saw at once what ailed the minister's preaching. "The minister's smart enough, and he says a great many good things, but the sermon don't have any harpoon in it." The farmer means the same thing when he said of the clergyman: "He's a good man, but he will rake with the teeth up."

A man who was suffering from a boil on his face pettishly exclaimed: "I wish I knew the best place for a boil." To which his little girl responded: "Why, papa, the tea-kettle is the best place to have a boil."