

FOR A CLASS REUNION.

We are as figures on a monster dial. The long hands of Time go round and round. At each circle, without let or trial, Some figures vanish, and the ground Whereon they stood is pallid, empty white. Void as the space upon the Summer night. Whence fled a star into the profound.

A MYSTERY OF THE MIND.

I landed in Southampton on the 14th of November, 1872. It was late of a Saturday afternoon, and by the time my baggage was taken to the railway station there was barely time to catch the last train to London.

I passed a restless night, for I could not rid my mind of a misgiving that had been weighing upon it for several weeks past. This misgiving was none the less oppressive because it was not founded upon what could be called a fact.

I had been away from England four years in all. Most of this time had been passed in New Zealand, as editor and, finally, as proprietor of a newspaper there. I had partly made up my mind to settle there and have Madeline come out and join me, or perhaps to return and be married to her in London and take her back with me.

The letter had reached me on the last day of July. I made my arrangements promptly, and succeeded in disposing of my newspaper on favorable terms.

No doubt the situation, in other respects, did not call for anxiety. Madeline, like myself, was an orphan, but I believed her to be in good hands. Mrs. Trench, the executrix of the will and the girl's guardian, had a good business head, great force of character, and was in all respects an uncommon woman.

When I looked out from the window of my hotel room that Sunday morning I was confronted by a dense and dark London fog. My watch told me that it was 8 in the morning, but it might have been that hour in the evening, for all the daylight there was.

A servant opened the door and stared at me inquiringly. I asked whether Mrs. Trench was at home. The girl replied that no such person lived there.

I demanded to see Mr. Forbes, who turned out to be a portly and respectable British merchant; but he could give me little available information.

From the agency I drove to Mrs. Trench's place of business, in Leadenhall street. I did not expect to find her there, but I could scarcely fail to learn her whereabouts.

I was now not only thoroughly alarmed, but also thoroughly aroused. Evidently there was some black secret here. I would fathom it at whatever

cost. Who was the black bearded man and what were his relations with Mrs. Trench?

A hundred doubts and questions assailed my mind. The assignment was another ominous feature; for I remembered, with a new shock of apprehension, that in case of Madeline's dying unmarried, her property would fall within Mrs. Trench's reach; the exercise of a few legal subtleties would enable her to get possession of it.

In order to be prepared as far as possible for the worst, I went to the registry of deaths and consulted it for the name of Madeline Tredwick. It was not there—reckoning from the date of her last letter to me. This was so much to the good.

This brought me to Monday evening, and I went back to my hotel and slept heavily till morning, for I needed sleep. When I awoke there was an unwonted light in the room, which faced the east. I looked out, and for the first time since my arrival in London saw the sunshine.

The first person I saw as I came down the steps of the hotel after breakfast was Robert Heath, my classmate at Oxford, and formerly my intimate friend. He was a barrister by profession and a good fellow down to the soles of his boots.

"A walk is just what I need," I replied; "and there's something I want to talk to you about." So off we started, and as we tramped along, I unfolded to him the whole story of my fears and purposes.

"Mrs. Trench? That's odd! And the house she went into is my client's!" "Who is he?" "His name is Glenn—Dr. Glenn: the house is a private lunatic asylum."

"Good God, Bob! May not that be the solution of the mystery? Suppose Madeline were— I could not finish the sentence.

"To tell you the truth," replied Heath, "I was thinking of something of the kind when you interrupted me. People are still sometimes disposed of in that manner when circumstances demand it.

The idea that Madeline might be at that moment confined with lunatics within a few yards of where we were standing put me almost out of my self control, and I was for taking summary measures on the spot.

For answer I pulled the bell. The gate—an iron barred door, boarded behind and painted a dark green—was opened by a man servant, who, on seeing Heath, at once admitted him and his "friend," closing the gate after us.

I stopped short with a startled exclamation. The steps, with the oddly shaped foot scraper at the top; the brown door with yellow moldings and a brass knocker in the form of a dog's head; the square front of the house, with its five windows protected by light but strong iron gratings; the two fantastically trimmed yew trees on either side of the entrance—all these things I certainly looked on now for the first time in my

life; and yet they were as familiar to me as my own face in the looking glass.

I could not explain this to Heath, for it was a part of the "mystery" to which I have already alluded, and which I had omitted in the account of my affairs that I had given him.

He and the doctor then began a conversation to which I did not listen. I could only think of Madeline being in the same house with me. In what room? The door by which we had entered had not been wholly closed; it was ajar about a quarter of an inch.

Without a moment's hesitation I threw open the door and stepped across the threshold. In a loud but composed tone I said: "Madeline, come down! I am here!"

There was a piercing scream; a quick rush above; a breathless struggle; but I had half mounted the stair and caught a glimpse of the dearest face to me on earth, white, haggard, with great black eyes full of love, terror and eagerness.

It proved to be an awkward business, indeed, for the doctor and Mrs. Trench. But I will not enter into the details of their discomfiture, nor of the story of how they had conspired together to defraud Madeline of her fortune.

"Now, listen to this," I said. "I have told it to no one else. I came from New Zealand by way of the Isthmus of Panama. When we were within a few days' sail of Panama, and 5 degs. north of the line, we had a stormy night, and I was on deck until after midnight.

"I was thinking of something of the kind when you interrupted me. People are still sometimes disposed of in that manner when circumstances demand it. And, by the way, it was about some question of transference of property that I was going to see Glenn.

"Why, Richard, that was exactly what happened. I was dragged in there, and I did call you, and, oh! my soul went out to you! And it was the same day, too—only it was half past 8 instead of 1."

"Half past 8 in London is five minutes past 1 in the longitude we were in at that time," said I. "I calculated it out the next day and wrote the whole thing down. Here it is!" and I showed her my note book. She read it and said: "After all we loved each other. So it was not so strange." I said, "It was a mystery of the mind." But she answered, "I would rather call it an intuition of the heart!"—Julian Hawthorne in Pittsburg Bulletin.

A WINDFLOWER.

Between the roadside and the wood, Between the dawning and the dew, A tiny flower before the sun, Ephemeral in time, I grew.

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Its Objects

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