

Current Literature.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

There is nothing so cheering As to stick a right pin in The obstinate bubble. He'll find life half sunshine; And, as to the rest of it, That may be lightened By making the best of it.

Three Times and Out.

If there were a spot on earth into which Christmas spirit had not penetrated, and from which it would be sternly shut out if the faintest breath of it should be detected in the effort to obtain an entrance, it was surely the tropic nest glowing in color and warm with the reflected rosiest of fire and shaded lamp in which Jennifer Morland sat one Christmas eve and waited. The statuette and busts that made the few high lights of the room were all pagan, inscrutable in calm, unsympathizing as their marble before the sculptor's chisel gave it form; the pictures were mere fragments of river and forest scenery, tangles of dark green traversed by faint blue threads of brooks, losing themselves and reappearing with elf-like freakishness, or Brazilian woods, dense jungles in which palms and vines and all manner of bright vegetation fiercely fought for space and life; the brooks, gay in all the fantastic luxury of mood-rim binding, or rich with the beauty which middle age craftsmen lavished on all their work, ranged from light-est verse to deepest philosophy, but no religious volume found space among them, and in the piles of music which littered the piano and heaped the music rack was neither hymn nor mass; but all this might have been taken for accident. Fair ladies need not pin their hearts upon the walls of their sitting-rooms for visiting-daws to peck at, any more than they need wear them on their sleeves, and yet they be humble and devout, true followers of the Master, but a glance at Jennifer Morland would have told the blindest of men that she was neither devout nor humble. There was pride in every line of the face, from the wide curve which the rippling yellow hair made on the white forehead to the tip of the small, cruel chin; pride in the arch of the brow, the curve of the nostril, the turn of the lip, and doubly intensified pride in the gray eyes that were so soft and yet so calm and steady. She was still young; it was but a year since her guardians had given up their trust and her vast wealth had come into her own hands, but at twenty-two there was no more touch of yielding in her nature than in that of the most hardened worldling, and life to her was neither a sport nor path to a higher world, but only a game in which she was to win, fall or fail who might. The only thing which seemed likely to hinder her purpose was that with the best will she had not learned either to simulate or to dissimulate, and her pride and her intentions were alike perceptible instead of being deviously concealed as they should have been for her purpose, for although a man may conquer by bodily showing that he is proud, a woman must seem humble unless she would be vanquished on every hand, and Jennifer's looks had already played her false more than once, in spite of exquisite modulations of voice and carefully rounded phrases. There was one who had never read them aright, to whom she had always seemed the sweetest as well as the fairest of women, and as he approached, her waiting was over. "Come in," she said, not turning towards the doorway in which he stood, dark, slender and graceful, a figure courtly in spite of the stiffness of modern dress, and gazed at her with eyes that were so nearly adoring that an artist, seeing them, would have taken for some saint's humblest worshipper. He obeyed, but as he came before her it could be seen that he hesitated, and as her eyes full of cold scorn fell on him, he sank into a chair, almost crouching in it as he muttered, "Forgive."

the sky above but ourselves; clasped hands as if we never separate, touched lips once—yes! I remember—and then you went away, and you forgot. I never shall, but I learned how to remember, and what to think of a foolish girl who gives her heart unasked, and when a good man gave me his love, I promised him my hand, and then you came again. She paused, but still walked on up and down, and found nothing to say but to repeat, "I loved you." You found me beyond your reach, and you longed to draw me once more to your side. You found that you could not, and each day of denial, each evening when you saw me with another only added to your passion, and you felt that life was not life unless you could have me once more to love, to talk with walk with, protect from mimic dangers, to look up to you as a guardian against evil. And then other men were at my feet, and you knew it and you felt yourself but one of many instead of the sole occupant of my heart, and you were mad with envy, jealousy, all manner of hateful feelings. Certainly you loved and what did you do? "Forgive!" he said, dropping on his knees before her, as she paused and looked down at him. "Forgive? Forgive you for trying to make your own by separating me from my promised husband? Forgive you for going to him and telling him that whole story of my youth, with insinuations that my heart had not changed, that I was still yours, although I had promised myself to him? Forgive?" "And you love me, Jennifer," murmured he, still kneeling, still not daring to touch her although she stood so close to him that it seemed almost as if she meant to tempt him to take those white hands and woo her for grace. "Forgive?" repeated she, not heeding him. "Why, there is nothing to forgive. You told him nothing which he had not known from first hour of our betrothal. You could not stir his faith by anything which you might say of the endurance of my love for you; you could not push me from his heart by any ghost of faithlessness that you might conjure from your mind, and give life and being with the clever tongue of you. I forgive you what you have done, but not for what you are. I do not forgive your faithless falsehood, your light assumption of love's tone and manner. I do not forgive you for looking like a true and chivalrous gentleman, while really false as only pure selfishness can be. I do not forgive you for daring to ask to come here to-night and poisoning my last hours before I give my hand and heart to a true man's keeping, by looking at me with eyes that are, by speaking to me in words that are a curse, no matter what their sense may be; I do not forgive you for reminding me of the past and spoiling the present. It was Christmas Eve when you said I love you first, let this be the last Christmas Eve that you dare to breathe it, think it, dream it. Now go." And he went. This was Jennifer's time of pride.

Twenty years have brought changes upon the room from which Jennifer Morland dismissed her lover, have mellowed the glow of draperies and rugs, cracked the tone of the piano, given to everything the indelible touch that robs of youth without conferring any new character, but still the room seems brighter than of old, for in more than one place it is vivified by touches that redeem its former character and make it more at one with human interest and care for human life. A gentle Madonna holding high the Babe and looking down with mild Syrian eyes smiles above the mantel; two work baskets and one writing-desk make an amiable group by the window; a Bible and books of devotion are piled upon a table standing in a recess; a lute lies upon the piano; a little cabinet holds some choice toys, apparently relics of a happy childhood, and three chairs drawn together about a round table on which stands a microscope with several open books seems to indicate joint study. The room is not so pretty, has less unity of effect, but it is more beautiful. She thought Alexander Penrhyn as he looked about it, and flushed with humiliation, recalling Jennifer's words when she sent him out of twenty years before, and remembered the long lovely days and evenings that he had spent in it in that far-off youth when he and Jennifer had loved. He had never expected to see it again, and yet fate had drawn him hither, and once more his feet had passed the threshold and he was waiting with sickening impatience to hear Jennifer's foot on the stairs, to know from her whether his Christmas gift was to be happiness or misery. He had vowed never to look at her face again, and now he was longing for it with almost the old eagerness, yet with a far different motive, and thinking what that motive was, he was smiling at himself when she glided in, unheard, in spite of his listening, and seeing him, cried, before discretion and pride warned her, "You do well to smile, do you not?" "And why not?" asked he. "Truly, I do not know," said she, "unless it is that I do not remember that you often smiled. I have received your note, my husband and I, and—Pray sit." "It is of no consequence," answered he. "And you—?" "Well, we—, but have you spoken to Bertha?" "Yes." "And she loves you?" "Yes." "And you are sure that this is not a mere boyish amusement on your part, a little entanglement from which you may escape lightly, or a mistake on her part? You will not take an Italian journey next year, or was it to Egypt that you went when you made an error before?" "Madam!" "Excuse me. A mother takes precautions, you know. Well—we refuse." "You refuse?" "Yes. My husband and I have nothing against your character, Mr. Penrhyn; your wealth is undeniable; your fame makes you a desirable husband for our daughter, but we have memories."

ture of fondness and energy, while her mother and her lover looked at him with wonder at his calmness. When she had finished he smiled slightly and said, "My dear, this was not necessary. I consent." "No! I remember. But one mistake does not vitiate a life. I consent." "Tell me what he remembered," Bertha said, going to her lover as her father left the room, taking her mother with him, but he would not; and the newly betrothed narrowly missed a quarrel in what should have been their first moments of bliss; and when he had gone and Jennifer came back she found her snubbed transformed into a small thunder cloud, as it often was on occasion, and she was besieged with eager questions, not to be answered, of course, for how could she tell the girl that Alexander had once been her lover, or explain the fault that her husband had committed? "And I thought that I had found peace!" she moaned in bitterness. "I had the love of a husband and a daughter, the joys of intellectual companionship, even something that I called the consolations of religion, and he comes, and in one moment sweeps it all away. Am I his slave still?" "This was Jennifer's time of self-revelation. III. Still another change has come to the little sitting-room. Above the mantel hangs a portrait, of which the calm, rather dull face and quiet eyes are those of Jennifer's husband, one of the work baskets is gone from the window and everything is set in order, Jennifer, her golden hair still golden, but with saddened eyes and face from which the pride has mercifully been taken by life and widowhood, sits quietly at the piano and softly plays music strange to her skillful fingers in the old days, but now very dear to her, and the sound of the chorist greets Alexander Penrhyn as he enters, and for the fourth time sees her on Christmas Eve. There was holly in the windows and massed in the vases, and the whole room breathed of Christmas, and Jennifer herself, with holly on her breast and in her hair, suggested the festival, but Penrhyn saw nothing but her face as she played, until, taking a step forward, he caught sight of a locket which hung at her throat, a locket which he remembered perfectly well. He spoke and in an instant, before she turned, she had caught it from its place, snapping the thread of chenille that held it, and when she faced him she was pale and calm: "I did not expect you," she said. "Bertha—" "I come to you from Bertha," he answered gravely. "Bad news?" she asked, looking at his grave face. "Yes and no," he answered lightly. "Jennifer, Bertha has jilted me." "How dare she," cried Jennifer. "She cannot!" He shook his head. "Don't believe it, Alexander. It cannot be true. It shall not be true! Don't—don't look so pale. You shall have her! You shall!" "Ah—!" and hysterics seized her for the first and last time in her life, and her eager protest was lost in a passion of tears and laughter, not quenched by Penrhyn's eager remonstrance and offers of all manner of absurdities supposed to be soothing. "I'm glad," he said bluntly, as soon as he dared to say anything, thereby reducing her to speechlessness. "You see," Penrhyn went on, encouraged by her silence, "she has always, all through our engagement, been dissatisfied because I would not tell her why you opposed it; since her father's death she had insisted on knowing the reasons, and I refused to tell her; we quarrelled, and last night, while we were both staying at your cousin's house for the holidays, she sent me a note to say that—in fact, Jennifer—she's married my nephew, Arthur."

"Oh!" was all that Jennifer could find breath to ejaculate. "And that's all," Penrhyn concluded, rising as if to go. "Oh, safe enough; in fact I caught them. They ran away like two fools, and they are housed at Penrhyn Place, safe enough, in all conscience." "And you?" "I'm going back to your cousin's." "Do you?" "Not if you don't." "That sounds like old times, Jennifer. You did not wish my daughter to be faithless, sir." "Like me? And to me? You would have been avenged, Jennifer, if I had only dared." She would not look at him, but he saw her fingers tighten on the locket which she had held in spite of all her hysterics, and with a quick movement he caught it from her grasp, transforming her in an instant, with her rosy flush and her animation to her younger self. "Give it to me!" she cried eagerly. "Cowardly! Umanly! How dare you?" "Because I love you," he said. "Step! Because I have never ceased to love you, although I taught myself to think that I had. Because you know that I love you—and—and—is there another excuse, Jennifer? Look up! Tell me." "And because I have always loved you," she said in spite of her pride, in spite of another man's love, in spite of my daughter. But—truly, I did not know it until I was alone. Not truly know it until to-day, my first lonely Christmas Eve." "And so you put on the locket," he asked. "They will call us two old fools," she replied, irrelevantly. "Better than that we should call ourselves so," he rejoined. "We were two young fools, but we were wise now." And when Bertha ejaculated, "How everybody will talk, mamma!" Jennifer only smiled. This was Jennifer's time of love. Remember This. If you are sick, Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails. If you are constive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints. If you are waiting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters. If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters. If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malaria, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fever—by the use of Hop Bitters. If you have rough, pimply, or scabby skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserably generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, and contentment. In short they cure all Diseases of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver, Nervous Kidneys, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Gout, Catarrh of the Bladder, and all other ailments, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you. The most perfect location for a bee shed for bees to be kept in should be on rather an elevated piece of ground, and the shed be built so as to have an east front, with a close-fitting back, so as to keep off all winds from the west.

TUTT'S PILLS. Few Americans have any idea of the capacity of this continent to support a dense population. The time will come when the United States and indeed all of North America will be thickly inhabited as the nations of Europe or the most populous states of the east. Some idea of the capabilities of our own action can be had by reading the following, under head of "Our Pacific Empire" which we find in the last copy of the American Agriculturist: Passing over, for the time being, the States and Territories of Colorado, New Mexico, Nevada, Arizona, Wyoming, Utah, and Idaho, together about as large as the combined area of Germany, France, Great Britain and Spain, we find on the Pacific Coast alone, in California, Oregon and Washington, an area of 323,500 square miles, or over 5 per cent. larger than the German Empire or France, and fully equaling those countries in the capability of sustaining a dense population. 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