

A Sudden Shower.
The moon is tropical. The rose
Leans like a yearning mouth to meet
The kiss that the zephyr blows
Full-flavored with the fragrant heat.
The breezy maples seem to quaff
The shade like wine, and, thrilled with glee,
Toss up their leafy hands and laugh
And lip and whisper tipsily.
As in the light the air floats
The tender glimmers on the dew,
A glimmered mist, high, remote,
Falls on the hearing tremulous.
The pent up anger of the storm
The dust grows calm, with fright,
And rising, reels in phantom form,
And passes in convulsive flight.
With patient and gusty breath
The winds come waiting as they may
Till the sunbeams vanish
As it were whirled and blown away.
Barbed boys send up the street,
Or skurry under sheltering sheds,
And school girls, pale and sweet,
Glean from the shadows about their heads.
Doors bang and mother voices call
From silent homes; and rusty gates
Are slammed, and high above it all
The blundering arm articulates.
And then, abrupt, the rain! the rain!
The earth lies gasping; and the eyes
Behind the streaming window-panes
Smile at the truth of the skies.
The highway smokes, sharp echoes ring
The cattle bawl, and cowbells clank;
And low down comes galloping
The farmer's horse, with streaming tank.
The swallows dip beneath the eaves,
And flit his pinions and folds his wings;
And under the catwails leaves
The caterpillar curls and clings.
The bubble dips the petals down
The wet stem of the hollyhock;
And suddenly, in rapturous dream,
The crooked leaf the garden-walk.
Within, the baby clasps his hands
And crows with rapture strange and vague.
Without, beneath the rain, the rain,
A dripping roller on the eaves.
—Jas. W. Kelley, in Indianapolis Journal.

"PHIL."
She had gone from the room to get a
wrap for our drive, as I had told her it
had come up quite cold, and she had
looked back with a smile, and she had
said, "I'll be right back." She had
prided herself, too, with a deep sweet light
in her violet eyes.
She was very calm and cold, this love
of mine, Rene Snowdon. "But I loved
her more for her contrast to my own
own fire and restlessness. I hardly
knew how I had won her. So many had
tried and failed. She had always been
indifferent and scornful, but she was the
one perfect woman in the world for me.
No one else had ever loved me, and I
loved her; the white, cold nature that
could glow to such warm tenderness be-
neath love's magic.
I was wandering about the room while
I waited, for apparently she could not
find a wrap at the dressing room, and
the piano; I took a few turns up and
down the room; and then, verifying the
old distasteful "Satan and I" reads,"
I did an unpardonable thing—I read an
open note lying on Rene's escorial.
It did it mechanically, on my word, and
had read it before I realized my own
impertinence. I had looked at it idly; a
square, heavy sheet of ivory paper,
written over with a dashing cursive;
but I was brought to the vivid realiza-
tion of life suddenly enough by its per-
sonal. It ran thus:
"Have I lost you, my Rene? Is all
over between us now? And such a little
while since we made our vows to each
other! Such a little while ago you were
the snow to my fire—such a little time
since we parted! And now this unspeak-
able has come between us! How can I for-
give you? And yet I must always love
you. I will be with you on the 15th.
Let me have you to myself for a little
while; for a little while be all my own,
as in the other days. You love me this
much. Your despairingly Phil."
I read it twice. I felt blind, dumb,
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"Belix, what is it?" But I did not turn
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It must have been an hour or two after
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That night I took the night train and
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"I have been very busy," I said.
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was prepared to be very amiable. But
the smile with which she greeted me
was a little cold, and she caught my name;
and she bowed frigidly, and turned to
our hostess, and away from me. Rosalie
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past me meekly, in search of the fan.
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she looked up scornfully and in dis-
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to know the reason for her conduct.
When a man is condemned to be
hung, Miss Everingham said coolly,
the judge always distinctly states the
nature of the crime before administering
the sentence. Have you any objections
to letting me know what I have done?"
She looked at me with a contemptuous
smile, even contemptuously, I was
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"Mr. Hawthorne, when I tell you I am
Rene Snowdon's cousin and dearest
friend you can hardly ask for further in-
formation. Such a little while ago you
were the snow to my fire—such a little
time since we parted! And now this un-
speakable has come between us! How can I
forgive you? And yet I must always love
you. I will be with you on the 15th.
Let me have you to myself for a little
while; for a little while be all my own,
as in the other days. You love me this
much. Your despairingly Phil."
I read it twice. I felt blind, dumb,
choking. I walked to the door. I heard
Rene's silken dress switching on the
stair, I heard her call in a tone of alarm:
"Belix, what is it?" But I did not turn
nor speak, but rushed out of the house.
It must have been an hour or two after
when I awoke to find the world, and
found myself driving madly along the
roads outside of the town, with my brain
on fire.
That night I took the night train and
spent a week rushing frantically from
one place to another, never stopping
even to sleep at any hotel. All the time
I was saying to myself, "How can a woman
be so false? I had been a slave.
From the first moment I met Rene
Snowdon, I had been bound hand and
foot. She was a woman of the world—I
was warned; beautiful and dazzling, and
played with men's hearts as a child with
toys. But I had not believed it. I had
thought her a little womanly, and now
I awoke from my delusion. What a
fool I had been. I had thought—ah!
but she had not told me, with that flush in
her lily face, with that light in her sap-
phire eyes—that no other man had
kissed her sweet lips, that no other man
had held her in his arms; that only for me
had her heart awakened.
Fool! Did they not all say that? Were
they not all, every daughter of Eve,
faithless, contemptible? Had I wonder-
ed about the world all these years, to
be beguiled at last by Delilah, because
her face was like a snowflake, and her
sunshine lay in her silken hair? But the
proud tenderness—the proud, tender
—the gracious calm! She had chosen
her weapons well. This fair haughty
woman further with a man than all the
wild abandon of a less practiced, less
artless woman.
At last I came home. Weeks had
passed. I was striving to get back into
the old ways—to feel the old interests.
But I was succeeding miserably. The
morning after my return I was saunter-
ing idly along, an elegant little turnout
pulled up briskly to the curb, and a
light, gay voice greeted me.
"Felix Hawthorne," it said, "are you
coming to my party to-morrow night?
You have been very quiet, for you have
not answered my invitation. No one
has known anything about you. Where
have you been? We have all wondered
and conjectured in vain. You look a
little under the weather. Is there any-
thing an old friend can do for you?"
And a frank hand was extended from
the window, and the charming face
looked a little smiling, a little grave,
into mine.
"I have been very busy," I said.
"Some unexpected complications in busi-
ness have called me away, and absorbed
every moment of my time for two or
three weeks. I throw myself on your
mercy, Mrs. Chanfrant, and if you will
have such a worthless fellow as I am
drop in to-morrow night."
"Felix," I don't care more than half believe
you. You don't look well," was the
reply; and as the carriage drove away I
saw the pretty bright smile, and I
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