THEN AND NOW.

CLYDE HARRON.

The same bird sits on the swaying bough
And carols the same sweet tune,
The flowers that round me blossoming be
Have lost neither scent nor bloom.

The same bright sun its radiance sheds
Upon bird and flowering lea,
And yet, the sun is not the sun
Of an hour ago to me.

The summer sky above me spreads
Its dome of azure blue,
With not so much as a summer cloud
To dim its brilliant hue.

And yet, above my world is spread
A leaden, darkened sky,
That changes the pretty woodland scene
Of the hour that is just gone by.

The little brook, with its silvery voice,
Is flowing by banks as green
As when I passed, an hour ago,
And named it "Happy Stream."

And now the brook, with its tinkling spray,
Has to me a voice of pain,
But I know the voice is merry,
The sadness, my heart's refrain.

Ah, yes, the scene is just the same,
And the bird on the swinging bough,
But a something from out my heart is gone
That was, and is not now.

CARDONNE'S COURTSHIP.

I.

THE LITTLE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

Northbrook came under the auctioneer's hammer by foreclosure of mortgage. It was a valuable country seat, and did not bring half what it was worth.

The purchaser was Cale Cardonne, an intelligent, wealthy, self-opinionated man, sometimes called by his friends "The German Baron;" not because he was of German descent, but probably because of his ruddy face, fine physique and brusque, positive manners, the latter verging upon rudeness when his passion was aroused.

The neighbors speculated considerably about his advent at Northbrook, and prophecies were made which were not particularly complimentary. He would introduce new-fangled notions; he would engage in foolish experiments; he would be an easy victim to the fallacies of theoretic farming, and the like.

Well, he came and settled among them and nothing of the kind occurred. He left farming operations to an experienced hand, devoted his leisure moments to books, enjoyed the fresh country air and attended so much to his own business and not to that of other people that he was voted too exclusive.

There was a railway station at Northbrook, and one day he ran hastily up the steps to send a messenge by telegraph. He leaped from the train without thinking of the valise which he had placed on the seat beside him. Its contents were valuable, and he was anxious to receive it by the returning train.

The operator was a quiet, demure-looking girl, very compact and plainly clad; and her face creamy white, neither approaching to pallor nor indicating ill-health.

He stated his errand. Could she get a dispatch to Croyland before the train got there?

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "How can you identify the valise?"

Her voice sounded as clear as a bell, and her white, shapely hand was toying with the button of the telegraph instrument.

"My name is on it," he said.

"And your name—is?"

"Cale Cardonne."

She had heard of him, but never had met him. She surveyed him in a speculative way, yet with no suggestion of boldness. Her eyes were soft grey eyes, with fabulous depth and just then tinged with wistful interest.

A few ticking sounds followed and then she announced that the message had been sent and acknowledged. He flung down a coin in compensation and then picked up a book which she evidently had been reading.

"Sartor Resartus, by Thomas Carlyle," he exclaimed, reading the title, an intonation of surprise in his voice. "You are—are—ploding through this?" he asked, stammering in his choice of words.

"Yes," she answered.

"And—enjoy it?" was his next question, a little grimly put.

A faint pink flush came into her cheeks.

"At least, I do not consider the reading of it an infliction," she rejoined, a scarcely perceptible smile about her lips.

Her reply pleased him. He was standing almost directly over her, for she was seated. He noticed the finely poised head, the compact brow, the delicate ears, the chestnut colored hair, with lurking shadows of bronze on it, and not a strand out of place.

Her figure was lithe and graceful, and her air modest and self-composed. His proximity did not disturb her; the consciousness of his worth did not cause her to depreciate herself.

She opened a small drawer, threw into it the coin which he had placed on the table and handed him the proper change.

"Keep it," he said, with a toss of his head.

"I cannot," she replied. "I am not entitled to it."

"I am at liberty to give it to you."

"But I am not at liberty to receive it," she answered, "or rather I do not wish to."

He picked up the change with a frown.

"You know my name," he said; "if I knew yours we might consider ourselves acquainted."

"My name is Janet Thorne," she rejoined in her quiet way.

He bowed, then descended the winding stairway.

"Janet!" he repeated to himself. "A staid name, and it suits her. Somehow I feel strangely interested in the little—thrush."

II.

REJECTED.

The two met frequently after that. Janet lived in a neat little cottage not far from the station. Her mother was dead, and she supported an invalid father with her earnings.

Cale Cardonne visited her at the cottage, sent her books and flowers, and sometimes walked with her in the woods that stretched between Northbrook and the cottage.

Having seen so much of the world, being rich, handsome and a pleasing talker, it was no wonder that she became fond of his society. He, in turn, was very much fascinated by her, and sometimes wondered why. He had mingled a great deal in society, and had met with many beautiful and accomplished ladies, while she was but a quiet, demure, ordinary looking country girl. However, he was not the only man who had tried to find his way out of such a quandary.

He proposed to her one evening. They were standing beside the cottage gate. The stars were shining softly overhead: the young moon was just visible over the low lying hills; a subtle, resinous odor was wafted from the woods; the frogs croaked in the meadows; an owl called to his mate from his perch under the eaves of the mill.

Why was Janet so long in replying to Cale Cardonne's passionate appeal? He saw the color come and go in her face. He saw her lips tighten.

"I am sorry," she said at last, with a gasp, her frame trembling.

"Sorry," replied he, feeling a little dazed. "Because I have proposed to you."

"Because I am constrained to decline your offer," she said.

It required bravery to speak these words, dictated by duty, when love and desire wanted so much to rebel.

"Oh," ejaculated Carle Cardonne, reddening and biting his upper lip.

His hand was a brawny one, and she saw how tightly it closed on the upper rail of the gate.

"If I knew the reason?" he asked.

"You will not insist," she said, appealingly catching her breath.

"Evidently it exists in myself," he rejoined.

"No, Mr. Cardonne."

She spoke with rapidity and with a quick fling of her hand.

"Perhaps time, Janet——"

"No," she interrupted. "It will always exist."

He had used the word exist, and seemed to think it just the one to serve her.

"Janet, you are the first woman to whom I ever proposed," he huskily said. "That is true, though I have almost reached middle age."

"I believe you, sir," she answered, humbly, regretfully. "I appreciate the honor you have paid me. I am sorry."

He did not want her pity. He felt like seizing her and flinging her down the embankment; but by a great effort he curbed his temper.

"I am too polite to insist upon knowing your reason," he said. "You might say I have not the right to demand it, and I don't know but that would be the truth. I am grievously disappointed, and it is such a novel, and such a—a—wretched experience to me that I do not know where to look for redress—or for comfort, rather. You wish me to understand that a chasm yawns between us—"

"Which can never be bridged," completed she, her tone firm, though she trembled, as he could see in the starlight.

He lifted his hand to his cravat as if to relieve a choking sensation there.

"I can do nothing but submit," he slowly, ruefully said.

He strode angrily down the path, but stopped, turned and called out:

"Good night, Janet."

The resigned, pitiful tone made her heart ache as it had never ached before.

"Good night, Mr. Cardonne," she flung back, startled at the sound of her voice, it was so unlike her own.

She stood alone for a few minutes in her agony, her fingers twisted into a knot, an ashen pallor in her face.

III.

"YET I LOVE YOU, SIR!"

A week later Janet Thorne met Cale Cardonne at the gate of Northbrook. She had stopped to deliver a dispatch. He took it, but eyed her askance, his face rigid. He noticed that she looked worried and that her hand shook.

"Thank you," he crisply said, turning to go.

"Mr. Cardonne!"

Her tone was quick, incisive, tinged with desperation.

He wheeled around. She stood stone still for a moment, white and speechless. She was having a fierce fight with herself.

"You despise me," she said, huskily.

"Why, no, child!" He spoke the epithet in tenderness, not because she looked so childlike, nor because he was a dozen years her senior.

"I am very miserable over it, but cannot blame you," he said, "unless it may be because you have no business to be so charming," and a queer smile came to his lips.

She lifted her hand in a half deprecating way.

"There is something I must tell you," she slowly said, looking past him into vacancy. "In justice to myself, sir, and I hope you will not think me bold. I rejected you, and yet I love you, sir. How deeply God knows!"

The sweet gray eyes were looking directly at him then, a warm glow in them. His heart gave a bound.

"Janet, you have reconsidered?"

She shook her head.

"Then you have simply increased the pain—the consciousness of the great boon I have lost. Do you delight in that?"

His tone rose in volume, and a fiery sparkle came into his handsome brown eyes.

She recoiled, one hand pressed against her heart.

"I want you to know, sir, that I, too, am suffering," she said, in a hushed, measured tone. "It has given me more pain to make the confession than it did you to hear it."

She walked rapidly away, and he stared after her, slightly stupefied.

"It is her candor that is her peculiar charm," was his mental comment.

IV.

AN OUTBURST OF TEMPER.

Cale Cardonne had but one congenial friend, a certain Doctor Weatherby, a man a little crotchety, but a jovial, good hearted fellow withal, a most excellent physician, and well read, not only in the classics, but in the polite literature of the day. Every idle evening either found Cale Cardonne in the cosy office of the doctor or the latter in the library at Northbrook.

"Cardonne, you ought to get married," the doctor said, one evening.

They were seated in the library, little more than the doctor's bald head visible in the smoke with which he had enveloped himself.

"Why so, Weatherby?"

They had a familiar way of calling each other by their last names.

"You might look elsewhere and fare worse," remarked the doctor.

"You have some one to recommend?" Cale Cardonne said, interrogatively.

"Aye, I have," replied the doctor. "One who is worthy, in every respect, of any honest man's love. I mean Janet Thorne."

Just then something happened which rather disturbed the doctor's complacency. A pair of brawny arms seized him, lifted him from his chair, then replaced him in it with considerable violence.

The doctor was a small man, but tough as a tennis ball, with very little temper, or else but a sluggish one. He shook himself, adjusted his shirt collar, picked up his pipe, and recrossed his legs.

"Cardonne, I didn't know that you indulged in profanity," he said, his pipe once more in his mouth.

"Did I swear? You are to blame. You provoked me."

"Oh, I did, eh?" said the doctor. "Very innocently so, I assure you. Dueling is under ban in this commonwealth and generation. Still, I would be excused for asking an explanation of such a sudden outburst."

"She jilted me," growled Cale Cardonne, his passion silent.

"Who jilted you?"

"Janet Thorne."

"No, she didn't," the doctor said with emphasis.

"I tell you she did," declared the other, with equal emphasis. "Ought not I to know? I—I—underwent it! That's just why I am so sensitive!"

"She did not jilt you," persisted the doctor.

Cale Cardonne was on his feet again.

"What do you mean?" he fiercely demanded. "Oh, you want me to be precise! "Well, she rejected me."

"That's the better word," rejoined the doctor. "It isn't so derogatory. What possible reason could she have had?"

"You might ask her," growled the owner of Northbrook. "I didn't."

"Perhaps she doesn't love you?"

"That isn't complimentary to me, Weatherby. She confessed that she did love me."

"Oh!" ejaculated the doctor, lapsing into silence for a time.

"Cardonne, if she loves you she'll marry you," he slowly said. "There is some mystery about the matter. She is very frank and abominates concealments. I have known her from babyhood, and her mother before. Ha!"

The exclamation was sudden and explosive and his face intensified.

"I think I know," he said, possibly not aware that he was rubbing his hands. "Cardonne, if you'll apologize to me for that shaking I'll find you a wife."

"Janet?" asked the "German Baron," with an illuminated face. "Do it, and I'll go on my knees to you. I'll consider myself your debtor forever. I'll—"

"Oh, don't be so profuse," interrupted the doctor; "but push the tobacco pouch over this way."

V.

YOUR MOTHER ISN'T YOUR MOTHER.

"Janet," Dr. Weatherby said, "it was shabby in you to refuse Mr. Cardonne."

He had stopped in front of the cottage, and she was leaning over the wheel of his gig.

The blood filled her face and left it marble pale.

"Did he think so lightly of it as to mention it?" she asked, her eyes snapping.

"Lightly!" cried the doctor, with a shrug of his shoulder. "I am glad we weren't on the top of Notre Dame when he mentioned it! Janet, your mother isn't your mother."

It was an astounding announcement, and made in the abrupt way usual with the doctor. It was an inconsistent, improbable, impossible statement, and yet Janet understood him. For a moment she seemed bereft of speech and motion.

"Dr. Weatherby, is that true?" she gasped.

"Yes, Janet."

"And father kept it from me?"

"There never was any need to tell you."

"Why is there any need now?"

"You can answer that yourself, Janet. That is why you rejected Cale Cardonne."

"Yes," gasped Janet. "It would not have been right. You have guessed the reason—as a physician solely, perhaps. And my mother—my real mother, my true mother—was she insane?"

"No, little one."

"Father in Heaven, I thank Thee!"

Her hands were clasped, her eyes were reverently uplifted, her face shining like the face of a saint. At least the doctor thought so.

"Janet, your happiness lies at your feet," he significantly said. "You will be sensible enough to take it up."

Janet stole into the dim woods to be alone under the trees and the wonderful revelation. Her stepmother, whom she supposed was her real mother, had died in the insane asylum raving mad. Poor Janet believed that she had inherited the taint; the dreadful visitation would come some time; she could not bring sorrow to the life of a husband or shame and suffering to her offspring.

VI.

THE CHASM BRIDGED.

There was a great crowd at the church fair. Cale Cardonne, looking not unlike a German baron, passed from table to table, chatting with the ladies and buying their wares.

Once a pair of soft, sweet gray eyes met him from amid the festoons of ivy. Ah, he knew to whom they belonged. His heart ached for a moment, and the light went out of his face.

"A letter for Mr. Cardonne!" cried the postmistress from the little window of the pretended postoffice.

He walked thither, paid the postage and received his letter. It contained but one line:

"The chasm has been bridged!"

A tremulous hand and no name! What did it mean? It came to him so suddenly that he felt that he was trembling.

The evening wore away; the crowd dispersed; the ladies covered the tables for the morrow; the janitor began to put out the lights.

Cale Cardonne lingered. Janet came to the door, drawing her shawl closely around her, her face unusually red, considering it was usually so white.

"Can I see you home, Janet?"

She answered him with a nod and a smile.

The path led from the church across the meadows, odorous with clover and flaunting with dandelion blossoms; the sky an unbroken expanse of blue, studded with softly twinkling stars.

Janet was clinging to Cale Cardonne's arm.

"I received your letter," he said.

"Yes."

"It had but one meaning."

"There was but one intended."

"Oh, Janet, you have made me inexpressibly happy!"

She did not answer him. There wasn't any need to. Perhaps she couldn't answer, he had clasped her so tightly.

"How was it bridged?" he inquired.

"You are never to ask," was her flurried answer. "Dr. Weatherby knows."

"Oh," ejaculated Cale. "I recall a promise he made. It was merely a foolish fancy, wasn't it?"

"At the time it seemed horribly real," Janet replied with a shudder. "Thank God it wasn't real!"

Yard & Furlong were members of a legal firm, and had one morning a case in the supreme court before the late Judge George G. Barnard. The judge went through the callendar in the usual way, but when their case was called no one answered. He then, as was customary, called the names of the attorneys. When he came to "Yard & Furlong," he added, in a whisper loud enough to be heard throughout the court room, "Measures, not men."

Boston has furnished 1,000,000 free baths this season.

Home Beautifiers.

Among other pretty ways to finish the edge of a silk lounge quilt are these: Put a border of narrow ribbon on in strips, make a point on the end of each piece of ribbon, and under these, allowing it to show a trifle below them, put a ruffle of lace. The other way is to omit the lace and put a tassel or small ball on each point.

A somewhat novel way to trim a table-scarf is to put three-cornered pieces of silk or satin on each end. Have these pieces half a yard deep at the longest side, in the corner embroider a spray of flowers; where the satin or silk end joins the center part of the scarf put a row of fancy stitches. A dark crimson felt scarf with one end of light blue, the other of crimson shaded to brown, is very handsome.

A useful and even tasteful cover for the marble slab of the sideboard is made of a strip of canton flannel just the width of the slab. It should be long enough to hang aver at the ends four or five inches. Trim the ends with white or colored ball fringe, and if you wish to, a row of Kate Greenaway figures may be outlined at each end. Line the flannel with firm, white cotton cloth, or with turkey red calico.

Applique figures, cut from cretonne on felt or momie cloth, can be done in this way: First, cut the figures from the cretonne, and then place them on paper and trace their outline, after which cut out the paper figures and place them in any form that you choose on the felt, cloth or whatever material your cover is to be made of. You may have them in rows across the front, or in a border around the edge, or in corner boquets, or in a wreath in the center. After arranging the paper flowers, you put the cretonne ones over it and hem stitch them around with black silk or any prettily contrasting color. Line to cover with silesia, and if a finish is needed you may put a cord or fringe on it.

There is at present a mania for darned lace or net. This darning is done with linen or silk floss and crewels. This embroidery net is exceedingly handsome and very expensive when bought, but to many ladies the mere fact that it is their own work gives a charm and value to it that no bought work could possibly possess. An exquisite lambrequin is made of white bobbinet worked with filoselle in Gobelin stitch. The Vandyked edge is done in olive shade and button-holed on the edge, while each point has a tassel of olive silk tied with red silk. The center of the net is embroidered with red silk in three shades, and the pattern can be of your own choice. The upper edge o the lace is in olive.

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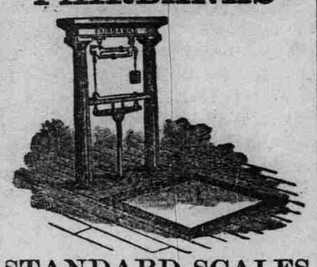

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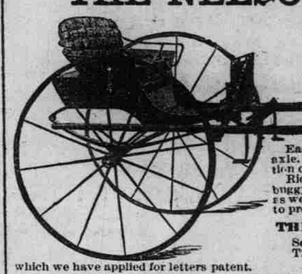

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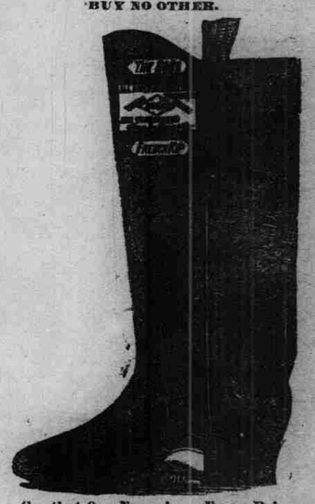

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