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SO IS THE STORY TOLD.

A fair maid merrily bowed,
A shy glance counter, her
Voices not overloud,
Under the smoky rafters:
So is the story told,
Up in the cottage old
Under the smoky rafters.

A fair maid flushing red,
With an unknown feeling,
But blushed to bow her head
For all her lover's kneeling:
So is the story told,
Down in the vine and gold
Under the painted ceiling.

A KANSAS POET.

(Somebody contributes to the Kansas World a poem, giving the secret of a lady who married wealth, and betrayed a lover. It is much better than newspaper poetry in general, that we copy the concluding five stanzas):

"They call me the wild and brassy beauty,
The woman with nothing to crave,
Bend lower, dear Belle, let me whisper—
I wish I lay dead in my grave."
For here, by all that is holy,
By the crucifix blessed I feel,
I know not of my dear master's side,
And feel I'd be right to be there—

"To feel his dear arms thrown around me,
To his broad bosom clasping me tight—
A whisper from him of 'My darling,'
Breathed close in my hanging ear,
To know his proud heart beating wildly,
To see his eyes lighted with fire—

"I would give up my rank and my station,
All the blessings of life I have known,
To be with you, my dear master's side,
I'd stake it to call him my own.
And he knows it. He knows that a broken,
And feeble wife, even had I been young,
And the vows of my husband were broken,
I'd stake my life for my God."

"He knows it. He knows that I love him
With a love that's true and true,
That a sign, and I'd crutch like a spaniel,
Close to his side, my dear master's side,
He knows it. And yet there's no token,
No sign, no sign, no sign,
And my name will be bright and untarnished,
The world's fairest name is mine."

"Ah, Belle! he's the truest of gentlemen,
With a heart that's true and true,
By right of the nobleman's spirit,
The honor his proud bosom bears,
You will be proud to be his wife,
And see the dead bones lie within;
These things I'll tell him, and forever
Beware of my shame and my sin."

LETTY'S PROMISES.

When Laurence Van Eversen was about to sail for the East Indies, he asked Letty to walk half an hour in the orchard with him, which was wretched and performed with fruit blossoms.

"I've a request to make to you, my dear Letty," he said, "and I'm half afraid you may think it a selfish thing to ask; indeed I know it is, but yet, you want to give the cold shoulder to Tom Longworthy, and promise never to see him again. Now, if you will, I'll not only ask, I beg it."

"What on earth can it be?" said Letty, smiling. "Do you want me to get me to a nunnery till your return, or to travel to Calcutta to marry you? Or do you want me to give the cold shoulder to Tom Longworthy, and promise never to see him again?"

"For the gossips had said their say in Van Eversen's ear, when he returned from his last voyage, to the effect that Longworthy had taken advantage of his absence to be sweet on Letty, and that Letty was by no means averse to sweets, supplemented by the assurance, 'However, Tom isn't a marrying man, and if Letty hadn't married him, she would have married Tom Longworthy.' But this philosophy by no means satisfied Van Eversen.

"No Letty, it is none of the trifles," he answered; "it is something much more important to my happiness."

"You know I will do anything to please you."

"You will? Then promise me this thing—solemnly promise that if anything should happen to me, if I should never return, or if I should die, that you will remain mine forever—that you will never, never marry another. Can you promise me this, darling?"

"Certainly. But you will come back if you must. Why, I should die myself if you failed. There is no need of such a promise, but I give you all the same. I promise solemnly that if you die I will never marry."

"Thanks," said Van Eversen, kissing her cheek with an air of having conferred a favor. "I have exactly five minutes left in which to say good-bye. There is a great deal called love in this world which is only propinquity; but one mustn't call it loving, so the poet tells us—

"Unless you love as the angels may,
With the breadth of heaven between us,
And you think you can, Letty?"

"I know it. Perhaps you mean to commit suicide in order to test me."

And then followed a few minutes of tense suspense, and Van Eversen tore himself away, leaving Letty in tears. What a long, long time it was to look forward to! How many storms would beat along the coast, how many suns would shine, mornings dawn, and evenings gather to their close, before they met again! In the meantime here was her trousseau to finish; and she used to sit at it hour by hour, with her thoughts away on some distant reach of the Indian seas, except when Tom Longworthy loitered in to help kill time. One morning he brought her a letter, which a sailor who had spoken the Flying Scud, two months out, had entrusted to him, and he read it, whistling. "The long, long weary day," softly. Tom was really a comfort to her, in spite of Van Eversen's unreasonable jealousy. He could tell her all about the long Indian voyage, of the great foreign cities to which her lover was bound, with their sun-burnt natives, their strange customs, their fantastic stuffs, and curious architecture. It was some months later that Tom Longworthy came in with a cloud on his face.

"You are ill," said Letty, regarding him.

"Not at all, thank you, only ill at ease."

"Then you have some bad news."

"Yes, I have some bad news."

"Nothing about Laurence?" she gasped.

"I hope not."

"You hope not. For heaven's sake, don't you know? What is it? Don't

think you are sparing my feelings. You are only cruelly—
"The Flying Scud—"
"Is lost?"

"Has foundered. But there is no certainty with regard to Laurence; he may be among the saved. Letty! Letty! don't look at me as if I had brought it about. I would exchange places with him gladly for your sake; I would indeed!" he cried.

She left her needle where the ill news found it, and folded away all the wedding garments. And month followed month of anxious forebodings; and one or two old seamen straggled home to their families, battered and destitute, after many hardships, but they knew nothing of Van Eversen, he had not taken the same boat; some had been swept away by a wave, before the ship was abandoned; and so by sad degrees hope and Laurence Eversen was given up. But though the object of his fond existence precious has been rudely torn from us, yet we go forward with the drama; perform, we must dine, read letters, receive condolence, discuss craps and bombazine, as if the world had not suddenly grown empty and forlorn. And so it was with Letty. Daily life was too exacting; she could not sit down and hug her grief, and look at it in every light, and discuss it in all its bearings; she was obliged to drowse her tears and earn her bread. The railroad stock in which her small fortune was invested had suddenly declared against dividends. She could not permit herself to share the crumbs that fell from her uncle's table, and which they could ill-afford to spare, even had independence been sweet—a quality it was never known to possess. Thus in her routine of drudgery Tom Longworthy's kindness and occasional visits constituted her only comfort. He would come and sit with her, and she would tell him of the earliest May flowers on her desk, she knew who left them there; if Christ-mas brought her an anonymous gift, she was none the less certain of the giver. If her birthdays and anniversaries were remembered, whose thoughtful-ness could it be but Tom's? It was, perhaps, three years and better after the Flying Scud had sailed that Letty, weary of declining invitations, and of being asked if she meant to sacrifice herself like a Hindoo widow, joined a party of friends going to take their tea in the sunset at the beach, two hours steaming down the river. She had understood that there was to be a handful of people, but she found a crowd; and sitting on the sand, looking at the delicate sea-shell pink of the eastern sky above the tossing breakers, or watching the groups of girls making their table of a sand heap and spreading it with dainties from their baskets, while others gathered drift-wood and lighted a picturesque blaze beneath the coffee and clam pots was a pleasant change from the monotony of her day. Presently, a boat, laden with a little boat, with the sunset reddening its sails, "quenched its speed in the slushy sand," and Tom Longworthy threw his anchor ashore.

"Letty!"

"I wish you had allowed me to bring you down."

"I wish I had." And then they fell to speaking of the moon-leet tides; about great storms and wrecks.

"Do you know," she confessed, "their driftwood fire chills me? How do I know but it is a bit of spar poor Laurence clung to?"

"They are having supper," said Longworthy, turning away. "Let me bring you something. We have been too gloomy."

"No, when I am gloomy, I am in no danger of forgetting. Don't you remember Anderson's story of the poor old maid who used the broken half of a bottle picked up on the beach for her canary's drinking-vessel, when it was a bit of the very bottle to which her lost lover had entrusted a tender farewell."

"You don't intend to be an old maid, Letty?"

"I? The day of my destiny is over. How ghostly the lighthouse looks! I used to think I should like to live in one, especially in stormy weather."

"They will be lighting up presently; we will pay them a visit, if you please." And while they climbed the light-house tower, and saw the fishing fleet standing on sea, and watched the half of the seabirds that beat their lives out against the windows, of ships he had seen go to pieces in the storm, of the times he had put out in his boat to the rescue, and his wife keeping the lamps bright alone amidst the gale, their friends were gathering up the fragments and steaming homeward, each thinking that Letty was with the other. When Tom and Letty came out under the stars, the beach had a wild and lonely aspect; some night bird was screaming overhead, the gypsy fire smoldered amidst some stranded timbers, but the sands were deserted. Tom's little craft was the only one in sight, and with the wind dead against them and the tide falling, it would be useless to start for some hours yet.

"We may as well make ourselves comfortable," said Tom, bringing fresh fuel for the fire. "I am to blame for this disaster."

"I don't call it a disaster exactly," said Letty. "Do you see how much our back-log resembles a crouching camel? In this weird light I can half believe that we are belated on the desert, and are bivouacking till day. It's rather romantic and diastrophic."

"I am glad you see it in that light. You would make the desert blossom like a rose."

"How you flatter me!"

"I? We never flatter those we love."

"You needn't take pains to tell me that you don't love me," she laughed.

"I take pleasure in telling you that I do."

"That you do!—that you do?"

"Yes; I do love you, Letty," stretching his arms toward her, for she had risen and half moved away. "Letty! Letty! don't be angry with me for loving you. How could I help it?"

"You must," she cried; "You mustn't

love me. You don't. It's all a fancy. You deceive yourself. I can't allow you to love me."

"You might as well say that you wouldn't allow the frost to pinch you, or the rain to drench you. Can't you love me a little, Letty?"

"Oh, don't ask me! don't! I can't; it is quite impossible. Forgive me for saying so. You have always been a friend to me."

"And always shall be, Letty."

"Then don't let us talk about love, nor think of it. I shall never marry."

"But if you should change your mind—"

"I can never change it."

"Yet if such a thing should happen—"

"Since you deny me so much, humor me in this whim of mine, Letty, and promise me that if any change should occur, you will let me know."

"I can safely promise you that," she replied.

"Thank you."

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"That don't look right," said Widow Girdle—"a teacher of youth gallivanting about the country. Where has she been at this hour? That's what I would like to know."

"I dare say you would," said her brother. "Suppose you ask."

But Mrs. Girdle did better. She asked her neighbors, who passed the question over; and the result was that in the course of a month Letty was notified that her resignation of her grammar school would be accepted. Mrs. Girdle, shopping in Boston one day, met Tom Longworthy at Parker's.

"That is the news at Carbondale," he asked.

"News is as scarce as money, Mr. Longworthy," said she. "I suppose you know that Letty Andrews has lost her school. But that's an old story."

"Long her school? Why?"

"Oh, you must ask the school committee. Young ladies who have the care of children should be circumspect, and not allow fascinating young men to keep them out late on the river, you know."

"You don't mean to say that luckless affair of mine was the cause? It was all an accident, Mrs. Girdle, and entirely my fault."

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