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PRESCIENCE.

Sighed a wave in middle ocean:
"Oh, to reach the warm white shore!
On its breast to lie in silence,
Hushed in peace forevermore.

"Ah, I know what lies before me—
I at last shall clasp the shore,
Break my heart on it one moment,
Then moan on forevermore."
—Anna Reeve Aldrich.

THE RETURN.

Five minutes ago I drew the window curtain aside and let the mellow sunset light contend with the glare from the girandoles. Below lay the orchard of Vernon Garth, rich in heavily flowered fruit trees—yonder a medlar, here a pear, next a quince. As my eyes, unaccustomed to the day, blinked rapidly, the recollection came of a scene forty-five years past, and once more beneath the oldest tree stood the girl I loved, mischievously plucking yarrow, and despite its evil omen twining the snowy clusters in her black hair.

Again her coquettish words rang in my ears: "Make me thy lady! Make me the richest woman in England, and I promise thee, Rupert, we shall be the happiest of God's creatures." And I remembered how the mad thirst for gold filled me; how I trusted in her fidelity, and without reasoning or even telling her that I would conquer fortune for her sake I kissed her sadly and passed into the world. Then followed a complete silence until the Star of Europe, the greatest diamond discovered in modern times, lay in my hand—a rough, unpolished stone, not unlike the lumps of spar I had often seen lying on the sandy lanes of my native country.

This should be Rose's own, and all the others that clanked so melodiously in their leather bulse should go toward fulfilling her ambition. Rich and happy I should be soon, and should I not marry an untitled gentlewoman, sweet in her prime? The twenty years' interval of work and sleep was like a fading dream, for I was going home. The knowledge thrilled me so that my nerves were strung tight as iron ropes, and I laughed like a young boy. And it was all because my home was to be in Rose Pascal's arms.

I crossed the sea and posted straight for Halkton village. The old hostelry was crowded. Jane Hopgarth, whom I remembered as a ruddy faced child, stood on the box edged terrace, courtesying in matronly fashion to the departing mail coach. An alteration in the sign board attracted my attention; the white lilies had been painted over with a miter and the name changed from the Pascal Arms to the Lord Bishop. Angrily, aghast at this disloyalty, I cross questioned the ostlers, who hurried to and fro, but failing to obtain any coherent replies I was fain to content myself with a mental denunciation of the times.

Twilight had fallen before I reached the cottage at the entrance of the park. This was in a ruinous condition; here and there sheaves in the thatched roof had parted and formed crevices through which smoke filtered. Some of the tiny windows had been walled up, and even where the glass remained snake-like ivy hindered any light falling into their thick recesses.

The door stood open, although the evening was chilly. As I approached the heavy autumnal dew shook down from the firs and fell upon my shoulders. A bat, swooping in an undulation, struck between my eyes and fell to the grass moaning querulously. I entered. A withered woman sat beside the peat fire. She held a pair of steel knitting needles which she moved without cessation. There was no thread upon them, and when they clicked her lips twitched as if she had counted.

Some time passed before I recognized Rose's foster mother, Elizabeth Carless. The russet colors of her cheeks had faded and left a sickly gray; those sunken, dimmed eyes were utterly unlike the bright, black orbs that had danced so mirthfully. Her stature, too, had shrunk. I was struck with wonder. Elizabeth could not be more than fifty-six years old. I had been away twenty years; Rose was fifteen when I left her and I had heard Elizabeth say that she was only twenty-one at the time of her darling's weaning. But what a change! She had such an air of weary grief that my heart grew sick.

Advancing to her side I touched her arm. She turned, but neither spoke nor seemed aware of my presence. Soon, however, she arose and helping herself along by grasping the scanty furniture, tottered to a window and peered out. Her right hand had crept to her throat; she untied the string of her gown and took from her bosom a pomander set in a battered silver case. I cried out. Rose had loved that toy in her childhood. Thousands of times had we played ball with it. Elizabeth held it to her mouth and mumbled it as if it were a baby's hand.

Maddened with impatience, I caught her shoulder and roughly bade her say where I should find Rose. But something awoke in her eyes, and she shrank away to the other side of the house place. I followed. She cowered on the floor, looking at me with a strange horror. Her lips began to move, but no sound issued. Only when I crossed to the threshold did she rise, and then her head moved wildly from side to side, and her hands pressed close to her breast, as if the pain there were too great to endure.

I ran from the place, not daring to look back. In a few minutes I had reached the balustraded wall of the hall garden. The house looked as if no careful hand had touched it for years. The elements had played havoc with its oriels, and many of the latticed frames hung on single hinges. The curtain of the blue parlor hung outside, draggled and faded and half hidden by a thick growth of bindwood.

With an almost savage force I raised my arm high above my head and brought my fist down upon the central panel of the door. There was no need for quick entrance, for the decayed fastenings made no resistance, and some of the rotten boards fell to the ground. As I entered the hall and saw the ancient furniture, once so fondly kept, now mildewed and crumbling to dust, quick sobs burst from my throat. Rose's spinet stood beside the door of the withdrawing room. How many carols had we sung to its music! As I passed my foot struck one of the legs, and the rickety structure groaned as if it were coming to pieces. I thrust out my hand to steady it, but at my touch the velvet covering of the lid came off and the tiny gilt ornaments rattled downward.

By now the full moonlight pierced the window and quivered on the floor. As I gazed on the tremulous pattern it changed into quaint devices of hearts, daggers, rings and a thousand other tokens. All suddenly another object glided among them so quickly that I wondered whether my eyes had been at fault—a tiny satin shoe, stained crimson across the lappets. A revulsion of feeling came to my soul and drove away all my fear. I had seen that self same shoe white and unsoiled twenty years before, when vain, vain Rose danced among her reapers at the harvest home. And my voice cried out in ecstasy: "Rose, heart of mine! Delight of all the world's delights!"

She stood before me, wondering, amazed. Alas, so changed! The red and yellow silk shawl still covered her shoulders; her hair still hung in those eldritch curls. But the beautiful face had grown wan and tired, and across the forehead were drawn lines like silver threads. She threw her arms around my neck, and pressing her bosom heavily on mine sobbed so piteously that I grew afraid for her and drew back the long masses of hair which had fallen forward, and kissed again and again those lips that were too lovely for simile. Never came a word of chiding from them. "Love," she said, when she had regained her breath, "the past struggle was sharp and torturing—the future struggle will be crueler still. What a great love yours was to wait and trust for so long! Would that mine had been as powerful! Poor, weak heart that I could not endure!"

The tones of a wild fear throbbed through all her speech strongly, but yet with insufficient power to prevent her from feeling the tenderness of those moments. Often timorously raising her head from my shoulder she looked around, and then turned with a soft, inarticulate and glad murmur to hide her face on my bosom. I spoke fervently; told of the years spent away from her; how, when working in the diamond fields, she had ever been present in my fancy; how at night her name had fallen from my lips in my only prayer; how I had dreamed of her among the greatest in the land—the richest, and I dare swear the loveliest woman in the world.

I grew warmer still. All the gladness which had been constrained for so long now burst wildly from my lips; a myriad of rich ideas resolved into words which, being spoken, wove one long and delicious fit of passion. As we stood together the moon brightened and filled the chamber with a light like the day's. The ridges of the surrounding moorland stood out in sharp relief.

Rose drank in my declarations thirstily, but soon interrupted me with a heavy sigh. "Come away," she said softly. "I no longer live in this house. You must stay with me tonight. This place is so wretched now, for time, that in you and me has only strengthened love, has wrought much ruin here."

Half leaning on me she led me from the precincts of Bretton hall. We walked in silence over the waste that crowns the valley of the Whitelands, and being near the verge of the rocks saw the great pine wood sloping downward, lighted near us by the moon, but soon lost in density. Along the mysterious line where the light changed into gloom, intricate shadows of withered summer bracken struck and receded in a mimic battle. Before up lay the Priests' cliff. The moon was veiled here by a grove of elms, whose ever swaying branches alternately increased and lessened her brightness. This was a place of notoriety—a veritable Golgotha—a haunt fit only for demons. Murder and theft had been punished here, and to this day fireside stories are told of evil women dancing around that Druids' circle, carrying hearts plucked from gibbeted bodies.

"Rose," I whispered, "why have you brought me here?"

She made no reply, but pressed her head more closely to my shoulder. Scarcely had my lips closed than a sound like a hiss of a half strangled snake vibrated among the trees. It grew louder and louder. A monstrous shadow hovered above.

Rose from my bosom murmured "Love is strong as death! Love is strong as death!"

I locked her in my arms so tightly that she grew breathless. "Hold me," she panted. "You are strong."

A cold hand touched our foreheads, so that benumbed we sank together to the ground, to fall instantly into a dreamless slumber.

When I awoke the clear gray light of the early morning had spread over the country. Beyond the hall garden the sun was just bursting through the clouds and had already spread a long golden haze along the horizon. The babbling of the streamlet that runs down to Halkton was so distinct that it seemed almost at my side. How sweetly the wild thyme smelled! Filled with the tender recollections of the night, without turning I called Rose Pascal from her sleep.

"Sweetheart, sweetheart, waken! waken! waken! See how glad the world looks—see the omens of a happy future!"

No answer came. I sat up, and looking around me saw that I was alone. A square stone lay near. When the sun was high I crept to read the inscription carved thereon, "Here, at four cross paths, lieth, with a stake through the bosom, the body of Rose Pascal, who in her sixteenth year willfully cast away the life God gave."—R. Murray Gilchrist in National Observer.

THE EVIDENCE THERE.

How Three Americans Stood Up for Their Country.

Some time since three tall Americans—Mr. Robinson, 6 feet, and Bishop Phillips Brooks, 6 feet 4 inches high, both of Boston, and the Rev. Dr. McVicker, of Philadelphia—made, in company, a trip to England. En route they determined that when they should reach that country they would travel apart, lest three such tall men together might provoke remark. But arriving at a well known town in Yorkshire, and learning that a lecture was to be delivered to workingmen on America, they determined to be present. Entering the hall separately they took seats apart. As the lecturer proceeded his utter ignorance of America soon became manifest to the three Americans. Finally, however, a statement concerning the size of Americans was too absurd to be endured in silence. The speaker had barely time to conclude a sentence asserting that Americans are proverbially short of stature, never exceeding at the utmost 5 feet 10 inches, when Mr. Robinson arose and said:

"My friends, I am an American, and, as you see, I measure fully six feet. If there is any other American who happens just now to be in the house I request him to stand up."

An expression of surprise was followed by roars of laughter as the Rev. Phillips Brooks arose and said:

"I am an American, and my height, 6 feet 4 inches, occasions no particular remark in America. If there is any other American in the house, I in turn request him to stand up."

After a lapse of a few seconds, in order to give the lecturer a little time to recover himself, Dr. McVicker slowly raised his majestic figure to its full height of 6 feet 6, and began:

"I am an Am"——

But this was too much, and the speaker's disappearance from the stage brought the entertainment to a premature close.—Philadelphia Record.

Left Out a Horse.

A shipload of fine horses was recently consigned from Calcutta to Bombay, under the charge of a very honest but somewhat dull agent in the employ of an East India company. While the horses were being landed at the slip, they managed to break away from the men in charge, and ran like wild animals through the city. The agent caught one of them, and mounting him gave chase. After several hours of exciting work, with the help of his men, he had captured all but one of the horses, as he counted them.

Finally he made his reluctant way to the superintendent's office to give an account of the matter. The superintendent came to the door and listened to the story.

"And you say there were 124 horses in all, and you have eighty of them in the company's stables and forty-three of them back in the steamer temporarily?"

"Yes, sir, all safe but one; and we cannot find him anywhere."

"What is that horse you are riding?"—Exchange.

Not Quite the Same.

"Yes, he's a fine enough looking horse," said the prospective purchaser, critically examining the spirited thoroughbred again. "He's nothing extra of course but he'll answer my purpose, I think. And his tail is already docked. I won't have to get that job done."

"Curious thing about that tail," said the owner of the horse, patting the animal's glossy hide. "It's always been just that length. He never had any more tail. He was born so."

"Born so!" echoed the other. "Then I don't want him at any price. I'm not buying freaks."—Chicago Tribune.

Making Certain.

A few years ago the native station master of an out of the way Indian railway station was suddenly attacked by a tiger made bold through hunger.

The startled assistant immediately rushed to the telegraph office and wired to the European station master at the next place on the line as follows:

"Tiger on platform eating station master. Please wire instructions."—Tit-Bits.

Suburban Note.

Mr. Rooney will shortly move to the city, where he will open a large jewelry store.—Brooklyn Life.

A Slight Delay.

Customer—You told me my dress shirt would be done today.

Laundryman—I know it, sir. But the trouble is with my chief assistant.

Customer—What's the matter—is he ill?

Laundryman—Oh, no, but he's just your size and he had to go to a full dress hop last night.—Harper's Bazar.

A Lonely Man.

Sunday School Teacher—Who loves everybody, Johnnie?

Johnnie—My pa does, cos he is runnin for office.—Texas Siftings.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Oliver Cromwell's father was a brewer.

About a quarter of the people of Paris live in apartments.

An inch of rain means 100 tons of water on every acre.

Spain has fewer daily papers than any other European country.

Put a teaspoonful of salt into a kerosene lamp once in awhile.

A pretty woman's reflections are seldom deeper than her looking glass.

A yearly outlay of $5,000,000 shows American enterprise in advertising.

The first omnibus appeared in Paris in 1825; in New York five years later.

The Davy safety lamp for miners was invented by Sir Humphry Davy in 1815.

There is no time in life when books do not influence a man.—Walter Besant.

Change the socks from one foot to the other unless you wear anatomical socks.

It is estimated that about 250,000,000 bricks are used monthly in Great Britain.

A gold leaf electrometer was invented by Bennett in 1789, and subsequently improved.

Only the wounds of self respect are fatal, but the wounds of self love ache the hardest.

Complete cable communication was established in 1872 between Australia and England.

The first telephone exchange was established in London in 1879. Ten offices were connected.

It is the song, the picture, the book, and the preacher that touches on the human basis in man that is successful.

A medical man tells us that the habit among women of biting off the thread when sewing is the chief cause of blood poisoning.

American Deference to Things English.

Mr. La Farge, than whom there is no higher authority, has pointed out that the reason why there was originally no provision for painted glass in the proposed art exhibition at Chicago was that there had been no provision for it in European exhibitions, and that the reason for that omission was because it is an art not now actively cultivated in Europe. But it is an art actively and successfully cultivated in this country, and this fact, which should have insured the prominence of this department in the exposition, came very near causing its entire omission from the programme.

In politics and in mechanical invention we have attained to what may be called national maturity; we have not merely achievements, but we have an independent basis of achievement; indeed sometimes the basis is of more value than the achievement, as our national constitution is better than most of the laws that are made under it. In oratory, too, we have a certain self confidence, but in other arts we have absolutely been sliding back as to self confidence since Emerson's death until we really speak with more deference of the London of Lang and Haggard and Oscar Wilde than men showed twenty years ago in speaking of the London of Darwin, Carlyle and Browning.

All the vast expenditure of the Chicago exposition will be a trivial investment if it can only initiate a period when we shall be a little less colonial, and shall at least put our own estimate on our own birds, our own books and our own men.—T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

The Collegiate Life of Tennyson.

Little is known respecting the collegiate life of Lord Tennyson, though occasional references to it crop out from time to time in the correspondence of his fellow students. To what extent he was a student in the learned tongues is not clear in his early verse, or not so clear as that he was a student of English poetry. Nor was he alone in this study, and the practice which accompanied it, for, besides his friend Hallam, his brother Charles was bent, like himself, on winning the laurel. The two brothers published two more collections of verse in 1830, not together, as in the Louth venture three years before, but separately.

Charles Tennyson's volume, which was the smaller of the two, consisted mostly of sonnets, or rather of carelessly constructed quartorzains, which so many English poets will insist upon writing and calling sonnets, while the volume of Alfred, though it contained seven of these unshapely compositions, had a wider scope and range, as was indicated by its title, "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." It was followed by a second collection two years later. The reception that these volumes met with is worthy of a chapter in the "Curiosities of English Criticism," should such a work ever be written. It was as singular and unreasonable as the reception of Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads," Byron's "Hours of Idleness," Shelley's "Laon and Cythna" or Keats' "Endymion." — Harper's Weekly.

How Rothschild Was Painted.

Baron Rothschild was very anxious to have Horace Vernet paint his picture, and visited him with this object while Vernet was engaged upon his enormous Algerian battle piece, "La Prise de la Smala." Vernet said he would paint the baron for 50,000 francs, and although Rothschild visited him repeatedly to induce him to name a smaller sum he stuck to his price. Finally, upon one of the baron's visits, Vernet told him that he had already painted him full length for nothing, as he, the baron, could not afford to pay for his picture, and that he would find himself in the "Prise de la Smala" at Versailles.

The baron accordingly went to Versailles, and there he was, the central figure in the foreground of the enormous picture, and he overheard the following conversation among the spectators: "Who is that man to whom the woman is appealing to save her child and who appears not to hear her?" "Why, don't you see? He is a Jew running away with a casket." Rothschild, by threats, entreaties and bribes, could not induce Vernet to paint out the figure.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Playing "Honey Jug."

"Did you ever play the fascinating game of 'honey jug' when you were a boy?" said Old Beeswax (as they called him) to a gang of drummers in front of the St. James. "On moonlight nights we always had a game of 'honey jug' in my old place in Indiana. To play 'honey jug' you must get ten or fifteen boys, big and little, together. They sit down in a row on the curbstone, each fellow clasping his hands under his legs at the knees, and sometimes, to make it dead sure, holding on to his wrists. Two of the biggest fellows are detailed to test the jugs. They take each one in turn by his arms, lift him up in the air as high as their shoulders and then drop him with a jerk. If he holds fast three times he wins. If his hands break and are torn apart he is adjudged 'rotten,' and told to stand aside until the others are finished.

"Half or more of the little boys fail generally to stand the test. Their punishment is to 'run the gantlet.' The other boys form in a row, one behind the other, with their legs spread apart. The 'rotten jug' gets down on all fours and skittles through the openings as fast as he can—receiving as he passes from each one divers slaps and whacks which are merry enough to every boy but the one who gets them. Occasionally he makes quick time and is happy. Most frequently he emerges in a state of wreck and stands seriously aside, feeling with his hands behind him if he is all there."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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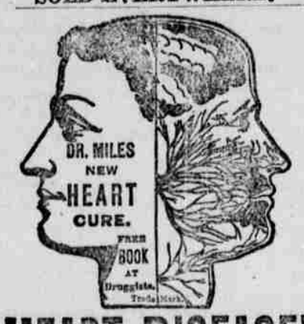

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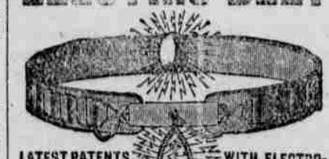

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