

By-and-Bye.

There's a little mischief-maker,
That is stealing half our bliss,
Skating never in a dream-land
That is never seen in this.
Dashing from the lips the pleasures
Of the present while we sigh;
You may know this mischief-maker,
For his name is by-and-Bye.
He is sailing by your heartbeats,
With his sly, leeching glance,
Whispering of the coming sorrow
And the social hours advance.
Lest, with our calm reflections,
Hiding forms of beauty nigh;
He's a smooth, deceitful fellow,
This enchanter, by-and-Bye.
You may know him by his winning,
By his careless, sportive air,
By his sly, obtrusive presence,
That is straying everywhere;
Where his sly, leeching glance,
Where his sly, leeching glance,
For a bold, determined fellow,
Is this conqueror, by-and-Bye.
When the calls of duty hamper us,
And the present seems to be
All the time that even mortals
Snatch from dark eternity.
Then a fairy hand seems painting
Pictures on a painted sky,
For a cunning little artist,
Is the fairy, by-and-Bye.
"By-and-Bye," the wind is singing,
"By-and-Bye," the heart replies;
But the phantom just above us,
Ere we grasp it ever dies,
Lest not to the idle charmer,
Scorn the very spacious lie—
Do not believe or trust in
This deceiver, by-and-Bye.

IN A TUNNEL.

"That will do nicely," said Ruth Mayhew, receiving her last package through the car window from Mr. Perkins on the platform.
"Write us how you get along, Ruth. If your aunt can spare you a spell in the summer we'll be glad to see you here again. Oh, my! here's Mrs. Curtin with a bunch of posies from her garden. Hurry! hurry! you'll be late, sure's the world, Mrs. Curtin."
Thus spoke the group at the depot in shrill chorus as the locomotive, every plate humming and clacking, which had shimmered quickly for minutes, started, imparting a jolting wrench to the cars, and then the long snake of a train glided smoothly away.
"She takes it first-rate," commented Mr. Perkins, wiping his brow with a red handkerchief, as he looked at the car which had just departed from the depot. "I don't know where she's going to, but she's a good one, sure's the world, Mrs. Curtin."
The struggle had been a hard one, but she bore it well, as Mr. Perkins averred. She did not look once at the white house on the hill where death had robbed her of parents and shelter, because even her fortitude could not stand up to witness the Snells moving in. What was before her? Life with Aunt Harriet in a close chamber, slave of an invalid's caprices, and grateful for daily bread. Oh, the long dreary years, with nothing but old age in advance!
She took a final look in the mirror from her bag, and gazed pensively into its depths. The reflected image was by no means unattractive. She was not as young as she had once been, yet her features were good, her complexion fresh, her eyes clear, and her physique robust. Moving as she calmly and becomingly attired, and her hair being of the latest style. Nevertheless a sigh welled up from her heart when she gazed in the glass, not altogether unreasonable dissatisfaction with her present appearance; still the part had disappointed her. She had been told that Aunt Harriet was without promise, and she had seen the vista of summers she beheld herself, a faint glimmer, building cloud-castles out of the sunset glories. One springtime was brighter and more fragrant than the rest; around it still bloomed flowers of memory, and she had seen the old earthy semblance in the old black climate where Ruth lived, because sprung from the richest sources of humanity.
A brave young missionary had urged a headless girl to go with him to the hot countries among the heathen, and the girl, to whom the world was a vast treasure-house of gifts, had flouted her young missionary, and he had silently departed without complaint, to return no more. Then Ruth had shed tears in secret, bitterly remorseful tears, and turned her back capriciously on the well-to-do farmers of her acquaintances.
"Got a cinder in yer eye?" inquired a sharp voice in our traveler's ear.
The latter awoke from her reverie with a start, and turned to her questioner with a guilty blush suffusing her cheek. She, Ruth Mayhew, of middle age, caught looking in the glass. Her interlocutor was a brisk, bright little old lady in a faded shawl and an antiquated bonnet of the coal scuttle pattern. She carried on her arm a black silk bag which seemed to contain unlimited stores of snuff and peppermint drops. Encircling her withered old throat was a necklace of beautiful gold beads delicately wrought. These beads, an heirloom in her family, descending to her through long generations, had been worn by her since early youth, and so much of superstition is associated with such relics in the mind of the old folks, that the old lady would have dreaded immediate misfortune had she lost them. Such was her child-like faith in her fellow creatures that she never dreamed of parting with her treasures.
"I can get it out quick as a wink, child," she continued, eagerly, settling the spectacles which she had just taken off, and with the intention of applying it to Ruth's eye.
"No, thank you. It is nothing," said Ruth, hastily popping the glass back into a hiding-place.
Thus foiled, the old lady relapsed into silence, although she could not remain quiet long. She jerked her head about quickly to observe different objects with a sparrow-like motion, and becoming

absorbingly interested in Ruth, she peered at trimmings, even testing the quality of a ribbon furtively with a critical forefinger and thumb. Age had chiseled wrinkles, innumerable fine lines, in the intelligent face, had whitened the scanty hair, and robbed the sunken mouth of teeth, yet the vital forces seemed unimpaired. She was like a queen little gray bird hopping along to peck a crumb of information everywhere.
"I wonder who she is, and where she's going," pondered the old lady, her busy brain having unsuccessfully twisted Ruth around the whirling wheel of minute investigation. Then she bobbed up abruptly, and skipped into the seat beside the object of her interest with an apologetic, "Guess I'll change my place, if you don't mind, and get out of the draught from the window. Old folks have to be kinder keener about draughts."
Miss Mayhew graciously assented, and her neighbor was delighted with the success of her stratagem.
"Lives in these parts?" small beady eyes twinkling all over her companion interrogatively.
"Yes. Have you come far?"
"Far! I guess so! I left my darter's home in Indiana day after yesterday. I've seen sights of things. My son-in-law, Marty's husband, is a lumber merchant, you know, out West. Yes, the winter's been cold, some. We had Bible classes and lectures, and once there came a panorama of New York. Jabez took me. Hev you been there? Most as good as seeing it for yourself, that panorama was. Come home alone? Law, yes! Made my way right along as easy as could be. I stopped overnight at Montreal, in Canada, at a great hotel, and the clerk gave me a snug little room, so I felt real home. There's a big bridge—the Victory bridge, they call it there. I see it. I've been a good piece on the Grand Turk railroad, too."
The old lady had traversed all this distance safely, enjoying every hour of the journey, and she was now turning her face homeward to a farm nestled among the hills.
"My son lives in the other side of the house, and does all the chores about the farm. I take care of myself," she explained, with the curious simplicity of a nature that confided all its private affairs to strangers, never dreaming of anything that their interest equalled her own in discussing their personal history.
Ruth's sympathy was aroused. This sympathy cost her dear. Three hours later she was standing alone on the crowded platform of a large railway terminus, where locomotives dashed frantically about, and anxious passengers vociferated loudly, with her own train disappearing in the distance, and a string of gold beads in her hand.
It happened thus: Ruth and her new friend, who had been introduced to her by the old lady, were particularly pleased to discover that among the many good things prepared for the other's journey by friendly hands were crisp turn-overs, generous slices of dried-apple pie, and doughnuts.
"Like 'em, like 'em," she declared, with a sigh of satisfaction. "Couldn't get any cake nor pie in Canada. They said they had plenty of beef and beer, but I don't need nothin' quite so hearty."
Born of the same race, subjected to the same influences of a harsh, cold climate, the English and Canadian supplies generous fuel for the machinery of life, while the Yankee native of New England most grudgingly lubricates his busy mechanism of his economy, at the same time extorting the greatest possible amount of labor from his slave—the body.
The train passed at a station, and a young man strolled into the car. Miss Ruth's attention became instantly centered in him. It was not because of the beauty of his black mustache that she observed him, nor his oily rictus, and his eyes, which she had seen in the chain. It was simply because his evil, snaky eye, wandering carelessly over the passengers, panned on the unconscious old lady. "You will bear watching," thought the younger woman. Then she talked warily of thieves and pickpockets, at which the old lady looked deeply bewildered.
The train rushed into a tunnel, a dark, chilly hole that seemed to open a yawning mouth, in itself stationary and soulless, to engulf life and motion. A tiny blue flame crackled; the old lady had lighted a bit of tallow candle, using her hair as a candlestick.
"I got scared in these tunnels," she said, and held the candle so that Ruth and herself were framed in a vivid radiance.
The former, keeping her eyes steadfastly fixed on the snaky young man seated behind, detected a stealthy movement of his hand toward the old lady's neck, where hung the family gold beads. A sudden draught (emanating from the snaky young man) fanned out the candle, and a snuff and rush ensued amidst confused exclamations, and Miss Mayhew launched into active combat with the foe.
"Thieves!" she shrieked.
"Oh, murder!" gasped the old lady, first receiving a blow over the head that crushed her bonnet away, and then feeling as if a great many shawls had tumbled over her.
"What is the matter?" echoed on all sides in the terrible confusion.
"Oh, oh!" screamed Ruth again.
"The wretch! The scamp! Help me to hold him. He is twisting my hand horribly."
"Let me go," growled the snaky young man, and giving himself a serpentine twist, he slipped from the old lady's grasp, and fled toward the rear of the car.
"He's gone! Do catch him," she panted.
The wildest commotion ensued. Everybody else feeling that devolved upon each as men and brothers to do something, and succeeding only in creating inextricable confusion. None of the passengers had the vaguest idea what had happened. Each man grappled with his neighbor, suspecting him of some deadly villainy in that obscure night.
"I have got him," cried a cheerful voice from the door, proceeding from a stout and salt traveler, who, indeed, held in an iron grip a slender, writhing form that indignantly rebelled against his as-

sault. But when the light dawned to a scowling white face and a stout gentleman was found to hold captive an innocent and much-injured newspaper and pop-corn boy, who had entered the car just in the nick of time to be made prisoner, while the thief slid noiselessly away to vanish forever. Then each passenger was morally certain that the thief had crept past him like he was pursuing the respectable gentleman opposite, and the newsboy was sure of all that he had been propelled into their midst by some unseen power on the platform. The inevitable result of so much excitement was chilling silence; it was Miss Mayhew's alarm had not been only a woman's scare after all.
"Look at her for yourselves," she said, indignantly, reading skepticism on every side.
The old lady's appearance was certainly dilapidated and battered, while her scanty hair was flying in her lap. Ruth replaced them preparatory to getting out at the crowded terminus where she changed cars. The old lady fluttered away almost before the train had stopped, and when she had gone fully five minutes Miss Mayhew called the thief back on her with a sudden crash. The thief had weakened the clasp in his efforts to secure them. Something must be done. In vain she appealed to selfish men; they were not going to lose their places. Much good but vague advice was volunteered about keeping the necklance under her arm, and she went forward some time, which she cut short with a decisive:
"I will do it myself."
The emergency required prompt action, and she was equal to the emergency. Without a moment's hesitation she rushed out.
"How long do we stop?" she inquired of a brakeman, who exhaled hot oil from his very countenance.
"Twenty minutes," replied the brakeman, surely incited by the evil one.
Where, oh, where will that brakeman go when he dies? Was his conscience declaimed as well as his outer ear by the din of his life; or did he view with indifference the possibility of any future state being worse than the pandemonium of his present existence? Our traveler was immediately beset by a crowd of clamorous lackeys desirous of driving her out of her wits, if not to the end of the earth. Escaping this snare, she fell into another of babies and dusty parents. How many tender innocents she upset in her haste, thus increasing the general uproar. But although naturally humane, never knew.
Everywhere a hopeless blockade of baggage, trunks and struggling humanity—everywhere insane panic of hurry in the fear of being left behind. The bewildered woman could not approach within car-shot of the perspiring ticket-master, whose sufficed face glared angrily through his pigeon-hole as he snatched short the incoherent questions of distracted passengers. If she could only ascertain where the old lady had gone.
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