

# The Millheim Journal.

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NO. 37.

## AT HOME.

How I love the hour of twilight,  
When the children gather near:  
And, drawing close their chairs beside me,  
This portion greet my ear:  
"Please, dear sister, tell a story."  
"Tell just one, now, only one."  
Speaks another little pleader.  
"Yes, it is the best of fun."  
In my lap the youngest nestles,  
White arms round my neck entwined,  
And from out the misty shadows  
Her blue eyes look up to mine;  
While in answer to their pleading  
For "one more—oh, just one more!"  
Mixture quaint of truth and legend,  
Bring I from my little store:  
Snatches wild from dim tradition,  
Mixed with tales from Indian lore;  
While between, in fancy's garden,  
Faintly dance about the floor:  
Pictures old from history's pages,  
Wearing still the bloom of youth;  
Barrel-games in richest settings,  
From the holy book of truth.  
Darkness gathers—shadows lengthen—  
Sinks the head upon the hand;  
While I sit and dream and wonder,  
Of the future—shadowy land,  
Will my darlings get their pathways  
With pure thoughts and deeds sublime?  
Holy Father! guide and keep them  
All along the shores of time!

## The Wife's Appeal.

The wise people—those who manage their neighbor's affairs in theory much better than they do their own in practice—shook their heads in solemn convulsion when Mr. Hepworth married the second time; but an added shade of venom was in their counsels when the village paper noticed, in a flowery paragraph, the birth of a son and heir at the great house.

"Poor Clarice," they said, "has no chance now. It was had enough when Hepworth married a girl who, of course, cared for nothing but his money; but now there is a son, there is no hope for Clarice."

A young, fair woman, herself in the very spring-time of life, yet having already taken the holy ties of wife and mother into her pure heart, knelt in one of the rooms of the great house—knelt to bring her beautiful face nearer to the cradle pillow upon which rested the soft cheek of her baby boy.

The child of wealthy parents, she had married the man she loved and who loved her, and had gone from one home of luxury to reside over another.

She was very beautiful, and many had thought it a great sacrifice when she married a man as old as her own father, yet in her sweet humility she only prayed to be worthy of the love bestowed upon her.

A low knock at the door aroused her, and rising to her feet she answered the summons.

Upon the threshold stood a woman, a few years older than herself, who led by the hand a handsome boy who had seen two summers only.

The woman was poorly dressed, in a shabby mourning suit, but the child wore dainty white garments.

"Did you wish to see me?" Mrs. Hepworth asked, smiling upon the child.

"May I come in?" was the woman's question in return.

"Certainly," "You look tired."

The stranger accepted a chair and looked sadly around the room.

"Everything is altered," she said in a mournful voice. "Perhaps I had better stayed away. Mrs. Hepworth, you have heard of Clarice Manderson?"

"I have not," was the reply. "I am almost a stranger here. We have been traveling ever since I was married, until a few months ago."

"And you never heard of me?" said the stranger, the tears rising in her eyes.

"Then my errand here is indeed hopeless. If, in his new happiness as your husband, my father never spoke my name, it is useless to hope he will forgive me."

"Your father? Mr. Hepworth your father? He told me he had lost his only daughter."

"Not that I was dead; I was lost to him by my own disobedience. You love my father?"

Just a smile, proud, happy and tender, answered her.

"Then you will understand me," said Clarice, "when I tell you I loved my husband better than father, home or duty. Father would not hear of our marriage, and sternly forbade me to speak to Lucien Manderson, assuring me that he was a fortune hunter, a gambler, and unworthy of my love. I would not believe this. To me he was the noblest and best of men, and for him I left all to fly secretly from home and father. I have been bitterly punished. When the letter imploring forgiveness was returned to me by my father, with a few brief words casting me from his heart and love, my husband proved what I had so fondly hoped was false. He had married the only child and presumed heiress of Hepworth, the millionaire, and found himself burdened with a penniless wife. I spare you the history of the four years of married misery that followed. Then my husband and eldest child died of contagious fever. Three months later, on the very day this boy was born, I heard of my father's marriage. I returned here, hoping for pardon, but the house was shut up. When you came, I determined to make one more effort for forgiveness, hoping you would plead for me. Think if he was an outcast from his father's love, sorrowing and penitent, and begging of a stranger the gift of his birthright!"

"If my prayer will keep you here, Clarice, you shall not leave your father's house again. Mr. Hepworth is in the library, and I will speak to him at once."

She waited a moment to bathe the traces

of tears from her face, and came again, smiling, to the anxious group.

"Cheer up, Clarice," she said bravely; "what is your little boy's name?"

"Stephen. It was the name of my brother, who died. My first child was called after my father."

"Stephen," said Mrs. Hepworth, opening her arms, "come here, darling, and kiss your grandmother."

The child sprang at once to the lovely grandmother, kissing her again and again.

Putting him into his mother's arms the young wife lifted her own baby from its cradle and left the room.

In the darkly-furnished library, Mr. Hepworth was leaning back in his armchair.

A light step roused him from his reverie and his wife stood before him.

Over her morning dress of delicate rose color, that suited well her fresh young beauty, fell the long white robes of the infant she carried with all the pride of motherhood.

Her husband opened his arms to caress both, and laughed as he said:

"Oh, these mothers! Do you suppose, madame, that babies are admitted into the sanctums of legal gentlemen?"

"I do," said the mother, "if the legal gentlemen have the additional honor of being their papas."

"Listen to this most conceded of mothers, comparing legal honors with the ownership of little pink roly-polies like that!"

"Did you know, Harold," said Meta, her lip quivering slightly, as she felt the deep import of her words, "that this is my birthday, and you have given me no gift?"

"You are impatient, little wife," he answered, thinking of the costly bauble that was to come without fail by noon.

"But I would like to choose my own gift," she persisted.

"What can I give my rosebud that she has not already?"

"Does not your office include the power of pardon?" she asked, her sweet face paling with earnestness.

"In a limited degree it does," he replied, "but, dear one, I shouldn't like it to be known that I had shown clemency to a criminal upon your solicitation. You would be constantly annoyed by the loving relatives of scamps trying to move me to pity through your intercession."

"But this is not a case of roguesy, Harold—in exactly a true penitence; one who erred in extreme youth, was led from a path of duty by a love as warm and true as our own, but mistaken. Oh, dear husband, do you not know for whom I would plead? Cannot you guess for whom I would beg?"

"Clarice," he asked, hoarsely, "who has told you of her?"

"She has come herself to seek your forgiveness."

"She is here?"

"Yes. You will forgive her? For the sake of our own boy, Harold, let this be a case for her and Stephen."

"Stephen!" he cried, starting.

"Her son. Her husband is dead. She is widowed, poor and lonely. Let her return to your home and your love, Harold."

There was a moment of silence, and the mother softly carried the strong, right hand of her husband in her own until it rested upon the head of the babe in her arms.

He looked down and said:

"I will grant your birthday wish, Meta. Take me to Clarice."

With a tender, loving kiss upon the hand that still rested upon her child's head, Meta led the way back to her own pretty sitting room, where Clarice awaited the result of her errand.

She waited, with fast throbbing heart and trembling lips, for the words that were to give her sorrowing lonely heart peace and rest, or the stern mandate that would close the doors of home upon her and her boy forever.

Her gratitude could never fail, she felt sure, for the beautiful woman who had so lovingly undertaken the office of mediator on her behalf, and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she thought of the unselfish tenderness of her stepmother.

As she heard the steps coming across the wide hall toward the room where she was seated, her agitation became too great for patient waiting, and she stood up, holding her child by the hand, her breath coming in quick, panting sobs, her eyes dilated with suspense, and her whole figure quivering with intense emotion.

It was this eager, flushed face that met the father's eye as he opened the door—the face of the child to whom he had given the entire strength of his love for years.

He forgot her waywardness, her disobedience and the six years of absence.

He remembered only that she was his only daughter, the child of his dead Clarice, and he opened his arms, with a smile that carried love and forgiveness to the sore heart.

There was a cry of:

"Father, dear, dear father!"

And they were folded fast in each other's arms, while Meta drew wondering Stephen into an inner room and closed the door.

It was not long that Stephen was withheld from his grandfather's kiss, for father and daughter alike turned to the gentle influence that had united them once more.

The gossipers are divided in their opinions as to the exact amount of hatred and jealousy existing between the young widowed daughter and the young wife at the great house, but it would be quite beyond the power of their narrow minds to understand such true sisterly love as exists between Clarice Manderson and Mr. Hepworth's second wife.

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"Her son. Her husband is dead. She is widowed, poor and lonely. Let her return to your home and your love, Harold."

There was a moment of silence, and the mother softly carried the strong, right hand of her husband in her own until it rested upon the head of the babe in her arms.

He looked down and said:

"I will grant your birthday wish, Meta. Take me to Clarice."

With a tender, loving kiss upon the hand that still rested upon her child's head, Meta led the way back to her own pretty sitting room, where Clarice awaited the result of her errand.

She waited, with fast throbbing heart and trembling lips, for the words that were to give her sorrowing lonely heart peace and rest, or the stern mandate that would close the doors of home upon her and her boy forever.

Her gratitude could never fail, she felt sure, for the beautiful woman who had so lovingly undertaken the office of mediator on her behalf, and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she thought of the unselfish tenderness of her stepmother.

As she heard the steps coming across the wide hall toward the room where she was seated, her agitation became too great for patient waiting, and she stood up, holding her child by the hand, her breath coming in quick, panting sobs, her eyes dilated with suspense, and her whole figure quivering with intense emotion.

It was this eager, flushed face that met the father's eye as he opened the door—the face of the child to whom he had given the entire strength of his love for years.

He forgot her waywardness, her disobedience and the six years of absence.

He remembered only that she was his only daughter, the child of his dead Clarice, and he opened his arms, with a smile that carried love and forgiveness to the sore heart.

There was a cry of:

"Father, dear, dear father!"

And they were folded fast in each other's arms, while Meta drew wondering Stephen into an inner room and closed the door.

It was not long that Stephen was withheld from his grandfather's kiss, for father and daughter alike turned to the gentle influence that had united them once more.

The gossipers are divided in their opinions as to the exact amount of hatred and jealousy existing between the young widowed daughter and the young wife at the great house, but it would be quite beyond the power of their narrow minds to understand such true sisterly love as exists between Clarice Manderson and Mr. Hepworth's second wife.

of tears from her face, and came again, smiling, to the anxious group.

"Cheer up, Clarice," she said bravely; "what is your little boy's name?"

"Stephen. It was the name of my brother, who died. My first child was called after my father."

"Stephen," said Mrs. Hepworth, opening her arms, "come here, darling, and kiss your grandmother."

The child sprang at once to the lovely grandmother, kissing her again and again.

Putting him into his mother's arms the young wife lifted her own baby from its cradle and left the room.

In the darkly-furnished library, Mr. Hepworth was leaning back in his armchair.

A light step roused him from his reverie and his wife stood before him.

Over her morning dress of delicate rose color, that suited well her fresh young beauty, fell the long white robes of the infant she carried with all the pride of motherhood.

Her husband opened his arms to caress both, and laughed as he said:

"Oh, these mothers! Do you suppose, madame, that babies are admitted into the sanctums of legal gentlemen?"

"I do," said the mother, "if the legal gentlemen have the additional honor of being their papas."

"Listen to this most conceded of mothers, comparing legal honors with the ownership of little pink roly-polies like that!"

"Did you know, Harold," said Meta, her lip quivering slightly, as she felt the deep import of her words, "that this is my birthday, and you have given me no gift?"

"You are impatient, little wife," he answered, thinking of the costly bauble that was to come without fail by noon.

"But I would like to choose my own gift," she persisted.

"What can I give my rosebud that she has not already?"

"Does not your office include the power of pardon?" she asked, her sweet face paling with earnestness.

"In a limited degree it does," he replied, "but, dear one, I shouldn't like it to be known that I had shown clemency to a criminal upon your solicitation. You would be constantly annoyed by the loving relatives of scamps trying to move me to pity through your intercession."

"But this is not a case of roguesy, Harold—in exactly a true penitence; one who erred in extreme youth, was led from a path of duty by a love as warm and true as our own, but mistaken. Oh, dear husband, do you not know for whom I would plead? Cannot you guess for whom I would beg?"

"Clarice," he asked, hoarsely, "who has told you of her?"

"She has come herself to seek your forgiveness."

"She is here?"

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