There is an end to kisses and to sighs:
There is an end to laughter and to tears,
An end to fair things that delight our eyes endto pleasant sounds that charmour cars,

An end to enmity's foul libeling
- And to the gracious praise of tender

There is an end to all but one sweet To love there is no end.

That warrior carved the empire with his

The empire now is but like him-a name, That statesman spoke and by a burning

Kindled a nation's heart into a flame; Now naught is left but ashes and we bring Our homage to new men; to them we

bend, Thereis an end to all but one sweet

To love there is no end.

All beauty fades away, or else, alas, Men's eyes grow dim, and they no beau-

The glorious show of nature pass and Quickly they come, as quickly do they

And he who hears the voice of welcome

Hears the next slow, sad, farewell of his

friend, re is an end to all but one sweet

-All the Year Round.

It did not end happily-not for Harry Seymour, that is to say; but it provided some excellent entertainment while it lasted and is talked about in Wicketsfield to-day. We were all of us staying in Wicketsfield, and Seymour had fallen a victim to the fascinations of Miss Norah Cardonnel, possibly because Wicketsfield is a dull little watering place and there was nothing else to do; possibly because he knew, or at least suspected, that she was worshipped by Stephen Lambsworthy, and Stephen Lambsworthy was his especial bete

I don't want to attribute unworthy motives to him. As a matter of fact, I liked him very much; so let us give him the benefit of the doubt and say he had grown to adore Miss Cardonnel because Miss Cardonnel was adorable. Anyhow, it was plain that he was hopelessly in love, and though I had been honored by Lambsworthy's confidences in the matter I personally did not give up much for his chances,

No two fellows could possibly have been more unlike than Stephen and Harry Seymour, Harry, dashing, goodhumored, high spirited and handsome; Stephen, meek, nervous and with next nothing to say for himself. That both were very young was their only point of resemblance. I thought I had guaged Miss Cardonnel's character sufficiently to prophesy which of her ad-mirers would be accepted, presuming both proposed, and I confess I was startled when Seymour displayed such strong irritation at the news that Lambsworthy was expected on the

"Confound him!" he said, "what does ne want here? Can't he read in town just as well?" (We were supposed to be cramming for an exam., the three of us.) "What does he want to come bothering here for?"

"Well, you forget," I said, "Lambsworthy may be said to be the discoverer of Wicketsfield. At all events, neither you nor I would ever have come down here if it had not been that he was always talking about it. We should never even have known the Cardonnels but for him-remember that."

Seymour growled. It was a fact that Lambsworthy had introduced us to them, and Harry never cared to be reminded of it.

"I don't want him:" he said. "I don't get on with him; he is your friend, not mine, and he bores me. He is like a young lady and he wears spectacles."

"He wears spectacles because he is short-sighted," I observed; "and as to being like a young lady, that is all rot, Seymour! Anyhow, if he is such a complete duffer, why need you mind his

"What do you mean?" asked Harry, sharply.

"You are annoyed at his arrival because you are afraid you may find your nose out of joint when he appears. I say if he is such a duffer why need you be alarmed?"

"Oh! pooh, pooh, rubbish!" said Seymour, "I afraid of Stephen Lambs-worthy? That is too rich!—that is really funny!" He made a loud noise, which I understood was meant to represent laughter. "You won't beat that if you talk for a month. Ha, ha, ha! Why, you don't mean to tell me you suppose for a single instant that a girl like Miss Cardonnel would seriously consider throwing herself away on a noodle like Lambsworthy? a flabby, inveterate, feeble, faltering bundle of nerves like Lambsworthy! Good heavens! Afraid! Afraid of Lambsworthy! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, that's all right," I said. "I am glad, for your sake, you are so confident. I assume, however, that you won't deny she encouraged him when we all came down here? Because I saw her with you, and I saw her with him, and I say she did!'

"She flirted with him," said Seymour, tolerantly; "she flirted with him a little Why not? A girl must amuse

herself. I do not complain of that."
"That's lucky," I replied; "singularly,
Tortunate—for your own piece of mind. His letter says he will be with us tomorrow. He wants me to look out for a room for him."

'Cannot our landlady accommodate

the gentleman?" No," I said, "she can't now with a bedroom, that is! He will come in here to meals, of course, but he will have to sleep out of the house.

Seymour shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say that he was really indifferent as to the arrangements, and lounged away in the direction of the Parade, where, I have no doubt, he exected to meet the Cardonnels, as was pected to meet the

I am ashamed to say that I neglected engage a shake-down for Lambsworthy that afternoon, and as he arrived by an earlier train than the one he had mentioned on the morrow, it devolved upon him to go around and explore for himself after he got in.

However, he was quite cheerful when he returned to the cottage to supper;

he had had ten at his friend's, the Carnois, in the mean time, and as he told us he had secured a comfortable little room in the next street to us. He quired at what hour we breakfasted d promised us not to be late. He was very lively and talkative for Lambsworthy that I felt the fair Norah had been agreeable in their interview, and I fancy Harry Seymour had the same idea, for he scowled at his whiskey and water darkly and falled to chaff the other as brilliantly as was his

I do not think that Seymour and I had turned in more than a quarter of an hour, when there came a violent beating at the street door, and peering out from my window, I saw Lambsworthy standing on the step, with his portmanteau in his hand and his hat on the back of his head.

Wondering what he had come back for, I slipped on some things and ran down and let him in. 'What is it?" called Seymour, as I

assed his room. "It's Lambsworthy," I answered; perhaps his landlady is out, and he can't get in.

It transpired that the house in which he had been going to sleep had been broken into. Lambsworthy was great-ly upset. The landlady, who had been spending the evening out, and had only returned a few minutes before himself. met him in the passage in a state of terrible consternation. Her bedroom door, which she had locked before she left had been forced open. The hasp was wrenched off, and the wardrobe and chest of drawers had been rifled

of all their contents. The room is in a most dreadful condition," said Stephen, "and the woman, poor creature, is almost off her head She said that she had never had such an experience before. I waited till a neighbor came in to keep her company -sne was frightened to be left alone the house-or I should have been back sooner. You must make up a bed on the sofa for to-night, you fellows." "Why didn't you stay there as you intended?" said Seymour, who had joined us. "They haven't stolen the

beds have they? "Well," said Lambsworthy, slowly, 'do you know, it is strange, but it didn't occur to me. It gave me such a shock the whole thing; it was so unexpected, that my own idea was to get away as soon as I could. And they have sent to the station and the police will be here very soon. There is no sign of how the burglars effected an entrance. It would really have been very unpleasant to sleep there,"

"Funks!" said Seymour, under his breath; and though I know that Lambsworthy was not a coward. I could see myself his nerves were a little out of order, too.

If confirmation had been needed, I should have got it, as a banging came at the street door again, and a thrill voice was heard asking if "Mr. Lamosworthy" lived there.

Stephen jumped up and went out coming back to say that it was the servant, who had been sent to inquire if he would step around at 11 o'clock to-morrow, or if he would be here at the cottage, in case his evidence was wanted.

"I said I would go with pleasure," he explained. "But I do not see what 'evidence' I can give."

"Nor can anybody else see it either!" returned Seymour. "My dear fellow is it possible you don't understand what the girl came for really? She was cent to see if you had given a false address of not. The police are suspecting you."

I thought Mr. Lambsworthy would have fallen.

"Suspecting me?" he ejaculated. "Certainly; very naturally, too. You go to a house, a perfect stranger. You engage a room, are furnished with a latch-key; and the same evening, while the landlady is out, a burglary takes place—a burglary never having occurred there before. If they had found no 'Mr. Lambsworthy' living here, there would have been a warrant issued for

your arrest." "Do you think that is so, old fellow? asked Stephen, appealing to me with

I admitted that it sounded probable I, however, added that his respectability was a very easy matter to prove even if it should still be doubted, and after he had regained his composure we improvised a shake down for him on the couch, and we all retired.

How can I describe the development Lambsworthy went around to the scene of the late commotion at 11 o'clock next morning as he had promised; and, when he came back, he was in the nearest approach of a rage that I had ever seen him in.

"Old chap, the wretch does suspect me!" he exclaimed. "Seymour was right! She gave my deposit back, and said if it was all the same to me she would rather not let the room. Of course, I said I did not mind; and as she was rather inclined to be highhanded, I added that on the whole, did not know that I should fancy bringing my luggage there. I said it was rather a dangerous proceeding for a lady to go out and leave a house to take care of itself.' And what do you think she answered.

"I cannot guess, Lambsworthy."
"She said it was a good deal more dangerous to take a lodger without a reference. I told her if she dared to hint at her infernal suspicions to her neighbors I'd have her held up for siander, and so I will! I never heard of such a thing."

He was in a state of great excitemen all day, recounting the affair over and over again to Seymour and Miss Cardonnel and myself. I am bound to say that I got a little tired of it, but Fey mour roared with laughter every time and I caught a look in Norah Cardon nel's eyes that auguered badly for him in consequence. If nobody else was

sympathetic the young lady was. Harry Seymour disappeared during the afternoon-went for a long tramp he said-and I had the indignant Lambaworthy all to myself until he re-

When he did come back he said h had noticed a card with "Apartments to Let" on it in a window just around the corner, and suggested to Stephen obtaining a room in the house

"This looks a good, substantial kind of domicile," he said; "one not likely to be burglarized! Wouldn't do for the text place you choose to be broken into know, Lambsworthy; that would

be really damning!" Lambsworthy, who shuddered at the firth to see if he could arrange.

He came back and told us he had

"But," he said, "do you know I'm What Seymour said is true, and it might happen that the same kind of thing occurred therek What should I do if there were a robbery there, too, to-night. Why, I should

be taken up; I am certain I should:"
"Sure thing!" said Seymour, exploding afresh. "Console yourself by remembering that coincidences like that don't happen!"

He was very amiable to Lambsworthy that evening, pressing him to try his tobacco after supper, and shaking hands with him warmly when they said "Good night," He, however, did not want to go to bed after the other's departure; he said he should sit up and smoke, and begged me to do likewise.
"It's quite early," he said, "not 11, Sit up with me, and we'll turn in, if you want to, as soon as I've finished

this pipe." I consented. As a matter of fact, he had never been better company, and I was just laughing heartily at a story

he was telling me when—
"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, turning pale, "that can't be Lambsworthy come back again to-night? Who is it?" "Better open the door and see," re-plied Seymour philosophically.

It was being beaten wildly as I bolted into the passage. Another instant and my worst fears were verified. Lambsworthy stood before me with chattering teeth, the portmanteau-the accursed portmanteau-by his side, "Not-

"Burglars?" he gasped. "Yes! For the Lord's sake, give me some whiskey, old man, I'm feeling ii!" He followed me into the sitting room

and fell into a chair. "It is the same thing," he muttered, "just the same thing. The house had been broken into when I got there, and no clue-no clue. The man showed me the room; everything scattered and up-side down. Seymour, I shall go mad."

He seemed in measurable distance of it—even Seymour was concerned, It certainly seemed like fatality. Whereever the poor fellow went there was a burglary; his name would be one the tongues of all Wicketsfield directly. There was never anything known like

We gave him whiskey and more whiskey, and after that whiskey again. Whether he slept when we left him at last on the couch I do not know, but his face was as white as a sheet in the morning and when Mr. and Mrs. Cardonnel called with their daughter were aghast at his appearance. "It is perfectly extraordinary!" ex-

claimed Norah, "and as to the police, who can allow such things"-Words failed her to express her contempt for the stupidity of the police.
"I tell you what," said Mr. Cardonnel

"I should go to the station myself if I were you. Confound it all, we will go at once. Something must be done, and without delay." I noticed that in a moment Seymour

was almost as pale as Lambsworthy. I was even prepared to hear him offer an objection. "I should not do that, sir-if I may

presume to advise," he said. "I should wait a day or two." "And why, sir?" demanded Mr. Car-

donnel, peremptorily; "why should we wait an hour?" 'Yes," echoed Norah, haughtily; 'why should we wait five minutes, Mr.

Seymour?"
"We will go now," cried Stephen; "I thank you for the suggestion. will go at once, and I will see the inspector myself."

Seymour sat playing nervously with an ash tray on the table. He seemed to be trying to speak, and to have lost his voice. At last he said jerkily, and with an attempt to laugh.

To tell the truth, everybody, you are spoiling a practical joke of mine. at the first burglary that I thought how extremely funny it would be if the same thing occurred in the next house he tried. The landlord is my tobacconist, and-well there wasn't a burglary last night at all; it was just arranged between us for a lark!-that's

If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget Miss Cardonnel's look of contempt as he finished speaking; and don't think Seymour will forget it either. Her papa's violent opinion of practical jokes and jokers paled into insignificance beside it, and Lambs-worthy's good-natured assurance that "no harm was done" fell perfectly un-

heeded in the room. Yes; Norah became Mrs. Stephen Lambsworthy, and refused to invite Seymour to the wedding. Whether afordinary course, I don't know; but that is how they did end, and Seymour, at least, has always been convinced that he has only himself to thank for it.

Might Have Given Them Away. A traveler just returning from Mexico

tells an amusing tale of the attempts of a peddler to sell precious stones at an exorbitant price, who in the end con-sented to dispose of his wares for a mere song. It was at Queretaro, an important city on the line of the Mexican Central Railroad.

"When the train pulled in at the depot," said he, "it was immediately surrounded by a score or more of peons trying to sell opals to the passengers, One tall, rather fine-looking Indian extended toward me his hand containing ten or a dezen glittering stones. "How much?" I asked.

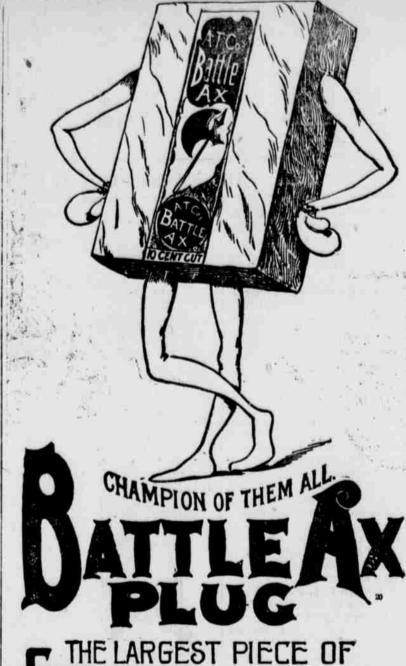
"Twelve dollars," replied he, "Cheap, very cheap, only \$12." "No, no!" I replied, in an emphatic

way. "Muy caro" (very dear).
"Five dollars!" then quoted the
vender, turning the stones over in his hand, that I might see that they were all there.

"No, \$1," said I. "Yes, yes!" cried the vender, eagerly. "One dollar; yes, yes, you can have them for \$1. Take them."—New York Her-

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