

His voice manded deep nucl hoarse as he said the few last words.

She shoul uncertain, and then said: "Oh let me go. I want you to let me go. I am not worthy of you - not the woman whom you should marry. Let me 20; Raloh

He rose and said, "Give me to-night to think. I cannot answer you so suddenly. My life turns on it, and yours also. To morrow morning you shall have my answer." Then he left her.

That night made its mark on those three souls, however differently it was passed; for love and passionate grief, sorrow and disappointment brand them-solves indefilidy on all human things upon whom they fail.

The next morning early Ealph songht the coltage, "Amy," he said, "I have throught to you and for myself, and may God do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me."

She shuddered at his words as if she were hearing the sentence of death prof-nonneed upon her. He took no note oit, but went on in the same inflexible

"It is better for your for us both, that you should be my write, disten to me. Victor Heyward cunnot, with not, I should say, marry you. You are fragile and young-a woman who most emphatically needs a strong arm to light for her and protect her. Here you cannot stay if our agagement is broken and I go away. You will go forth into the world to fight an unequal outtle and succount. This is your only alternative. I lowe you, and I think understand you. Life with me will develop your stronger self. The enervating atmosphere of luxury in which these people live, the climate itself, are injurious to yon-a plant of northern growth. With me you will be braced and made strong, and I can make you love me. This is all mist, this fancy of yours, and the sun will melt it away have decided. I will not release you. You can break with me, forfeit your word, and the burden of a broken promise will rest on you always. I trusted you, and now you have failed me, but I still trust myself. I am sure, and I am steadfast. I will marry you if you will keep your word."

He looked bold and strong, noble as he spoke these words, and stood apright and inflexible before her. She looked at him, and her whole soul gave way. She did not love him, but she was unable to resist him; has strong will had not her techle one and transpled it, under foct. She felt this, and be left it; and at that instant when their souls seemed to be illuminated by a sudden light, the light in his evestbat gleamed upon her, was that of power, not of love ; and hers give back only a dull reflection of submission. Her heart had recoiled from meeting her conqueror. "Well, Amy?" he said, "will you keep your word?" "I will " she still. "Then, one thing more: you will write to Mr. Heyward and tell him the truth as you told me?" "Yes," she said, "I will, I must do

faced him, paused a moment, and then opening the gate quickly, in another moment stood upon the doorstep of the cot-tage. His step was heard and its sum-mous answered almost at once by a young woman, who glided quietly from within and took his offered hand. One thinks, and thinks justly for the most part, that to see the greeting of a man and woman when they are unrestrained by conven-tion or the consciousness of the presence of others, is to know what they are to one another; at least those of as who pretend to quick perceptions and keen deductions, guess the heart from the greeting. But there are men and women too, whose natures are innately reticent of expression, and to whom the instinct of self-controland concealment of emotion is as fund-POWDER amental and essential as the blind impulse of the hird that waits for darkness und night to spread its wings, or the flower that closes with the first peep of day's obnoxions eyes. In such natures every impulse is subordinated to self-pos-Absolutely Pure.

through the hanging masses of vine tend-

rils that curtained the little porch that

row bounds of silence and secrecy. The

man who took Amy Fortescue's familion that lovely June morning of which I am

telling you, was cast in his mould. And

so he met her as he might have done had

they been brother and sister, or even

pleasant acquaintances; met heralone on

z t early summer's morning, in the soft balmy southern air, and yet no tone or look showed that he was her lover, more

than that, her accepted lover. So it was,

"Amy," he said, "can you walk with me? I want to talk with you. I have a

etter from the North? it came this morn-

"I will go with you at once, Ralph; just et me get my hat.". And she ran lightly up states and returned in a moment.

Now I am ready," she said ; and taking his arm, they crossed the garden path and

Even the physical inanimate nature gave

ion no pleasure; the very air heavy with

assuine and magnolia oppressed him with every breath. The oders and colors cloved

Ie had no imagination to be touched, no

rm of undeveloped tropical nature to be

ily by birth, breeding, cultivation, and aviction, but his fibre, his blood, his

vit were of the North in the broadest.

and deepest sense. So when this young girl had come into his life, she seemed a

pring suddenly bursting forth in a des-

waters; sure, they would be cold and pure and fresh as if they trickled downwards from one of his beloved giant snow mount-

ins. Then he loved her. He did not

not melt and flow and blend with her soul. He stood upright, unbending, and constrained her to come to him. He had no doubt that for her it was best—he

cnew he could trust himself-that his love

vas a better, surer, sounder thing than

ny burst of tropical fire, of Southern heat

htning. He could safely say to a wom-

n: "Lean on my beart — lay thy sweet ands in mine and trust to me;" for he new himself, and that he was strong

ough and true enough to be leaned on

ud trusted in; and she had felt the

over of his almost sublime egotism (for

stism is a power, and, in some shapes,

he great working power of this world), ind the sway of his will, and more than hat, the need of his protection. So when he asked her to share his fortunes and his

ife, she said yes, and was glad to say it.

for had she regretted it, for he had added

nuch to her life and altered nothing that he cared for. She had dreamed of Love

and a conqueror, a subsister, a glorious

resence that came on the wings of the

yind and made all things new, a new

caven and a new earth. She had dreamed

of an essence which poured into her heart's springs, should trouble its waters;

and she had even a vivid though vague

gense of a storm not to be dreaded, a

empest of elements which made her heart

throb wildly but not with fear. She had becaused of a scene whose light would

make even the plumage of these brilliant

birds, the bues of these radiant flowers more intense and deeper in color—lend a

ubtler sense power to the magnolia

boms until they should make her soul

che with their intoxicating odor. But

there were only dreams, and when she had a lover, and they did not come as re-

lities, when his looks, touches, and words

ever seemed to have been born in that

deal world, she said to herself, "It was a

dream of a dream; life is not like that;

that is poetry, and all that a man or

woman gets is in themselves or from themselves." Ralph had made life easier

her in many ways. It was such a rest

have the drudgery of her brain-work

nietly lifted off her mind; such a relief

have some one to turn to when her

oor little head got misty over books; and

was so strong and wise and calm.

very one approved, every one sympath-ed; it was one of the engagements that

satisfy every superficial requirement as

meet with support and satisfaction on sides. Mrs. Heyward thought it an

xcellent thing on both sides; "and then, iv dear," she would say, "he is so sensi-be, so considerate, never keeps you up ate talking, or lets you take cold looking

t the moon ; just as a husband." And, adced, Mrs. Heyward's satisfaction was

at natural. Ralph never led Amy into

ny of the sweet indiscretions of lovers.

is passion for her never seemed to give

im that feeling which fills the universe

ith its own image, and for the time can

olerate no lesser thought. They had no

woods, no caprices, nothing of the torrent r precipice. All "still waters and green

send himself for her or on her. He did

, and he longed to drink deep of its

noted forth. He was of the North not

his senses without feeding them.

wandered off under the live oaks.

and a strate,'s throws from the

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once and go to our new home in the West, away from this languid, enervating South. Then I shall be a man again, and we will be happy."

"But-oh, Ralph, must you go? I had so built on the holiday with you. I thought we could have such pleasure, such delight, such a real taste of the dole for aiente; and you know," she continand, laughing timidly as she saw a slight come over his face, "I care for the South, Ralph, and its flowers and truits, its sun and air."

"Well," he said, pressing his lips to getiter firmly and then smilling sweetly (a way he had, which seemed to say, "f am strong, but then I will be gentle too"), "I suppose you can idle and lounge to your heart's content without me, and I must go. For myself, I shall be glad to climb a hill and see a brown-feathered bird again. But, dear, I must not stay here now. I have all my preparations to make. I have said nothing to the Heywards as yet. I came first to you, and

you will consent, will you not, Amy, to be my Amy in September ?" "I am yours now, Ralph. I have no session ; rather than break the sacred seal one to ask; and if you wish it-are you sure it's best? The West is so far, so set upon the vessel wherein their souls lie dreary! stilling and compressed, they will live forever like the genii shut within the mar-

"Far from where, dear? This is no home for us-no, no. I will go and do my work and come back for my reward. And you will wait and miss me a little, Amy ?" "Indeed, dearest, I shall not know what

to do without you-no arm to lean on or brain to teach met no heart to rest in." "I will come back to you and always be the same. It makes me happy to hear you say that I am these things to you. They are so preeminently what I think a man should be—what I wish to be to the woman I love."

"Well, dearast, you are all that to me," said Amy dreamily, and they turned back to the house.

"Till to-night, good by," he said, draw-ing her toward him by her hands, which he had taken, and looking deep into her eyes. "How blue your eyes, are, Amy-

*Blue, blue as if that sky let fall A flower from its corulean wall."

Amy Fortescue was the daily governess of Mrs. Heyward's children, and the little "What, Raiph ! poetry from you ?" cottage in which she lived alone, and which belonged to Mrs. Heyward, was "Only Bryant," he said, hinghing, "Sentiment, not possion ; thought rather than

nem speak to us as they spoke to one another. "Did you expect me, Miss Fortesene

"I did, indeed, Mr. Heyward. How could I help it?" "Only that you looked a little doubtful of my intention when I asked your per-"But I did not doubt you. I never

doubt any one without cause; and that is not doubting them, but disbelieving." "Heavens," he said with a sigh, "what a nature you must have, and what a life you must have led !"

His tone amazed her, why she could not tell, and she said hastily, "I have seen men, a man at least, and a man of the world too, who trusts his fellow creatures as a matter of course, just as I do.' "Then he had never lived, nover lovel."

" Love is not a fever fit, Mr. Heyward, not a morbid phase of feeling through which the soul passes. Doubt and je ousy are not inseparable from it. a wholesome feeling in a sound nature."

combe had said them, as he had said similar things a thousand times to her, which she had accepted as truth with auth wity, aboit no spirit within her bore witness to it. Victor's blue eyes grew deeper and looked almost black, as he looked earnestly at her and said, "You must have been a pupil of Holcombe's, as well as my brothers, that sounds so

like him. She grow first rosy red, and then the color deepened to intensity as she said, "Mr. Holcombe has indeed been my teacher in all 1 know of love. We ara engaged to be married to one another." As she said this with as much calmness as she could muster, Victor, seizing both her hands in his, as if by an irresistible

impulse, cried, "Do you mean it ? You are engaged to Ralph Holcombe! It is not so; say it is not."

She trembled with the contagion of his emotion, but tried to draw her hands away and said, "I am indeed, and you must not do this. How strange you are !

"Listen he said, rising to his fect, "You cann 4, must not marry that man. You could love, you are made to love ; and he is everything good and admirable if you never interpret love b Will, built fam en e myself, and

7 their palace.

Perhaps the thing of all others that At last the awakening came-to one at morning brings surely, and that one at once must dreads and prizes, is reaction, and as its sequence reflection. The ebb least. The morning of the sixth week of Ralphyabsence brought Amy a letter from in, saying that he had accomplished of feeling always comes in the morning, his purposes with complete success, that the high tide at night ; and so the morn ing after the night in which Victor Hey all was now arranged; that he had obtaine l'a place as professor in a Western ward told Amy Fortescue that he love her, brought to her a sense of fear an ollego in a thriving town, and that thither he would take her so soon as they doubt, dwarfed her fancies and magnific could be married, saying finally that she ner sense of this working- lay world, and might look for him in three days from the made its briars seen thicker than ever. so ipt of his letter; and the letter closed

with the words: "Good bye, my little Amy, my own little wife, Yours,

4 RALPH HOLCOMER."

The dwarm was over, and she opened her eyes upon the life that was at once so absolute a fact and so fearfully unreal and false. The lesson she had learned from Victor was not torgotten; but the task she had to per sen rose up before her, as it was been. Victor came. She at for hours-a great wave going over his in alternate chie and they diving to reconcilective impossible. Not for a moment and which makes or breaks us as w lid she think of breaking fultie with Ralph utswer it truly or falsely, the question of without his free consent; but it in anoths rying horseli, fulfilling her nature's ina vaga, hope came to her, that if sine told inm all he would see that she did tention, living out her life, or of lying not love hun, and let her go. But then the great Moloch of woman's life, selfdown in some Procrustean hed of her own making or another's, and then being stretched or lapped to fill some other soul's idea of life and perfection, was sacritice for its own sake, rose up within her, and she thought, "No, no, I must marry him, and i will tell Victor-I will upon her; and although she was no accomplished self-analyst, she felt the press tell him that he must go away and never ure as plainly as if she had been able to see me again." And then she tried by sophistry to persuale heredi that it was express it in clear terms. And every avenue of escape was closed; the want of her accustomed occupations, the scafoly, that Ihiph was cight, and so tried to play her own heart false for its own son, Ralph's absence, and above all the good — a practice not unapproved by many good women — not thinking how unceasing "resame" whispered at her heart's door by Victor's voice and presall truth must begin in being true to one's nce, all combined against her will. The self. Then she determined to speak to lays went by, and as they flod she un-Victor that evening, and as she did so a ousciously glided into a sort of languid drifting dream, which even the morning's clear sub did not serve to discrete. For half-guilty quiver of joy went through She felt beneath her resolution that the was glid to think that she it grew deeper and deeper Victor had would have purchased one hour's indul-gence of her love, for surely she might judged her rightly when he spoke of the sossibilities of her nature, and with intell him that she loyed him; might have inite fact, that exquisite, claborate, and

And the morning brought her too a leter, her first letter from Rulph since his leparture, and it seemed like his preseace, and constrained her to be true to his promis . For all his writings and speakings had a flavor of himself mercin. He told her of his plans and hopes. The letter ended with a few words of strong, calm, possessing love that made har shrink involuntarily, as if the hand of Fate had been laid on her wrist and was leading her away from the path inte which her feet had strayed that night

But the question, the great question tunt She said these words almost as Holcomes to us all in some shape or other

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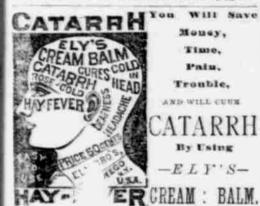
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re the Heywards livesl. Hither she you too, my darling." "I don't know that. Sometimes I think ad come but three months before, and here she had met Ralph Holcombe, who I have a spice of the South in me," she was the resident tutor of the two Hey-STUD "No, no - a thousand times no. You ward lads, and had been for two years

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past. He had turned to her eagerly at first because she was from the North, are mine, and so right Northern -a violet. a wren on an edelweiss." where alone he could breathe freely and "Yours, certainly, and I suppose, there-, his real self. For his nature was abfore, what you make of me." And so olately devoid of a single chord that they parted. sould vibrate in harmony with the South.

That night he came and bade her farewell, held her to his heart, and told her that he loved her and would come again and marry her, and take her home --told her so strongly and calmly; and she restin his arms and howed her head on his heart, and felt at peace and rest. So then good-by was said. The next morning Ratuh Holeombe galloped past the cottage before Amy awakened, looked up at the closed lattices, and blessed her sleep with all his heart; then set his fac northward with resolute purpose and calm assurance of his power. A week had gone by -a week of perfect summer; the holidays had begun, and

Amy had set her face to live as Ralph had counselled and desired her to do She knew just what he had meant and wished for her to do that summer vacation - the course of study he had marked out, the regular occupation for body and mind, exercise for both comine systematically and steadily upon each other's heels, both followed by repose and rest for mind and body hal determined to carry out his wishes had began, indeed, to do so, and all had run on smoothly and evenly. But on that seventh morning she awoke later than usual, owing to the trifling accident of her blinds having been closed; and when her eves opened the day was upon her, with all its wealth of color and odor. The slight freshness and simpleness of the early morning had gone, the sun had kissed every drop of dew from the flowers, and the shadows were scarcely visible Amy stood an instant at the door of the cottage, and then plunged into a shady walk, where she could sit and read and not suffer from the sun. She settled her self in an accustomed place, but she could not command her usual power of atten tion. The day was to much for her She had all nature against her, and she was not meant to light aginst Nature, least of all a nature to which she was attuned, and whose influences she felt the mo intensely that she was not a more relies of the indwelling spirit about her, but being of complex and intricate harvony. She was, indeed, as Ralph had said, a violet, a northern flower; but there were possibilities in her soul, capacities in her nature, "hopes and fears that kindle hopes, an undistinguishable throng," of which he never dreamed, not being in his philosophy. The scarlet of one flower, the scent of another, would make her eyes glean and her breath quicken as his never did. She was indeed of such "staff as dreams are made of." So this morning the soul of the roses about her went into her blood, as Mr. Tennyson tells us it may do even in temperate, sober England; and she lounged on her grassy seat, tried to read her task and did not and at last gathered a bunch of roses and buried her face in them with a long tremulous sigh of delight. She lifted her head at last; saying, "Oh, how delicious you are and saw before her a young man. He stood motionless for a moment, and then came forward, saying, "I beg your pardot Miss Fortescue; my mother sent me for you. I am Victor Heyward."

The words told her that he was Mrs. Heywards eldest son, Ralph's first pupil whom she had never seen, and who must have returned home unexpectedly from the East, where he had been travelling She collected her scattered wits, and answering simply that she would go to Mrs. Heyward at once, rose to her feet and started for the honse. He walked by her side, talking easily and lightly bowed at the door of his mother's root and then, as Amy put ber hand on t handle, said with a slight hesitation "May I, might I spend an hour with you this evening?" The simpleness and directness of the request took from it any appearance of singularity, and Amy

on. How can Holcombe weigh and reasure such a thing in his scales and by his rules? Love is not simply one ingredient, as he would have it, in a soberly

somenmeet draught; it's a philter, a ison. It's not, as he would tell you, a right thread in the sober web of life, carlet relieving gray and brown, but the light of heaven shed upon the whole

leared it. fabric till it all glitters like the sun, and every seperate thread reflects the divine They were of necessity thrown much to glory in rainbow hues. You have read history: were the great lovers of the workl wise, well balanced, and reasonable and self-contained, as Holcombe's dufinition would make them? Did Mare Antony's hand hold an even balance when he said, All for love, and the world well lost"? You have read poetry : peay tell me, dil you think the thing that noets sing of was a creature of their fancy ? No; we are all posts once, and that is when we love." He paused, and went on in a over tone of suppressed emotion : "You will think me a player-a mount-bank. you will even perhaps scorn me if I tell you the truth, and yet I must fell it to iou. See, I never saw you till this morning, I know nothing of you. There is no sober second thought, no well-advised choice, no sense of congenial tastes and according views of life. Yet I love you. "I love you as you were meant to be loved, with a love which would feed your soul. Did I not feel this, I should not have spoken; but I am not duil at readng faces, and love gives a double insight. You were in harmony with those roses to-day, and when you lifted your face from them flushed with their sweetness and met my eyes, I read possibilities of depths to sound and heights to scale, which that man could never penetrate or attain.

She started at his words ; they were too true. He saw it, and went on : "I love you with my soul. I cannot reason of it; I only know that it is true that I am yours, and life is all a different color, And I will not let you go without a struggle; I will fight for you, beg for you, live for you. You think this is ast love, that it is unworthy the name, that i should be a calm self-con rolled sentiment. That may do for some creatures, but never for such as you. What you want I can give you, not he!" And he threw himself at her feet, all aglow with fire and importanity. Ho was a lover to love, for his mood expressed itself in every look and gesture fully and perfectly; and with most men it is not want of love but want of power of expression that makes their loveniakers tasteless.

"Don't kneel to me," she said. "Why not? You may never lot me come here again, and one may do anything once "I must not let you ; it is not right!"

"What is not right? You could not deny me a hearing, even criminals have th. ** **

"The hearing has been long enough, too long I fear," she said. "You must leave me. "Then what may I be to you, or rather

what will you be to me, for I shall always be your lover ?"

as she uttered it. "No; not friend, and another word for

She held out her hand. He took it, stooped as if to kiss it, then said, "I will wait; good-night," and left the room.

Any sat as if in a trance. The perfect night came in through the open windows and filled her with languor and longing, and the life of the place seemed fled with Victor's footsteps. All through her crept tac influence of his words, those words that had come not from his lips but his heart. She felt that. He hadn't Chought of himself nor of his own position, only that he loved her; and his face, his voice his very aspect blended with her dreamy mood. When Ralph talked to her of love, it was much as if he spoke of any other matter save for the words; no quiver in his voice, no fire in his eye, a sense of power and truth it may be in what he said ; but he led her into no enchanted garden. But Victor-she had

thought a flood of suppressed b alv source whence stres ever come, by nonvishment. He new groke one word of love to her from the night in which his first strange, violent outburst had seemed to utter itself almost erainst his will. But he filled the air about her with its invisible but potent spirit. The earth was charmed beneath her feet, and, like Ariel, he did his spiritng so gently that she never mistrusted or

yet incorrectible fact given only by low

when it transfigures a nature like his, he

ministered to her vague longings fill they

grew holder and gained strength from

gether, for Mrs. Heyward treated Amy in its as an equal and companion all requests is an equal and com curred to her in throwing her eldest son with an attractive young girl, who was at the same time an undesirable match for a man of his position, was of course put on of the question by the fact of Amy's en gagement to Mr. Holeombe. It was but natural that Victor, who tenderly loved his mother, should be constantly with her; and what more natural than that they should form part of one daily life, isolated as they were from society from without ? And Victor seemed a percading spirit. The beautiful nature about Ann he woods and flowers and streams an sirds, all spoke of him and pleaded fo him, and their voices were part of the same harmony with his own. It was not for Victor, but for passion and youth and love, that they spoke. He was but the embodiment of the spirit that inspired them all. But Wordsworth tells it best:

"Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought, The beauteous forms of nature wrought, Fair trees and gorgeous flowers, The bruezes their own languor lent, The stars had lockings which they sent lato those favored bowers." The very stars in their courses fought

against her. Surely she had never known what the influence of the heavens at night could be till she felt it reflected from his eves. And Victor was no mean representa-

tive of the spirit of love and youth at any time least of all now when he loved ar dentiv and with his whole soul for the first time. Every gift seemed doubled in power as he bent himself to make Amy love him-or rather not love him, for love between them was a thing of simple recognition, but accept his love; merely let him rule, but crown him king.

This he found hard to do, but the sume Tnew by and they dreamed on, and Ralph still wrote ; but as time went by, Amy wropped and clothed in love as with a garment, was not touched etters as formerly. The divine intext tion of passion was on her; she was he self and more than herself, and y moresod in Victor. Hitherto when with Ralph she had felt that he dominated her, absorbed her; but now she felt that she was herself, only a gloritied, illuminated self, and yet she lived only in Victor. She had lost nothing, and gained, seemed, another life, which blended with

her own without ever pressnatowing it - a harmony of color and melody brighter and sweeter than suy of which she had over dreamed. But time wen, y ruthlessly, and Ralph wrote of the approaching return, and spoke of their edy marriage and flitting for the West. Marriage! the word was not a joyons chime but a dull knell in Amy's even and she put it away from her mind. In the intense reality of her new life the past gr w dim to her ; this new existence, in which she seen ad to walk on air, was a their and fold more real than the barren

commenplace of the days she had plodded the inch before Victor came. It is a common mistake to confound reality and practicality; the reality of a thing depending almost altogether on what it is to us, and its practicality being based on what it is in itself. The mo-ments when our ideals tread the earth and walk hand in hand with us are the most real moments of our lives, but they are in no wise practical. Victor, on his side, shut out all thought of the future ; it would be truer to say that the future was shut out by the very fulness of the present. When he knew that the evening would be spent with Amy, he thought, at the Barris in

"So one day more am I defied. Who knows but the world may end to-night ?--" like Browning's lover and saw no more

onate impulse came over her, which but first night, and had never had exression. She waited for him alone in ter little parlor that evening, and when he came he felt that a change had come, felt even as he crossed the threshold and tood within her presence.

"Victor," she said, and his heart leaped -it was the first time she had called him Victor'-"I must speak to you."

him once more at her fect, as once, and

never yet again ; might take the cup in both hands and drink one deep draught

before parting forever. And with the

AUGULUE AND

"Yes," he said, "I hear you, I am eady to listen," dropping at once the veil of convention which he had studiously add between them ever since that first

"I have heard from Mr. Holeombe foday. He comes back here in three days." She paused ; no sound broke the ilence. She went on burnedly; "He omes to marry me in a few weeks and then 1 go from here forever." cause, and Victor's voice subdued and miet, came from out the shadow in which

"Why do you tell me this? What have I to do with it ?" She did not understand him. For a

moment she feli alone, forlorn, forsaken, and with a cry that came from her soul, she stretched out her hands and said, "Air, Victor, help me! Save me from"-"From what t" he said, springing forward and catching her hands in his. "From myself," she said ; and then her eyes met his, and she knew that she had

old her story in those two words-knew that they spoke her his, that she sought help not against his love, but her own. She forgot all but that she loved him, and felt only that they were one ano-DIPP'S.

In that supreme hour they knew that dness of joy, that include ecstacy of liss that comes to human souls only brough one another, and yet which alon f all God's gifts makes them feel their ivinity and live an infinity, an eternity d delight in one short moment. One such glimpse of heaven is enough

o transfigure a lifetime. This they had, But when it was over Amy found this briars thick in her path. She had made a step that night which set her feet upon hem. She promised Victor to appeal b Ralph, to tell him that she did not love him; and he had so worked upon her, so strenghtened and inspirited her that she half hoped Ralph would not care so deeply, and would release her. After all, he was too good for her, and would do better with a stronger and cleverer woman. Sh did not yet know that the very pliabilit. of her nature was her chief charm for him. He could not have loved a woman whose individuality resisted him. Care-less that he crushed the flower, he was

carcon only to hold it firmly enclosed in ins grasp. It was agreed between them that they should not meet again till after Palpharrival. Both were conscious tinh al. the barriers had been broken beeve them they could no longer maintain the

On the evening of Ralph's arrival Am went to the station on foot to meet h She was restless and giad to walk. The train came in, but did not bring him, and she turned away half relieved and y disappointed. As she took the we path leading homeward, a step behi made her turn, and in a second Victor joined her. He made no attempt to a count for his presence, and indeed she had forgoiten that he should not be th was so sweet to see him, she could think of nothing else. They had a mile to walk

and before home was reached twilight had set in. Her hand was on his arm and his eyes melting into hers. When they reached the cottage he paused on the steps, and said, with his heart in his voice and his soul in his eyes : "Let me come in for one moment."

The tone asked for more than, the words, and Amy felt her resolution fadwhen as she hesitated a voice from the door said : "I have come, Amy. I hoped to find

you here.

It was Ralph. They started, and Victor, hastily shaking hands with Holcombe, turned away, while Amy ran into house, whithe

that. "It's it now, then. I will see that he gets it, and then it is all over. Do not fear a quarrel between us; I would not

consent to quarrel with him. "Let me write," she said and he led her to a table where there were pens, ink, and

She drew a sheet toward her, wrote a few words, and then said, as if she was stunned and weary: "Write for me, or tell me what to say."

He wrote the note, which she copied as if mechanically till the last words, when she shivered and added a few words, which he let pass. The note ran thus: "I write to tell you that I have determined to marry Mr. Holeombe, This being so, I need scarcely say that it is better that we should not see one another again. Mr. Holeonibe forgives the wrong I have done him, and I am ready and willing to keep my promise to him. Yes, could never have married me, and it is better for you as well as for me that this should be the end of our summer's dream. Believe that I shall always wish you. weil :" and here she added, "and believe above all that I loved you." She signed it, and it was done. Ralph drew her to him, held her tight against his heart for a moment-said, "Any, you shall be happy," then left her.

ion t night Victor Heyward left his hom on idenly, saying he would return in a few days; but they grew to be weeks, and he did not come. Ralph neged on his wedding; and when three wocks had gone by they were inade man and wife. It was a very pretty wedding the brides a little paler, the groom perhaps a triffe sterner than bridegroom are wont to us ; but still all went we, and smoothly. The summer's glory was over, the early au-tumn had come, and there was but little of the southern wealth of color and per-"ame about the day that saw them manried. Ralps liked it better so, and Amy thought it did not matter. They went away to their new home, and found it awaiting them, simple and modest, but very fresh and full of comfort, wall old Mrs. Holeoushe at the door, all sobers gray and brown.

anree months after Amy was sitting alone at twilight, when the door of her little parlor opened and a man entered abruptly; it was Victor Heyward. She put her hand up, as an involuntary impulse bade her, to keep him from her. He stood still and looked at her eagerly and long. His face was haggard and worn, and she saw that he was trembling with acitation.

"Amy," he said, "I thought I could not live any longer without seeing you. It seemed as if it would give me life again, and I have come. I have travelled since the thought came to me day and night. I do not know why. Are you angry with me, Amy?" He spoke so humbly and sadly, that

she could not speak harshly to him.

"Victor, you should have spared yourself-have spared us both this trial. We can never be anything to one another. Why did you come here? I am married -happily married. Do not come to raise ghosts about me.

He raised his head and said gloomily. "No, I should not have come here. You are happy, you say? You forget easily, more easily than I can do. Oh, Amy,

"I will be"--your friend, she was about to say, but paused. He caught the word me

Having struggled 10 years between life and death with ASTHMA or PHTHISIC, treated by eminent physicians, and reserving no benefit. I was compalled during the last 5 years of my ill-pess to sit on my chair day and night gasping for tuine companies charge from \$40 to \$60. A combreath. My inflorings were beyond description. In despair I experimented on myself compound-ing roots and herbs and inhaling the medicine thus obtained. I fortunately discovered this WONDERFUL CURE FOR ASTHMA AND CATAREEL, warranted to relieve the most stud-born case of ASTHMA IN FIVE MINUTES, # hat the patient can lie down to rest and alcop outfortably. Piesse read the following condens-d extracts from unselicited testimonials all of re-

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Was treated by eminent physicians of this cour-y and Germany; tried the climate of different unter-mothing afforded relief like your prepara-L. B. Phelps, P. M. Griggs, Ohio, writes . "Suf-

June 24, 1887.-19-

