

MARY.

Acushla! do not deem me false! Nor dream that I forget Thy fair young face, thy native grace, The morn when first we met...

I know not where thy lot is cast; But this I know full well: To me alway, where'er I stray, Thy name's a wondrous spell...

THE BROTHER'S SECRET.

At a little village called Seaside, situated on the coast of one of the New England States, there lived a Mr. Stephen Carlyle and his daughter, in a pretty little cottage he had built.

Seaside was a small place. It had two or three streets; a small hotel and a few houses scattered here and there. But there was a long sandy beach, where the water came rinding in with one ceaseless roar, and at a short distance from the village afforded a fine chance for bathing.

His illness, however, had not interfered with his good nature, for he was one of the best-natured men that ever lived.

His daughter, Agnes, was just verging on womanhood. She was quite tall and a good figure. Perhaps she was not what would be called pretty, but still she was possessed of a large and loving heart, and, above all, those winning ways that some women have, which are superior to a mere pretty face.

Everybody that came in contact with Agnes always loved her; even the dumb beasts, for when she went out to take her morning walk you would see the vagabond dogs of the village come running to her to receive a gentle pat on their head and a kind word.

Agnes was Mr. Carlyle's only child by his second wife, he had had another—a boy—by his first wife, who, when a year old, had been stolen from them while they were residing in Italy. A constant search had been kept up for two years for the lost child, but no clue to his whereabouts had ever been found.

The loss of her darling boy had broken the mother's heart, and she sank into an early grave. Some twenty-five years had passed since then, and the father had almost ceased to think of his lost son, when, a few mornings before the opening of this tale, the postman had brought him a short note which had awakened new emotions and forgotten feelings within the old gentleman's breast.

The short note ran as follows: "MY DEAR FATHER: The son whom you lost in Italy twenty-five years ago is alive and well, and I hope to join you in a few days. Your son, RICHARD."

Mr. Carlyle read these few lines over and over again, and then sat thoughtfully for a long time, until Agnes came into the room.

She had been told by her father many times of her lost half brother, and when Mr. Carlyle handed her the note, and she had read it, she understood it perfectly. Tears of joy gushed in her eyes as she said:

"Oh, papa, I am so glad! How I have wished for a brother and sister, and now to think I have really got a dear brother!" and she was in a perfect ecstasy.

"Does he look like you, papa?" "My dear child, I cannot tell, for he was but a mere baby when I last saw him, and all babies look alike."

The old man was weeping, weeping tears of joy. How often had he wished that he had a son to bestow his fortune upon, and perhaps some day make a great man of. Although he loved Agnes with all his whole heart, he wished she was a man instead of a woman.

And his boy was coming to him; this was the thought that filled his mind most of the time. Then he began to fancy how he would look. Would he look like his dead mother? He believed he had looked something like her when a child. Yes, he had a faint remembrance of two fat little cheeks and a pair of bright blue eyes looking up into his as the little one

lay in his cradle, but was that all? No! He remembered one thing more. The child had a curious mole in the shape of a leaf on his right arm.

After he had been busy a long time thinking of his son, the old man would drop off into a quiet afternoon nap, and his fancies take a flight to dream-land.

Agnes was the busiest she had ever been in all her life, getting the little cottage ready to welcome her brother. She fitted up the prettiest room in the whole house for him, and called her papa to look at it.

The few days mentioned in Richard's note soon passed by, and one morning a tall, fine looking young man of genteel appearance walked up the little gravel walk that led to the cottage front door, and rang the bell.

Agnes had been impatient for him to come, but now that he had come she was so bashful her father could hardly induce her to accompany him to the parlor, where the young gentleman was waiting.

"Mr. Carlyle—my father, I believe?" said the young man, arising as Mr. Carlyle and Agnes entered the parlor.

"My name is Carlyle; but whether or not, young man, you are my lost son, I have no proof," said Mr. Carlyle advancing and taking the young man's extended hand.

"Was there anything particular about your son?" said he, "any particular mark?"

"Yes," said Mr. Carlyle, quickly. The young man rolled up his sleeve, and on his right arm, just above the elbow, there was a large dark mole in the shape of a leaf.

"Was it like that?" he asked. "Yes, yes! it was!" cried Mr. Carlyle, throwing his arms around the young man's neck.

"Richard! Richard! My darling boy!" How happy everybody was at the little cottage. Days never became dull and lonesome when Richard was there; the old gentleman was in the happiest mood; the servants were never tired of serving their young master, and how Agnes loved her brother; he was so good to her. And as they walked along the beach, the attraction of all eyes, how proud she was of him; he was so handsome and noble looking, she thought.

They were always together from morning until night, either taking long walks on the beach, watching the ships in the distance, and Agnes listening with all attention to every word Richard uttered, or going on little excursions, or sitting in the cottage parlor, where Agnes would play on the piano, accompanied by Richard in some fashionable air.

All this served to make Mr. Carlyle very happy. His children were his idols; he worshipped him. Sometimes, while watching Richard and Agnes as they were singing, and every now and then Richard leaning over the piano to turn the music leaves, his face animated, and his deep, clear voice filling the room, Mr. Carlyle would imagine he could detect a resemblance in Richard's face to that of his dead mother's.

Thus days and weeks passed at the cottage, Richard loving Agnes passionately and she day by day learning to love her brother more. And this love seemed to be ripening into a different love than brotherly or sisterly love.

One morning they went out for a stroll along the beach. Agnes was leaning on Richard's arm, and chatting merrily as they went along, but he seemed less talkative than usual, and was silent and moody. After walking for some distance they came to where the bank was covered with green turf, and sat down; Richard resting his head on his hand. After remaining thus for some time, Agnes ventured to ask in a low, sweet voice, what made her brother so thoughtful.

"Aggy," said he, not raising his head, "shall I tell you?" "Why not, dear Richard; am I not to be trusted with my brother's secret, if he has any?" said she, laughing.

"Well, Aggy, I have a secret; and raised his head, and a faint, sickly smile spread over his face, as he looked at her.

"And if I should tell it to you, I am afraid you would never love me again. Yes, and perhaps you would scorn me!"

"How can you talk so foolish, Richard? Do you suppose I could ever scorn you?"

Then silence reigned for some time. "I will tell you my secret, Aggie—for I must, to bear it singly is killing me—if you will promise to love me the same after you know it, as you do now."

Agnes was looking out on the ocean. "Do you think I could ever help loving you, Richard?" she said, in a low voice, without turning her head.

"Then you promise?" said he eagerly. "Certainly."

"I know a man Aggy, that one night, about a year ago, while in the opera, saw in one of the boxes, an old gentleman, and a very pretty girl, whom he learned afterward was the old gentleman's daughter.

Perhaps most people laugh at the idea of falling in love at first sight, but nevertheless this young man fell passionately in love with the pretty

girl in the box, before he had taken a third look at her. "He watched, and admired, and loved her ardently. And when the opera was over he went home with a feeling as if he had all the world behind him."

Night after night he was at the opera, in hopes to see the beautiful being he adored, but she never came again.

Two months ago this young man discovered the old gentleman's and his daughter's name and residence. Another lucky incident put him in possession of information concerning a child the old gentleman had stolen from him twenty-five years ago—

"How foolish, Richard!" said Agnes: "you are relating the same old story you told papa about yourself, and how you discovered he was your papa. Now, please, don't flatter me any more, nor tell me again of the old Italian with the hand-organ, and how she saw your arm and told you who you were. Let us not think of the past, but of the future."

"But I must tell you!" he cried, springing to his feet, and grasping both of Agnes' little hands in his. "Aggy, dear Aggy, I must tell you, I am not your brother, nor any relation—but for God's sake forgive me, Aggy, for deceiving you, or I shall go mad!"

"Not my brother!" exclaimed Agnes with amazement. "No, not your brother. I have deceived you and your kind loving father in a cruel manner; but, Aggy, how could I help it? I loved you so passionately!" and the tears came in his eyes as he stood looking beseechingly at her.

"Explain, sir, what you mean!" said Agnes, drawing her hands from his and retreating a step.

"Remember Aggy, your promise!" "Well," said she in a stern voice.

"The story about the Italian woman is true, but my name is not Richard Graham, it is Thomas Carlyle; and my father is living in the city of New York."

When the old woman saw my arm she was frightened, and said she never saw one like it but once. My curiosity was excited, and I asked her to tell me who had an arm with a mole on it like mine.

"It was a little boy that had died twenty years ago," she said. "Was the child yours, I asked."

"No," she said. "Whose was it? I asked for mere curiosity."

I gave her some money, and she said: "A Mr. Stephen Carlyle's."

I inquired about this, and learned that Stephen Carlyle had lost a child some twenty-five years ago; that his name was Richard, and that he had never heard of him since.

Then it was Aggy, in my mad passion for you, that the devil put the idea into my brain of representing myself as your brother, and so ever being with you. I wrote the note to your father, gave up everything and came here to live with you. The rest you know. Oh, Aggy, forgive me! forgive me!" And Thomas Graham, alias Richard Carlyle, fell down upon his knees, and seizing Agnes' hand implored her forgiveness.

Agnes stood for a moment pale and trembling, looking at the man at her feet. What was she thinking of. Was she glad he was not her brother?

"My poor, poor father," she said; "how will he bear this news?"

"Dear, dear Aggy, may I not still be his son—son-in-law! He loves us both, and will it not make him happy to see us one for life—forever?"

"Richard," she said quietly, her head bent down and her hand working nervously with her parasol. "Richard do you think you have gained my love honorably?"

"Then you do really love me?" cried he, seizing her hand and evading the question.

"Yes; God forgive me if I do wrong, I do love you."

There was no outburst of feeling in this acknowledgement; it was said in a quiet, gentle manner; nothing denoting the tumult that was passing within, except a few tears that stole over her pale cheek, and a nervous working with her parasol.

The passionate words of love and joy that Richard (if we may be allowed to call him by this name) uttered, I will not try to describe, as it would be far beyond my power, enough that their hearts from thenceforth were joined forever.

When this news was told old Mr. Carlyle, by an intimate friend, he did not rave and curse Richard for deceiving him. No! it was not his nature; like his daughter he was affectionate and forgiving, and although he shut himself up in his room for two days, and refused to see Richard, his gentle nature soon overcame him and said:

"I love him just the same, and if they love each other, let them be made man and wife, and I will still regard him as my son."

If we had but more faith, we should have more care. Good, the more communicated, more abundant grows.

An Ohio oarsman has been arrested for making counterfeit money. He should remember it is one thing to forge ahead on a boat, but quite another to forge a head on a \$10 bill.

Flowers.

A popular florist says almost everybody has something in the way of a flower garden in summer. We rent a good many of our choice plants to rich people who adorn their lawns with them in the summer and bring them back to us for the winter.

For very nice plants like the palm, we get from \$5 to \$8 a season. The palm is probably the choicest plant we have, and a fine specimen is valued as high as \$35. We don't sell many of them. The most common varieties of garden plants that flourish in this climate are geraniums, verbenas, roses, carnations and pansies.

In the way of shrubs for lawns, we have a very large range. Snow-ball and syringa are very common and nice. Then there are spiraea, of which we have as many as two dozen different kinds. A new shrub was introduced here a few years ago which is proving a great favorite—hydrangea grandiflora. It is very well suited to the purpose and the climate. It is hardy no Minnesota winter can kill it. It is an excellent bloomer withal.

"Did you know that flowers prefer a humble to a palatial residence? It is certainly a fact that as a rule poor people have better plants than the rich. The atmosphere of a big house does not agree with floral constitutions. It is too dry. Flowers want moist air. They enjoy the steam that rises from the singing tea-pot. A kitchen is a good conservatory. Then the poorer people always take more care of their flowers—and they need care as much as children. A rich lady spends a good deal of money, buys a lot of nice plants, stacks them up somewhere where they look pretty, waters them semi-occasionally, and expects them to grow like weeds and blossom all the time. They don't come up to her expectations, of course; the consequence is she gets discouraged and says she will never fuss with flowers again. She looks across the street to her humble neighbor, sees a window full of healthy plants and bright blossoms, and wonders why her plants will never do such things. It is easily explained. Her neighbor, probably has not spent one-tenth as much money, but has given what she has bought ten times as much care. But other things being equal, the plant will do better in the hut than in the palace, on account of the atmospheric conditions I spoke of. There are very few rich people in St. Paul who have fine conservatories. It does not seem to be the fashion, as it is in some places. I can count all that I know of on the fingers of one hand. It is a costly luxury. It would spoil \$3,000 to do the thing up in good shape, and a good deal more can easily be expended."

"Some of the more common house plants are primroses, begonias, fuchsias, heliotropes, callas, carnations and roses; but there is an endless variety, any of which can be made to do well with proper care. Each has its peculiar characteristics and requires particular conditions. Most people know little or nothing about these and make terribly bungling work of it. The wonder is that the plants survive at all. It is curious to note the difference in the various nationalities in this matter. I believe the Germans as a general thing are fond of flowers and know most about them. I don't doubt that there are English and Scotch florists who equal, possibly surpass, any German florists; but I mean the people as a race. The Germans always make their plants do well by constant and intelligent care. They do not spend much money on them. I sell comparatively few plants and cut flowers to Germans; but they make the most of everything they get. They keep them longer and make them bloom better. The Scandinavians don't care much for flowers, as a rule, while the Irishman is entirely satisfied with his potato and cabbage."

A Live Town.

"Well Dodge city may have been a rough place. I reckon it was. But it never came up to Newton. Why, Newton had as many as half a dozen first-class murders in one night. The man that didn't carry a pistol was of no account in those days. I recollect sleeping in a room with thirteen beds, two men to each bed, and a pistol under a vest or a pair of pants placed beneath the pillow every time. That was when the cattle drove to Newton. Most every building in the town was full of bullet holes. My father bought a dance-house building and moved it down to Hutchinson for other purposes, and people used to walk round it and look at it and admire the round holes in the window panes. There wasn't a whole light in the house. Then when Newton ceased to be a great cattle-shipping point the rough business came along to Dodge City. It missed Hutchinson for the reason that it was a temperance town. But there's saloons enough in Dodge City. Why, the Mayor is a saloon keeper, his bartender is City Clerk, the two Marshalls are ex-dance-house men, and the School Directors are some of them in the same fix."

Don't Borrow Trouble.

A large part of life's burdens are self-imposed and wholly needless. Fears of calamities which never happen, a doleful habit of looking at the worst, a suspicious disposition, a jealous turn of mind—these are the tyrants that load us with burdens heavy to bear but needless to carry. If we should honestly examine the various burdens of our lives, we should be surprised to find how many of them are of this character. Not only may we drop them if we will, but justice to others demands that we should. A man or woman habitually unhappy is essentially selfish, and is always a thorn in the community. There are enough crosses and trials of life which must be borne without manufacturing artificial and needless ones; and the more thoroughly we rid ourselves of the latter, the more energy and spirit we can bring to bear upon the former.

What is death?

To go out like a light, and in a sweet trance to forget ourselves and all the passing phenomena of the day as we forget the phantom of a fleeting dream; to form as in a world; to enter into a more exalted sphere, and to make a new step up man's graduated ascent of creation.

Seasons in Mexico.

May and June are the hottest months in the City of Mexico. If one is too thickly clad at midday it is usually possible to take the shady side of the street. Since nobody is ever in a hurry, it is, of course, quite unnecessary to walk in the sun. And when the new comer gets thoroughly Mexicanized he will stay in-doors at midday. Umbrellas are sometimes useful as walking sticks or parasols; save in summer they are never wanted to shed rain. Just now the rainy season is on and we have had some tremendous showers. So has the country down below. The rainy season, in fact, ought to be called the showery season instead. It never rains drizzle, drizzle, after the Eastern style, but it pours, and yet there is no continuous downfall. In June, July and August in Mexico, rain descends almost every day in copious showers, but the summer sun shines with no less regularity between times, and every day has a clearing off. During eight months out of the twelve it is as certain, day by day, that the morrow will be pleasant as that the morrow will come. It seems to be the American opinion that Mexico will make a good winter resort, but is a country that it must be wise to keep out of in summer. This is a great mistake. Denver and Santa Fe are summer resorts, the towns of the Mexican plateau are no less fit to be. They are southern, but they are elevated, and high elevation countervails low latitude. In the summer, again, the face of nature is beautiful, while in the dry season it becomes withered and uninviting. But of course the contrast between Northern American and Mexican winters is greater than between the summers of the two regions, and on the whole Mexico is a better country to flee to to escape cold than heat. Traveling suits, for men and women, ought to be dust proof. In the cities the upper classes display European fabrics and styles exclusively. Women of refinement appear almost universally without head covering. This is the only noticeable departure from the habits of their American cousins. The feet should be well shod. Soap will never be found at the hotels, and the better kinds are expensive in Mexico. As for the customs officials, courteous and just treatment is the rule. A visitor proposing to make a stay of much length beyond the Rio Grande, I should say, would do well to take from home whatever clothing or other paraphernalia seems likely to be needed. For a brief tour, light marching order is, of course, sensible.

The Arizonian Atmosphere.

Nature, true and simple and untarnished, is a great pacifier. Ruined hopes seem always less shattered when one is allowed to look upon a placid lake or at an unmoved peak or upon a silent prairie. There is rest there, and assurance, too, and many a man, worn out with his battle in life, has found comfort at last in a country vista where there was no turmoil and no strife, but only rest and peace. In Arizona the air is so clear and bracing and the life is so simple that one is unusually well prepared to hear a sermon from the high hills and the clear sky and deep canyons, and at Tucson, which is so generally regarded as a wild, reckless, uncivilized sort of town, a man has glimpses of nature which make him forget for a time the dull reality of the present in the contemplation of the future as it is suggested by the scenery about him. I know the Southwest lacks much that is calculated to make life enjoyable. But it has a great deal which is absent in more civilized regions. Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow, harsh and wild though the scenery be, there are vistas of exceeding beauty, composed of peaks and serrated ranges, wild uncultivated fields, crumbling ruins telling of departed races, brilliant flowers wasting in very truth their fragrance in the desert, that one is very soon disposed to forget the things that are not present and to enjoy those that are. It is a land for poets to see and sing of, for it is filled with interesting associations, and as for the coloring, one must see the mountains bathed in their brilliant hues, the vast plains, white and wide, but dotted with bright flowers, and the sky, cloudless, soft and glorious, before he can form even the faintest idea of what the land is like.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

To keep one's opinion is a cheap pleasure, and a sweet one. No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own. Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones. Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion, in all things. Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man. We shall all be perfectly virtuous when there is no longer any flesh on our bones. If we cannot live so as to be happy, let us live so as to at least deserve happiness. What is defeat? Nothing but education, nothing but the first step to something better. A rule for living happily with others, is to avoid having stock subjects of dispute. Where a cause is good, an appeal should be directed to the heart rather than the head. A person under the firm persuasion that he can command resources virtually has them. Keep carefully out of a quarrelsome person's way, and still more carefully out of his ways. Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means—not beyond. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it. Happiness depends not so much on means and opportunities as on the capacity of using them. Our happiness depends less upon the art of pleasing than it does upon a uniform disposition to please. If you want to do right, you must be right. There is no such thing as well-doing apart from well-being. Be at least as polite to father, mother, child, as to others; for they are more important to you than any other. If you hit the mark, you must aim a little above it; every arrow that flies feels the attraction of the earth. It is the pleasure of the gods—that what is in conformity with justice shall also be in conformity to the laws. Whatever people may think of you, do that which you believe right. Be alike indifferent to censure or praise. A right mind and generous affection have more beauty and charms than all other symmetries in the world besides. Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretences. The moment we feel angry in controversy we have already ceased striving for truth and begun striving for ourselves. Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever-extending circle. He who is dear to the heart is near, though far as he can be, he whom the heart rejects is remote, though near as our very self. Smiles are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotions of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them. Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he is sure of losing. As the soil however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit. Every man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggestion of what he should be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age. Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity by whomsoever exhibited. Where there are two things so opposite and yet so nearly related, so unlike and yet often so hard to be distinguished from each other, as humility and pride? Conversation should be pleasant, without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceit, novel without falsehood. True glory consists in doing what deserves a place in history, writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it. Expect not praise without envy until you are dead. Honors bestowed on the illustrious dead have in them no admixture of envy; for the living pity the dead; and pity and envy, like oil and vinegar, assimilate not. Educate all the faculties and propensities of children; but, above all, see that the conscience, the balance-wheel of the moral system, is trained upon perfect accord with the principles of positive truth and absolute justice. If Satan ever laughs it must be at hypocrites. They are the greatest dupes he has. They serve him better than any others, but receive no wages. Nay, what is still more extraordinary, they submit to greater mortifications than the sincerest Christians. We are ruined not by what we really want but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants; if they are real wants, they will come home in search of you; for she who buys what she does not want will soon want what she cannot buy. Never be ashamed to confess your ignorance, for the wisest man on earth is ignorant of many things, inasmuch that what he knows is mere nothing in comparison with what he does not know. There cannot be a greater folly in the world than to suppose we know everything. The most glorious exploits do not always furnish with the clearest discoveries of virtue or vice in men. Sometimes a matter of less moment, an expression or a jest, informs us better of their characters and inclinations than the most famous sieges, the greatest armaments, or the bloodiest battles whatsoever.