

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

Boast not because you never fall—
The most unworthy ship,
With favoring tide and favoring gale,
Will seldom miss a trip.

THE OLD BLACK MILL.

Our tale opens in New Jersey during the Revolution, in the year 1776. It was a bleak, wintry day in December, of that memorable year in our nation's history; with snow falling fast and furious, and covering the country with a spotless shroud of white, while the winter's wind came piping and walling thro' the skeleton trees, lonely glens, and across the bleak and desolate country.

snarled the leader, "but it won't do—no sir ee."
"I deny nothing. I did warn my countrymen of your coming, and, were it necessary for their safety, I would do so again."
"My son, my son, in heaven's name, be careful what you say," cried the agonized mother, in alarmed distress.

that leads to a dark building, since known as a thriving mill. The mill had stopped, it was left to ruin and the rats, which were its usual occupants now.
But to-night it sheltered from the heavy storm Dick Amroyd and his followers on their way to the English lines.
Silently came the avengers up the snowy pass that leads to the mill door, which is closed but not barred.

Connor O'Connor.
Connor O'Connor was really a true-born Irishman; his walk, his merry blue eyes, as large as nature could make them, and above all his rich mellow voice, with just a suspicion of brogue, betrayed his nationality at once.
Having come to America a few months before the opening of my narrative and given his recommendations as a gentleman, society had received with open arms the son of Erin. As this particular society happened to be located in Boston, and as Connor was making a rather precarious living as a journalist, the worthy dames of the "Hub" had opened their houses and hearts to this shining light without demanding his grandfather's pedigree.

into the library and had a long conversation, which ended in her coming out in tears. Later in the day there was to be a grand dinner in honor of the Count and Countess, to which Connor was invited.
His "individualship" made his appearance and was met in the vestibule by Theo.
"Mr. O'Connor, papa."
"Very well; you may go. Take a seat, sir," said Mr. Bertrand, not looking up from his desk. When he did look up he was quite unprepared for the genteel style of the young Irishman, but mustered an ugly scowl on his never remarkably handsome face.

Miss Olney's Valentine.
"A beautiful morning," Miss Olney thought, as she carried her bird cage to the window and threw open the shutters to let in the full flood of light. Old memories were stirring her heart as she went about her work to-day, for this sunny 14th of February seemed so like another in the long ago. She was only sixteen then—"sweet sixteen."
Jack Brown called her—and they often called her a "little flirt" in those days. She had never meant to jilt him—never and when, on that night, at the valentine party, she had allowed Alf Brimmer to take her home, leaving Jack, who had escorted her there, to find out at his leisure that she was gone, she fully expected he would come over the next day and make it all up. But Jack did not come the next day, nor the next day after that. And then she heard he had gone away. But though her own folly and Jack's rash haste had marred the lives of both, Miss Olney grew into a nobler, better woman for the sorrow she had endured. Doing "with all her might" every duty her hands found to do, living a life of quiet usefulness, she found herself at 50, if not positively happy, at least content.