

NEAR THE DAWNING.

When life's troubles gather darkly  
Round the way we follow here;  
When no hope the sad heart lights.  
No voice speaks a word of cheer;  
Then the thought the shadows scatter,  
Giving us a cheering ray—  
When the night appears the darkest,  
Morning is not far away.

LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT.

"How do you feel now, mother dear?"  
asked a tender young voice. "Is your  
head any better?"  
"No, Mabel. It aches and aches,  
until I almost wish I could die. Lay  
your hand here."  
Mabel's cheek paled as her mother  
took her hand and pressed it against her  
temple.  
Such fire would soon burn out life's  
lickering taper.  
She wet a cloth and bound it round  
the fevered head. As she did so the  
sick woman gave a sigh of relief. She  
opened her eyes and turned a grateful  
look upon the girl.  
"Do you know, Mabel," she said feebly,  
"I dreamed last night of the dear  
old home where we lived before your  
father died. You were a wee toddling  
baby then. It seems to me, if I could  
have some of the flowers that grew in  
the garden in front of the house, the  
very smell of them would cure me."  
Tears rushed to Mabel's eyes. They  
lived in the great crowded city, and  
they were poor. Mabel could not spare  
from her scanty hoard even the trifling  
sum for which she could buy a bunch  
of flowers from the vendors who were  
stationed at so many different places  
along the street.  
How could she get some of the fragrant  
flowers for her mother?  
Suddenly came a thought of an old-  
fashioned mansion a little way out of  
the city. It was embowered in a wil-  
derness of bloom.  
Surely it would be no harm for her  
to go and ask for some flowers, they  
could but refuse them.  
She bent over the invalid and kissed  
her.  
"Mother," she said softly, "if you  
will be content to stay alone for a few  
hours I think I can gratify your longing,  
if not for the blossoms that grew about  
your old home for some just like them.  
I will ask Mrs. Gray to come in and  
give you your medicine regularly."  
Mrs. Gray was a kind-hearted woman  
who occupied a part of the house in  
which they lived, and she readily con-  
sented to minister to the invalid's com-  
fort in any way she could during  
Mabel's absence.  
It was not without a tremor that  
Mabel had found herself in a broad,  
quietly kept path which led to the  
Gwynne mansion.  
A huge mastiff sprang toward her as  
she neared the house.  
"Down, Nero! Down!"  
The speaker was an old gentleman,  
who evidently feared that the approach  
of the dog would intimidate Mabel. But  
Nero contented himself with a good-  
natured snarl, reserving his fiercer side  
for a more suspicious party.  
His master looked pleased to see  
Mabel pat his head fearlessly. The  
truth was, now that she was in the pres-  
ence of the stately old master of the  
place, her heart failed her, and she was  
glad of an excuse to defer asking for the  
flowers.  
"Well, Miss," he said courteously,  
"can I do anything to put you in  
the way of finding the person you are  
seeking?"  
"It is you sir. I came to ask you for  
flowers for my sick mother."  
"Pick all you want. The more the  
better. You are welcome to all you can  
carry."  
Just then Mabel heard a clear, ring-  
ing voice shout: "Grandfather!" and out  
of the cool, tiled hall, of which an en-  
chanting glimpse was visible through  
the open door, came a youth who looked  
to her like some prince from a fairy  
land.  
She was not accustomed to the luxu-  
rious habits of the rich, and his dark-  
blue velvet dressing-gown, fastened by  
the cord of shimmering, woven gold,  
and the richly embroidered smoking-  
cap which rested on his curly hair,  
seemed to her altogether too gorgeous  
a toilet for a mortal like herself.  
But the illusion only lasted for a mo-  
ment. A pair of brown eyes, just the  
color of a ripe chestnut, glanced at her  
curiously as their owner came down the  
walk.  
"You are just the one I want, Chauncey.  
Get my pruning-shears and a basket  
of the table in the lower hall, and  
bring them to me."  
Chauncey soon returned with the de-  
sired articles, and Mabel found herself  
following Mr. Gwynne into the garden.  
She was soon laden with fragrant spoils,  
and was sent homeward rejoicing with  
a kindly:  
"Come again when these are faded,"  
from Mr. Gwynne.  
When Mabel reached home and her  
mother saw the flowers, she put out her  
hands with a delighted exclamation.  
"Give them to me, child, quick! The  
very sight of them gives me new  
strength!"  
And when Mabel put the fragrant  
clusters in her hands, she held them to  
her face in a mute ecstasy.  
After a while she turned her eyes  
upon Mabel, with a look in them which  
started the girl by its intensity.  
She was not like Mabel, who was  
sight and pale, and who looked even  
more childish than her years, with only

Florida Orange Groves.

her heavy mass of rippling curls and  
her dark, appealing eyes to redeem her  
face from absolute plainness. She had  
evidently once been a woman of queenly  
form and of magnificent beauty. Even  
now her great fever-bright eyes and  
hollow cheeks bore a weird, spectre-like  
semblance of health, but it was delu-  
sive.  
"My darling," she whispered, "you  
have brought me a blessing and you  
shall be rewarded. To-morrow I will  
throw pride to the winds and dictate a  
letter to my father which shall restore  
my child to her rights. Oh, Mabel,  
nature is an unerring teacher, and in  
your love and obedience to me I have,  
at this late day learned a lesson of duty.  
I was, when young, carefully educated  
in all but that most important of lessons  
to a child, filial obedience. I was  
brought up to think that my own wishes  
must be gratified at any cost; and when  
I met and loved your father, instead of  
waiting patiently to gain a consent  
which my indulgent parents could not  
long have withheld to our union, we  
were married clandestinely. My one  
effort at reconciliation was not success-  
ful—and—darling, I am too  
weary to say any more. Another day  
I will finish my story."  
But when the morrow's sun shone  
into the room, it was to rest, like a  
voiceless benediction, upon a clay-clad  
form, and upon a mother's girl alone  
with it and her sorrow.  
At first the desolate child—for Mabel  
was but fourteen—was conscious only of  
her bereavement. But soon came a  
thought which brought with it such  
keen pain that it aroused her to instant  
action. Her darling mother must not  
be laid away to rest in the Potter's  
Field.  
She would go to the kind old gentle-  
man who had given her the flowers,  
and ask him for help in this trying hour  
which had come to her young life. She  
found him at home.  
"Oh, sir," she said piteously, "my  
mother is lying cold and still, with all  
the sweet life gone out of her beautiful  
body! You are kind and rich. I know  
it is a great deal to ask, but if you  
keep them from laying her in a charity-  
grave I will pay back every penny you  
spend."  
The pleading, tear-stained face, the  
childish, yet womanly ways of the self-  
reliant little creature, thus pledged to  
fulfill a duty which would entail long  
hours of labor, and days of anorectic  
abstinence before it could be accom-  
plished, touched a chord in Randolph  
Gwynne's heart.  
"Go home, little one," he said gently,  
"and mourn for your dead. Do not  
fear; I will see that all needful arrange-  
ments are attended to."  
After all was over, Mabel settled down  
again to her monotonous routine of  
work. Every week she scrupulously  
laid aside a portion of her earnings and  
carried them to Mr. Gwynne, who took  
them from her with apparent indiffer-  
ence.  
The child had made a contract with  
him, and out of respect for her man  
of business carried it out to the letter.  
At last the final payment was made.  
As Mabel turned to go, after thanking  
her benefactor, his voice recalled her to  
his side.  
"Little Mabel," he said, "I have been  
an interested spectator of your manner  
of life since you and I made our bar-  
gain. I have seen your cheeks grow  
pale for want of the food you persisted  
in denying yourself, that you might  
bring your weekly hoard to me, and I  
wondered if one so young would be  
able to carry out so high a resolve.  
You have succeeded, and all your life  
you will have it to remember.  
Now your part is done, and mine  
begins. Give me your hand, my child,  
for Randolph Gwynne respects you.  
More than that, he loves you well  
enough to ask you to become his  
adopted daughter. Come and make  
your home with me. You shall have  
every advantage that bountiful means  
can provide. You will have no objec-  
tions, Chauncey, my boy, will you?" as  
his grandson came into the room.  
A few words explained his meaning,  
and Chauncey turned his handsome  
eyes indifferently toward the hesitating  
girl. It was not the first time they  
met—Mabel was conscious in every  
fiber of her sensitive being, but Chauncey  
did not remember her.  
So the careless but good-natured "Of  
course, grandfather, one more or less  
doesn't matter in this great world,"  
said deep into Mabel's memory, to rise  
again to the surface and influence her  
future long after Chauncey had forgot-  
ten them.  
So it was that Mabel was domiciled  
at the Gwynnes. A governess was engaged  
for her, and music and painting lessons  
soon occupied the time not engaged in  
her studies. Thus a year passed on.  
One morning the daily paper was  
brought as usual to Mr. Gwynne, as he  
was sitting at the breakfast-table, sip-  
ping coffee.  
Suddenly an exclamation from him  
arrested Mabel's attention.  
He had read a notice asking for the  
knowledge of the whereabouts of one  
Rachel Freeland, whose married name  
was Wynne. Her only surviving parent  
had died, and she, if living, was sole  
heiress to a large fortune; if dead, her  
children would inherit.  
"Well I remember poor Rachel," said  
Mr. Gwynne musingly. "She was the  
handsomest girl I ever saw. She gave  
up all for love, and made a clandestine  
marriage with a man of whom her par-  
ents disapproved. Poor Rachel! I wonder  
if she is alive!"  
Mabel rose from the table, and went  
to Mr. Gwynne. She was very pale, but  
her eyes shone with excitement.  
"Rachel Freeland was my mother's  
maiden name. Oh, my kind benefactor,  
how little you knew whose child it was  
you were befriending! But for you she  
would be sleeping in a nameless grave!"  
"Truly, the ways of God are myster-  
ious!" said the kind-hearted old gentle-  
man, taking off his spectacles to wipe  
away the sudden mist that blurred them.  
Mabel had no difficulty in proving her  
claim, as her parents' marriage certifi-  
cate was found among some papers  
stowed away in an old chest. So the  
orphan wail adopted by Randolph was  
now independently wealthy in her own  
right.  
Mabel was now fifteen. She had not  
changed much in personal appearance

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during the year of her stay at the  
Gwynnes. She was still slight and  
rather undersized. Her complexion was  
rather sallow, and though her features  
were regular, she was undeniably plain.  
Her luxuriant shining hair and lustrous  
eyes, were, however, sufficient to re-  
deem her from positive ugliness.  
Chauncey was still a student, coming  
home only for his college vacations,  
and then burying himself in his beloved  
books, so that he was only visible at  
meal times.  
Suddenly Mr. Gwynne's health failed,  
and he was ordered abroad. Mabel and  
Miss Clay, her governess, accompanied  
him. They remained away from home  
three years.  
Then word came to Chauncey that  
they were coming home. They were  
tired of travel, and Mr. Gwynne had  
quite recovered his health.  
Chauncey met them at the station.  
He was handsome and indifferent-look-  
ing as ever, but was truly, in his ap-  
pearance, a king among men to Mabel's  
pariahs.  
As the little party he had come to  
meet drew near, he gave his grand-  
father a cordial shake of the hand, and  
turned towards Mabel, to find himself  
confronted by a tall, stately girl, with  
flashing dark eyes, set in a face of such  
loveliness that he was, for a moment,  
dazzled.  
"I beg your pardon, I thought it was  
my cousin," he said, turning to the  
other lady.  
But when Miss Clay's familiar fea-  
tures met his eyes, he asked:  
"Where is Mabel, have you left her  
behind?"  
"Don't you know me, Cousin Chauncey?"  
asked a merry voice beside him, and  
the beautiful apparition he had  
mistaken for a stranger put out her  
gloved hand in a half-playful, half-  
friendly way.  
From that time the young student's  
torture commenced.  
Mabel, who had left home a half-  
grown girl, had gained with maturity  
the rounded suppleness of form as well  
as the queenly dignity of a young  
Diana; and with the rich color, which  
had chased away the pallor of her  
cheeks, had come that delicious, deli-  
cate complexion so rarely seen with  
dark hair.  
An older and more experienced judge  
of beauty would, years before, have  
seen its promise in those regular fea-  
tures, and straight, though at that time,  
angular outlines—but to her adopted  
cousin it was a surprise.  
He looked upon it as upon a miracle,  
and every new glimpse of her bewitch-  
ing face served but to deepen the im-  
pression.  
But Mabel had changed in other  
things beside beauty. She was incom-  
prehensible to him in her varied moods.  
Now grave—now gay—now majestic  
as a princess—now gentle and simple  
as a child.  
Chauncey knew not what to make of  
her. But he was fully conscious of one  
truth; that he loved the very ground  
her tiny feet had pressed. He was her  
shadow.  
At last he grew desperate.  
She should not thus hold him aloof  
and play with his feelings any longer.  
It might be amusement to her, but it  
was making his life a torture.  
So he captured her in the library one  
morning, before the rest of the family  
had made their appearance, and pressed  
his suit with an earnestness which  
would have moved a heart of stone.  
But to all appearance it had no effect  
upon Mabel. She answered with a  
careless smile:  
"In a house, like this, where 'one  
or more doesn't matter,' it would be  
well for you to think twice before offer-  
ing yourself to me; and she swept  
from the room, leaving Chauncey lost  
in a maze of bewilderment and anger.  
Her debt was paid; but was Mabel  
happy? It was hard to tell from her  
appearance in society.  
Chauncey made no attempt at recon-  
ciliation; and the two young hearts  
daily drifted farther apart, until one  
day it happened that the same spirit  
stirred within them both—a longing for  
a walk in the garden.  
Winter had passed, and summer had  
come, and so had the flowers. At the  
end of the bushes from which Mabel had  
carried the clusters to her sick mother.  
Their eyes met involuntarily. In  
spite of his wounded pride, Chauncey's  
wild love sprang into renewed life, and  
he held out his arms entreatingly.  
"O, Mabel, forgive me! I was but a  
careless, thoughtless boy. It is the  
man who now appreciates you, and  
loves you better than his own life."  
Another moment and Mabel's queen-  
ly head was resting on his breast.  
"It was because I loved you even  
then that your words had power to  
sting me so cruelly. They rankled all  
through the years that followed them.  
But the pain is gone now."  
So said the flowers, and told another  
one of those tales as old as the first  
love-tale in Eden, and yet as young as  
the morning which ushers in a new day.

Receiving New Cadets.

Harriet Beecher Stowe has a grove on  
the St. Louis river, just above Pala-  
tka, from which she enjoys a hand-  
some revenue annually, besides having a  
pleasant resort for the winter months.  
Colonel Hart's grove, opposite Jackson-  
ville, on the St. John's, is the oldest  
grove in the State. Some of the trees  
have been as many as 8,000 oranges in  
one season. Quite a profitable grove  
that. The Indian and Oklawaha river  
fruit is the best and brings the high-  
est price in the market. Most of the  
Florida stock—in fact, I may say all of  
it—is shipped to New York, Baltimore,  
and Philadelphia. The demand for  
our oranges is so great that were the  
entire state planted in oranges the yield  
would not be sufficient to supply the  
demand from the three cities men-  
tioned. An orange grove is safer than  
a cattle ranch for an investment every  
time.  
Very many seek knowledge not so  
much for the truth as for the specula-  
tion there is in it.  
Old men's eyes are like old men's  
memories; they are strongest for things  
a long way off.

British Consols.

As the price of British consols (an  
abbreviation of "consolidated annu-  
ties") and pronounced either con-sols  
or con-soils, but naturally the latter way  
is a certain mark of the feeling of se-  
curity or insecurity of financiers of all  
kinds in London, the reader may just  
now be in need of the reminder that by  
far the greater portion of the national  
debt of the United Kingdom has been  
funded into a perpetual obligation of  
3 per cent interest per annum to the  
holders. The British Ministers, when  
they desire to borrow money, instead of  
offering a \$1,000 bond at 6, 7, or 8 per  
cent, principle payable in ten or forty  
years, as was done in America, say to  
the money lender: "We will pay 3 per  
cent on everything we borrow. Now,  
how much of a bond do you want in  
return for \$1,000?" The money lender  
has received as high as \$1,774 and  
as low as \$998, according to the degree of  
credit enjoyed by the government. In  
this way the government has piled up  
an amazing obligation of \$5,500,000  
or, in reality has written an annual pen-  
sion-roll of \$145,000,000. Now let us  
suppose that a man desires to "lend  
money to the Government"—that is to  
take the place of those who have so  
lent it, or those whose ancestors have  
so lent it. The investor takes \$1,000  
into the market. If Napoleon has just  
signed the peace of Tilsit, the lender  
obtains, as aforesaid, a bond for \$1,  
774, on which he ever afterward is to  
draw 3 per cent. If Israëli have just  
torn up Russia's treaty of San Stefano  
and taken Cyprus, the lender gets only  
an even bond for his \$1,000. Again,  
if time pass, and a Premier without  
the governmental requisite of an iron  
will allow the government to drift into  
a position of isolation with most of  
the good fighters, then the holder sells  
his bond for \$940, and may be glad to  
get that much. This holder has before  
held bonds for which he paid \$1,000,  
and sold as low as \$800 and as high as  
\$1,020. Consols have not been so low  
for seven years as they are at this crisis  
but they are still firm, as 80 would be  
considered very low and 100 very high.  
The idea of the consol, wherein it differs  
from the American consolidated debt,  
is that the principal may vary in  
amount, but the interest never. This  
makes easier book-keeping for the  
Treasury, but exposes the Treasurer to  
all the greater temptation to borrow.  
The dealings in Government securities  
are "cleared" or "settled" once a  
month. This day (or any other like it)  
is called the London Account, and is  
the greatest of all the financial obser-  
vances in the world. The actual pay-  
ments of money balances at this clear-  
ing mount into the hundreds of millions.  
So the investor may buy consols for  
cash or for the account, which, when  
the account is several weeks away,  
makes a difference in value, like "spot  
wheat" and "seller the month" in  
American Bonds.

Steeples.

In speaking of the usefulness of  
church steeples, we would not have it  
understood that their only use has been  
in connection with the bells. Along the  
coast there can be no doubt that they  
were often used as beacons before the  
introduction of light-houses. At Hap-  
sburgh, in Norfolk, a lofty steeple—  
alas! too near the ever-grasping waves  
—has had its steps well-nigh worn away  
by the continual traffic to its summit.  
We all know, too, how "broad and  
breezy the stars" came forth on Ely's  
stately spire, when the country became  
alarmed at the approach of the Spanish  
Armada. Now-a-days our steeples are  
made to serve more utilitarian purposes  
in carrying vanes, weathercocks and  
flagstays. Although very rarely indeed  
met with in the churches themselves,  
ancient fire-places are by no means un-  
common in steeples. They are usually  
on the first floor, and have flues going  
to the top in the thickness of the wall.  
It has never been satisfactorily proved  
for whose use they could have been in-  
tended. Some have supposed that such  
towers as have them must at some time  
or other have been watch-towers; but  
in remote inland districts it seems more  
reasonable to suppose that recluses  
dwelt in such places.  
With bare walls and narrow loop  
holes, they must have been at all times  
wretched habitations; but picture, if  
you can, such an abode on a windy  
night. The gloomy surroundings, the  
howl of the blast, the perpetual whist-  
ling in the turret-staircase, the creaking  
of the tree-tops, a sense of loneliness  
in all this uproar. Can any situation  
be more conducive to madness? But  
now-a-days we mount our steeples only  
to repair the bell-gear or to hoist the  
flag.  
An Eccentric Hermit.  
Sumner Hartwell, the octogenarian  
hermit of Shirley, Massachusetts, is  
dead. He lived and died in the room  
where he was born. He passed half  
his life in a locality where he could  
hear the locomotive whistle daily, yet  
he never rode on a train of cars, and  
knew not the appearance of the inside  
of an ordinary freight car. He had  
no idea of the nature of the tele-  
graph instrument, and had failed to  
guess upon the telephone transmitter.  
Horse cars would have been as strange  
to him as they would have been to the  
North American Indian in 1837. Of  
the several towns near Shirley he had  
visited only two. The city of Fitch-  
burg, two miles away, he knew no  
more about than he did of Herat.  
From the hilltop where he passed his  
days can plainly be seen the church  
spires in Lunenburg, three miles away,  
yet Sumner Hartwell knew as much  
about Constantinople as he did of Lun-  
enburg. He had been to Townsend  
Harbor, an adjacent village, and had  
paid visits to a grist mill on the edge of  
Grotton, but at that point he would not  
alight from his team. Neither curios-  
ity nor a desire for information had  
ever prompted him to learn in just  
what manner his corn was turned into  
meal. Hartwell never saw a circus,  
never attended a country cattle show,  
never heard of a thousand matters  
familiar to every schoolboy in the land.  
For forty years he had not attended  
church, but he made the request that  
when he died the bell upon the Unitar-  
ian Church be tolled, and it was.

Gambling in Paris.

In this city the police know there is a  
daily *cognote* in the inferior *cercles* of  
Paris which probably reaches a total of  
140,000,000 francs a year. Were the  
croUPIERS honest, this sum, great as it  
is, would be considerably exceeded;  
and what is lost at the watering place  
casinos must be prodigious.  
The suppression of gambling in Ger-  
many to some extent explains why it  
rages so violently in France. Early in  
the last decade new *cercles* started up  
to supply the cravings of those gam-  
blers who used to go to Baden-Baden  
and Hamburg and run back when they  
were cleaned out. The contagion  
spread. Horse-racing, which De Morny  
promoted on the grounds that it im-  
proved horse flesh and circulates  
money briskly, has steadily fed the fever.  
So has the lottery which the govern-  
ment has encouraged under the pre-  
text of forwarding patriotic and chari-  
table enterprises. One commercial re-  
sult of the spread of the hell is the  
run of the cafe restaurants. Hardly  
any of the first or even the second class  
restaurants are able to make both ends  
meet. If French ladies were not fond  
of going for a change to dine in *cabarets  
particuliers* and the demi-monde were  
not still a power, Bignon's, the Cafe  
Anglaise and Peter's would have to  
follow the example of the Cafe Helder  
in winding up. The spreading-out of  
Paris to some extent draws out the  
rush of life from the old boulevards;  
but the restaurants could never the less  
go on prospering were it not for the  
hells. I know of a grandiose hell where  
a *déjeuner* is provided at from three to  
five francs, which would be charged  
twenty-five francs for at Bignon's, and  
could not be furnished at a second-rate  
house. All the vices are now  
and there glorified in its salons, at so-  
cietés artistiques et dramatiques. At  
these entertainments special reviews,  
charades and comedies are played.  
If not written in Latin, they brave  
the *honnêteté*. They are not mere *gaude-  
series*, intended just to raise a laugh,  
but are calculated to unloose the brute  
beast which lies hidden in so many  
civilized beings. These diversions  
get to the head like drugged wine, and  
attach young fools, and still more old  
fools to the disguised hell.

Hugo's Manner of Working.

Hugo's own description of his meth-  
od of work given in a letter written  
not long since, is curious:—"I gener-  
ally work on a number of books at once.  
I pass from romance to poetry, and  
from the theatre to history. Except  
only when I am finishing up a work,  
my labors follow my fancy, and my  
books are built up little by little. I  
rise in the morning often without  
knowing on what I am going to labor.  
According to the inspiration I write  
prose or verse. Sometimes by noon  
the mind has changed, and I finish  
the day with a subject different  
from that of the forenoon. But there  
is no absolute rule." Biographers have  
been led into the error of saying that  
Hugo was the most systematic of men.  
Out in the world men show us two  
sides in their character; by their fire-  
side, only one.