

NEVER TOO LATE

There is a good and a bad in the wayside inns On the highways of our lives, And man can never be free from sin.

HIS GUARDIAN

"Fair as a lily, graceful as a gazelle! Who is she? I would give a thousand dollars if I might but paint that face!"

Many bystanders heard them, looked at the speaker, the lady, then at each other, and smiled.

But the lady herself—a young, slight girl, with large blue eyes, pale, golden hair, and a face like the picture of a saint, so fair and pure it seemed—held on her way, leaning on her escort's arm, without a change of expression or even a startled sidelong glance.

Calmy sat in her box at the concert that evening, with her blue eyes fixed upon the stage. Many an opera glass was turned upon her from below, and in a secluded corner of the stalls at Gervase Livingstone, the artist, gazing at her, with his heart and soul in his large, dark, passionate eyes.

"Who can she be?" he whispered to an intimate friend. "I do not know. The face is a new one," was the low reply.

"A new one! It looks as if it was but just created—as if the eyes had never looked upon a sinful world!" raved the artist. "Years ago, when I was a school-boy in the country, I knew a child with a face almost as pure and sweet. She died, as earthly angels do. Yet, had she lived, she would have been like that girl. Poor little May!"

Leaning his head upon his hand, the artist lost himself in a dream of his boyhood's love. When he looked up again the concert was drawing to a close, and the box was empty—the divinity had gone!

Hurrying from the house, he inquired right and left among the attendants at the door; and finally, by a gift of money, so refreshed the memory of one that he said he had seen the young lady drive off in a private carriage before the concert was over.

ry of a child who died a year ago. It is an odd thing to say of a man like him, but James declares that Livingstone really loved that child, and that he loves her now."

"If that is true," said May Warburton, drying her eyes, "he may yet be saved."

"What do you mean, dear?" "I mean that I am that child, Pauline."

"But the child died," replied Pauline with an astonished look. "No. My cousin, Mary Cameron, died, and he must have seen the notice of her death, or heard of it, and supposed it to be mine. Just before her illness my good Uncle Warburton came to my country home, and finding me a poor and friendless orphan, adopted me as his own child, and gave me his name."

"And was it in that little country town that you knew Gervase Livingstone as a boy?" inquired Pauline. "Yes. He had been sent to the house of some old family servant for his health, and he remained there for two years, while his parents were in Europe. Oh! Pauline, he was the noblest, kindest, most generous-hearted boy! If you will only help me now to save him!"

"Indeed!" said Pauline. "So I am to be bribed with a kiss. Well, let me hear your plan for the benefit of Gervase—I mean Mr. Livingstone—and we will see what can be done."

"I shall need your brother's aid, too, but that you must promise to keep my secret from every one," said May. Then leaning her cheek against Pauline's, she whispered, in the silence of the midnight, her innocent plot for the redemption of a human soul.

Paul Danforth's stay in Boston was but a short one, and on her return to New York it was noticed by her escort that she carried in her own hands, and for the whole distance, a small ebony box, mounted in silver, and fastened with a silver lock and key. "A jewel box," as he supposed.

On the evening of her arrival at the home in Fifth Avenue, after the family greetings were over, Pauline sought a private interview with her brother James, and, after a long explanation, left the ebony box in his care.

"May is a trump, Pauline, and you are another," was the young man's somewhat undignified exclamation, as he brushed his cambric handkerchief across his eyes. "And Livingstone is well worth saving, and the little box shall be in his possession to-morrow evening before he sleeps."

"Secretly, James, remember," said Pauline. "He must not know from whom the gift comes, till he has shown himself worthy of it."

ing it toward the light he saw a picture, framed in gems, and bending nearer the large blue eyes of the lovely stranger at the concert looked up at him from the depths of the goblet with an earnest, appealing gaze.

He nearly dropped the cup in his surprise. Snatching the ebony case from the chimney piece, he searched it eagerly for some clue to the mysterious gift.

Half-hidden in the velvet lining, he found a morsel of paper, and drawing it forth, and holding it to the light, he read: "Not dead, but hoping and praying for you ever."

"May! May! Alive and remembering me!" he exclaimed. And then, as the full significance of the gift flashed across his mind, the crimson flushed to his temples, and sinking on his knees, he laid his head down beside the magic goblet, and burst into a passion of tears.

Those who called at the rooms of the artist during the next week found them closely shut. At last it was rumored about that he had suddenly sailed for England, and a few days more proved the rumor to be true.

A year passed by, and at the annual exhibition of the Academy painters a picture made its appearance which took the world of fashion completely by storm. Every paper noticed it; every person spoke of it; and so numerous and so approving were the comments that pretty Pauline Danforth, who, in general, cared nothing about pictures of any kind, asked her brother James to take her to the gallery to see this wonder on a certain day.

James like a kind brother consented, but with an odd twinkle in his eye, which Pauline could not quite understand. When that evening's train from Boston brought Mr. Warburton and his adopted daughter, May, for a visit of some weeks, James's eyes seemed to twinkle more brightly than ever; and, of his own accord, he invited Miss May to join their party on the following day.

May accepted the invitation with a suppressed sigh. Hearing which, James smiled so broadly that Pauline hunted him speedily into a corner, and demanded some of his secret, whatever it might be.

But James proved obdurate. She would know all he said, at the gallery, where the successful artist was to be proclaimed on the following day. Pauline reflected a moment.

"Oh, she exclaimed, and her eyes began to dance in her turn. But not one word said the little traitress to her friend May. Only she took care that their visit to the gallery should be paid at a very early hour, before the fashionable world had scarcely risen from their beds.

Early as it was, however, one gentleman stood before the famous picture, gazing intently at the beautiful golden-haired guardian angel, who with white waving wings, bent forward over the shoulder of a dark-browed man, walking heedlessly on a flower-strewn descent, toward a fearful gulf, and drew from his unwilling hand a golden cup overflowing with wine.

"I go to-morrow," I said as we sat down on a flat stone beside the road. "Yes so I understand."

"I wish you a pleasant journey and a safe return," she said, bending over her flowers to arrange them. "When do you think you shall be back, William?"

"Perhaps never, Bell! If I succeed in business, I shall most probably settle there, marry there, and live and die there."

"I drew her nearer, and a softening, yielding look came over her face. "And if I did, William?"

"It would make me happier in one way, Bell; for I should feel that my journey was only taken for your good, and that in time you would thank me for making it."

"What do you mean, William? Have you lost your senses? What have I done, or said, or looked, to make you think—what—what you have just said?"

"I was saying it all for your good," I blundered out, sulkily. "And going away for your good, too."

"Because you thought I loved you too much—was that it?" "Yes!"

"And so you were kindly going to take yourself out of sight till I had forgotten you?" "I was silent."

"Oh, grant me patience!" she exclaimed, and then, as if I had stung her to the very heart, she buried her face in her hands. At last she looked up.

"I do not think you are to blame for this—I suppose all men are so," she said, so gently that she took me by surprise. "But I think we had better part."

"And do you quite forgive me for wounding you, as I must have done?" "Oh, dear, yes!"

"I ought to have asked forgiveness long ago. I was but a boy then, and little knew what I was throwing away."

"And you think you know now," she said, looking me straight in the eye with an indescribable glance.

"My heart beat fast; the blood flew to my temples. Did she love me, after all? I caught her hand in mine, and murmured, "Oh, Bell, my darling, none can know better!"

"Well, what do you think it was?" "The noblest, purest, and fondest heart that ever beat in woman's breast," I answered, eagerly. "The truest and tenderest love—"

"I stopped, amazed, for the blue eyes grew dim with tears, and a deep flush covered her neck and cheek and bosom."

"Stop, then!" she said, hurriedly. "You have said enough, already, to humble me to the very dust. It might have been all that when you first knew me but it is not now; and, because you have touched one of the old chords, I spare you. You, at least, shall never have it to say that Bell Gordon has trifled with your happiness. I meant that you should, but you have brought back my better nature. Now go, and leave me. I would not if I could forget her."

"I would not if I could forget her. There may be many more beautiful, and better far; but to my life's end will be none so fair for me. Farewell, sweet dream of my youth! Farewell!"

I wrote to my cousin several times after I had established myself in my new home in Ireland, but as she contented herself by sending messages in answer to my sister Maggie's letters, I took the hint at last, and followed her example. But her silence and her anger did for her what her affection had never done; and if ever a dream of a happy home came into my mind as I sat alone, it was sure to be the face and form of Bell that beautified it.

Three years passed away, and during the summer of the fourth I went for a visit to my country home—thinking fondly to myself that I would bring my cousin with me when I returned, and keep her there with me forever.

It so happened that Bell had just returned from her spring trip to town when I arrived, and my favorite sister Maggie was only too glad of an excuse to call upon her and see the recent fashions she had brought.

During the ceremony of unveiling the Marshall statue, while the senators were absent from the senate, the pages had a grand lark. The boys are sharp observers of the great men with whom they are thrown in daily contact, and soon detect the peculiar hobby each senator has.

As soon as the senators were fairly out of the room the boys prepared for sport. One long, lank red-haired strapping, by unanimous consent, "cause he's got the most gall," as one urchin said, took the seat of the presiding officer, and in Mr. Edmund's most austere manner sharply called the meeting to order.

The boys heartily entered into the humor of the occasion. They dropped into the seats near the presiding officer. "Mr. President," yelled half a dozen voices. "Now you fellows just shut your clack," returned the president. "Do yer think this is a democratic caucus? What do you want he continued, addressing one."

"I want to talk he promptly responded. "Well, go ahead."

"Now, Mr. President," continued the youthful statesman, throwing himself into Senator Dawes' favorite attitude and imitating his peculiar intonation, "what this country ought to do is to go for them Injuns. Why, Mr. President, just look at 'em. Gaze upon the wild sons of the west who come here on their trips to the Great Father—an ignorant lot, whose chief pleasure consists in tomahawking the teachers we send out to instruct them. What should be done? Why, make 'em learn. Turn the army into a regiment of teachers. Force arithmetic into their thick skulls at the point of the bayonet."

"Well, what does the member propose?" asked one of the senators of another impatiently, fearing that his chances to hold forth were being lessened by the prolixity of others.

"Appropriate fifty millions for the purpose of compulsorily educating the redskins," replied the supposed Mr. Dawes. "That will solve the Injun question."

The proposition was received with boisterous applause. "Say, Mr. President," shouted one who could be easily recognized as Senator Logan's counterfeited presentment by his proposition. "I motion to appropriate five hundred millions to pay the expenses of a commission to investigate the true condition of the American nigger and ascertain the progress he has made since the war."

"I hope the gentleman will not insist on the motion," remarked a polite party blandly, "because I was going to appoint a committee consisting of true and faithful republicans to investigate the Danville outrages." "Hello, Sherman!" cried one who from his lack of respect was undoubtedly a democrat.

"I also hope the gentleman will not insist on his motion, for it is clearly unconstitutional," piped a voice in the rear of the chamber. The lads broke into a loud laugh, recognizing Senator Jones' caricature, and immediately got into an excited constitutional discussion. "Logan" holding that his scheme was clearly constitutional, remarking that he "had looked up them points, and he seen they wasn't no good." But others, seeing there was little chance of "getting their work in" unless order was restored, insisted on the senator's "drying up."

Then followed a number of ridiculous motions—to put cigarettes on the free list, to tax pig iron \$100 a ton, to declare women eligible to the presidency. The boys kept up their sport until it was announced that the senators were returning, when they scattered. The whole proceedings was a very clever take-off of the senate.

Famous Discrowned Queens. No image is more pathetic than that of the discrowned Queen. She who has once the object of all men's homage has fallen from her high estate, and now sits pale and bowed down among the ashes where formerly she ruled her jocund court radiantly from her golden throne, golden crown.

Equine Anger

I will relate a little circumstance which took place in Mexico a few years before I left there. One of my friends had a horse, extremely gentle, and of such an easy agreeable gait that he took the greatest care of him and held him at a great price. A well-fet, big and lusty friar was a friend to our neighbor, one who liked the good things of this world as well as he liked to ride out to the small towns bordering upon the City of Mexico and take dinner with the bonny lasses and countrymen inhabiting those villages.

He used to ask my friend to loan him his horse to take these excursions just around the Capital; and, as his requests were granted with so good a grace, he, in a short time, went so far as to ask the loan of his favorite animal to go to Cuernavaca, a distance of eighteen leagues. As this happened pretty often, our friend complained one day of the indiscretion of the friar. I asked him if he could procure me a friar's dress for a few days and leave his horse with me for the same time. He did so. I dressed myself in the friar's dress and went in where the horse was. I took a good whip in my hand and made him do penance for no other sin than that of too much gentleness.

Going out I took off my friar's dress and went in again in my own dress, and handled him gently. I repeated the operation a few days, at the end of which I took the horse back to his master, and told him he might lend him to the friar whenever he pleased. A day or two after he came to my store. "Your remedy," said he, "has had a marvelous effect. Our monk has just left my house, perfectly persuaded that my horse is possessed with the devil. For when the holy personage came up to take him by the bridle to get on him he was so frightened and wheeled around so quick and flew away from him with so much terror that one would have said he took him for the destroying angel."

The friar crossed himself many times, hurried away in all haste to the convent to sprinkle himself with holy water, and never asked my friend for his horse again.

In this case the horse remembered the dress, not the features of the individual who used the whip on him. But horses can remember features as well as costumes.

Persian Flowers

The usual belief is that the "passion" flower derived its name because of the resemblance, or fancied resemblance, of the parts of the plant to the instruments of the Savior's "passion" and crucifixion. Thus the three nails through the hands and feet on the cross are represented by the stamens, five anthers represent the five wounds, the rays of glory or (as others say) the crown of thorns are represented by the rays of the corona, the ten parts of the perianth represent ten of the apostles (Peter, who denied the Savior, and Judas, his betrayer, being absent). The hands of the persecutors are supposed to be indicated by the fingerlike leaves of the plant and the "scourges" in the tendrils.

Imported Sardines

The imitation of imported sardines can go no further. The packing-box is made in Jersey City, the wrapper is printed in New York, the tin cans are manufactured in Boston, the fish are caught on the Maine coast, and the oil is extracted from cotton-seed in Georgia.