

"WHEN I WAS YOUNG"

It might have been a dream of night,
It might have been a vision!
It might have been a thousand things!

NOT SO BAD, AFTER ALL.

Con Creighton had got himself into a scrape, and, man-like, had no very definite idea how he was to get out of it.

Last winter, in a flush of enthusiasm, he had rewarded Emily Cummings's seraphic smiles by an offer of his hand and fortune, and she, having been for months an earnest competitor, accepted the prize with a show of tenderness that was perfect in its way.

She was a belle and a beauty, but, to give the poor fellow his due, he was not very much in love himself, and had, moreover, a faint fleeting notion that his £100,000 had more to do with her acceptance than any purely personal merit of his own.

However, the marriage in all human probability would have taken place, and my little love story been entirely nipped in the bud, had it not been for the grim hand of fate, which beckoned the unfortunate Con to a watering place, on a fishing excursion ostensibly, but in reality to fall in love with pretty little Mabel Gordon.

He met her at some village gathering, and it being a fixed principle of his to attach himself to the prettiest girl in the room, he in the present case adhered to his purpose with a rigidity which would have been extremely amusing only that it so soon became serious, for, after two or three meetings had followed the rustic soiree, Master Con was fairly infatuated, and innocent Mabel began to think that her ideal hero had stepped out from his "castle in the air" and taken earthly lodgings forever and ever more.

For a week the dream was bright and undisturbed; then Con began to feel uncomfortable.

With the prospect of being married to one girl in a month, he was hardly disbonorable enough to propose the same course with another; but being neither very clever nor original, he couldn't see the slightest loop-hole, so, by way of inspiration, perhaps, he lingered on at Mabel's side; and she, poor child, was happy in the uncertainty.

Of course people talked, as they always do talk; and some, more daring than the rest, encompassed Con, and looked unutterable things as they spoke of Mabel's parentage.

"Lives with her father and mother? Oh, yes. But then they don't happen to be her father and mother. She is their daughter's daughter; and as to who was her father—well, we don't know, and the Blairs take care to give us no information."

Then Con was awfully angry. He was just young enough to be Quixotic, and, of course, he wanted to marry her, shame or no shame; to take his little star-faced angel to himself for evermore—to transplant his little field daisy to a more luxurious soil.

He went up to see her, with a letter from Emily Cummings in his pocket and an ominous guilty feeling about his heart.

"By Jove! but this is a cheering scrape. Those Cummingses will be after me like a pack of vultures; but all I know is that I'll never have a wife if I don't get Mabel Gordon."

So, with trembling determination, he went into her presence—pretty Mabel, with her white face upraised and her wondrous hair falling around her like a glorious golden cloud.

"I thought you would come," she said shyly, the color faintly flushing her fair cheeks. And then, though nature hadn't made him so, Con felt more foolish than ever.

"As if I could stay away!" he answered, half reproachfully; then added pathetically, "At least, until I have to, for I'm going away in a day or two."

I suppose Mabel had the natural coquettishness of her sex; but at that particular moment it deserted her entirely. Her eyes wandered down the road, and she leaned more heavily than ever against the garden gate.

"Oh, are you?" very faint and tremulous, she murmured.

"Yes; but I'll come back again if any one wants me."

She stole one quick glance at him from under her downcast lids.

"Do you want me, Mabel? Shall I come back to you?"

No answer came from the parted lips, but I think he knew she wanted him, for, leaning over the garden gate, he answered her silence by saying, "Very well, dear. I'll be back in a very little

while, and you'll be waiting for me, won't you?"

It was not very definite, to say the least of it.

Any other girl would have preferred a more lucid proposal, but poor little Mabel had one of those rare natures which are satisfied to give all and take almost nothing—to love pre-eminently, perfectly, and receive in return a trifling bit of affection.

The world doesn't contain a great many like her, and I, for one, am heartily glad.

I think the women who hold their own, and anything else they can get, are far more preferable; but then earth and earth's children must be variegated, sharp as well as sweet.

Con went home that night ecstatically but guiltily happy, and when he reached home he found a letter awaiting him—a letter from his mother, the elder Mrs. Creighton, asking, or I should say demanding, his instant return.

"Emily is very ill," she said, "and certainly your place should be beside the lady who in four weeks will become your wife. In addition to this, I am afraid that some ulterior object causes your long delay in that out-of-the-way place. I have heard, but totally disbelieve, a rumor of some girl whose pretty face has attracted your attentions. It floated upon me with some appearance of veracity, and might have troubled me had I not known that I could trust your dignity as being a member of the Creighton family and your honor as being engaged to Emily Cummings."

Con crashed the letter in his hand and tried to stare circumstances in the face, but circumstances baffled him, and in a state of semi-torture he retired to his dream-disturbed couch.

The next morning he returned to London, leaving a little note for Mabel in explanation of his absence.

Emily Cummings was much better when he reached the city.

Mrs. Creighton greeted him with dignified pleasure, and poor Con felt as utterly mean and dishonorable as his most inveterate enemy could have desired.

For a week he wandered around in a very uncomfortable state, and then he began to make sudden resolutions.

"What a confounded fool I am!" he soliloquized, as he walked along Piccadilly in the most dolorous frame of mind. "I haven't written a word to poor little Mabel, and these people are determined to get me married. I'd better break my bonds before it's too late."

"Mr. Creighton, I would like to speak with you for a moment, please."

Con turned with a start and encountered his lawyer, Arthur Gray, of the firm of Gray & Myers, solicitors.

"Certainly, Mr. Gray. What's the business now?"

"Rather an unpleasant business, I am sorry to say, sir. But will you stop in at my office, where I can fully explain?"

So Con followed him in, and waited to hear what the unpleasant business might be.

"You are aware, sir, that your late uncle from whom you inherit your fortune, died intestate—or, I should say, was thought to have died intestate—whereupon, you were his heir-at-law. A few days since, however, we made what to you must prove a painful discovery—viz, the certificate of his marriage, and a half-drawn-up will, in which he bequeathed all he possessed to his acknowledged wife, or her children, should she have any. After diligent inquiries we have discovered that the late Mrs. Creighton died in giving birth to a child, but the child is still living, so, my dear Mr. Creighton, with deep sorrow, I must inform you that you are—"

"Penniless," finished Con, gloomily, but with deliberation.

"Not quite, Mr. Creighton. Your father left you £2,000, which is something, though considerably less than £100,000. Your cousin arrived to-day, I believe."

Poor Con! He didn't care very much if she never arrived; but he managed to get into the street without disgracefully showing his feelings, and then, by way of keeping up the illusion, tried to whistle.

But the effort was a miserable failure, for, after all, it's no joke to find oneself suddenly precipitated from the pinnacle of millionaireship.

"Well, after all, there's one comfort," he said, returning to his soliloquy; "Emily Cummings won't want me now; so I fancy I'll give her warning. Mabel will take me, rich or poor, and I hope I'm not such a miserable coward as to shirk the labor of a man."

His meditations brought him up in front of the Cummings' residence.

Five minutes after he was sitting in the daintiest of boudoirs. Emily before him in the most recherche of French morning robes, fragrant with the subtlest of French perfumes.

"You look dreadfully tired, Con. Have you been walking very far?" she asked, a sweet sympathy perceptible in her voice, and a tender anxiety in her luminous eyes.

"Not particularly far, but I have had news; and, as a general thing, that is more harassing than the mere effort of walking."

Con had a way of plunging right into difficulties, and now he wanted to be over with it.

"Why, what news have you had? Nothing very serious, I hope."

"Oh, not at all. Only that I've lost every penny of the fortune my uncle left me!"

He now noticed with great satisfaction that her fair face grew very white, and that she instantly put on an indescribable expression of withdrawal.

"Lost, eh? Oh, no. How?"

"Oh, in a romantic way, of course. It seems that my supposed bachelor uncle was in reality a benedict, but as his marriage was a secret one, and the girl was not of his own social status, nobody knew anything about it, so he told her the ceremony was false, and left her. She died heartbroken, but left an heir or heiress, I don't know which. This child takes the silver spoon out of my mouth, and I, as you see, lose £100,000 and am ruined. Plain and lucid, isn't it?"

But Emily didn't answer; she was grieving over her fallen castles, musing over her unpaid bills, and wondering whether father could stand this last stroke of misfortune.

"Of course, Emily, I came to you at once to release you, if you wished, from our engagement. Reared as you have been, I could not expect you to marry a poor man; and, indeed, I fear that, in my changed circumstances, I would be no fit husband for you."

Then Emily Cummings showed that, girl as she was, she was equal to the occasion.

Standing fully before him, where the light fell directly on the beautiful, haughty face and slender, graceful figure, she assisted him out of his difficulty with an ease and grace that was almost superb.

"I can readily perceive, Mr. Creighton, that it is your wish that our engagement should end, and knowing this, I should be the last one to oppose your inclinations. As regards your loss, I sympathize with you sincerely, but I cannot fail to rejoice that it happened before I awoke to the fate of an unloved wife."

She paused for breath, and then, as Con stood in shameful and, it must be confessed, slightly disgusted silence, she went on. "And now, Mr. Creighton, rather than prolong our unpleasant interview, had we better not say goodbye?"

So, for the last time, Con went down the marble stairs, saying to himself, "At any rate, I still have £2,000 and Mabel."

He walked along the streets, feeling his spirits considerably lighter, his troubled conscience comparatively at rest, but just as he reached his mother's residence Gray once more encountered him.

"Ah here you are again! The very fellow I want! Your cousin has arrived and is anxious to see you. Could you go to her at once? She is with some relatives at the 'Grand Hotel.'"

Con turned on him, a sulky expression wreathing his handsome face.

"Look here, Gray! Isn't it enough for a fellow to be left penniless, without making him play lakcey to the girl that's got his money? As you're so desperately interested, you can tell my cousin that I am very much engaged to-day, and can't go to her. If she wishes to see my mother I presume she can find her."

Arthur Gray whistled as he turned his back upon his late client.

He was a young man, and still unmarried, so it may be presumed he didn't feel very badly as he returned to pay his devoirs to the heiress.

But Con felt far more comfortable as he passed the massive portals of his mother's door, and strode impatiently down the stately halls that were theirs no longer.

As he strode inside the lofty room that his imagination had already peopled, and looked around on the velvet chairs and lounges, in every nook of which he had already ensconced, in fancy, Mabel's slender figure on the softly yielding carpets that he hoped her little feet would press; on the heavy silken curtains from between which he had dreamt of seeing a childish face and golden head waiting and watching for him, and did feel very, very badly; and, after all, I don't think any of us can blame him, although we may all have raised supercilious eyebrows at the truthful homeliness of the old proverb, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window."

After his passion had subsided he wrote to Mabel, and, to give him his due, took infinite comfort in so doing. He told her all his misfortunes and asked if she would in reality become his wife; told her how he hoped by his own exertions to climb the ladder, and asked the aid of her small hands to help him in the struggle. Then he stamped the letter and sealed it with the Creighton seal, after which he went in search of his mother. She was out driving, the servant said, and would not be home until dinner. So, with a feeling of half relief, he was descending the stairs when the servant called, "I forgot to give you this note, Mr. Creighton. It was left about five minutes ago."

Con took it up and glanced carelessly at it, a dainty little envelope, whose delicate address he did not recognize, broke the seal, and read:

"Miss Creighton's compliments to Mr. Creighton, and desires his immediate presence at the 'Grand Hotel.'"

"By Jove! She'll offer me the post of foot-man next. I presume. But I'll go

to her now, and let her see her mistake."

"So, in anything but an amiable humor, he wended his way to her 'immediate presence.'"

"Miss Creighton is engaged at present, but will be down in five minutes," the waiter said. And after he had disappeared, Con began to mutter something contemptuous about "country charms," etc.

Then finding he had to wait he resigned himself to a comfortable armchair until a light step sounded in the hall; until a slight figure, clouds of golden hair and diaphanous robes of fleecy gauze, came floating into the room; until a sweet voice cried out: "Oh, Con, I am so glad to see you!"

Then, while he was staring and wondering, Mabel's two white hands were laid in his; Mabel's sweet face was upturned to him; Mabel's violet eyes rested upon him, the tender love-light lurking in their depths.

"Mabel, my darling—my own little Mabel, what does this mean?"

"Why, you silly fellow, it means that I'm your cousin, Mabel Creighton; and that I'm glad, oh! so glad, Con, that I didn't take your money never to return it. And I'm gladder still that we met before they made this discovery, and that you loved me in spite of what people said!"

He was so stupefied that he could only manage to say, "Why, did you know what they said?"

She drew herself up to her fullest height and looked him proudly in the face.

"Certainly I didn't know it, or I would have found out the truth and told you all at the time you asked me to be waiting for your return. I always thought I was grandpapa's daughter, for you know when my mother died we left the place where I was born and went to the village where you met me."

He began to realize it then, but still you can imagine that he felt rather awkward.

"And so my little Mabel is the heiress," he began, by way of prelude; but she interrupted him.

"No, Con, I'm not; I don't want the money, nor grandpa, nor grandma does not want it. We were happy before and we can be happy again if—"

And then she stopped, the violet eyes drooped and Con was himself again, as he stooped toward her, saying, "Very well, darling; but I must take you, too, for security."

Three months after the security was paid, and the golden link of the marriage tie riveted the agreement forever; while with smiling serenity Mrs. Creighton, senior, looked on, entirely forgetting her old advocacy of Emily Cummings and her own aversion to the little country girl whose "pretty face" had attracted Con's attentions.

Ah, well! I suppose she is pardonable; and I wonder, in the universal joy, if the Mabel Creighton that slept so peacefully in the village churchyard knew that her daughter was happy?"

Punishing the Patagonians.

The dividing line between the Argentine Republic and what was known as Patagonia was the River Negro, which flows along the forty-first parallel, about nine hundred miles north of the Straits of Magellan. The greater portion of this country is well watered pampas or prairie, extending in plainly-marked terraces, rising one after the other, from the Atlantic to the Andes; but toward the south the land becomes more bleak and barren, the soil being a bed of shale with thorny shrubs and tufts of coarse grasses, upon which nothing but the ostrich can exist. The winters are very severe fierce winds sweeping from the mountains to the sea, with nothing to obstruct their course. These winds are called pamperos, and are the dread of those who navigate the South Atlantic. During the winter months the Indians were in the habit of driving their cattle northward into the foothills of the Andes for protection, and leaving them there made raids upon the settlements of the Argentine frontier, killing, burning, and stealing cattle and horses. Terror-stricken the ranchmen fled to the cities for protection, and year by year the frontier line receded toward Buenos Ayres, instead of extending further upon the plains.

President Roca was then a general of cavalry, and had won renown in the war against Lopez, the tyrant of Paraguay. He was sent with two or three regiments to discipline the Indians, and he did it in a way that was as effective as it was novel. While the Indians were in the mountains with their cattle he set his soldiers to work, several thousand of them, and dug a great ditch twelve feet wide and fifteen feet deep from the mountains to the Rio Negro, scattering the earth from the excavation over the ground with such care as to leave nothing to excite the savages' suspicions. Then when the ditch was completed, he flanked the Indians with his cavalry and drove them southward on the run. Being ignorant of the trap set for them, the Indians galloped carelessly along until thousands of them were destroyed.

TEACHER (to a class in moral ethics).—"What has a mother in view when she spans her disobedient child?" Young high school lady—blushes and answers not a word.

Revolvers.

A country merchant at one of the Chicago hotels the other day asked the clerk to direct him to the pawnshop region of the city. The diamond-wearer and bell-jabber looked up in astonishment and was about to send a porter upstairs to look after the guest's baggage, when the latter remarked:

"Oh, you needn't look so scared. I don't want to pawn anything, and will pay my hotel bill. I am a hardware dealer and want to buy some revolvers."

The country merchant went down to South State and Clark streets and made the rounds of the numerous pawnshops to be found there. He bought several dozen revolvers of all sizes and values and piled them in a carpet bag, which he had brought along for the purpose.

"Yes," he said, in response to the inquiry of the Chicago Herald reporter, who had followed him, "I buy all my revolvers in this way. I have been on to the scheme about a year. I never come to Chicago but what I save enough on the revolvers I buy in the pawnshops to pay my hotel bill, and sometimes my incidental expenses. I can buy these goods a great deal cheaper than I could new ones, of course, and out where I live I can sell them for almost as much. There's a queer thing about this revolver trade. A country boy never thinks of coming to Chicago without a revolver in his pocket. He has heard so much about the wickedness of Chicago, you know, that he really thinks it wouldn't be safe. And, besides, no young man in the country thinks himself really a man unless he has a revolver. When they come here to Chicago on business or a visit, or looking for a job, and they run short of money, the first thing that goes to the pawnshop is the revolver; and they go for a song, too. One day I was in a pawnshop, at No. — State street, when a fellow came in and pawned a revolver for a \$1.50 that he had bought of me a month before for \$9. On my next trip I bought the gun for \$3.50 and sold it within a week for \$8. Shouldn't wonder if I could make two or three turns on it before it wears out, and if I don't somebody else will. There's a continual drift of revolvers in that way. We sell 'em in the country, in the city the pawnbrokers get them, and then we buy them back again. Four-fifths of the revolvers sold are in the country towns, and the smaller the town the better the trade in proportion. The trade in cheap revolvers has about played out."

The Fleur-De-Lis.

The lily, or fleur-de-lis, has long been regarded as the flower emblematic of France. From the time of the Merovingian dynasty it has been employed among the signs of royalty. The great seals of Frederic Barbarossa, of Edward the Confessor and of other monarchs show the fleur-de-lis either on the point of the sceptre or on the crown. Many noble families of France, Germany and Italy bear it on their signet. Louis VII., le Jeune, appears to have been the first King of France who placed it in his arms and from that time it became the hereditary armorial bearing of the Capets. Innumerable fleur-de-lis covered the royal vestments and the oriflamme or banner. Philippe III. reduced the number to three to suit the triangular shape of his shield.

Guillim's "Display of Heraldry," folio edition, date 1724, is a quaint old book, reprinted and revised from former editions. It has something to remark on every flower used in heraldry, but not always anything that is interesting save to students of that particular science. Of the lily he has somewhat to say; the rose and the lily are the flowers most often borne in coats of arms. Guillim says: "Of all other the Fleur de Lis is of most esteem, having been from the first bearing the charge of a regal Escutcheon, originally borne by the Kings of France; though tract of Time hath made the Bearing of them more vulgar; even as purple was in ancient Times a Wearing only for Princes, which now has lost that Prerogative through Custom."

At the time of the first Restoration, that of Louis XVIII., in 1814, certain citizens of Paris were called the Chevaliers du Lis and carried a small silver lily on a white ribbon, hanging from the button-hole. This was not an order of knighthood, but an order of fervent royalists. Every one holding any office under the restored monarchy was at first compelled to wear the lily, but when the early excitement wore off the sign of it disappeared, after an existence of only two years.

The name Susan or Shushan, signifies in Hebrew, Lily.

In Longfellow's little poem called Flower-de-Luce he addresses the "beautiful lily," the "Iris, fair among the fairest," as "dwelling by still rivers," as "born to the purple," and as "winged with the celestial azure." It is also called asphodel; in his lotus-eaters Tenyson says that the happy dead

"In Elysian valleys dwell, Resting weary limbs at last on beds of Asphodel."

A SOUTHWEST couple stood before a Court street jeweler's the other evening, when the young lady remarked: "Gawgie, don't you think there is something perfectly lovely about those clocks?" "What do you admire so much about them?" he asked. "Why, don't you see they—they name the day." The future will tell if Gawgie tumbled.

A Kansas Tornado.

"One July night," continued the tall man, "I had my wheat all stacked ready for thrashing, and went to bed feeling as rich as if I owned the whole country. About midnight, as near as I can recollect, I heard a clap of thunder, and then the house began to rock like a willow tree. Then everything was quiet for a little while, and I went to sleep. Early the next morning my wife got up and looked out of the window.

"John," said she, "where on earth is your wheat?"

"What?" said I jumping out of bed, "what's that you say?"

"Where's the wheat?"

"I looked out of the window, too, and, stranger, I saw the most remarkable sight I ever saw. There wasn't a grain of wheat within a mile of me. There wasn't a remnant of my barn. My barnyard was gone, the house, the cows, and even the pigs were gone. I got dressed and walked out doors. The place was changed, stranger—changed in a single night. My house was setting in a garden by the side of a creek. There was a new barn in the yard, some red cows—mine were white; some black pigs—mine were spotted, and instead of wheat there was the alfalfa stack of cornstalks you ever looked at. I thought at first I was dreaming, and asked my wife to kick me, but I wasn't. About breakfast time some neighbors came in and asked where Mr. Jones was. I never heard of him.

"He used to live here," they said. "He lived here last night."

"Then I told them of the crash and the rocking, and they said I must have been struck by a tornado. I asked where I was; they said I was in Izard county, which was fifty miles south of where I went to bed. Sure enough they were right. The strangest part of it was, the house wasn't hurt a bit. The roof, even, didn't leak. The neighbors said it was a visitation of Providence, and the place belonged to me. But that wasn't all, stranger. About a year afterward I heard from some of my old neighbors that Jones' house had been moved right up to where my old house stood, by the same blasted wind. We both concluded to stay where we were and avoided any trouble on that account. I've been away three months, and can't exactly say where I do live now, but I expect I am still at the old stand."

The Genesta at Home.

The Genesta which was defeated in the recent international yacht race for the America's cup by the American yacht Puritan, in New York harbor, arrived at Portsmouth, England, at 9 o'clock on the 28th ult. after a voyage across the Atlantic. She came into port flying three first-prize flags, won in her contests with American yachts. Great enthusiasm was manifested by the crowds on board the men-of-war and yachts in the harbor, and cheer after cheer greeted her as she sailed into port.

It is believed that the time of the Genesta's trip across the Atlantic, twenty days and ten hours, beats the best yacht record. The wind during the voyage was north-northeast to west, with occasional strong, heavy seas, which greatly retarded their progress. Twice the Genesta was hoisted, and the whole trip was made under reefed try-sails. The only mishaps were the breaking of the mate's ankle and a slight disarrangement of the steering gear. The best runs were as follows:—On the 12th ult., 238 miles; 13th, 240 miles; and 14th, 300 miles. The crew of the Genesta speak of their treatment in America with enthusiasm.

Mohammedanism.

Fifty years ago Mohammedanism was but little known on the West Coast of Africa. In the North and East it has had a foothold for centuries. But the West remained untouched, and it seemed as if Christianity would have to contend only with pagan ideas and customs in its efforts to win over the peoples of that vast region stretching from the confines of Morocco to Cape Colony. In 1859 it had practically conquered the territory between the Senegal and the Sierra Leone rivers—a stretch of 600 miles; and in 1875 it had passed several hundred miles farther south. The missionaries—the aggressive men who do this work—are the Mandingo merchants, who, while carrying with them the wares of Manchester and Birmingham, actively disseminate the doctrines of the Prophet. From the coast Mohammedan doctrines are spreading rapidly into the interior, Mahdiism is rampant among the later converts, and it begins to look as if the Christian missionaries in Africa—in the West and in the interior as well as in the East—were to have to deal with Mohammedanism rather than with paganism.

DEBAGGS—Yes, sir, it was a glorious sight. I was on the tug within 200 yards of the explosion. I wouldn't have missed it for a thousand dollars.

POMPAN—I wonder that you weren't afraid of being blown up with the rocks.

DEBAGGS—A-fraid of being blown up! If Why, a-akes alive, man, I've been married for twenty-three years and I belong to four lodges and two clubs.

Apprehension of evil is often worse than evil itself.