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Poetry.

LISTENING ANGELS.

Blue against the bluer heavens
Stood the mountain, calm and still;
Two white angels, bending eastward,
Leant upon the hill.

Listening leant those silent angels,
And I, also, longed to hear
What sweet strain of earthly music
Thus could charm their ear.

I heard the sound of many trumpets,
And warlike march draw nigh;
Solemnly a mighty army
Passed in order by.

But the clang had ceased; the echo
Soon had faded from the hill;
While the angels, calm and earnest,
Leant and listened still.

Then I heard a fainter clamor;
Forge and wheel were clashing near,
And the reapers in the meadow
Singing loud and clear;

When the sunset came in glory,
And the toil of day was o'er,
Still the angels leant in silence,
Listening as before.

Then, as daylight slowly vanished,
And the evening mists grew dim,
Solemnly, from distant valleys
Rose a vesper hymn.

But the chant was done; and in coming,
Died upon the evening air;
Yet from the hill the radiant angels
Still were listening there.

Silent came the gathering darkness,
Bringing with it sleep and rest;
Save a little bird was singing,
In her leafy nest.

Through the sound of war and labor
She had warbled all day long,
While the angels leant and listened
Only to her song.

But the starry night was coming,
And she ceased her little lay;
From the mountain top the angels
Slowly took their way.

Charles Dickens.

SONNETS BY JEAN INGELOW.

I. WORK.

Like a red lion, sunset multiplies
Upon the plain: and where our dwelling is
They build it up as in the deeps blue shade
It grows, it comes to light, and then and thus
For both I pray—Send us a strong house.
Sea libeccios close, our minutes thus have
gone
Life's debt of work are spent; the work is hid
Before their feet that shall come after us.
They may not stay to wonder if it will speed,
The hard hit on some latter's string he sows
Live sweetly yet; the hero lives star
Still shining. Work is known best and sweetest most.
Else have we none more than the sea-born throng
Who wrought three marvelous isles that bloom afar.

II. WISHING.

When I recall how little I have done,
And add to that how little I have won,
Then for the name how little I have won
Or for my good, how little known, or been
I hope or other life hereafter, more to win,
And yearn to chance with such as well have run,
Yet reason mocks me: nay, the soul I weem,
Granted her choice would dare to change with none
No, not to feed as Blondel when his lay
Pierced the strong tower, and Richard answered
No, not to be Columbus, with that step
Which his new world rose from his charmed deep.

Miscellaneous.

Was It It, or I?

A warm, lazy, summer afternoon. A tall, handsome, manly-looking fellow is stretched on the grass at the feet of a bright, pretty woman, who sometimes crochets, and sometimes leaves off to watch the listless figure that does nothing but pull apart the clover leaves. She is only two years his senior, but his aunt, and married; so she is not his lady love, but his best woman friend, whom he loved dearly, and trusted entirely. She has just returned from a three years stay in Europe; so now they are trying to "talk up" this long intervening time that has separated them.

"John," she says, after there has been a long, quiet pause, "there's some thing you haven't spoken about. I've been studying your face ever since I came back. There's a painted, hard look often in it now that I am sure some woman put there. And, besides, here you are at thirty not married yet, though there's nothing earthly to prevent, and you've been a perfect devotee of the sex ever since you were a baby in petticoats! So, John dear, I know there is a romance you have never even mentioned to me." And as she spoke she laid her little soft hand caressingly on his hair.

He turned his head, and met her loving glance with a softened look on his face; then he said, slowly, "Your woman's instinct has hit the mark, as usual, Kate. I think you love me, and there's no other woman in the world that does" (his mother was dead); "so I will tell you about it now, because I'm in the mood, and may never be again and, besides, I trust *you* Kate." And he took the little hand and kissed it reverently. Then, throwing himself back on the grass, leaning on his elbow—such a beconing attitude for a handsome man!—he began.

"It isn't so much of a story, after all, dear, and, it all hinges on just the being able to tell it a single letter were an illegible one, the romance of my whole life was in it, though; and since it failed, why, all the real brightness of my youth has gone forever. Strange God should let such trifles, such insignificant mistakes, have power sometimes to wreck a whole life! Just after you went abroad, you know, I went to California on some professional business.—The first day out, as I was standing on the deck, smoking, I put my hand into my pocket for my cigar-case, and pulled out instead a small parcel, which, on opening, I found to be a morocco miniature-case. I was puzzled, I said to myself, 'but interesting!' Then I remembered that the night before, when I was busy packing—my room at the same time half full of fellows who had come in to say good-by—that a servant had brought me this package, just left at the door for me, he said. Thinking it was the new cigar-case I had ordered, I thought no more about it just then, but tucked it into my pocket, and had forgotten all about it till now. I opened eagerly the case, and there was a photograph, a vignette, of such a lovely woman! I certainly never saw a more charming picture; and you will admit that, in my apprenticeship to the sex, I have grown critical, and am by no means easily pleased.

"The shoulders were turned away coquettishly, as if to hide their lovely outlines, but the head looked back on my startled face with an air of archness that was captivating. The mouth was delicate, but full of character; the eyes, which met mine with the glimmer of a far-off smile in them, were large and very dark, contrasting strongly in color with the hair, which had been drawn off from the face, seemingly, in little waves, from a wide, low forehead, like a statue's. The whole face was that of a young, beautiful, spirited girl, already dangerous in her consciousness of womanly power."

"Ah, John!" whispered the aunt, reminiscently, "your description fascinates me. Will you not show me the picture some day?"

"No," answered the young man, with a heavy sigh; "because I gave it back to her long ago. Well you can fancy my amazement at thus coming into possession of such a picture, the original of which I had never seen in my life. As there was no note with it, I turned with keen curiosity to the wrapper, which I had hastily torn off without looking at. Alas! one half only was lying at my feet; the other had blown into the water, where I could just discern it now, a little brown speck, for which I would have given almost any thing. For on the half I held was written, in a stylish, feminine hand, 'Mr. John H—;' there the wrapper was torn across most provokingly; for, looking at it narrowly where the lower part of the H was torn, it looked almost as though it might be a K, after all. If it were an H, in spite of the mystery—making it all the more charming—it belonged to me; if it were a K, then some unlucky being had, through a blunder of somebody, lost a picture that must be worth the world to him. Finally I decided that it must be an H; and feeling a presentment that some romance for me was connected with it, I took the greatest care of it, wearing it always in my breast pocket, and spending many an idle moment in California in studying it. I had to be for many months among the miners, where I had not a single friend; and when I grew almost heart-sick with seeing only the hardened, coarse, even brutalized faces of the poor women one finds there, it was such a blessed relief to take out this picture, which carried me straight back to civilization and home, with its soft refined features, and its sweet, pure eyes! Then one day, by a strange chance—Providence, I ought to say—it gained for me a new charm, since it saved my life. I was riding alone, one dark night, through a gloomy pass, when the well-aimed ball of some hidden desperado struck directly on my breast; but, the case of the little picture, which was there, broke its force, and saved me. The photograph itself was not materially hurt either, though the case was split to pieces. After that the feeling I had for it amounted almost to a superstition. I staid in California a year; then, my business being successfully accomplished, I returned home to New York. Of course, there were many thoughts crowding into my mind as we steamed up the harbor the morning I arrived; but, laugh at me as you will, uppermost among them was the feeling, or presentment, or whatever you choose to call it, that I was coming home to find the original of my picture, and so meet my fate. I wouldn't for the world, though, have confessed as much to any one, and I never showed the picture. Nevertheless, it is the truth that I took the most unheard of pains to discover the fair unknown, and I never went anywhere without a faint hope of seeing her. I stared at every woman I met with light hair and dark eyes, hunted through photograph saloons, and always looked into every body's album—a thing that ordinarily I detest—but all my efforts were in vain; and finally I gave up the whole thing as a mystery it was useless to puzzle my brains over. But at last, one day—"

"Ah!" exclaiming Kate; "now she's coming, I know. I was beginning to grow impatient for her."

"Yes," he answered, with a smile at her earnestness; "now she's coming, Kate, and this was the way she came. I was hurrying home one afternoon, in a sudden, blinding snow storm that had just come up. In front of me were two young ladies, rushing along under an umbrella, evidently overtaken, like me, by the tremendous storm. The wind was blowing their clothes about in the most unceremonious manner, evidently to their dismay—though one them, I noticed, had the prettiest foot and ankle I ever saw—and beneath their closely tied blue veils they were laughing heartily as they tried to hold up their umbrella, and keep same time keep their footing on the icy sidewalk. I was watching them with much amusement and interest, especially the taller one, who was very graceful in spite of her difficulties, when a sudden gust of wind came sweeping round the corner, whirled the umbrella out of their hands, and brought them both down on the ice at my feet with a crash. The short one laughed and bounced up before I could help her, but the other reached out and took my outstretched hand with a little moan. 'I think I have sprained my ankle,' said she, in a soft, piteous voice. At that I lifted her gently with both my arms, and, as I did so, her friend exclaimed, joyfully: 'Oh, bless you, Mr. Haller! I'm so glad it's *you*!' and, to my surprise, it was my old friend, Mary Allyn, the jolliest, dollest creature, too."

"'Laura! are you kilt entirely? Oh, dear, she can hardly stand! Mr. Haller, just hold her up long enough for me to introduce you to her sister.—Miss Stanley. Now what are we to do?'

"'You don't mean to tell me,' exclaimed Kate, with animation, 'that it was Laura Stanley?'"

"'Yes,' said the young man quickly, 'Why, do you know her?'"

"'Only by reputation, before I went abroad, as a great beauty and a most fascinating woman. She had such a host of suitors! So it was *her* picture you had! No wonder you were bewitched, John! Now go on, for I am ten times more interested than ever.'"

"'Well, fortunately, a carriage was passing. So I hailed it and, taking the half-fainting girl in my arms, put her into it, and Mary and I took her home. Just as we had seated ourselves in it, I supporting her carefully on one side, Mary tenderly holding up the poor little foot on the other, her veil came off, and there, to my utter bewilderment and delight, was the long-sought original of my picture, her head actually resting on my shoulder! There were the same wonderful dark eyes, the same light, wavy hair tossed back from the low, wide forehead, even the same brooch—an odd, foreign affair—at her throat! It was lucky for me that Mary was entirely occupied with her friend. Otherwise I don't know what she would have thought of my perfectly amazed and probably ludicrous expression as we drove slowly along. I am sure I couldn't have told whether I was in heaven or earth. She did utterly bewitch me that day, Kate, not only her beauty, but her brave endurance of the pain—which, as soon as we got into the darkness passed off, she made light of—and her naive, sweet ways, the frankness with which she accepted my aid, and then the lovely blush with which she thanked me when, having carried her safely into her home, I left her.

"'Of course I went home in a state of ecstasy, and up half the night poring over her picture, and dreaming glorious dreams of the future; and of course, the very next morning, I presented myself at the Allyn mansion, ostensibly to inquire after Mary's health and condition, really to find out every thing possible about my lovely divinity. Mary was overflowing in her expressions of gratitude, both for herself and her friend; and after informing me of the seventh heaven by rehearsing the thousand and one complimentary things that she insisted Miss Stanley had said about me, I had not been in the house five minutes before a word she was saying, we would change the subject, and asked how it happened that I had never met her friend before.

"'She has lived in Philadelphia till lately; has been a great belle there; but her father, who is a lawyer, and not well off, has moved now with his family to New York.

"'She is very beautiful, and will find no lack of admirers here too.'

"'Ah!' said Mary, quickly; 'but she is already engaged.'

"'Do you know, Kate that when she said that I honestly felt as though some one had suddenly stabbed me. I don't think I showed it, though, in my face, and I said, quietly.

"'And who is the fortunate man?'

"'Mr. John Kuler, a Cuban on his mother's side—such a little, dark man! furiously jealous, they say, if she but speaks to any one, and without the an earthly attraction, that ever I could see, for a girl like Laura Stanley, unless it's his immense wealth, and his old family—one of the best in the city you know.'

"'I had heard enough, as you may suppose, Kate, and walked home, calling myself a fool every step, vowing never to look at, or care for her picture again. 'My little romance is over,' I said to myself, as I put the case carefully away. 'I might have known it would be so; so here's the end of it all for me. Ah, Kate, dear, it would have been well for me if I had then taken your advice.'

"'In August, finding the city hot, and needing a rest from business, I went for my vacation to—never mind the name—one of the fashionable resorts that summer. You know the sort of place—a large hotel filled with gay people, with piazzas running the all around the house, delightful for promenades in the morning, dangerously fascinating for the same in the evening; romantic pine woods (with lovers' walks in them every where) close by, charming drive in all directions, capital opportunities for rowing and sailing on the lake. In short, if ever a place was designed by nature for every sort of good times—specially flirtations—that was the place. However, I didn't feel like flirting.'

"'For the first time in your life, then,' suggested the aunt, quietly.

"'Besides, there was really nobody worth one's while; all the first-class girls were dull and homely; all the pretty ones dreadfully second-class. So I kept by myself, and enjoyed nature outdoor rather than art in.'

"'Art,' meaning their complexion, I suppose," says Kate.

"'Certainly; also their 'tricks and manners.' One evening, however, there was an unusual stir in the house at a party of arrivals; and lounging into the office to look at the books after they had registered their names, I will acknowledge that my heart gave a thump when I read, 'Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, and Miss Laura Stanley, of New York.' The next morning she appeared at breakfast, looking like a divinity, in the prettiest white morning dress. I took one rapid, sweeping glance, as she came in with a quiet, unembarrassed air, though there wasn't a woman in the room whose eyes were not taking her all in critically, and could not find no fault in her, from the top of her head, where a coquettish blue bow fastened her lovely hair—"

"'Wonder where she bought it?' asks Kate, wickedly.

"'Every spire of it was her own, madam. It all came down once when we were riding horseback together, and it looked like a mass of gold in the sunshine. I helped her put it up.'"

"'No doubt you did,' says the aunt.

"'As I was saying,' continued the young man, not deigning to notice the remark, "she was faultless down to the tips of her little bronze slippers. The table at which I sat was directly opposite hers; and when to my astonishment, during the meal, she happened to catch me looking at her, and recognizing me at once with a sudden lightning up of her splendid eyes, and a charming bow and smile, I'm free to confess, Kate, that, 'scarred old veteran' as I am, I blushed up to my eyes with pleasure, like any boy of seventeen, and just fell head over ears in love with a new face there and then—Mr. John Kuler or any body else notwithstanding. Oh, what weeks of enchantment those were that followed! Some way we were wonderfully congenial, as we found, in all our ways of thinking, in our tastes, and in our likes and dislikes. She was cultivated and clever, and it was a pleasure to talk over my favorite books with her. She had, too, as keen a sense of ludicrous as I. What a bond of sympathy that is, Kate! I couldn't love Venus herself if she had no sense of humor. And whenever any thing grotesque or absurd occurred, my eyes instinctively sought in her the quick glance of amusement that was sure to respond. I am sure I had no thought of a flirtation. It was simply that I could not keep away from her; and I never came without meeting a welcoming glance or a reproachful 'Where have you been all the time?'—said time being perhaps from breakfast to dinner, when I had resolutely kept away, lest I should weary her. So, at last, we were almost inseparable. Oh, the long, merry walks we used to take in the fresh morning air, and the quiet, dreamy hours we spent sailing on the lake at sunset—she looking like a picture, in her broad straw hat and white dress, leaning over the side to dip her little hand in the water while she talked, and her cousin—a plump little child of seven, who always went with us for propriety—lay curled up asleep at her feet! Then how were sunny afternoons in the pine woods, when I read to her, and glorious moonlight nights on the piazza, when the mere enjoyment of being together in such beauty was full of romance, and a dangerous luxury. Every day I felt more and more that for me, and yes—I have to for her, it was growing too sweet—only a sin and a snare—and I would resolve to break the spell, and tear myself away; but I could not."

"'Did you ever say a word about her picture?'

"'Not a word. An odd thing happened, though, that I must tell you. Her mother, one day, was showing me her album—a very fine one—when some one remarked that the photograph of Miss Laura was very poor. 'Ah!' said her mother, sighing; 'I wish you could have seen the one she had taken for Mr. Kuler once! It was superb! He never got it, though, poor man! for it was lost in the most mysterious manner.'

"'My heart beat guilty under the picture, at that moment reposing in my breast pocket, you see it was stolen from old California place—and I will confess that I felt like a thief and a pirate-pacer, as I calmly scrutinized the photograph, and asked, "What could have become of it?"

"'We suppose the servant must have left it at the wrong house; but though Mr. Kuler made no end of enquiries all thing, it was never found. She had another taken for him, but it was not half so good.'

"'I wonder what lucky wretch did get it?' said one of the gentlemen, laughing.

"'Some unprincipled scamp, probably,' said I; and there the matter dropped."

"'I declare!' said Kate, laughing; 'I think you were a brazen-faced villain! You ought to have given it up on the spot.'"

"'Not I,' said the young man. John Kuler had one, and that was enough for him since he had the original too. This was mine by right of possession, and I was highly gratified to learn that of the two I had the *best*, and I meant to keep it."

Kate shook her head disapprovingly. "'John, you are incorrigible. But tell me. Where *was* her lover at this time? And then the gossips, the tabbies—did they not have a time?'

"'Her lover was in New York, I suppose, attending to his business. As for the gossips—well, they were busy with us, that's a fact, but she cared not one whit for them. I think her mother used to remonstrate with her sometimes, too; but she was headstrong and willful, and as long as she was happy in the present—and I know now that those were halcyon days for her as well as me—she would not face the future. All at once there came, the end—as there always does come the end, I find, to everything sweet in this life." And the sigh with which John spoke the words was long and deep.

"'We had just returned from a delightful walk, and were resting merrily on a piazza together, Laura fanning herself with a straw hat, when her little cousin ran to her with a letter. She opened it, and glanced through it; then 'gave a sharp pass over her face, and she pressed her lips closely together, turning her face away as if to conceal it.

"'When she spoke again it was in a constrained voice: Mr. Kuler comes this afternoon; will remain till we go back to town. I shall not be able to ride on horseback with you to-day, as I promised Mr. Haller."

"'Was she glad or sorry that her lover was coming? I could only guess from her face, and that was hard and set. For myself, my heart gave a sudden bound, as I thought, "She does not care for him; she loves me."

"'Mr. Kuler comes to-day, and I go to-morrow,' I said, watching her face.

"'She rose to go in, then suddenly turned and gave me her hand—the softest, prettiest little hand in the world, I think. Don't go to-morrow. I want you to stay. Will you?'

"'What could I do, answer, Kate, with her face looking up so into mine, but that I would do anything or everything in the world that she asked me? Another minute, and I should have told her all—of her picture I had cherished so long, of the love I felt for her now. I am sure she read my intention in my face what was coming, and perhaps was frightened at what she had done; for she escaped from me without another word. At dinner she did not make her appearance, and I heard her mother tell some one that 'Laura had a fearful headache.'"

"'All the afternoon I was out rowing desperately, making time such as I never did before, while my brain was in a whirl. I was sure she did not love this John Kuler whom she had promised to marry. I dared to hope, and I think, I believed with a very strong belief, that she did love me. Why should she keep her engagement, and be miserable? At the first opportunity I resolved to lay myself at her feet, and run my chance of an acceptance—perhaps of a refusal, with a scathing rebuke.

"'Coming in late to tea, my eyes glanced at the Stanley's table. There sat Laura, exquisitely dressed, and brilliantly beautiful (though with a little heaviness about her eyes, and an excited flush on her cheeks), talking and laughing gayly with Mr. Kuler, who sat beside her. As Mary Allen had said, he was a little, dark man, with a fiery eye and a Cuban face. She looked up, and just nodded at me with an air of cool indifference that almost stunned me, making me feel all at once that I had been all day only dreaming the wildest dreams. You see, Kate, she was so deep; like all you women, too, 'light as fair weather.' I could almost hate myself that, in spite of all, I could not help loving her. She had virtually brought me to her feet; she was sure of the power she had over me; she even acknowledged to herself my power over her; but for all that, now that her lover had come, a better *parti* than I, she had determined to go back to her allegiance, and to show me that I was to be nothing to her any more.

"'How that cool little nod angered me, and roused my pride! I resolved, as I quietly drank my tea, that now I would *not* go to-morrow, and so beat an inglorious retreat before this victorious rival. All the evening I danced and flirted mildly with a pretty young widow, who had just come, leaving my love, unmolested, to her fate. I had my revenge, however, in the uneasy glances I saw her throw in our direction, and especially in seeing that she and Mr. Kuler, who sat by themselves in a duly engaged manner, did not seem to be enjoying themselves supremely, as after so long an absence might have been expected. He looked moody, and talked little—he had high, unpleasant voice—while she, instead of being all sparkle and animation, as usual, had a preoccupied air, and wore a forced smile. Once or twice I saw that she actually looked bored. You see, Kate, I had not been studying her face so long in vain, and I could read it now—or thought I could—like an open book.

"The next day Mrs. Stanley, a managing old woman, who had been distressed of late lest I was interfering with her cherished plan, introduced me complacently to her future son-in-law. I noticed by the way, that he regared me with no benignant expression; and I soon found—Kate, don't think me a conceited fool for saying so; it was the simple truth—that, barring his immense wealth and aristocratic family, he was a man I should have nothing to fear from as a rival in Laura Stanley's heart. Well-bred but narrow-minded and opinionated, without one particle of originality or enthusiasm, given to long, pointless stories and the dreariest platitudes in conversation, just the man to weary utterly a quick, intellectual, brilliant girl like Laura Stanley. From my heart I began to pity her. I felt that she was dooming herself to a life of horrible ennui, or else one of reckless misery, perhaps of sin."

"We had nothing but the most ordinary intercourse for several days; there was no chance for a *tête-a-tête*, and I sought none. I was wretched, but I doubt if I was more so than she, in the mask of happiness she was forced continually to wear. Wednesday came—I had made my plans to leave Friday, as Laura knew—a sailing party was gotten up, the Stanleys were going, so was I. Perhaps she was desperate, ennui with her lover; at any rate I saw that she had one of her reckless days on. When the party were assembling on the piazza it happened that I was a little late, and so was she, and we met in the hall. It was a cool day; she had on a short dress of bright 'navy blue,' fitting her closely, and showing off her round, lovely form to perfection, and a little black sailor hat trimmed with blue set jauntily on her light hair; nothing could have been nattier or more becoming than her costume. I gave her a look expressive of my entire approval; she answered it with a bright coquettish laugh—how she loved, admired, and hated the girl!—and a saucy 'Glad your lordship's pleased, I am sure.' Then all at once her tone and expression changed and grew grave. I think it was partly in her ever-varying moods and ways that her charm lay—you never knew what she was going to say or do next; and she said, in a low voice, reproachful and tender:

"'*Why* have you been so cruel to me? You have hardly spoken to me for days. Shall I save a place for you by me in the boat to-day, as I used to?'

"Mr. Kuler scowled when, after helping the ladies aboard I jumped lightly into the boat, on the other side of Laura. But I cared not for his scowls, neither apparently did she; so I held her parasol over her, and beneath its protecting shade we laughed and talked and enjoyed ourselves together in the old way, till the sail was over, and the boat was returning to the landing-place.

"'I have been so happy and so wicked all the afternoon,' she said to me, almost in a whisper, bending over the side and dipping her hand in the water as she spoke; and this evening I must be good—and *miserable!*'—this last in an almost inaudible voice, full of sadness.

"'Miserable, not only for this evening, but for all the days of your life. Is it not so?' I answered looking at her steadily. 'Why not free yourself, and then be good as well as happy with me always? You know I love you!'

"'Hush!' she whispered, without raising her head, and I saw the very neck grow crimson beneath her hat. 'You must not say that to me now. It is too late. I have not the courage; I fear my father and my mother and the world. Besides, you do not know me. I am intensely ambitious and worldly, and wealth and position give power. He loves me—and—and—ought after a while I dare say I may care for him. Promise me that you will leave me—that you will never tempt me again. I am not so strong in myself as I believed. I can not bear it.' And her head sank still lower, and I saw her tears drop into the water.

"There was a choking in my throat that prevented my answering at once. She put up her hand hastily to her eyes with a half-smothered sob, as though angry with herself, and then gave a sudden start and exclamation, looking at her finger. Her engagement ring (a magnificent solitaire) was gone! Mr. Kuler, who had been busy collecting the Stanley shawls, sprang to her side at her scream of dismay, and there ensued a general scene of confusion, in which everybody was occupied in looking and lamenting. But the ring (which must have slipped off her finger into the water) could not be found. Mr. Kuler looked darker than ever, poor Laura pale and distressed—the loss of the ring paying her an apparent reason—and altogether it was a dreary party that returned to the house.—For myself, I simply felt that love and the romance of life for me were over. I loved this woman profoundly—as I can never love any woman again—she had led me on declaring myself, and then had rejected me—not because she did not return my love, for I felt that in every nerve of her body, in every emotion of her soul, she did; but she was not true enough to herself, not noble enough to give up the world for love. Now nothing remained for me but to go away and try and live this passion down, throwing myself heart and soul into my profession, and finding in that, if I could, a mistress, and absorbing occupation.

"I was sitting in my room smoking while I mused gloomily of these things and looked at the picture which had so strangely been found after so long a time, when I was startled by a hand on my shoulder, and, turning, saw Mr. Kuler, who was saying:

"'Mr. Haller must have been very deep in thought since he did not hear me, though I knocked twice. I—'

"'Then he stopped short. I had closed the case quickly when I heard his voice, but not quickly enough it seemed to escape his keen eyes. My voice changed and his eyes grew dangerous. 'You are fortunate in being the possessor of a picture Miss Stanley told me was lost.'

"His insolent tone angered me, so I coolly put the picture back in my pocket. '*I was* occupied, and did not hear you. Can I do anything for you this evening?'

"He looked as if he could have stabbed me on the spot. 'For me nothing now. I will excuse Laura this evening,' his voice quivering with suppressed passion. 'The ladies sent me to tell you that they are waiting for you in the little parlor.' And he strode out of the room.

"The rehearsal for some theatricals we were getting up was to be that evening, and I had entirely forgotten it. I went down stairs; but, as nobody seemed to be prepared, the rehearsal did not come off. I was heartily glad of it, and taking my cigar I went out on the piazza. It was a wild, gloomy night, so no one was there to disturb my musings as I paced up and down in the darkness and dreary wind, which suited my mood so well, going over the day's events and revolving what I must now do about the picture, since it was known to be in my possession. As I turned and left them, Kuler attempted to stammer out something, perhaps an apology; but I did not wait to hear it, and I went up to my room. There was one of those tall, old-fashioned clocks at the head of my stairs, and all night long, Kate, as I lay awake, I heard that clock tick, and I thought of Longfellow's

"Forever—never! Never—forever!"

"As soon as it was daylight I got up, packed my things, and by six o'clock was rushing on in the train to New York."

Here the young man made a long pause.

"Well?" said Kate, gently, after waiting a while.

"Well," he answered, with a long sigh, "you must be tired, and there is not much more to tell. I never saw her but once more, and that was after she was married. She sent me cards, but I did not go to the wedding which took place that very fall, and was a grand affair. There was a long description of it in the paper, and of how 'the happy pair' had gone to Europe.—They spent the winter in Paris, where they were very gay, and 'the beautiful Mrs. Kuler' was mentioned in all the accounts of the court balls. It was at a great party after she had returned that I saw her. She was the most distinguished, looking woman in the room, but less brilliantly beautiful than she used to be, I thought. She seemed a little worn and weary, and there was a look about her that made you think that in solitude her face would be very sad. They say that her married life is very unhappy, that she is recklessly extravagant, and her husband close even to meanness, and terribly jealous. I was standing behind a pedestal of flowers, where I could watch her unseen, as I thought. Her hair was powdered, and without a single ornament, and heightened wonderfully the strange brilliancy of her magnificent eyes. Her neck, which was round and white as a Juno's, was flashing with diamonds, and all her movements had a sort of haughty grace. Suddenly she glanced in my direction, and our eyes met. She started and colored, then her face lighted up with one of her old sweet, smiles. I started for or to go to her, but at that moment some one came and claimed her hand for the next dance, and I went home. Just that one look she gave me had set all my pulses to beating wildly. I felt that she had not lost one jot of her old power over me yet; and I did not dare trust myself within the range of her influence again and revive the misery that I had been striving so hard to forget. But I can not forget her, Kate, and I never shall."

The Wrestling Match.

I never see two men wrestling playfully together, but it reminds me of an incident which took place under my eyes while I was in the army in 1864.

Our regiment, which was a cavalry one, had been in quarters for more than two weeks; and our men were beginning to wish for some more exciting occupation than picking the worms from their "hard tack" at meal times, and playing with their horses in the intervals.

We were soon filing out of camp at a cheery but somewhat jerky trot; and when we got forward on the road to Dabney's Mills, the jerkiness of our trot was somewhat augmented, though we went on at a pretty good pace considering the fact that we were going over one of Old Virginia's "corduroy" roads.—They are made by simply levelling the ground and laying down poles and saplings from three to eight inches in diameter. They certainly are the roughest roads to travel that ever were invented, either in city or country. I have seen horses fall on them and break both forelegs. A good horse will not average over three miles an hour over one of these roads. We traveled some twenty miles before reaching the Mills, which are very near what was at that time the "Front." They were not more than three-quarters of a mile in the rear, I think, and they were then being used as a hospital for our wounded.

After halting at the mills for an hour or so, we continued on our way to the front, and in a short time we came in sight of our inner line of breastworks. There we found everything quiet, except when an occasional shot was given by us and returned by the Johnnies—"just by way of keeping each other awake"—as we used to term this pretty little pastime.

No second halt was ordered until we came to the outer line of our works, when the bugle again rang out a clear, sharp, decisive peal, and the order came to dismount, feed the horses, and take two rations of hard tack.

Some New York regiments were encamped along the outer line, but the one at whose headquarters we stopped was the — Michigan. They were all fine, tall fellows, full of life and fun, and continually playing all sorts of tricks on one another.

One of the men in our cavalry squadron, by the name of George Sanders, a Kentuckian by birth, offered to wrestle with any of the Michigan boys for a chew of tobacco. The offer was speedily accepted by a young Michigander whom his comrades called Tim. Tim was a fair, athletic young fellow, about six feet two inches in height, long, sandy, straight hair and heavy yellow moustache, evidently one of the crack men of his regiment, and the life of the little group around him, laughing and joking, and—I must confess it—swearing with every body within a circuit of one hundred yards around him. Our champion, George, was also a tall, sturdy young sinner, some six feet, or nearly so, in height, but he had black hair and sparkling black eyes; he was, however, equally as upright and full of sport as his opponent, and was also a favorite with his fellow soldiers.

The terms of match were easily settled, being these: that neither man was to "kick shins," and they were to wrestle "side holds." As near as I can remember the following was the conversation that prefaced it:

"I say, Tim," said George, "I'll bet you a chaw of tobacco that I kin throw you every time."

"I'll bet you two chaws you can't," said Tim.

"Well," said George, deprecatingly, "I haint got but one chaw left out of the two plugs that I had last—weeks ago."

"Well," responded Michigan, "I'll try you for one chaw, then, just to the fun of the thing."

Then, turning to one of his comrades, he added:

"Say, Jack, hold the stakes, will you? till we get through; and don't chaw mor'n half of it, 'nuther. If you do—I'll throw you afterwards fur nuthin'."

"I say, Tim," responded Jack, who was unconcernedly sprawling at full length upon the grass, not the least disconcerted by the threat contained in his friend's last speech, "I say, Tim, if you win the stakes I'll go two more chaws agin you; and then we'll have a spell of it?"

The men of our squadron and the Michigan regiment had formed a circle around the contestants, some leaning against their horses, and some stretched on the ground on their blankets; and a continual stream of bantering was kept briskly flowing. Some of them bet pipes and tobacco on the issue—the odds being in favor of the young Michigander. Belts and pouches were thrown off, George saying, "I am hard up for tobacco, and by jingo I'll try hard to win them two chaws;" and the two went at it in a lively and really good style; and for about ten minutes neither seemed to get the better of the other.

Suddenly, while every face wore a careless smile—while upon every tongue a bantering word still lingered—there came right into our midst a solid shot. It struck nothing but the poor fellow from Michigan. Him it hit fair at the waist, tearing him completely in two, while the loud laugh was yet bubbling up from his throat—the light of an anticipated triumph still in his eye, and the flush of confident success upon his cheek.

The two men, so full of life and health before, suddenly stood transfixed as if by a thunderbolt. Then one of them reeled and fell to the ground a mass of riven flesh, while the other, who received the full wind of the shot, though otherwise untouched by it, stood for a moment as if petrified, his hair rising up straight upon his head, his eyes wide open in a hideous, maniac stare, his whole face convulsed by a terrible and idiotic smile. Then with a loud, unnatural laugh made doubly horrible to us by the sight of that mutilated body lying before him, he fell prone to the ground. When, after a long time by the aid of whiskey, and cold water, he was brought back to life, he was a raving lunatic, the concussion of the shot being all over. As I turned and left them, Kuler attempted to stammer out something, perhaps an apology; but I did not wait to hear it, and I went up to my room. There was one of those tall, old-fashioned clocks at the head of my stairs, and all night long, Kate, as I lay awake, I heard that clock tick, and I thought of Longfellow's

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Discoveries made by Accident.

Not a few discoveries in the arts and sciences have been made or suggested by accident. The use of the pendulum suggested by the vibrating of a chandelier in a cathedral; the power of steam intimated by the oscillating of the lid of a tea-kettle; the utility of coal gas for light, experimented upon by any ordinary tobacco pipe of white clay; the magnifying property of the lens, stumbled upon by an optician's apprentice while holding spectacle-glasses between his thumb and finger—are well known instances of proof of the fact.

Galvanism was discovered by accident, by Prof. Galvani, of Bologna, in Italy. He gave his name to the operation, but his wife is generally considered as entitled to the credit of the discovery. She being in bad health, some frogs were ordered for her. As they lay upon the table skinned, she noticed that their legs became strongly convulsed when near an electrical conductor. She called her husband's attention to the fact; he instituted a series of experiments, and in 1789 the galvanic battery was invented.

Eleven years later, with that discovery for his basis, Prof. Alessandro Volta, also of Italy, announced his discovery of "voltaic pile."

The discovery of glass-making was effected by seeing the sand vitrified upon which a fire had been kindled.

Blancort says that making of plate-glass was suggested by the fact of a workman happening to break a portable filled with melted glass. The fluid ran under one of the large flagstones with which the floor was paved. On raising the stone to recover the glass, it was found in the form of a plate, such as could not be procured by the ordinary process of blowing.

Glass pearls, though among the most beautiful, inexpensive, and common ornaments worn by the ladies, are produced by a very singular process. In 1656, a Venetian, named Jaquin, discovered that the scales of a fish, called bleak fish, possessed the property of communicating a pearly hue to the water. He found by experimenting, that beads dipped into this water assumed, when dried, the appearance of pearls. It proved however that the pearly coat, when placed outside, was easily rubbed off; and the next improvement was to make the beads hollow. The making of these beads is carried on at this day in Venice. The beads are all blown separately. By means of a small tube, the insides are delicately coated with the pearly liquid and a waxed coating is placed over that. It requires the scales of four thousand fish to produce half a pint of the liquid, to which a small quantity of sal-ammonia and isinglass are after wards added.

Lundy Foot, the celebrated snuff manufacturer, originally kept a small tobacconist shop at Limerick. On one night his house, which was uninsured, was burned to the ground. As he contemplated the smoking ruins on the following morning, in a state bordering on despair, some of the poor neighbors, groping among the embers for what they could find, stumbled upon several canisters of