

A Reverie.

If we could meet who have been long apart
I wonder what first words your lips would
say,
And what first thoughts would waken in your
heart
If we could meet by any chance to-day.
If face to face along this lonely lane
We two should stand with pause of sudden
feet,
Which would be first—a sense of joy or pain—
If we could meet?
You would not see the light you used to know
In eyes that have grown dim with many
tears,
Nor ever more the smiles of long ago
On lips made sorrowful by wasting years,
And, looking at you, I might also find
Some traces of "the burden and the heat,"
Of youthful grace and gladness left behind—
If we could meet?
Ah, well! The sky is cloudless overhead,
The sunlight never fell with fairer gleam,
And flow'ry fields and woods are round me
spread,
And singing waters murmur through my
dream;
But yet I know what brighter beams would
fall,
How every wind and flow'r would grow
more sweet,
What richer glory would encompass all—
If we could meet?
Forever and forever, dear, I know
I may not hear your voice or see your face,
But, oh, my darling, if it might be so
At this calm hour and in this quiet place!
You might be cold, or careless, or estranged,
With scarce one swifter throb your heart
might beat,
But you would find my love at least un-
changed,
If we could meet?

JACK'S MARY.

"I was young, I was fair, I had
once not a care," sang Bettina Lyons,
in a doleful tone.
"Yet you pined like a slave, not
by the sad sea wave exactly, but at
the old farm," broke in a merry voice.
"So I did, Clare, and often wish my-
self back again."
"What! and leave all your bright
prospects?"
"If you mean visions of the future
as they present themselves to me now,
yes, if I could take up the old, happy
dreams of the past again."
"But you cannot make me believe
you would forsake your brilliant pros-
pects and return to the hum-drum life
you quitted."
"I would indeed, for I cannot even
think of my brilliant future, as you
term it, without a shudder."
"Come, girls, if you are going to the
fair it is time you were dressed," said
Mrs. Chalmers, entering the room where
the two cousins were seated.
"Aunt Winnie, I wish you would
leave me home. I am not in the
mood for pleasure to-day," said Bettina.
"I did not bring you here to mope.
You had plenty of time for that in the
country. When you have secured your
own comfortable home you can mope
in it to your heart's content, but not
now."
"One would think that securing a
comfortable home was the end and aim
of a woman's existence. I am heartily
tired of being preached to about set-
tling in life, and to tell you as I told
you a hundred times before, Aunt Win-
nie, I will not marry for the sake of a
home."
Mrs. Chalmers looked at her with se-
vere disapprobation.
"I gave you credit for being a reason-
able woman, Bettina; not a way-
ward child," she said.
"Of course I'm wayward for claim-
ing the right to think for myself on
the subject of matrimony."
"That will do, my dear; remain at
home and return to the farm to-mor-
row, if you choose; I have no desire to
influence your conduct. Come, Clare,
you, at least, are always ready to please
me."
"Yes, auntie; I am quite prepared
and will only detain you while I put
on my bonnet and gloves," was the
prompt reply.
Bettina spent the afternoon commu-
nizing with her own thoughts, which
were far from pleasant ones. "I will
be true to my own love whatever may
betide," she was singing when her
aunt and cousin returned.
"Oh, Bet," exclaimed the latter
when they were alone, "we had a
lovely time, but Aunt Winnie was dis-
appointed, she is so anxious about your
future, you know."
"Now, Clare, hush; don't you be-
gin a sermon. I get enough of that
from auntie. I have been question-
ing my heart this afternoon, and have
determined that no one shall persuade
me to marry a man I do not love for
sake of a comfortable home. What
comfort could I find in sitting down by
his fireside with longing regret for
the presence of another. I would be
acting false to myself and false to Mr.
Wetherill, and although I do not like
him he deserves a better fate than
that."
"But if that other person doesn't
care for you?"
"I never said he didn't care for me!"
and Bettina's eyes flashed resentfully.
"An ugly old cousin whom he is
pledged to marry stands between us,

and the worst of it is she does not
pretend to care for him. Their parents
concocted the match when they were
too young to understand anything
about such matters. Fred would give
up everything, friends, home, fortune,
if I would consent, but how can I
when the failure of her pet scheme
would break his lady mother's heart.
My coming out of the affair heart-
broken is of no consequence, for I am
only a poor girl who is expected to
marry the first man that offers a com-
fortable home."
"Did you ever see this cousin?"
"No," replied Bettina wiping her
eyes.
"Then how do you know she is old
and ugly?"
"I know she is older than Fred, and
I think she must be awful homely,
else he would have learned to care for
her."
"A very logical conclusion," laughed
Clare. "Perhaps the assertion that
she does not love him is based on one."
"But I am sure she doesn't love
him," interrupted the other, eagerly.
"How could she hide it if she did?
Fred knew that I loved him long be-
fore we talked about it, but you see he
felt in honor bound to his cousin, and
knew it was not right to speak of love
to me."
"He evidently overcame his
scruples," observed Clare.
"Yes, after he was perfectly con-
vinced that his cousin didn't care for
him. Indeed, she told him so."
"Under such circumstances, if she
is a true woman, she would conceal
her love, even though her heart were
breaking."
Bettina looked up quickly.
"Were you ever in love, Clare?" she
asked.
Clare flushed a little. "You don't
suppose I would tell you, even if I
were? I do not approve of parading
such matters before the world."
"Oh, perhaps you are one of the
kind who would let concealment like
a worm—What is the rest of it? Some-
thing about damask cheeks;
only your cheeks could hardly be
called damask, for you are fright-
fully pale."
Clare smiled good-naturedly.
"I trust I am one of the kind who
wouldn't make a goose of myself, and
fret about a man who didn't care for
me."
"You evidently don't believe that
Fred loves me. I am half inclined to
convince you all that he does. I'll
tell you another thing, Clare. I be-
lieve if auntie would let Mr. Wetherill
alone he would transfer his affections
to you in no time. You don't know
how oddly he looks at you sometimes.
If I were in love with him I would be
horribly jealous. I really believe if he
had seen you before he asked me to
marry him he would never have asked
the question, although I am younger
and—"
"And prettier, you were going to
say, you vain girl."
"Well, even if I am, I'm not half
as good as you, you dear, sober old
Clare. But, good or bad, I am not
going to sacrifice myself to please two
old women—for that's just what it
amounts to. I gave up Fred to please
his mother, and am going to marry Mr.
Wetherill to please Aunt Winnie; at
least she thinks I am."
For a week or more after the events
just related Bettina appeared to be
one of the most docile creatures imag-
inable, and Aunt Winnie and she
were again on the most amicable terms,
but Clare felt instinctively that she
was plotting mischief. One day Mrs.
Chalmers went to pay a long-promised
visit to a friend residing in the coun-
try. As soon as she was gone the
young girl dressed herself in a neat
walking costume and left the house.
Clare did not miss her until she had
occasion to go to her room, where she
expected to find her, but found instead
a note addressed to herself, which she
opened with trembling fingers, and read:
"DEAR CLARE—I fancy that you
will not be much astonished to learn
that I have gone to meet Fred. Every-
thing is arranged, and we will be mar-
ried in a few hours. Aunt Winnie
will be furious, but will recover from
the shock more rapidly than I would
from a broken heart if I followed her
advice. Will you please tell Mr. Weth-
erill when he comes to-night? Dear
Clare, don't be angry with your own
BETTINA."
"Thank God!" ejaculated Clare, fer-
vently, as she finished reading. "They
are both saved, but how shall I ever
tell him? Capricious little pet, may
you never have cause to regret the step
you have taken!"
She met Mr. Wetherill with a com-
posed air, although her heart was
throbbing painfully.
"Miss Lyons is not at home," she
said.
"Not at home?" in a tone of sur-
prise.

"No, Mr. Wetherill; she's gone
away, leaving me an unpleasant task
to perform. I hope you will not be
too much shocked," she went on, nerv-
ously; "but I am afraid she is mar-
ried. Read this note; it will explain all."
She trembled like an aspen as she
watched him reading the note, his face
growing pale and flushed alternately.
"I am so grieved, Mr. Wetherill."
"You need not be, Miss Clare. I
admire Bettina's courage and honesty
in refusing to give her hand where she
could not bestow her heart. She has
saved us both from life-long unhappi-
ness."
Clare gazed at him, too much amazed
to speak.
"Miss Clare, will you listen to a
story that has been trembling on my
lips since I first met you here?"
Without waiting for a reply he con-
tinued:
"Many years ago there was a young
man—a mere lad—whom we will call
Jack. He was a farmer's son, and
poor. Near his father's place lived a
widow and her only child, Mary. Jack
loved this little girl from her baby-
hood, and when she was fourteen and
he nineteen the two promised to be
true to each other as long as life lasted.
Shortly afterward Jack went out into
the world to try to make a home for
the child who had promised to be his
wife. Several letters were exchanged
until Mary's mother discovered what
was going on, and forbid her to write
any more. About a year after their
separation her mother died, and she
went to a distant city to reside with
relatives. Jack did not hear of these
events until he returned to his old
home, two years later. Then he made
inquiries for his little love, but could
gain no further tidings of her. Several
years passed, and he was successful
beyond even his boyish expectations.
During this period he met many beau-
tiful women, but little Mary's image
refused to leave its shrine in his heart.
One day he saw a notice of her mar-
riage. Then hope died, but memory
remained. As time passed he be-
came weary of his bachelor's life, and
concluded to marry. Chance threw
him in the society of a young girl
whose unconventional manners proved
a strong attraction, and in a short time
he asked her to be his wife. He thought
the reluctant air with which she con-
sented was due to bashfulness, but
later on discovered that her heart be-
longed to some one else. Then he de-
termined to question her closely re-
garding the matter, and if his con-
jectures were true to give her back her
promise. Meantime he met a woman
wonderfully like his lost love. Yet she
was not called Mary, nor did she bear
the name of the man whom she had
married, and, while bound to the young
girl, he could not ask her for an expla-
nation. At last he found himself free,
and—Miss Clare, it rests with you to
decide how the story of Jack's love
shall end."
A profound silence reigned for a few
moments, then Clare explained in a
low, tremulous voice:
"After the death of Mary's mother
she went to live with her father's
brother, whose daughter was also
named Mary Lamson. In order to
avoid confusion Jack's Mary was called
by her second name, Clare. It was
Mary's cousin who married, but the
orphan girl remained true to her early
love."
"And her constancy is at last re-
warded," said Mr. Wetherill, drawing
her to his breast.
She laid her head in a restful way on
his shoulder, and thus Aunt Winnie
found them when she returned in a
great state of excitement, having re-
ceived a telegram from Bettina an-
nouncing her marriage.
"Well," she ejaculated, when the
situation was explained, "I am glad
we are going to keep you in the
family. But I must say Bettina would
have made you a brilliant wife."
"Clare will make a loving wife, and
I am satisfied with the exchange, Mrs.
Chalmers," he answered, fervently.

A Phenomenal City.

The city of Texarkana, though small
in comparison to some of the other
cities of the Union, is the most phe-
nomenal. It lies in two States—Texas
and Arkansas, hence its name. The
State line runs through the center of
its chief street. Its population is
6,000. It is considered the gateway
of the Southwest. Four railroads
center there, the climate is like that
of Italy and tramps are not tolerated.
Money is plenty and the people ar
prosperous.
When people traveled by diligence
in France one traveler in every 335,
000 was killed and one in every
30,000 wounded. Now, with rail-
ways, one is killed per 5,178,490 and
one wounded per 580,450. Stage
coach traveling was therefore twenty
times as dangerous as the cars.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

A Fearful Ascent of Nearly 400 Feet Re-
warded by a Magnificent View.
If one feels a desire to sup full
horrors in Washington, says a letter
from the national capital, there is no
way in which success is so certain and
so speedy as an ascent of the 375 feet
of the unfinished Washington monu-
ment. Although no accident of any
kind whatever has happened since the
work was begun, owing to the admi-
rable precautions that have been ob-
served, the mere contemplation of the
dangers to be avoided would give Gen-
eral Washington himself, if he were
alive, the cold creeps. It must be re-
membered that the monument is already
among the highest structures
in the world, while the transporta-
tion of the gigantic blocks of stone
to the top is something which has no
parallel in this country, and has sel-
dom been equaled anywhere. Whether
the ascent is calculated to inspire fear
or not may be imagined from the reply
made by one of the highest officials in
Washington to the inquiry, "Were you
—were you not just a little frightened
going up?" "Frightened! I was per-
fectly terrified!" was the hearty re-
sponse given with all the force of em-
phasis.
The ascent is made by the elevator,
which runs through the middle of the
great obelisk. This elevator is a mere
open platform, which does not deserve
the name of an elevator, as Mrs. Gen-
eral Gildory puts it; it is rather the
terrifier. Every time it goes up it
carries from five to ten tons of stone,
and the only way for visitors to get
to the top is to huddle around the
immense mass of stone on the
diabolical-looking machine. The
platform begins to move
slowly and laboriously upward,
grinding and creaking at every inch
from the enormous weight it lifts. In
half a minute the light of day totally
disappears, and at that moment the
horrors of the position suddenly swoop
down upon me. To be dangling hun-
dreds of feet above a chasm with only
a rope between a fall to the bottom
with 10,000 pounds of stone is enough
to appal any imagination. Although
the darkness is blackness inconceiv-
able and the intense silence broken only
by the groaning of the great mass
feeling its way painfully upward, yet
the frightful abyss appears to become
of itself both audible and visible. The
last 150 feet of balancing between
heaven and earth is like hanging be-
tween life and death. Even the ele-
vator man gives up his heroic efforts
to keep up the courage of the party.
At length light from the top begins
to appear, and in a minute or two a
pallid party of pleasure seekers step
out on the platform at the top, nearly
400 feet in the air. There is an enorm-
ous iron structure running through the
middle of the obelisk and around this
the stone is blocked. Six feet are added
every week in three tiers of two-foot
blocks. The structure is then six feet
above the temporary platform, which
is thereupon raised, and the work of
bringing it six feet above the level is
commenced. A network of rope is
securely fixed around the top of the
shaft, extending several feet off, to
catch any unfortunate man who might
drop over—the workmen are compelled
to be on the very edge in order to
complete the outer layer of stone.
A young lady not long since, in
a spirit of bravado, threw herself into
this life-saving net. A weak spot in
the rope would have sent her nearly
four hundred feet to the earth. A
contrivance like the rigging of a ship
is on top of the shaft, and the wind
howls through it with enormous force.
When a tier or two is laid the work-
men are protected in a measure from
the violence of the wind, but they ac-
knowledge that when they are work-
ing on a level it is something terrific.
If anything could repay one for the
horrors of the ascent, it would be the
view after reaching the top. Even
the most hardened sightseer must be
enthusiastic at the great panorama
spread out before him. The vast
treasury building looks
like a lilliputian house. The
plan of Washington becomes as
well defined as a checker board. The
full grandeur of the capitol is then for
the first time realized. When it is re-
membered that the capitol is of almost
the identical dimensions of the great
pyramid and of St. Peter's, being per-
haps a few feet longer than either, it
may seem that it has nothing to lose
by looking at it from any point of ele-
vation. Everything else grows minute
from the top of the monument except
the white splendor of the capitol. It
seems to be on a mountain instead of a
hill, and amid the diminishing of every
other object the great white dome
stands gradually out, so high that it
looks as though poised in air.
Fire lays a grievous tax upon Lon-
don. The losses from it amount to
\$500,000 a month.

The Greatest Living French Painter.

Personally Meissonier is a man whom
it is difficult to describe. Picture to
yourself a little bit of a fellow, as
brisk and merry as if he was listening
to some stimulating music, to which
all other ears were deaf. On this body
of a dwarf is set a magnificent head—
a head that is almost that of a vision-
ary—with long locks of waving and
snowy white hair, and with a long
beard as white as the hair. He reminds
you of one of those personifications of
rivers in which the ancients delighted,
or, rather, of one of those musing fathers
of the earth that Coysevox has
carved for us under the thick linden
trees of the park at Versailles. When
one looks at this imposing head and
venerable beard, one entirely
loses sight of the slender body that
ends in a pair of trousers
like those of the English horse-
trainer. Learned and witty to the ut-
most limit, and, like a true Parisian,
fond of ridiculing everything, with a
sharp eye to his own glory, the great
painter is more interesting within the
walls of his studio, surrounded by the
tokens of his work. The studio is an
enormous one, and fairly flooded with
light. It is well stocked with pictures,
incomplete sketches, precious furni-
ture, arms and hangings. It is so large
that even the "Marriage of Cana" could
have been painted in it with ease, and
yet it is here that Meissonier touches
and retouches, with a religious patience,
those diminutive pictures that the
amateurs are so glad to cover with
gold pieces and bank notes. In spite
of its size the studio is arranged with co-
quettishness that is almost feminine.
Here and there on the arm-chairs and di-
vans are negligently cast clothes of rich,
colored velvets, a musketeer's hat with
its white, trailing plume, a theatrical
sword with an elaborate carved hilt, a
pile of brilliantly colored silks and
Eastern stuffs. Everywhere, drawn
up in line, on easels, hanging on the
walls and even resting against the
tables, pictures and quartets, which
we never grow tired of admiring. The
work of the artist that is now the
furthest advanced represents two
lovers singing a duet. The man,
draped in a purple sizarre, is allowing
his fingers to wander over the keys of
an organ, while his head is thrown
back toward her who stands beside
him. The picture contains all the
charm of a mystic ode, all the tender-
ness of two hearts which are filled
with but one and the same feeling.
The red and green colors in the
picture are as dazzling as oriental
goods spread out in the intense glare
of an Eastern sun. The master chats
pleasantly with such visitors and
friends as come in. His voice is clear,
but, at the end of his sentences it be-
comes weak, and has some almost
childish inflections. He taught easily
and readily, and, from force of habit,
can listen gravely and calmly to the
hyperbolic praises that are so prodigi-
ally bestowed upon him and his work.
Meissonier does not content himself
with being one of the great contemporary
masters. He is, also, as learned a col-
lector of rare old books as any bibli-
philist of the institute. It is by study-
ing those that he is enabled to produce
in his pictures such faithful representa-
tions of the centuries that have
vanished, and of scenes of adventure
and chivalry that have been forgotten
by the common herd.

Brought in the Bear's Meat Alive.

A Toronto lawyer, who was one of
a party out hunting lately in the Mus-
koka district, had a narrow escape
from the rather dangerous embraces
of a bear. The incident is an amusing
one. It appears that the members of
the party had arranged that they should
take turns at the cooking. The gentle-
man in question did not take kindly to
this work, and when the remainder of
the party returned from the chase he
was invariably asleep, not having pre-
pared a meal. His companions be-
came tired of this conduct, and on
this occasion ordered him out to
bring in some game. This he
proceeded very gladly to do. In
a few minutes, however, he was
seen returning at the top of his speed,
with an immense bear in hot pursuit.
He dashed into the shanty, the heavy
doors of which were at once barred
against the would-be intruder, the gal-
lant hunter explaining: "Boys, here's
your fresh meat, all alive." After
some dozen shots had been fired into
the bear's body from the roof of the
shanty, where the gallant hunters had
managed to crawl through one of the
numerous smoke-holes, they descended,
and after some slight delay in re-
moving the skin were soon enjoying a
hearty dinner of bear steaks. It ap-
pears that when the bear was first
seen by the hunter he had his back
turned toward that gentleman, who,
taking aim rather nervously, managed,
if not to seriously wound the brute, to
at least irritate him, the brute turning
upon the hunter.—Toronto Globe.

Waiting.

Learn to wait! Life's hardest lesson,
Comed perchance through blinding tears,
While the heart throbs sadly echo
To the tread of passing years.
Learn to wait! Hope's slow fruition!
Fall not, though the way seems long!
There is joy in each condition;
Hearts, though suffering, may grow strong.
Constant sunshine, however welcome,
Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower;
Giant oaks owe half their greatness
To the scathing tempest's power.
Thus a soul untouched by sorrow
Aims not at a happier state;
Joy seeks not a brighter morrow—
Only sad hearts learn to wait.
Human strength and human greatness
Spring not from Life's sunny side;
Heroes must be more than driftwood
Floating on a waveless tide.
PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.
Cutting a swell—Lancing a carbuncle.
The skilled burglar may not be
wealthy, but he takes things easy.
"Blood will tell," so be careful how
you make confidantes of your relations.
Some statistical fiend estimates that
courtships cost three tons of coal each
on an average.
"There's no time like the present,"
gleefully remarked the boy who had
received the gift of a watch.
St. Louis has 7,000 cats, and in spite
of this discouraging fact still expects
to become a great city in time.
The time wasted by men in feeling
in the wrong pocket would make the
next generation rich if they had it.
A mortgage on a house is like a
worm-hole in an apple. Before you
know it there is more worm-hole than
fruit.
An old fellow who has had his wig
stolen several times has come to the
conclusion that there is no rest for the
wiggled.
The coat-tail flirtation is the latest.
A wrinkled coat-tail bearing dusty
toe-marks means, "I have spoken to
your father."
This is a hurry cane in earnest
thought the boy, as the old man rained
the blows upon his shoulders with
lightning rapidity.
A gentleman had his picture taken
recently; cost him \$200, and still he is
not happy. A fellow took it out of
the hall when the latch was up.
"How clumsy you are!" said the mis-
tress at the table, as the waiter spilt
the sauce over a guest's rich dress.
"There won't be sauce enough to go
round now."
Walt Whitman exclaims in one of
his poems: "Give me solitude!" Very
easily obtained, sir. Start to take up
a collection for the Washington monu-
ment.
The advance agent of a bad show
has the best time. He can get out of
town before his company performs. It
is the manager who must stay and pay
salaries and hear the complaints.
A farm that recently yielded a profit
of \$10,000 a year has been left by a
wealthy bachelor of Oregon to a school
for young ladies. Very few men who
have escaped matrimony exhibit so
much gratitude to the girls.
General Wolsley, the hero of the
Egyptian war, is the author of a book
called "The Soldier's Pocket Book for
Field Service." As the British soldier
gets only twenty cents a day, he can't
have much use for a pocketbook.
A shirt has two arms, the same as
pantalons have two legs; yet one is
called a pair and the other is only one.
Isn't it time that we let up on astron-
omy and paid more attention to every-
day trifles that vex the clearest minds?
Four-year-old Augustus is found
shaving the head of his cat with his
father's razor, and is severely reproved
by his nurse. "But," says the little
fellow, "men always have such a hard
time shaving, I want to practice before
my beard grows."
An old farmer bought a work called
"Hints on Fencing," supposing it set
forth the advantages and cheapness of
one fence over another. He expressed
himself very vigorously when he dis-
covered that the book related to an
entirely different kind of fencing.
"Mamma," said little Edith, "be
all grown folks hateful?" "Why,
Edith," replied her mother, "what
put that idea in your head?" "Noth-
ing, mamma, only I know everybody
who comes here is hateful, 'cause I've
always heard you say so after they
went out."
They were talking about midnight
assaults, when a doctor spoke up and
said he was never handled roughly but
once; but then he was nearly killed.
However, he was lucky enough to dis-
cover his assailants. "Who were they;
who were they?" exclaimed
everybody. "Starving undertakers,
starving undertakers, brought down
from affluence to penury after I came
to reside in the town," said the docto-