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The Round of Life.

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery;
Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,
Gazing with joy on his snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the west.
A soft green field by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair,
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air.
For love is young, though love be old,
And love to some the least can fill;
And the dear old tale that has been told
In the days gone by, is spoken still.
A dim-lit home on a sheltered bay;
A wife leaning on the glowing sea;
A prayer for the soul on the evening breeze;
And prattling naps 'neath the old roof-tree;
A lifted latch and a radiant face;
By the open door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his child-
ren bright.
A aged man in an old arm-chair;
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side, with her silver hair,
And the opened Book of God close by.
Sweet on the bay the glowing fall,
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But dear to them are the Jasper vale
And the golden streets of the Land a far.
An old churchyard on the green hillside,
Two lying still in their peaceful rest;
The fishermen's boats going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the sunset west.
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year.
—Chambers' Journal.

WIDOW APPELDRE'S ROMANCE.

"A man that thinks of nothing but
peppermint oil and the price of wheat! No!
Emma Jane; my life has been humdrum
concern without my ending it with Deacon
Bliss. I shan't do it."
"Well, well, Rosetta, if you won't I
don't know anybody's got 'er ter try an
make you," chirped plump, rosy Mrs.
Phlox, looking up from the stout blue
woolen sock she was knitting. "I
s'pose the deacon thought he'd a right
to ask you, 'cause it's a free country
and Caleb Appledore was a nice man,
but so's the deacon. A nice man
are put on. Job Whitmore neglects
your garden, 'an' just see what work
you have with your firs wint'ers 'an'
keepin' roads broke out."
"I'm not going to marry just to have
some one to chop the wood and do the
chores," said Mrs. Appledore. "I've
never found fault with them that
dead and gone, but I know what it is to
live with a person who does not care
two pias for the things I do, and if I
ever do marry again it will be some
one who can sympathize with me. I
can't say I swallow all the Bradshaw
says about the marryin' of souls and af-
finities, but there's some truth in it
you may depend. Besides, I'd like a little
romance in my life before I die."
"Romance is all well 'nuff," said
Mrs. Phlox, "but you're thirty-nine
next March, Rosetta, an' s'ech a man
as Deacon Bliss don't grow on every-
bush. Bein' a good provider, an'
splendid farmer, an' a deacon, an'
a pillar in the church may not be roman-
tic, but they're good recommends in a
man you'd think 'er 'marrin'." I
hope you'll think twice."
"I have thought, and I shan't marry
the deacon," said Mrs. Appledore, de-
cisively. "An' if that's being roman-
tic I'm not ashamed of it."
The little widow did not look roman-
tic. Her complexion was a dull white
and her hair was a dull brown. Dull,
blinked behind her large gray eyes that
bent her form, though meager and de-
void of curve, was not without grace,
and she had a clear, sweet soprano
voice which, though it was untrained,
she could use with taste and feeling.
The Harmonium, the Dixville musical
association, made her the
head of all their committees, and
relied upon her to sing with the
sops. Indeed without her it could not
have existed. The wheezy melodeon
which was a dozen years old before it
became the property of the society had
at last collapsed under the energetic
fingers of Professor Jackson Jones, who
did the accompanying, and they were
trying to buy a piano. They had given
concerts and had supper suppers till Dix-
ville was tired, when Dr. Ollapod en-
gaged a lecturer. It was whispered that
the doctor had expected the committee
to invite him to read one of his papers
on the Semitic tongues; but if he did
he was disappointed. They corresponded
with many popular lecturers, who all de-
clined to visit Dixville on the plea of
engagements, and the committee at last
invited a certain Professor St. Clair
Smith, about whom they knew nothing
save that he had lectured in the neigh-
boring villages with acceptance, to ad-
dress them. The professor had sud-
denly appeared in a new coat and a
fine gray horse. The next day he was
seen to enter the postoffice, with a
green bag on his arm, and the gossips
immediately reported that he was
wealthy and had come from Boston. He
at once accepted the invitation of the
Harmonium committee, and announced
that his lecture would be on the "Philo-
sophy of Art." The meeting house
was hired, and Mrs. Appledore, with a
select few began practicing some music
for the occasion.
It was the afternoon before the lec-
ture, and Mrs. Appledore had invited
her sister to spend the day with her.
Domestic duties seemed to be just what
Mrs. Phlox was made for. Her husband
and sister usually did all her thinking.
In return she served them with her
hands, but the few notions that did
creep into her round head she clung to
pertinaciously.
"The worst kind of a fool is a beetle-
head 'd old one," she said, after a long
pause, "an' I think 'is an' that together,
Rosetta, I'm 'nuff 'er preparin' with

your romanin' to be just that kind of a
one."
"I don't see how sister can be so
unlike," and Mrs. Appledore drummed
a harsh accompaniment to her words on
the middle C of her piano. "To be
sure, you are the oldest, but age need
not make one a fool."
"It would be well for you to remem-
ber that all the advantages are not on
your side," cried Mrs. Phlox, rising with
dignity. "There are bodies, yes, and
dispositions, that are clouds," and
Mrs. Phlox jerked on her calash and
went home.
The meeting-house was full, and the
next day the Dixville Times declared
the lecture to have been a most successful
and elegant dissertation, but Mrs. Ap-
pledore's attention wandered, and she
only knew that the entertainment was
about to be concluded by Dr. Ollapod's
solicitation for "music."
"I am delighted," said Professor St.
Clair Smith, bowing low before her, "to
see you as possible after the 'musicie';
I never heard such a delicious voice."
Mrs. Appledore coughed behind her
hand to conceal her flattered embarrass-
ment and turned a questioning look on
Professor Jackson Jones who stood
near.
"You always sing splendid," said
that gentleman, drawing himself up.
"I dare say I put you out. That flute
obligato is a deuced hard thing to do.
I don't do myself justice to-night."
"You always dragged," said Karl
Leopold, who took every opportunity
to criticize the Harmonium doings.
Professor Jackson Jones pulled at his
cravat, and Mrs. Appledore's face was
full of resentment.
"I never heard anything finer in
Boston," said Professor St. Clair Smith,
turning to the reces, "and I suppose
you know what that implies."
The night after the lecture was a
very stormy one, and Mrs. Appledore was
slowly twisting her hair in crimping
pins when the door-bell rang. "I
could not endure the loneliness of the
old, dear Mrs. Appledore," said Pro-
fessor St. Clair Smith, making a
courtly bow, "and I have come to beg
for just one song."
The professor was so far as outside
and coloring go, a handsome man. His
head was what is commonly called
down-shaved. His hair was red and
rather lank, and his eyes were blue. He sat
down in a big rocking chair, and taking
a twin on each knee, "I renew my
youth in children," he cried, giving
them a squeeze. "Do you know the
song 'When you and I were young'?"
"Oh, yes," said the widow, nervously
turning over her music, "but I can't
say that I feel so very old."
"Dear me, what a blunderer I am,"
said the professor, "I was thinking of
my boyhood. I've always hated being
grown up. A man has so much to fer-
ret his imagination. You must have
seen your husband in the first flush of
your youth."
"I did," murmured the widow, for-
getting that she was thirty-five when
he went occurred. "The twins were
babes."
Song succeeded song till the profes-
sor enjoyed the music so much that it
was midnight before she "new it."
Two months passed away. The profes-
sor came almost every evening. He
had hired a small house a little out
of town that he might be undisturbed, he
explained, and a relative had come to
see him. He did not know how
long he should remain in Dixville.
He was preparing a book for publica-
tion and writing several new lectures.
When his literary labors were over he
was going to take a trip somewhere and
rest, though friends of his, influential
at Washington, were anxious for him to
accept a consularship at an important
post.
The widow's neat white cottage stood
by itself on the confines of the village.
Deacon Bliss's fields of dark green pep-
permint and nodding wheat stretching
along the country road for nearly a
mile joined the garden. Before her
abrupt refusal of him the deacon had
been accustomed to drop in for a little
visit or to bring a neighborly offering
of apples or fresh vegetables. But
these calls had ceased, and out from all
her sources of news and pleasure
Mrs. Appledore stayed closely at home,
practised her music and entertained the
professor.
But one sunshiny afternoon Mrs.
Phlox came bustling up the prim gravel-
led walk.
"Rosetta Appledore," she chirped,
like an angry blue jay, as she opened
the door, "though a cloud, I've come
here for folks that think different, I've come
to ask you if you know you're the town
talk?"
"The town talk!" echoed her aston-
ished sister.
"Yes, the town talk," repeated Mrs.
Phlox, with wonderful emphasis. "Any-
body would be who had spent two
blessed months philandering with a
married man."
"Who is married?"
"Your Professor Smith."
"I don't believe it."
"I s'posed you wouldn't, but I've
seen his wife," said Mrs. Phlox, with
evident satisfaction. "Miss Merrill,
she 'was Peary Ann Trussdale,
world's mise a findin' out anything if
called on her and told me, 'a sister's a
sister, specially if she's younger and a
wider, and if I be a cled I'm goin' to
the bottom of this,' and says he, 'Em-
ma Jane, I think you'd better,' and the
first thing he did the next 'mornin' was
to hitch up and take me over on the
mile strip where that farm lives, in
Tony Allerton's cottage. He w'at in,
but she was, and she was washin'."
"I'm Miss Phlox," said I, "an' I come
to call." "Thank you," said she, "I'm
Miss Smith," an' she set out the only
chair there was in the room for me an'
set down herself on the wash bench."
"Air you Miss St. Clair Smith, the
wife of the professor," said I.
"A sort of smile twinkled over her
mouth an' she said, 'Yes, Miss St. Clair
Smith, though I didn't know Mr. Smith
had adopted the St. Clair name. That's
my family name.' An' then she went

on an' spoke of her husband, an' of how
ambitious he is, an' how he feels his
spear in public life, an' how she is
willin' to do anything to help him. An'
then she inquired if I thought she
could get sewin in Dixville when she
feels a little better an' is able to do it."
Tears of shame and anger gathered
in Mrs. Appledore's eyes as her sister
said, "Is Mrs. Smith good-looking?
Is she an interesting woman?" she
asked.
"I can't say how interesting she is.
She seemed kind of trod on, so to
speak. As for looks, she ain't any pret-
tier 'n you'd be if you worked hard an'
didn't have half enough to eat," said
Mrs. Phlox, calmly.
Mrs. Appledore sobbed aloud. "What
do people say about me? What shall I
do?" she cried.
"They don't say nothin' yet 'n' that
you're dreadful foolish," chirped her
sister, rising and putting on her calash.
"I can't say a word of anything for you to
do except to tell Mr. Smith to stay 't home
'Taint likely Deacon Bliss will give you
a chance to say yes a second time."
There had been a good deal of pleas-
urable excitement in receiving the visits
of the professor. To dress herself in
her best morning and to sing her fa-
vorite songs to an appreciative listener
had been something to look forward to
during the humdrum work of the day.
The thought, however, of what her ac-
quaintances were saying about her em-
bittered her life, and when the profes-
sor again cast one glance at her face
she told him that she knew all his
"Dear Mrs. Appledore," he began,
but she checked him.
"You had better go home to your
wife, Mr. Smith," she said coldly.
Tears, real tears, came into the pro-
fessor's big blue eyes. "But I love
you," he cried, "and she has always
been an incubus upon my soul."
"But she's your wife," persisted Mrs.
Appledore.
"I know it," moaned the professor,
rubbing his brow distractedly. "It
eats out my vitals when I think of it.
She don't feel as I feel. There's no
wings for me, and as I am tied to her,
I've no affinity."
Mrs. Appledore gazed at him in dull
wonder. These were almost the words
she had used to her sister, but they did
not sound pleasantly now.
"I love you, Rosetta," went on the
little man, approaching her, "and I
want to ask you just one question:
Were I a single man would you marry
me?"
"I might," admitted the widow,
smoothing down a fold in her over-
skirt with a trembling hand.
"Enough!" and the professor flung
his arms about her and pressed a rap-
turous kiss upon her forehead. "But
you, my darling!" and before she could
answer him he was gone.
The next evening when Mrs. Appledore
was taking down her washing from
the line she was suddenly clasped
from behind by a pair of strong arms.
"You will soon be mine," said the
voice of the professor. "I've offered
my wife fifty dollars to leave me, and
she has accepted."
"Accepted!" the widow cried, wrench-
ing herself free.
"Yes, and as soon as I can sell my
book she shall go. I've lived in soul
isolation long enough. My heart has
found its mate."
All the men that Mrs. Appledore
knew were quiet of speech and some
what rustic in manner, but what
they considered dignified controlled their
lives. "You wretch!" she cried,
dashing the contents of a basket
at him. "Fifty dollars! You ain't
worth fifty cents. Go home and never
dare to speak to me again!"
"Hear me," he pleaded, catching
hold of her gown.
"I can't stay out here and listen to
philandering talk," she answered reso-
lutely, and twitching her dress from
his grasp she entered the house. But
the professor's hand was upon the
latch. Like most little women the
widow was a curious mixture of timidity
and courage. She flung the door
open. "Don't you dare to come in!"
she cried. "I'll throw hot water on
you! I'll kill you!" Then slam-
ming the door in his face she bolted it
securely.
All the evening the professor paced
up and down Mrs. Appledore's back
veranda. The next evening he again
appeared, and the next, and the widow
thoroughly alarmed sent the bravest
twain out the front way with a note
to her brother-in-law.
Mr. Phlox delighted in anything that
could be called proceedings, and in a
few minutes he had the deputy sheriff
and two constables and went marching
down the principal street with them to
the great delight of all the small boys
of the village. It was impossible for
the professor to enter the house. The
deputy sheriff, the constables, and the
sheriff himself, the constables, pinioned
his arms, Mr. Phlox grabbed him by
the coat tails and away he was
walked to the village lock-up.
Mrs. Appledore passed a sleepless
night. She imagined the whole town
was wide awake and discussing her,
and long before daybreak she had re-
solved to sell her home and Dixville
bank stock and move West. "I've got
my compensation," she groaned. "I've
always been romantic and wanted a
romance such as I've read about, an' I
had one. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"
About 8 o'clock in the morning
there came a lively rap at the kitchen
door, and "mornin' to you, mornin' to
you," said a voice, "I've been up and
lack of sleep, she shrieked aloud.
"O my me. O my Deacon Bliss,"
cried a pleasant voice through the key-
hole.
Mrs. Appledore slid back the bolt
with trembling fingers. "How thank-
ful I am," she said, holding out her
hand, "I feel so in need of some-
body."
"Twas fortune I come along jes' as
I did then," said the deacon, taking off
his straw hat and slowly rubbing his
face with his ample bandana. It was a
shrewd though benevolent face, framed
in waves of iron-gray hair. "I see you
look kinder peaked. The weather has
been tryin' I've felt it myself an'
ached in my joints the w'at way."
"It's my soul, deacon," wailed the

widow dropping into a chair and cover-
ing her face with an apron. "I've
always bawled after a romance an' I've
had one, and I wish I was dead and
laid beside Caleb."
"Oh, no ye don't, Miss Appledore,"
said the deacon, in the caressing tone
in which he would address a sobbing child.
"This world's a goodly good place, an'
with a few exceptions folks are pretty
good. I come over to fetch a few of
my sweeties and to tell ye that that
my offer I made ye a spell ago holds
good yet. I rally wish you'd consider
it again."
Mrs. Appledore remained silent be-
hind her apron.
"El' ye'd better me," repeated the
deacon, in a low voice, "I
know I ain't half good 'nuff
and that I'm kind of an old fellow,
but I've got a comfable place an'
comfable things in it, an' I've been
on ye this long spell, as ye know. I
s'pose ye've heard that Lucy more'n
I shall ever be to anybody's gain. We
s'at an' vrowed together like, but so did
you 'n' Caleb, an' I'm sure I'll try ter
make a happy, an' yer two little gals,
as sweet as two pinks, 'll be to me jes'
like the little gals I'll set."
Mrs. Appledore did not remove her
apron and after a pause the deacon
said, with a little shake of her voice,
falteringly continued: "I
taint no use ter argy. Folks here
their own ideas of such things; but anyways
I'll stand yer friend."
The widow rubbed her eyes and
slowly let fall her apron. "I've always
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