AT THE END OF THE ROUTE.

(From the Journal of Miss Elizabeth Northrup.) KATE JORDAN, in the Magazine of Travel.

Morning.-The shoots onward, like the loadstar to the magnet. We have passed Philadelphia, the grouped smoking chimneys of Wilmington, and are darting straight toward Washington. I have my shoulder half turned away from Aunt Elsie and, with my head well back, sit staring at the rain-drenched panes, for it is pouring with a vehemence that makes every close-growing tree a

small cataract. February.-New York and its gray, slushy streets left far behind. St. Augustine, and a two weeks' drifting upon its blue waters, our objective point. It is a prospect to cheer any heart except mine.

Here is a theorem for a moral philosopher; a woman, young, free, of undeniable beauty and independently rich, miserably unhappy, with friends in plenty, yet alone. Ah! the one face which rises before me, the look of pain, love, and self-awakening in the eyes; it follows me and keeps peace away. Yes, the memory of that look turns all my roses to dust.

Shall I continue my scribbling, and rain and wind, as the train bears us with meteor-like swiftness over the shining rails? My letter-pad and pencil are temptingly alluring and the desire grows to see the thoughts that terment me congeal themselves on paper. There is no better way of forgetting some things than by talking of them. Beside me lies one big, loose rose, to help me fancy, by the breath from its glowing heart, that it is summer in the North, a lost summer, a heavenly June again,

All my life I had known Rufus Dar-He was a pseudo-cousin, Aunt Elsie's son, and she my mother's stepsister, and my chaperon when fate left me orphaned.

As far back as the days when life meant a run across a meadow and the division of a penny cake, Rufus and I were chums. When the hobbledehoy period was past, and he came home from college, I from school, he became like my other self. Friends? There was something more in Rufus's eyes, a good deal more in my heart.

Four years ago and summer time, the luscious quiet of a June night stealing through the windows and holding New York under a spell. We were not going out of town until late that year, and, as if to oblige us, the summer retained the breezes of spring, the sun

seemed half asleen I was sitting in the wide window-seat watching the long rows of shuttered houses, and the street lamps like sentinels in the twilight. My heart was heavy, I was thinking of Rufus. On that June night I admitted to myself that I loved him, and the sting of the afterthought made an ache rise in my throat. Had this feeling grown in me through the long years, creating its own ideal, twining around Rufus Darrow, deifying his look, his voice, his footstep-and was it all a mistake?

these characteristics seemed lacking in He was gradually becoming known as a club man, an idler, an extravagant exquisite, with a nice taste in boutonnieres.

Since his return from college, two years before, he had attempted studying medicine, and had lightly given it up. Civil engineering had ended as disastrously. He commenced writing a play, but did not finish ft-perhaps this was just as well. A few weeks in the banking house of a friend was pronounced drudgery. He said he was "drifting," and occasionally "took a flyer in stocks." He was lukewarm in his pleasures, too, unless they were in some way connected with water and a boat. He owned a sail boat, a caand was considered one of the crack yachtsmen of a "swagger" club. Meanwhile, the money which supported his golden idleness was mine,

although he did not guess it. (Darkness, like a great bird's wing. interrupted my story here, as we plunged into the gloom of the tunnel at Baltimore. It was like a foretaste of the gloom that was to follow the lonely hour's revery I described. But the day and wavering sunlight through storm clouds are now visible again as we are borne on to Washington.)

The house was so silent that day, that when a footstep sounded in the hall it had the effect of a summons. No need to ask whose it was. Rufus came in and flung himself into a chair opposite me.

"How pretty you are Bess," he said, after a pause, taking one of his carefully booted feet into lazy embrace; 'the light on your cheek and chin, with the shadow underneath, the luminous points in your eyes-ah, if I were a

I did not reply, but sat with the haifregretful, half-joyous feeling of being dominated, which always came over me when with him. I looked at his thick, fair hair, dark eyes, clean-cut, strong features, the look of purpose and independence in his pose, and wondered if Nature could have made this fair-seeming but a mask for puerility. Perhaps I betrayed these passionate questions of my heart, for suddenly Rufus came to me with hands outstretched, and I heard from his lips the words of which I had often dreamed. In the high window-seat I was above him. He clasped my hands and looked

up at me. "I do love you so, Bess. You know it well! I have always loved you-the your sweet eyes, and I feel a happiness If I could know where you are-happy

"Florida Special" | this old earth holds. Do you love me Bess? Ah, you do? I know I'm a careless fellow living only for today but, dear, it won't be always so. You'll see when my chance comes-A cry broke from me, and I flung his

hands away. "Don't say any more! please don't. I can't bear it." I said, with a good deal of fire; and he fell back, his face white, the look of a man wondering and half-asleep crossing his eyes, "Bess-you mean-"

"I mean," I said, slipping down and facing him, "that you must not speak of love to me, Rufus, My heart is full of pain to watch you. You are not what I dreamed you would be-not what the man I love and marry must be. you think a proud woman could give her heart to a trifler like you? Yes," and my voice was barsh with pain,

"that's what you've become!"

He stood absolutely quiet, his eyes dull. My words came fast. Ah, how long I had choked back these thoughts! Tonight he had given me the opportunity to speak, and I meant to take it. write the story on this wild day of As I passed him, and paused half-way toward the door, he still did not turn his eyes to me.

"When you have proven that you possess ambition and courage, come to me;" my voice failed-how hard it was!

"I will listen then, Rufus."

Aunt Elsle and I were dining alone a few days later. How chilled and unhappy I was! All the rose color had been brushed from my life by the words I had spoken, but I did not regret them

I noticed that my aunt was pale, and when the maid had left us with dessert she took a letter from her pocket, "My dear," she said, and commenced

"What is it now?" I asked, though the words were needless; I had not lived with Aunt Elsie for years without divining her tactics-they were not subtle

"Really, I don't know where the money goes! I can't bear to ask you for more after the last thousand, I

"No, please," I said, wearily, "no promises! I am so tired of them. You shall have the money. But, Aunt Elsie, how long is this to continue? You live five times beyond your annuity. I have broken into my principal twice to serve you. I would do much for you, but-Her sobs answered me. Really, these weeping women provide themselves with an invincible shield.

"It's Rufus," she moaned; "I can't bear to tell him. He thinks he is rich, brought up with that idea-oh, it's hard for me! And his debts! Poor boy, he doesn't know how large they are and how they crowd me!" I could not see the crystal bowl be-

fore me. The smarting mist over my eyes changed it to a phismatic brilliancy that blinded me "And how much longer." I said slow-

ly, "are you going to let Rufus depend on you? Why don't you spur him to I was proud and ambitious. Both work? How can you harbor this unmanly, helpless spirit in him?" I asked contemptuously, "My money has paid for his luxuries and debts-he does not dream of this, of course, But it's scarcely better to be nothing, promise But it's nothing, and live on your bounty!"

"I will tell him, Bessie dear, After this two thousand, I promise he shall know his true position. My losses came through trusting to Platt's schemes-I lost nearly all that should have been Rufus's. What if he reproach, hate me?" she whimpered, in servile adora-

The end was as usual, and Aunt Elsie kissed me, and as she did so we were startled by the sound of the street door sharply closing. It had the effect of a blow; we looked at each other in dead silence.

"Who went out?" I asked the servant who came in answer to my sum-

"I don't know, miss, unless it's Mr. Darrow-but he only came in a few

moments ago." Rufus did not return that night. We heard nothing from him for a week, then two letters came, one for his mother, full of tenderness for all she had done for him, yet chiding her toward the close, for having kept him in ignorance of the true state of her affairs, and bitterly condemning himself the other for me, a mere blotted

"No wonder you despise me. When I cok back and think, I feel as if a century of repentance and honest effort could not wipe out the scars left by the humiliaion of one terrible moment, I shall never be worthy of you-never! I never see you again, and you will forget ne completely. But, some time, ever paid, and by me. Wait for that day, It will come.

I have not seen Rufus Darrow since. Letters mailed by a lawyer in New York, who guards well his client's secret, have reached me at intervals, each containing large sums of money, and a slip of paper bearing his signature-nothing else, not one word. Ah, how I dread yet yearn for the coming of those letters! How often my heart has been full of desperate longing and hope at sight of them, only to feel the old surge of pain and fierce regret, as money, always money, and the bold, black signature along meet my gaze,

My story, though an unfinished tale, is done. Rufus! Rufus! My dear, my dear-I had not meant to be so cruel best in me is yours. One look into ly and inexorably taken at my word. that is the nearest thing to heaven or sad? One line from you-just one

lever send it, I know,

The next day-I folded up the conession of my sore heart yesterday. and put it way. But I shall continue to keep notes of my journey. It saves talking to Aunt Elsie, if nothing else. We left Richmond about half-past six last night, were all night reaching morning so golden it seems to have been freshly coined in heaven, we are

hurrying to Savannah. The train rumbles through heavily wooded country, past the great phoswork, along the very edges of cypress swamps, within arms' reach, it seems, of the moss-hung trees and the wild cane brakes, suggesting the solitude and luxuriance of African jingles.

intervals a lonely negro at a cabin door, nothing modern or made by man our luxuriously appointed train ashore?" flashing over substantial drawbridges, waking echoes in that dank solitude day passes, broken only by the stop at Savannah, until with a snort and shriek the train draws up at Jacksonville, once so mighty, now but a satellite among the comets. It sighs of departed grandeur, and days that are no more. Few passengers alight, the majority going on to St. Augustine, which sees in a dolphin's back,

ago. Now, as midnight steals on, and subdue the fever that dominates heart and brain, and set down the salient they occurred.

courteous senor, who sought for the delightful memoriam than this hotel. Oh, the beauty of its gardens and broad, flower-filled Spanish court! Who can forget the breath from orange bloom circling around it in the sunshot air, the sleep notes of distant cathedral bells, the flavor of sait from sstrains of the band voicing the fueral query of "Nadty." What is love?" the maiden saith;

Is it more than life? Is it more than death?" The laziness, the rapture of it all rept around me like a spell. Romance was in the air, and I felt my heart

stir with the old pain of love. Bobbie Lawnton was enough to dispel the exotic dreaminess. He was waiting for us with his party. His broad, shining face, with its vapid, blase smile, surmounted by a straw hat of unusual proportions, beamed upon us both. We were to be guests upon his yacht. He was a millionaire, and loved me. As yet he had not told me so, but he gave evidences of it after his fashion, and had confided the state of his heart to several of my

"So dear of you to come!" he lisped. "We'll go out for a sail tomorrow afternoon, eh?"

And we did. I shall never forget that first walk on St. Augustine's sea-wall, and the sight of the light-tower gleaming white upon Anastasia Island.

"After all," I thought, as, leaning over the rail of the pler, I caught a reflection of myself in white flannel gown and sailor hat; "after all, there is a joy in being young and pretty with fine health and soul enough to feel the love fail as it will, one cannot be quite urhappy while there are days all silver and blue, all flutter and whisper, like

this. Out on the bay, where it was deeply blue, the yacht was weighing its anchor. It came nearer, and "lay to" between Anastasia Island and the pier. We were rowed out to it, and with a good deal of laughter and chaff,

were safely aboard. Bobbie was master of the craft, and cears of experience on the Sound and New York Bay had made him skillful. We sailed away. The boat went light as a skimming kingfisher; the breeze just filled the sails; the air was as exhilarating as the champagne cup served on the open deck; the murmur of the waves following the banjo's strains was like the accompanying

voices of hidden mermaids. Who that saw me would have dreamed of the unrest in my heart? Who could have guessed that, as I chatted with Bobbie, my sick fancy was really dwelling on that last interview with Rufus Darrow, and wondering where in all the wide world he had

hidden himself from me? Dinner was over, and we had gone on deck again. But half an hour had passed, when a surprise bore down on us in the shape of a sharp, dry wind of startling fury, which had sprung up. it scenied, out of the very moon we had been watching only a moment before. We looked at the sky. The stars were hidden, and a smoky veil was lashed, across the heavens. We looked at the sea, It was churning angrily, and the waves rose one above the other with a hissing sound.

Bobbie bounded forward, his round face very pale in the lantern's light. he gave rapid orders in sea jargon to the alert sailors, and in a few moments well-directed confusion reigned. "All go below," shouted Bobbie; there's a hurricane on us-be pre-

"Can't we get in?" cried one, in fear, "It will drive us shoreward and that's about the best thing. Fortunately, we are not far away. We've been salling in a circle-St. Augustine is just

ahead.' The boat went on, swept by the wind, and after an hour of wear we were off the lighthouse. It was impossible to make harbor, and the danger of being driven on the sand-bars was now para-

mount in all minds. All night we were beating to and fro on the seething waters. Never was light so welcome as the ghostly dawn coming over the edge of the sea. By this time the storm had sunk, and only the undercurrent in the troubled waters gave evidences of its departed strength. Drenched, unhappy, and cold, after a sleepless night, we looked toward the

distant, much-desired haven. The channel that led safely to it twisted, between hidden but dangerous sand bars, past the nose of Anastasia Island into the safe bay; the buoys usually marking the channel's course had been shifted by the storm, and were useless as a guide.

"There's nothing we can do," cried Robbie through the cabin, "but hang out signals for a pilot boat," "Will that help us quickly?" I asked

from the seat where I lounged, feeling unutterably weary. The pilot will come and be our guide. He knows every inch of the

channel around here. A little later his voice sung out, as be thrust his head into the cabin: "We'll be ashore in a jiffy. The pilot

boat is coming over the bar." Aunt Elsie, from being supinely disgruntled, had become petulantly abusive about the non-success of the trip,

But you will not send it-you will and blamed Bobble for the storm, as if he had been a malevolent Jove who had arranged it all maliciously beforehand. Simply to escape from her I went on

The sun had broken through the gray wall of sky, and made the bay bril-Fishing smacks were out in great numbers, but every eye was Charleston, and now, in the sunlight of fastened on a large sail-boat, skimming toward us like a great sea-bird. As it came nearer we saw the pilot plainly. "The pilot on the bar!" said a man

near me; "the words have a pretty sound, haven't they? It must be a fasphate beds where negroes bend at cinating occupation to a man who loves the water. It is venturesome, free. Even the money made from it has the charm of uncertainty-it depends largely on the wealth or generosity of the men who own the yachts which the There is no life visible except at rare pilot brings in. A good deal of money is made by these fellows. Well, here's the boat, and won't it be good to get

The pilot was tall, and even in an old blue coat and slouched hat, even with that murmur of civilization. Thus the averted head, there was a certain dignity and elegance in his bearing. He turned and looked up at Bobbie, making a carless, graceful motion of greet-

What had happened? Was I really awake? Had the world gone topsyturvey? A sudden curtain seemed to fall over my sight, shutting out the place we reach as the sun is filling the bay, the housetops of the town beyond, west with all the prismatic tints one the lighthouse—all but the tanned, clear-cut face of the pilot, looking up Night.—I have added nothing to my and past me. Another second and our notes since our arrival here three days eyes met. I do not know what mine said; his, strangely hard and half-de-I sit alone by the open window, I must | flant, said nothing. The pilot at the bar was Rufus Darrow.

His boat sped on, showing the safe points of a new and wonderful story as and devious windings of the channel, and our yacht followed. When we had Of course, we came directly to the landed I looked everywhere, but though Ponce de Leon. Surely that dead and | the pilot's boat lay at its moorings, he gone Spanish explorer, cavaller, and had disappeared. As we turned and entered the carriage that was to take fountain of perennial youth in this us to the hotel, I saw a tiny house at a blossoming land, could have no more short distance from the water-a bare, lonely place having the Spanish roof seen everywhere in St. Augustine. Instinctively I knew that Rufus lived

there; a voice whispered it to me. I do not know how that day passed. Like an uneasy ghost, I wandered through the patio and corridors, among the acres of blue sea the thrilling the gardens, down the quaint streets, until at sunset I found myself but a stone's throw from the little house near the water. I wanted to see Rufus. I longed, with a desire that hurt my heart, to stand before him, to meet his eyes. Yet, with the feeling, there was a curious dread. Perhans he hated me now. Perhaps in his chosen isolation, he had found happiness in some simple yoman's love, had married, "the world forgetting, and by the world forgot." Perhaps-

But all surmises vanished, for the down the path. His head was sunk on his breast, and his hands were in his sunlight struck his eyes. Impatiently he looked up and saw me.

Ah, he had kept his promise well! He had worked. The worn, tanned face, the intent eyes, were not those of the dreamer and idler I had known. How strange is reality from the fab-

ric of our dreams! I had often fancied meeting Rufus, and what the first words between us would be-words thrilling, strong. He only said: "How do you do, Bess?" and lifted the slouched hat with the old, easy

grace. 'Rufus, we meet at last!" and I scarcely knew my tones, they trembled

"No," he said, half-turning away and ooking out to sea, "not yet. I cannot touch your hand until I am free. Do ou understand? Do you know what I nean?" he asked, facing me passionately, "Soon I will be-yes, soon. I

have worked hard as pilot in the winter season, and during the summer I have been assistant lighthouse-keeper; I saved every penny, except what was ctually needed for bread and butter. Thank God that drudgery soon will end-soon! Listen.

He came closer, his dark, luminous ves compelled my gaze, and the light from the west, rapidly changing from crimson to violet, threw its mystery around us.

"I heard of a chance to buy some phosphate beds up country for almost song, and I made a successful deal there. Now I am negotiating with a New York syndicate for them. If they

pay my price I will be a rich man." There was something strangely pathetic in his attitude and expression despite the ring of triumph in the last words.

I moved nearer, wild, appealing words of love trembling on my lips but a rough voice calling "Darrow out of the shadows came like a discord into a troubled, tender song. I realized that memories made a gulf between us, that it was getting dark, that there was scarcely time to dress for dinner, and I turned away just as a boatman came to Rufus's side. What did Bobble Lawnton think of

me that night? Restless, mocking, with feverishly bright eyes and a man ner not my own, I led him on to tell me all that was in his poor, meagre little heart, and then refused to be his wife, though I said something of the beauty and gentleness in a sister's love which was at his disposal. Bobbie was not the man to be satisfied with this, however, and told me so dolefully; he really thought his little heart was hopelessly hurt; I knew better; you can't engrave anything lasting on dough. Of course, my conduct was contemptible. Poor Bobbie, who went to bed drunk that night, was the missile I flung in the face of the rowning Fate presiding over my life.

The thoughts of Rufus Darrow pursued me; his tones were in my ears. I had never loved him better than that night, when he stood before me in the rough pilot clothes, refusing to touch my hand. Rest was impossible, and I went into the gardens, mysterious with dex and moonshine. I know I clasped my hands, I know I wept, and that an inarticulate prayer broke from my

When I looked up a negro boatman holding a letter, stood before me. "Yuh pardin, miss, but can yuh d'rec' me to jest whar I'll find Misslemme see-Miss Elizabeth Northrupso's I kin give her this letter d'rect'?

he asked. "I am Miss Northrup. Give it to be." I said, a faint, sad stirring in my blood disturbing me, and I opened it just beneath the electric light, pulsing like a great white heart above me. It contained a few almost illegible lines from Rufus, praying to me to come to him just for one moment.

"Something has happened," I said to the negro, seizing his arm. "What? Tell me what?" "Mis'r Darrow's boat collided tonight, just off the lighthouse. He is hurted

bad, an' ah guess it's all up wid 'im-He looks like spook, mos', In twenty minutes I stood in Rufus's little cottage. It was a strange sight. cottage door opened, and Rufus came A diminishing wood fire made the hearth red and mingled with the candle's light, throwing a glow, that pockets. As he turned, the western seemed not of earth, over Rufus's face. He lay on a couch, the brine-soaked shirt open at the throat, his face very white, a purple shadow on lids and cheeks. As I knelt beside him he stretched out his arms and took me in a close, hungry embrace.

Heyed you would have formotten menow, give me the kiss that promis heaven, even though it means good-

cair I noticed the gray silvering it; I noticed the worn, young face and

yearning eves. Good-by? Oh, never, never! There

was a prayer to God, as well as love for him, in that kina, "You will live, Rufus," I said, in whispering, love-inspired tones. "Did I find you at the end of the route, after

this long, sad time, only to lose you? Could God be so hard to us? Oh, no! You will live! We will be happy, dear!

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Fritz, G. W., 410 Lacaaw Keller & Harris, 117 Penn. HARNESS, TRUNKS, BUGGIES. E. B. Houser, 133 N. Main avenue.

Arlington, Grimes & Flannery, Spruce and Franklin. Scranton House, near depot,

HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTER. Wm. Hay, 112 Linden. HUMAN HAIR AND HAIR DRESSING. N. T. Lisk, 223 Lackawanna.

LEATHER AND FINDINGS. Williams, Samuel, 221 Spruce LIME, CEMENT SEWER PIPE, Keller, Luther, 813 Lackawanna

MILK, CREAM, BUTTER, ETC. Scranton Dairy Co., Penn and Linden. Stone Bros., 308 Spruce. MILLIINER.

Mrs. M. Saxe, 146 N. Main avenue. MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING. Mrs. Bradley, 206 Adams, opp. Court House.

MILLINERY AND FURNISHING GOODS. Brown's Bee Hive, 224 Lackawanna, MINE AND MILL SUPPLIES. Scranton Supply and Mach. Co., 131 Wyo MODISTE AND DRESSMAKER.

MONUMENTAL WORKS. Great Atlantic \$3 Pants Co., 319 Lacks wans ave.

Mrs. K. Walsh, 311 Spruce street,

PAINTS AND SUPPLIES. Jiencke & McKee, 306 Spruce street, PAINTS AND WALL PAPER. Winke, J. C., 315 Penn.

Green, Joseph, 107 Lackawanna PIANOS AND ORGANS. Stelle, J. Lawrence, 308 Spruce. PHOTOGRAPHER.

PLUMBING AND HEATING. Howley, P. F. & M. F., 231 Wyoming ave. Horatio N. Patrick, 326 Washington.

H. S. Cramer, 311 Lackawanna ave.

RUBBER STAMPS, STENCILS, ETC. Scranton Rubber Stamp Co., 538 Spruce

National Roofing Co., 331 Washington. SANITARY PLUMBING W. A. Wiedebusch, 234 Washington ave. STEAMSHIP TICKETS.

J. A. Barron, 215 Lackawanna and Priceburg. STEREO-RELIEF DECORATIONS AND PAINTING.

8. H. Morris, 247 Wyoming ave.

TEA, COFFEE AND SPICE, Grand Union Tea Co., 163 S. Main TRUSSES, BATTERIES, RUBBER GOODS

Benjamin & Benjamin, Franklin and UNDERTAKER AND LIVERY. Raub, A. E., 425 Sprice

UPHOLSTERER AND CARPET LAYER. C. H. Haglett, 226 Spruce street WALL PAPER, ETC. Ford, W. M., 120 Penn

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER. Rogers, A. E., 215 Lackawanna. WINES AND LIQUORS

Walsh, Edward J., 32 Lackswanns. WIRE AND WIRE ROPE. Washburn & Moen Mfg Co., 119 Frankit

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