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| , wedates |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | No earthenake strives below. And, calm and patient, Nature keopa Hor ancient pronise well, Thaugh o'er her bromo and greenness atreeps The battle's breath of hell. |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | take as meapures for self-defences. Del (I mean Miss: Organdie, I have a bad |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  <br>  | feature : ber eyes. They are gray, of the mot that darken i slmost, into black or melt into blue. Thers is often a look in them of a.pleay |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | I have seen in a child's eyes. just 耳aked frams sweet sleop, befure the frist smite curees tsscarlet; the sweetand solemn mydery of hninnocent soul that has just passed throughthe |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | pates of a world, parred against our heuvier tread. |  |  |  |
|  |  | Some |  |  |  |
|  |  | her, and tell her all the spiteful thinge I think about her. Dark lashes shade these reprehensible efen; |  |  |  |
|  |  | long and sweeping out on the white cheek ingway that doubtless she thinks pretty; indekbrows arch above them, making her ride fore |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | head all the whiter ; ; no doubt' she considers berself a belle. She has small hands white with taper fingers; |  |  |  |
|  |  | Sill |  |  |  |
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|  |  | promenades the piazza in a gale, or chamberup and dokn places intended.onjo for goath and shows them |  |  |  |
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| W. |  | is like a bird or bee on the wing: she has gonieinto the garden. Why, on earth; can't she into the garden. Why, on earth; can't shewalk o She goes with a run and whirliof her |  |  |  |
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| NTISTRE. <br> DARA |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  | ken the path to the river! I am going to smoke a cigar, and tranquilize my nervas This room is intblerable. |  |  |  |
|  |  | Really, this is a most uncharitable, world.Vivia Baracole and Lute Pina. Butstop; let |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | ing and smoking, I strolled along; nok noth- cing the prib I took I found myself on .the shore, She sit there-I couldn't do less then |  |  |  |
| Fro, 29, |  | speak, after nearly stepping on her. She made room for me on the bench-seemed to expect <br> me to take a beat beside her; but she was in |  |  |  |
|  |  | no hurry to talk. She was ldoking outi averthe water, with the solemn child-look thatiIbave mentioned. I could smoke my. cigar and |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| т |  | the lace on her white neck, the unconscious movements of her little graspiong fingers, hold- |  |  |  |
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|  |  | down a hill, tearing out a bed for itself, and learing juat the narrowest ledge for-i path. I |  |  |  |
|  |  | and of course I offered to help her up the ledge.Her hand rested in mine; and sugh a little,warm, white, and rosy clinging thing it was. |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | det |  |
|  |  | look pretty, foaming over the rocks; but stillthat don't quite aecount for the way in whichI enjoyed it. I Hike Nature well enpugh, but |  |  |  |
|  | teries, their lite |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | I enjoyed it., I like Nature well enough, but I am not fanatica! about her; we sat ou a little |  |  |  |
|  |  | there was a toad-to which I haye sn ayergion -hopping about in a way suggestive of hnd- |  |  |  |
|  |  | $\begin{aligned} & 8 \\ & \text { ing in my lap; I tonk two worms off my arm, } \\ & \mathrm{u}- \\ & \text { and a spider from Miss Organdie's shoulder; } \\ & \text { a } \begin{array}{l} \text { as for the conversation, here it is: "Ah!. I } \end{array} \end{aligned}$ |  |  |  |
|  |  | am so tired.""Yes. The waik is ateep.""I believe I have cut my slipper", 'halfshowing'the nonsensical little thing that she |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | book. You girls are always so imprudent.t. We should die from one half as much expo- <br> sure." "Oh ! but I didn't think of coming bere !", |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | "He.. $\qquad$ we went home. Vivia Baracole nnd Lute Fina were on the piazza sid saw us come. Del gant down on a seat witb a sigh. "Hare jou besn far":" anked. Late, Nympathizingly. "Only to the fall." <br>  <br> Why, you hase been igne tro hours |  |  |  |
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