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## THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

If you go over desert and mountain,  
Far into the country of sorrow,  
To-day, and to-morrow,  
And may be for months and for years;  
You shall come with a heart that is bursting  
For trouble, and toiling, and thirsting,  
You shall certainly come to the fountain  
At length—the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and so  
For persons lamenting and sighing,  
And those who come living or dying,  
Able from their bosoms and their fears,  
Full of grief—like shadows the place is,  
And statues that cover their faces;  
But out of the gloom springs the holy  
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows, and it flows with a motion  
So gentle, and lovely, and lifeless,  
And murmurs a tune so resistless,  
To him who hath suffered and wept,  
You shall surely receive a word spoken,  
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,  
And yield to the long-continued emotion  
That day by day the Fountain of Tears.

## APPLES.

Madam sat in the sunny window  
Sewing, the needle twinkled in her  
rapid fingers, and the scarlet stuff she  
stitched, glittering in the sunlight, shed  
a reflected lustre on her black hair, her  
tintless face, the bits of coral in her  
well-set ears.

A high window this, into which the  
sunlight streaming illumines the sinner  
—very high—the topmost in the rambling,  
jambuling, weedy old tenement.

Madam prefers to be on the top  
story, she says. One is there away  
from the dust and noise of the street.  
Also, it costs less. Also, she will tell  
you gaily, she can see the tops of the  
sails, and the sun-lit masts of the ships  
that come and go at the wharves, to-  
ward which this dingy street looks  
down. The ships bring wealth and  
plenty to somebody. Some of them  
come from France. Ah, beautiful  
France! It is like being a poet, or hav-  
ing a fine imagination, to own a win-  
dow one can see the world out of.

Should any one pity madam or offer  
sympathy, she will shrug her  
shoulders magnificently, spread out  
her hands, and say: "What will you?"  
glancing toward her window as though  
the world were at her feet. Has she  
not her sunshine, her sewing, and her  
little Fifiue, who fits up and down the  
ladder-like stairs like a butterfly? Fi-  
fine has black eyes and a dancing  
smile. Fifiue is madam's poem, her  
princess; she does not know poverty.  
They had been poor in Paris, but Fifiue  
had never gone hungry, and she had  
many things in Paris, but Fifiue had  
always her gay frilled dresses and her  
tiny polished slippers. Was not her  
father a professor? Was not her mother  
a lady? Should they, then, associate on  
equal terms with that degraded and de-  
grading thing called poverty? Nay,  
indeed! It might own the house, but it  
should not sit at the board.

It was poverty that had driven this  
family, thoughtlessly thoughtful, to  
America. Prof. Pierre would come  
here and teach the people French. It  
was a wide country, a roomy country,  
and the people needed education. Prof.  
Pierre set sail and died on the passage.

"Ah, but he was a scholar!" says  
madam, sighing. "If he had lived  
(madam's English is not quite so per-  
fect as her French). "We shall by this  
time have the little *maison champêtre*,  
the pretty place in the country, and  
the little school, which we have talk  
and dream of so much in Paris. For  
there is much room in America—ah, so  
much of room!"

She says madam, looking down on  
the dingy, crowded street and the  
swarming tenements.

She looks up, smiling from her work,  
as a light footstep comes flying along  
the ladder-like stair.

"So come the angels!" said madam,  
devoutly, as Fifiue dances in. She has  
her tiny apron full of red apples, which  
tumble and roll out upon the floor.  
"Madam, I have brought you madam's  
scarlet sewing, so madam can recognize the  
round fruit, and glows away at having  
met it elsewhere in sweet familiar or-  
chards and on stony slopes of far-away  
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hills.

her hands, "see what we have brought  
you. And here is Monsieur Jack."  
Outside, abashed, blushing, stood the  
young man with the basket. Madam  
appearing on the threshold put him to  
utter confusion. She had the bearing  
of a duchess.

"What will you?" queried she,  
haughtily.

"Excuse me, madam," was the stam-  
mering reply, as the speaker doffed his  
great straw hat. "I mean—I did not  
mean—that is, I promised the little one  
a ride."

"And?" said madam sternly.

"And," said the youth, gathering up  
his honest, kindly eyes looking  
straight into hers, "she needs a little  
change; a ride would not harm her,  
madam."

"It is a liberty unpardonable. In my  
country it is not known that a vendor—  
a street vendor—will intrude himself on  
a lady's apartment. People know their  
place, and—"

"I beg your pardon, madam. You  
are right," interrupted the stranger, his  
check flushing hotly. "But this is  
America. "This is America, not Paris,  
Good-day."

He was gone. The place was blank  
and desolate. The apples lay on the  
window. The sunlight had faded from  
the window. Fifiue set up a frightful cry  
of disappointment. Ah! no ride, no  
pleasure, no delights in prospect now.

She did not go dancing off to school  
next day, singing as she went. She  
came back with a headache, carrying it  
gloomily up to the top floor and to the  
waiting mother.

Two days, three, passed. Fifiue was  
really ill. She chattered incessantly about  
the ride and the beautiful country. She  
cried to see Monsieur Jack, as she  
had named her friend.

One day madam slipped down stairs  
to buy some apples. It was the day for  
Monsieur Jack's appearance. The young  
man bowed when he caught sight of the  
Princess from the top floor. Should he  
carry the apples up stairs for her?

Little Fifiue, sitting flushed and fev-  
erish among a heap of pillows, lit up  
radiantly at sight of the unburied face  
of the great straw hat.

"Ah, madam," she cried, clapping  
her hands, "now we shall go in the  
country!"

But Fifiue was ill. Not for a day nor  
a week, but for a long, weary month  
the little creature pined and sickened  
in the upper story of the tenement  
house. And it fell out that nearly  
every day the young man's step sounded  
on the stair, and Monsieur Jack's face  
became familiar to all the neighbors as  
he made his way to the topmost floor.

He petted Fifiue, and chatted to her,  
and charmed madam by stepping softly  
in spite of his big boots. Fifiue watched  
hungry for his coming, and then it  
was, doubtless, that madam also found  
herself listening for his footstep on the  
stair.

One sunny afternoon she stood  
smoothing her hair in front of the  
cracked looking glass. The day was a  
hopeful one. The day was clear, the  
sun shone, Fifiue was better. Madam's  
eyes brightened as she stood at the  
glass. She adjusted her knot of ribbon,  
she touched up the white ruffs about  
her shapely throat. Without there was  
a creaking of the rickety stair, the  
eyes shone brighter in the dim little  
mirror. Madam stopped in her toilet  
suddenly, seeing their expectant glit-  
ter.

"Can it be possible?" she said to her-  
self. "Have I come to this—to sewing  
in a garret, to starving, to begging,  
almost, for Fifiue, and to looking for-  
ward to the visit of a young man who  
is an apple vendor? Is it that I must at  
last belong to the *canaille*? Paul—  
Professor Paul, was I ever worthy of  
her?"

But when she opened the door, and  
Monsieur Jack stood modestly on the  
threshold, madam's eyes did not lose  
their sparkle. He brought a bunch of  
pinks for Fifiue.

"Ah!" cried Fifiue, clapping her  
hands, "they came from the country,  
no, here, *madam*, when shall we go—  
oh, when shall we go, madam?"

The mother looked at her tenderly,  
pitifully. The child had grown so thin  
with long illness.

"My little one," said she, "I wish  
I was back with thee in my beautiful  
Paris, where we should have music and  
flowers and parks, and—"

"You can have them all here," in-  
terrupted Monsieur Jack, quietly.

There were tears in Madam's eyes, but  
she turned upon him hotly:

"What will you?" she said. "Shall  
I take shame to myself that I am poor?  
I was poor in Paris, but I named it not  
so. In my own country I have pleasant  
gardens. My Paris is very nice, very  
quiet. He will not have touched him-  
self with what is rude and rough. The  
neighbors say he will never be rich. *Il  
n'a pas inventé la poudre*, they say and  
laugh—'he was not the inventor of gun-  
powder.' But we also laugh and are  
happy. I have my pot of flowers; I  
have my few days. It costs but a few  
cents to be happy. Ah, why did we ever  
come away, my petite, to be reminded  
that we are beggars?"

Madam caught up her white handker-  
chief and wiped her eyes. There was  
an awkward pause. Monsieur Jack  
played with Fifiue's long locks, looking  
down silent and reproved.

Fifiue, not knowing what was the  
matter, began to cry.

"Ah, yes," said madam, excitedly,  
seeing the child's tears. "We can have  
all things here, my Fifiue, yet thou  
hast nothing. My Paris is very nice, very  
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come away, my petite, to be reminded  
that we are beggars?"

I must have her helped; and I am poor!  
I am poor! I am poor!"

It seemed to be a relief to madam's  
mind that this well-kept secret was out  
at last.

"Madam," said the visitor, rising, "I  
also am poor."

"Excuse me, I pray you," said  
madam, her face paling suddenly; "I  
have talked much—it is weak. I ask  
your pardon."

"When shall we go—when shall we  
go in the country?" asked Fifiue, see-  
ing a pause.

"Thou canst not go alone, little one,"  
said the mother, smiling, and rallying  
her spirit.

"She need not go alone, madam,"  
suggested Monsieur Jack, putting the  
child on the head—"not if you will go  
with her."

Ah! What can poor people do? Was  
not madam the wife of a professor, and  
worked, usually mess together—one of  
their number being appointed  
caterer, and receiving for that purpose  
a certain amount monthly. The money  
is devoted to the purchase of materials  
for "steche," together with black bread  
and buckwheat—all eatables beyond  
these three things being paid for out of  
the member's own pocket. Caterers  
have usually a keen eye for essences  
that swell the substance of soup, and  
mostly manage to add beet-root, cucum-  
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