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FATE.

-"for Heaven's sake tell me, was there and then carelessly lets it fall and lie that binds her and Paul, one to the

And won her love with luring wiles; And when into her heart had grown,

Another came. Looked on her woes, A stream of love quick on him flows. His heart and life he'll willing lay,

He lays his life down at her feet. Love? Buried in the days had gone, Companionless, she journeys on.

He weeps within his burning soul, To know fore er and sadly feel, Her grief he can in no way heal.

And she? what life so filled of gloom! A rose plant, that will never bloom. A dark and barren, stricken heath, A brow, beneath a withered wreath

ONLY SWEETHEARTS.

"Oh, love for a week, a year, a day, But alas for the love that loves alway!

A girl is playing the accompaniment for him, looking as if "Sweethearts" conveyed a good deal to her too. She

They look happy enough, these two young people, singing their love-songs shadow to darken their lives. By-and-by perhaps, when they have lived and loved a score of years longer, they may look like the proud sad face ranged in the white smooth hair-the face of Miss Verschoyle, who is sitting in the window, her hands in her lap, listening to the song.

An old lady to look sad over a lovesong? But so it is. As the words go on, a sudder expression creeps into her eves-lovely dark blue eyes that must ave been "things of beauty" once. Her proud lips are closed tightly now as her gaze wanders away over lawn and But Miss Verschoyle sees neither the pair of lovers at the piano, nor the tennis-players, nor the flaming ceraniums and calceolarias under the She is looking far, far away back into her own life, to the time when she was considered the beauty of the whole country-side. As the song

"Alas for the love that loves alway!" she recalls a vision which is as reality in its intensity.

blazing summer sun, a noble profusion. that, like many other things, seems to harry. Up against the blue sky stands | night; I have business in town. an old gray house that has faced summer sun and winter storms for many and many a long year. Generation after generation has lived and died within se boary walls.

their sweet odors. She is all aloneof the water in a marble fountain. All from arches and poles, tossing their branches in the warm air and scattering their petals on the grass and all over Dorothy Verschovie, as she stands in the rosery in the glowing caresses of

He holds it perhaps longer than necessary, his eyes on her face; and then they stroll away among the flowers and into the shady labyrinth of sombre yews beyond. In silence they walk at first; and then Dorothy looks from under her long lashes with a saucy smile up into the face of the man at her side. "Well," she says, smiling and sweet,

"have you nothing to say, Paul?" to come almost reluctantly from her ps. He notices it perhaps, as it falls eringly and sweetly.

"I never like my name so well as when you say it," he whispers, looking

provokingly, "Who?"—a jealous light leaping into his eyes, at which she laughs again and bends her head over the roses.

"Guess !" she says. "Oh, Paul, how

wasn't," is the saucy answer; and Paul maws his mustache in sulky indigna-

"Was he here long?" he asks. "I didn't say he was here at all," ughs Dorothy, raising smiling blue eyes to meet the passion in his.

he was, though, and he remained for our hours. "Alone with you?"

"Yes, alone with me. Is that such a penance, Paul?"-the wilful voice oftening a little.

we had strawberries and cream there;

it was all going to begin over again."

"Yes when Sir Percival comes."

saucy smile dies out of her blue eyes-his voice is low and intense with feeling

"Dorothy"-and for one second the

was very pleasant indeed, and I wish

ile laughs a loud mirthless laugh

have Sir Percival." At her words he looks as if he would

milk-white throat and crush the mocking maddening light out of the blue eves for ever.

"For ever !" comes shortly and stern-

For an instant her face is grave; then

she laughs out gaily in the warm sumthen, with a sudden passionate move-"Anything between us?" she says, in the old mocking voice that brings the blood to the roots of his hair. "Yes, there were the table and the strawberries and cream, and-I think that was all." Her voice falters at the last and her smiling eyes suddenly grow serious.

"You shall not treat me like that !" he says hercely, and lays a sudden strong

"Don't talk nonsense, Paul! Please release my hand; you are crushing my He drops it at her bidding, and stands

with cloudy, moody brow. A bell clangs out on the evening air. "Dinner is ready," she says, "Come -grandmamma does not like to be kept

But he does not stir.

The blue eyes look up into his face Verschoyle's eyes.

the world knows that the race of Ver- other. schoyle have seen their best days; but

holds the golden key to fortune. shadowy hall, with smiling face turned

backward over its shoulder.

They have dinner in the long dim dining-room the walls of which used to echo to the sounds of mirth and revelry; but to-night it looks gloomy in the extreme with the quantity of white damask and only three at the long table

He would give a good deal to know what passed between Dorothy and Sir Percival to-day. She sits, fair and lovely, with blue dreaming eyes.

"Would she were dreaming of me!" ed-brick walls, where choice fruits Mrs. Verschoyle, a silver-haired, placid guish of this farewell. hang ripening in lavish plenty in the old lady who lets Dorothy do as she chooses from morning till night.

says; and then slowly, "I am going to-"But we shall see you again, Paul?"

She is white as the lace at her eves at sight of the momentary anguish in hers. But in an instant she is

nard. not such things in the world as partings, Paul Tempest's eyes have rested on her face for many seconds at a ime; but, if he hoped to elicit any thing thereby, he must have been mistaken, for her color neither came nor went, and Bran was never once defrauded of the anxiously-looked-for biscuit excitement, for Mrs. Verschovle inter-

poses at length-"Dorothy dear, surely Bran has had sufficient ?" There are two macaroons left in the

dish. Dorothy tosses them one after then follows. Mrs. Verschoyle, in turn, looks after him, but remains where she is in the dim light at the head of the long table.

stands beside her. He has picked a white rose-bud, and holds it in his

"Dorothy." His voice is very low and solemn but Dorothy laughs gaily, and shakes the sparkling drops off her flagers "Paul!" she says, in mock and ex-

have been a little sorry because I am going away. "So I am, I shall have no one to

tease when you are gone"-smiling up "You will have Sir Percival," he

y from his unsmiling lips; and then his voice suddenly breaks and trembles, as he holds out the poor little rose in his She takes the rose, but the mocking blue eyes are smiling still; and in the flush of her maiden pride she plays with the white rosebud, laying it on her sweet red mouth, idly caressing the though perhaps a shade graver. unconscious flower. For five minutes perhaps she dallies with his parting gift, and smiles at the deeper, stronger love

unheeded on the grass at her feet. Paul looks down at it gloomily, and

"I don't know," falls low and falteringly from her lips. The young man comes a step nearer.

year or two?"

"If you will, Paul," comes almost in a whisper; but he nears it, and into his othy,' heart comes a great hope. "I love you," he cries ; and, oh, Dor-

othy, I thought you had no heart left At that she raises her eyes to his in the moonlight. "It is all yours, Paul, if you care to

And he takes her in his strong young arms, and they vow to be true to each "You will wait for me, Dorothy dar-

ling—you won't forget me?"

All the scorn and proud waywardness have gone out of her face as she looks row for him, her tears falling fast. up at him and says tremulously through her tears"I will wait for you all my life,

Paul. "It won't be so long as that, my dar-And she glows and flushes beneath

his gaze, and they are as happy in the old garden as the lovers of long ago, though the happiness is fraught with bitter pain, for the hour of parting has come, and he clasps her tightly to his heart in a last long embrace, and in the moonlight they sob farewell.

"Don't forget me," he whispers love me always, Dorothy !" Her sitm white arms are laid about his neck, her voice, broken with weep-

'Till death, Paul !" "Dorothy, my Dorothy!" he cries, and cannot let her go. At their feet lies the crushed white

resebud; they see it not, nor heed it: their hearts seem bursting "Good-bye, good-bye!"-and he is Dorothy stands alone, weeping in the

moonlit garden. She has loved and teased and tormented Paul Tempest for years, alternately making him misthe old lady's voice is very quiet.
"No," he answers; "I shall not be he is gone; at the last moment they have understoed each other.

"Paul, Paul !" she murmurs under her breath, and, stooping, searches in the white patches of moonlight for the throat, and a great joy comes into his brunsed broken rosebud, and, finding it, presses warm kisses on the crushed leaves for his sake. She stands with her sweet pure face filled with a great sad happiness, "May Heaven bless you, she says aloud

If it has been hard to win her, the citadel has surrendered wholly, entirely, and unconditionally now. Dorothy has given her life's happiness into Paul Tempest's keeping for ever and aye.

The rose-trees are bare and black and the garden looks bleak and desolate in the winter sunshine. Up and down the wide walk two figures are pacing-Dorothy, graver and more serious than of old, and at her side Sir Percival Paul Tempest; he is only a plain country gentleman; and he loves Dorothy erschoyle with the love of his strong manhood. He might love her more, but he can never love her less than he does now, though she has told him today, in the very spot where she plighted her faith to Paul Tempest, that she has nothing to give in return for the great love he offers her : and he has taken the crushing of all his hopes like a man, never saying one word of reproach to Dorothy when her answer smote home, keen and sharp, right through his noble eart. Only one bitter cry comes from his lips as he realizes that he has lost her, that she has gone out of his reach

for ever. "Great Heaven! Would that I had come first!" he moans; and the hoarse agony of his voice pains Dorothy from

She looks up with tear-filled eyes. "You will meet some one better worth loving than I am," she says, with

grave simplicity.

She has flirted and coquetted and broken hearts often, but Dorothy Verschoyle at the long open window, as she and was never so much in sober earnest as Paul Tempest walked so many years she is now, when she tells Sir Percival that he will meet some one better worth loving than berself. He smiles gravely, but does not say that he must love her because he cannot help it-must love her till his heart is still forever. No; he only takes her hand very gently be-

tween both of his. "I had dreamed of great happiness," he says, in spite of himself, a tremor a distant sofa. A tall white-haired man his voice; "but do not look so grieved, Dorothy-it was not your fauft. I schoyle, whose strange face is strangely will bear this trouble as best I can." Quiet simple words; but Sir Percival

is only a simple honest gentleman, and cannot understand paining by word or act any one he loves : and so he says good-bye and manages to smile as h goes away. And Dorothy dries her

"He does not care so very much," she says, and dreams of Paul Tempest

She does not see beneath the roof of Percival Towers a lonely man bearing his disappointment by himself, with arms flung on the table and head bowed with the bitterness of angulsh. He has pictured to himself the sweet smiling face of Dorothy Verschoyle brightening his old home. It has been only a castle in the air, after all; but the demolition of the fair fabric is none the

Dorothy dreams of her lover, and has forgotten Sir Percival. He does not come near her for a long time, and then ne is much the same as he used to be,

"No, give me this"—touching the an elderly maiden lady to keep her com- the property to his nephew, in the State

sudden mist of tears rushes to her eyes. from Detroit, when we brought the She is timid and nervous, not the family up here, was a constant pleasure smiling fearless Dorothy of old, and Sir and surprise. He was the king of the Percival notices the change. He has boat. The steward's cabin, the pilot-

"Dorothy, I have come to ask you years ago. loves are raised to his as she gives him been in the house there about three the same answer that she gave then, months, a deck hand, a surly fellow who

"Must it be always so ?" he asks. And Dorothy answers, "Yes."
"Till death, Paul," she said, her white arms around his neck, and "Till death, Paul," she says still, for she knows he will come back to her some day, strong, true, and loving.

Sir Percival goes away, a sorelystricken disappointed man. And Dor-othy waits and longs and hopes year by year, and the blue eyes get very sad and

The seasons come and go, buds swell and bloom and fade, the ivy creeps inch Paul Tempest has not come home. Dor-othy is eight-and-twenty, fair and sweet in her womanhood, when a great hope leaps to life by a freak of fortune. Paul Tempest has become a rich man; Dorothy hears it in her quiet home, and she tells herself that the time is coming at last. But the roses bloom and fade

again, and he comes not. has forgotten me !" she takes her sorrow to her heart to live

A sad fair woman, whose life is spent for others, whose eyes weep for the sorrows of others, whose lips never smile for any joy of her own, but only when some pleasure makes another face happy-such is Dorothy Verschovle ten years later; and by her side is one

pleading as he pleaded fifteen years ago, "Percival," she says, "I plighted my faith once till death. We are too old. you and I, for much happiness now; let us be friends always,' "Dorothy, I love you still."

Sweet and sad are the blue eyes which are raised to his. "He wasted my life; but I love him still. I am only a woman, Percival. I

"I can," he says, and so leaves her And when, a few weeks later, a little knot of red-coated men are gathered round a prostrate figure lying dead in the hunting-field, sorrowfully looking down at the still face of Sir Percival Montague, they cannot but think he is happier now, lying dead by that one false slip of his horse; for well they know the story of his disappointed life

They carry him home, and on the way pass a woman with a sweet sad face and weary eyes. Somebody tells her what has happened. Quietly she comes forward, lifts ing day. It had been very not all the the covering off his face, and looks morning, but as the afternoon advanced

long and intently at him.
"Good-bye, Percival!" she whispers; and on his quiet upturned face her tears are falling, the tears of the only woman he ever loved.

Then she looks into the grave faces of the gentlemen around. "He is happy," she says—"Heaven has taken him !" and so passes on and they carry him to his lonely home that he left in health and strength that

morning. "Oh, love for a week, a year, a day, But alas for the love that loves alway!" The song is over, the last notes die away; and Dorothy Verschoyle looks up to see the lovers walking away, out

ago. "I am a fool !" she says, and dashes an unbidden tear away.

young man is singing "Sweethearts' is bending and talking to Miss Veragitated-and well it may be, for scene in the rose-garden is fresh in the

minds of both. "Forgive me," he is saying; and she "I forgave you long ago, Paul," "Oh, love for a week, a year, a day, But alas for the love that loves alway!"

They have met again in life's journey. Paul Tempest knows now of the years of hopeless waiting. He reads the story in the sad patient face, and thinks of the fair sweet Dorothy he loved once—ay, and well too—till other fair faces came between him and her out into the lake, where there was but nemory, and the love died out. He remembers throwing away the rose Dorothy gave him-not indeed before its live long in such a heavy sea. petals fell, but long before the blue eyes wearled from waiting for his re-

Ah, well, life has not been all sunshine for either of them; and in silence they listen to the wailing refrain-"Alas for the love that loves alway!" Faith is a higher faculty than or a boat?

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1884.

It is five years later, and Dorothy, thinking of an event that happened two I supposed was in the cabin, peering ment, he crushes the white resebut with grave blue eyes, stands once more years ago," said the Captain of the wildly into the drizzling rain. To all store last night, gazing at the passing under his foot. If Dorothy notices the by the marble fountain. The roses "Fly-by-Night," a Lake passenger-boat my appeals to her to go below, she kept act, she pays no heed; but a soft sad bloom around as they bloomed on that trading between Detroit and Port Hu-crying,look comes into the beautiful scornful day five years ago when she promised ron, as he pointed to a small house two face when Paul Tempest speaks again. to wait for Paul Tempest; and she is miles away on the American shore of saved!" "Dorothy, must it be good-bye for waiting still-waiting with strong lov- Lake Huron. It was a trim white cating heart that never doubts nor wavers tage with green lattice work, a well- her strong mother-love gave her keen- stituency of diagonal and broadcloth, for one second, though she is a little kept little lawn, and in front of it a tall ness of sight denied to us. It was a weary sometimes. Some day she will flag-pole set into the roof of a pagoda-see him coming with outstretched arms like Summer-house. Below it, at the ing to abandon the search that the The tailor had a book in his hand. He

In silence Dorothy gives him what he asks, and stands with folded hands and over Dorothy Verschoyle's fair His wife was as trim a little lady as I educated, and on the right side of 30. in her. drooping face. Paul Tempest bends face comes a sudden red blush, for a ever saw; pretty as a picture, and as sure the boy was not in the boat, and I his handsome head and kisses the flower wild improbable hope is surging at her light-hearted as a school-girl. Not one

> "But the gem of the family was their most sensible little fellow in the State. "You did not expect to see me, Dor- Sailors have always a soft spot in their come to say something, and he says it house, the porter's pantry, the ladies parlor—he appropriated to himself a free never had a civil word for anyone, lugging out of his pocket a colored picture book and leaving it at the Landing,

with 'For Willie, with Joe Price's love written on it. "It was a lonesome spot for such peo ple to settle in, and I often wondered how they could reconcile themselves to it, until I learned that Capt. Warner had made it a condition of his will that they must live at the Landing for two

years, "One day, when they had been there about six months, we took up the river from Detroit to them a small pleasureskiff with 'The Willie' painted in gilt

letters on the stern. "I never saw a child so pleased. He took to that boat like a duck to water. We used to see him on nearly every trip as we passed sculling himself about in the slip like a born sailor. I don't be-

"One day we were signalled to stop at Warner's Landing. William Warner was going to New York. His wife and boy were on the dock wishing him as tearful a good-bye as if he were on a two years' voyage to Greenland.

"He too was in low spirits. He cam and sat by me in the pilot-house, and looked as glum as if there'd been a death in his family. At last he said, very solemn and earnest, 'Do you believe in presentiments of evil, Capt Kenyon? "No!' I said quite sharply, for I don't

like to see a man give way to such nonoffended, and left the boat at Detroit without even bidding me good-bye. We were late leaving on our return trip that night, and I was surprised to see, just before we started. Warner come

on board. He had a small parcel in his hand. "Captain, he said, 'I want you to be sure to leave this at the Landing on your way up.'

"I can't," I sald, for I saw it was only an excuse to get me to call and see that the folks were all safe. We're late here, and at Port Huron we've a lot of staves to take on, which will make us later still.

"But he persisted, and when I saw how down-hearted he looked, I told him to give the parcel to the clerk and I would see what I would do when we arrived epposite the Landing. We left Port Huron in the middle of the followa stiff west wind, accompanied by a

drizzling rain, began to blow. "It was so late when we reached the Landing that I had quite determined not to call; in fact, we stood out in the lake a mile further than our usual course. I was taking a dog-snooze in my berth, when the mate awoke me.

"There's a woman, sir, on Warner's Landing signalling us, and I think something's wrong there.' "I was on deck in a minute. Give me the glass,' said I, and I soon made out that it was Mrs. Warner, making frantic gestures to catch our attention. She was bare-headed, and stood in the rain at the end of the landing. Then she ran into the house and began to wave a white table cloth from one of

the upper windows. "Very likely she wants to know if her dear William got to Detroit safely,' I grumbled; 'but I suppose we'd better

round to. "As the boat made the dock the clerk sprang ashore, and in a few moments we had the whole story. Willie had been playing with the skiff in the slip, as he had done scores of times before, household duty and did not notice that it rained. When she did, she went at once to call Willie in. But she could not find either the boat or the boy. Both had vanished as though the lake had

swallowed them up,
"She had not dared to go inland to the village to seek help, for fear of missing our boat as it passed, but she had for hours been running up and down the shore calling in vain to her darling. Some of the lady passengers wrapped the distracted mother in shawls, for she would not delay a moment, and we put out into the lake. "I followed the course of the wind as

for it was unlikely so frail a boat could seeing an object on the water, when away in the distance there was a dark spot that came occasionally in sight on the top of the waves. 'Tom,' said I to my mate, 'can you make out what that is on the starboard quarter? Is it a log

a small chance that we should find him

"It's not! I'm sure it's not! It's a boat!" shricked a voice close by me, and "I can never pass that spot without I saw to my surprise, Mrs. Warner, who

"Without a glass to aid her vision,

"Tom," said I, nervously, for I felt anxious to ask questions.

land girl with a woman's heart and a woman what we have seen?"
man's courage "Not for all the gold in California!"

he says, as he takes her hand. hearts for children, and the way that the skiff. I felt so angry with that never will be?" "No;" and, in spite of herself, a youngster carried on during the trip poor painted toy of a pleasure-boat, dden mist of tears rushes to her eyes, from Detroit when we brought the that I had half a mind to run it down. But of course I wasn't quite foolish enough for that. The mate and two they've got. Those who would patroof the deck-hands put off in the yawl, nize knee-breeches would be society for our wash would have capsized the men, and their calves ain't worth a this country. skiff had we gone any nearer. With cent, as a rule. I suppose you know a listless eye I watched them approach "Dorothy, I have come to ask you the same question that I asked five years ago."

pass everywhere, and used it liberally. I liberally in the hearts of all on board. Why, I resume the same question that I asked five years ago."

True and standfast the blue was be a liberally in the hearts of all on board. Why, I resume the same question that I asked five years ago."

True and standfast the blue was be a liberally in the hearts of all on board. Why, I resume the possible of the blue was the property of the True and steadfast, the blue eyes he member one day, after the family had be obliged to tell the young mother of her loss. I saw Tom get hold of the and you don't suppose our New York, painter, and then spring into the skiff.

> "Safe! safe! The boy is here!" "It appears that the little fellow, tired of play, had lain down under the seat, and had gone to sleep. In the seantime the boat had drifted into the lake and it had begun to rain. The he lay in as sound a slumber as if he sedentary enough." was in his bed at home, and not a hair

of his head hurt. men too, for that matter. And the and thanked God before them all for sparing his life. I don't think words ever came from a minister's lips that went straighter to the throne of grace

than that young woman's prayer. "The family are living East now, will be taken up. Among my custo-William Warner is one of the few men | mers there's a growing diclike to the lieve in allowing children to be too venturesome on the water, and so I told his father; but he laughed, and said he thought Willie was sensible enough to take care of himself.

William Warner is one of the rew men I claim as personal friends, and as for his bright little wife, if she were my own child, I couldn' have a deeper regard for her. And the presents they gard for her. And the presents they take care of himself.

William Warner is one of the rew men I claim as personal friends, and as for his bright little wife, if she were my own child, I couldn' have a deeper regard for her. And the presents they are for himself.

River, British Columbia, was 11 feet to the claim as personal friends, and as for his bright little wife, if she were my own child, I couldn' have a deeper regard for her. And the presents they are for himself. ing to choke off their gratitude. Not | more suited to the waiter than to the

marked, 'With Willie's love.' "

While looking at some small pictures banging crooked on the wall in India writes Walter Severn, I noticed what struck me as being very odd, a red blanket protruding from a hole in the wainscoting, near the mantel piece. In reply to my inquiry as to what this meant, my host said : "Oh that is where we keep our snakes; are you afraid of snakes?" Before I could stammer out a reply, and while I was trying to steady my nerves, he thrust in his arm and pulled out with the blanket a lot of serpents which tumbled on to the ground and the table. Another dive brought out the rest of the blanket and with it two large snakes, which he informed me were special favorites-a python and a boa constrictor. These at once coiled themselves around my

host's body, in and out of his arms and

about his neck.

Dazed with astonishment and shak. ing with fear. I tried to retreat, but he assured me, in winning accents and soft words, that the "dear things" were quite tame; and for some minutes we stood, I close to the window-which I thought might afford means of escape -and he between me and the door. Suddenly my eccentric host, who had very large, excited eyes, called out that he must really fetch down his wife and shoveling off the two monsters on to the floor (which he did not do without difficulty), he darted from the room closing the door behind him. I leave sive people. They do not appear to be you, kind readers, to imagine my feelings! I experienced a creepy sensation in my hair, and strange feelings of fascination, faintness and fear stole over me as I stood rooted to the floor, afraid even to look round at my possible window escape. The two huge monsters crawled stealthily up the sofa and kept stretching out their necks to gaze a

me, and their eyes staring with what seemed to me a devilish inquisitiveness. The silence was only disturbed by the beating of my poor heart, and I this bitter nut into bread is curious. knew not how long it was before the Under the branches of a grand old pine door opened and my host reappeared with a pretty lady. who, after a smiling courtesy to me, lifted the snakes from the sofa, or rather, leaning toward them allowed them to entwine themselves quickly around her comely figure. Alsighs of relief, and I could not help being impressed by the picturesqueness of the scene. The lady's black velvet bodice showed off to great advantage the large snake coils, with their curious soon charmingly ruffled by the caresses of the snakes, as they poked their noses through it. In a few minutes two litthe girls appeared, and tripping up to their mother, began playing with the snakes, calling the boa "Cleopatra, dear," and actually kissing its nose until the snake tried impatiently to firm, white substance, of which they

Mrs. M., who seemed overweighted with the two snakes, asked her husband to relieve her of the python, and she a small particle on a fig leaf, and found then proposed that we should have some coffee, which was brought in by the little girls. By this time I had gained my self-possession, and watched well as I could, for I knew well enough that the little fellow had been blown her with the keen interest of an artist as she poured out the coffee and tapped occasionly the head of the boa, which was inquisitively stretched out toward me. During this time the smaller snakes were all about the room, a green one half hidden in the blotting book,

and others hanging from the table and chairs and from Mrs. M.'s pockets. -Sitting Bull's address is Standing

The proprietor of a Broadway clothing establishment sat in front of his multitude who wore trousers and coats. "It is a boat! it is a boat! He is While to the moralists the crowd represented human weakness and human vanity, to the tailor it was but the conmuch of which, he thought complacen-"Give me a flower," he says, "one that you have touched, Dorothy; for this is our last good-bye."

She reaches up to the hanging roses above her head, but he stays her hand.

"No, give me this"—touching the outstretched arms like Summer-house, Below it, at the lake, was a dock, and on a huge sign-post one could read, "Warner's Landing." "It belonged," continued the search that the lake was a dock, and on a huge sign-post one could read, "Warner's Landing." "It belonged," continued the save that the window among \$18. suits, and the save through the rose-trees, and the long lake, was a dock, and on a huge sign-post one could read, "Warner's Landing." "It belonged," continued the save, the window among \$18. suits, and the save through the rose-trees, and the long lake, was a dock, and on a huge sign-post one could read, "Warner's Landing." "It belonged," continued the wretched woman consented to go below.

"Yes, sir, it is a boat, but its empty so far as I can see, There's nobody sitting if any one should happen to select that remnant, to say it was the last piece and could not be had, but that somecrimson red rose she has worn all the evening so near to her warm young but Paul will come back to her soon, and little boy with him to live there. He was a gentlemanly young man, well oar-locks, but not a soul could be seen lated this stroke of diplomacy, the was launched in New York harbor in

tailor turned to a young man who was 1776. "You don't want a suit?" he asked. "No; I see you want to talk. Well, I very strikingly new things this winter. Men's fashions never change radically. said the mate, decidedly; and yet he's There has been a rumor to the effect that knee-breeches are to be worn this winter, but I don't believe it. People "We passed word to have Mrs. War- spoke about it last year, and there was ner taken into the cabin, as we neared no result. Do you know why there

be ashamed to show what feeb'e calves | Swiss town. that absence of calf is a sign of a deterilowest kind of savages have no calvesers would lay themselves open to a new classification, do you? I know them better. I could mention to you a dozen prominent men-lawyers and brokers-who haven't a calf among them. Comes from sedentary habits

and an indifference to athletics." "Didn't Oscar Wilde wear kneedrizzling rain did not wake him, and breeches? I am sure his habits were

"Ha, ba!" laughed the tailor, "there by hangs a tail. Oscar's calves were But what a fuss there was aboard 1 padded with nice little wads of cork Paris in 1798. The women were all crying, and the and silk, and while such deceit may exist in one man, I don't believe it young mother, clasping the boy to her heart, went straight down on her knees see knee breeches, though I know the question will be brought up again."
"Will there be no new styles in

everyday suits?"

"Look here, young man; I thing that very soon the question of dress suits The ordinary swallowfall is undoubtedly the least. And every parcel comes gentleman. Dear me!" said he of the scissors, laughing, "how I remember each county, with \$25 extra for Butler an awful mistake I made. I was at the City. Casino concert one Sunday night, about two months ago. Ange'e was singing, and waiting for her. I came in and ran up to a dress-coated man who was standing by an aisle, and who, I thought, was an usher. a seat,' says I, for I was in a hurry and be quick about it.' You should have seen the glance of hate and impotent rage he cast upon me as he ex-claimed. 'Tonnerre de chien! vous m'insultez,' and he was about to strike me when I suddenly became aware of my mistake and apologized. I, a man of cotton and tape, to be caught by the tricks of clothes," remarked the tailor n disgust, "No, sir, I strongly favor the new movement, which would adopt another form of dress apparel for gen-

tlemen. All the dudes are with me, 1 "Why glad?" "I like dudes," said the tailor, fondly, 'They're good fellows. They don't want credit; they're inoffensive and kindly, and the only thing they require is admiration. They are clothes-wearing men, pure and simple. Only look at them and they're quite satisfied 'merely this and nothing more.' With the dudes on my side I'll win the dress-

suit contest." Acorn Bread.

The Indians scattered along the foot

hills of the Sierra are a quiet, moffen-

governed by any tribal laws, yet adhere many of their old traditions. One or two men of superior ability and industry form a nucleus around which others less ambitious gather. Here they fence with brush and logs a tract sufficient for their requirements of hay maying, pasturing, etc. Although they nations, the acorn is still a favorite article of diet in every well-regulated wigwam. The process of converting Under the branches of a grand old pine I found them at work. They had shucked and ground in the usual manner a large mass of the acorn meats. A number of circular vats had been hollowed out of the black soil, much in the shape of a punch bowl. Into these ough still frightened I began to heave was put the acorn pulp. At hand stood ghs of relief, and I could not help bewater, and into these they dropped hot stones, thus heating the water to the required temperature. Upon the mass of crushed bitterness they carefully ladmarkings, and her rich brown hair was led the hot water, making it about the color and consistency of cream. Not a speck appeared to mix. A buxon muhala stood by each vat, and with a small fir bough stirred the mass, skillfully removing any speck that floated upon the surface. The soil gradually absorbed the bitter waters, leaving a withdraw its neck from their fond little | made bread. I asked to taste it, at which they said something in their language, and all laughed. I asked again, and after more laughter I was handed it sweet and palatable. They began to remove it, and so adroitly was this done that but a small portion adhered to the soil. They spread it upon the rocks, and in a short time it was fit for use. This, I am told, they mix with water, put it into thin cakes and bake before the fire.

> —Of 11,000 bills introduced at the late session of Congress only 300 pass—marks, "out of the surplus of 1883— -Of 11,000 bills introduced at the

you, Mary?" "Oh, he dotes wildly upon me," "Indeed; but he'll soon get over that," "What makes you think so?" "Because men generally soon get over sowing their wild dotes," 14. or about 2 per cent of the c

NEWS IN BRIEF. -Boston spent 1,810,736 c its

-Cuba has 1,5: 1,684 inhabitants, including 46,688 Chinamen. -Berlin street rail vays in 1883 ca. ied seventy million passengers.

-Texas has gained \$6,000,000 in taxable value assessment of 1883. .The hay crop in some parts of Western Massachusetts is a failure, -Ninety-four Indian children attend a Catholic school near Fort Totten

hibited by law from the use of tobacco, -The births in Spain during 1883. numbered 453,000, and the deaths 418,-

-Vermont school teachers are pro-

-The first torpedo boat ever known

-It is estimated that 516,000,000 bushels of wheat will be harvested in 1884. -Since the war over 600 colored Bantret churches have been established

in Texas. -The five-cent piece is the smallest coin (in value) in circulation in New -Nearly 5000 woman are employed

in the various government offices in England. The young man did not.

"Well, it's simply this: Men would that no epidemic ever got hold of a -A London World writer declares -Over fifty thousand post-offices are

> required to handle the mail matter of -Philadelphia has 120 Presbyterian, 86 Baptist and 112 Methodist Episcopa

churches.

-Lincoln's tomb, at Springfield, Ill., is reported to be in danger of falling to pieces. -The annual loss by fire in the United States is estimated at about

\$100,000,000, -The New York elevated railroads carried fearly 100,000,000 passengers during 1884. -In fifty-six years Mexico has had

one Emperor. -The French originated the industrial exhibition; the first was held in -During 1883 450 lives were saved

fifty-four Presidents, one Regency and

on the British coasts by means of the rocket apparatus. -lowa has a new law under which the keeper of a disreputable house can be sent to prison for five years.

-Mississippi is credited in some quarters with having the third best State library in this country. -A sturgeon caught recently at Pitt

—Arizona taxes drummers \$200 a year, and Montana \$100 a year for

-The Hungarian Band, which has been very popular in London, has been engaged for a series of concerts in this

country. -The black Sea is again infested by pirates, who lately plundered two small merchantmen and robbed them of their

-A blue heron measuring five and a half feet from tip to tip of its wings, was shot the other day on a mill-dam at Armville, Pa. -Sixty-nine of the citizens of Rochester, N. Y., who fifty years ago

voted at her first charter election, are

still living there. -The only definite feature about the news concerning the next Italian opera season is that it is decidedly unreliable and confusing. -The present strength, numerically,

is placed at 138,065 lodges, with 14,-160,543 members. -At present there are, it is stated. thirty-four rich mineral and agricultural counties in Tennessee without a feet of railroad.

of Freemasonary throughout the world

-A Liverpool bieveltst who was riding down a steep hill near that city was fired through a cottage window by the breaking of his machine. -Aberdeen, Mass., derives its water supply from artesian wells, which are several squares apart and bored in the middle of the main street.

petroleum are stored in tunks in Pennsylvania, enough to make a lake a mile -Out of Japan's total population of 30,000,000 there are only 10,050 paup-

-Thirty-eight million barrels of

ers, and of these more than 1,000 are at Tokio in the work house. -Honey raising is a prosperous French industry; 1,671,865 hives are in operation, and the value of the honey and wax surplus is \$5,000,000,

-The district around Galena, Kansas, is credited with being the largest zinc producing locality in the world. Last year 70,000 tons were mined. -Type-writing has been introduced m the Chicago public schools m an experimental way. A class of twenty-

five practices two hours a week on the -The value of the annual butter-product of the United States is \$350,400 --000, and of the cheese-product \$35,200,-000, with eggs and poultry about the

-Queen Victoria has issued a com mand that when the Prince and Princess of Wales dine out in London, the number of guests to meet them is not to exceed fourteen. -Since 1877-78 the exportation of wheat from India has grown from 317,-

still remains vast tracts of suitable land to be placed under cultivation. -Taylor, the noted sculler of Pittsburg, has a grandson, of four-and-ahalf years old, whose "talent for acquatics" is so precious, that he is about to give an exhibition in England. -The trial of the electric light

000 tons to nearly 1,000,000. There

House of Commons, has given such great satisfaction that it is the intention of the authorities to extend it all over the building. -Berlin has a "Municipal Building Commission," and it has made a requisition on the Berlin City Council

which was made in a proportion of the

of New York, only fifty paid dividends

Beneath gay smiles are pent up tears, From sorrow deep, in moving years. The laugh that's loudest in its ring, Of joy, is but the mock and sting. He came, a hypocrite, in smiles

He left her with her grief alone

Great waves of grief swift o'er him roll,

a man's rich tenor voice is singing, his heart in the song, as though he is feeling the bitter truth of the sentiment expressed therein. A goodly-looking roung fellow he is, standing erect before the piano.

is well and fashionably dressed, and wears her hair rolled away in a small knot at the back of her smooth shapely A few locks stray naturally, or possibly artificially, about her temples.

In the rose-garden, the fairest rose of Verschovle stands, her hands full of the fragrant flowers, her lovely face bent so that she may inhale there is not a sound but the splashing around her are roses-roses hanging

Yet straight and quick through the toses some one is coming even now, and over Dorothy's face a sudden flush that dies away as quickly and leaves her smiling and calm, as she holds out a white cool hand to greet the new-comer.

He is her cousin; but his name seems

down at the girlish figure in the fleecy white dress, But Dorothy laughs a light-hearted little laugh. "Somebody else told me that before to-day," she says, smiling up at him

And this time his name slips naturally and easily from Was it," he asks-and there is no deasant smile on his face-"was it Sir Perhaps it was, and perhaps it

that does not affect his listener in the 'A penance! Oh, dear, no! I should he found it very pleasant, and doubtless so did you." "Oh, yes !" she assents carelessly. 'We were in the summer-house, and

In spite of his jealous passion, a sudden tenderness trembles in his the summer-house and-" "Have strawberries and cream? Of course we can; but I don't want any more strawberries to-day. I will have "When Sir Percival comes ?"

grasp on her slender wrist. A little flushed, she looks up at him

"Come!" she reiterates imperiously. "I am going away," he says, sufky and the man is not born yet that can resist the pleading glance of Dorothy

"Come," she says, and the black thunder-cloud vanishes partially from his face—"please, Paul." At that he gives in, if he ever intended to hold out; eyes and voice alter his determination; and he follows her back through the rosery, past the fountain, and up to the house, the old, old house, the inhabitants of which are getting poorer and poorer every generation-the poverty of the ancient aristoeracy, who suffer and make no sign till decay begins to be visible. And all

they are grander and nobler in their poverty than the wealthy parcena who The ivy trailing from the gray massive doorway brushes Paul Tempest's head as he passes into the house, following the white glittering figure that leads the way through the oak-girt

meant for so many more. But, had there been thirty sitting around and a Babel of conversation substituted for the almost absolute silence, there would have been only one face and one voice for Paul Tempest.

able to come back again." Dorothy says never a word. Paul Tempest turns suddenly and looks at

self again, so quickly as to leave him in doubt as to whether he for one second looked right into her heart. For Paul!" she is gay and smiling, tossing biscuits to the great solemn-looking St. Ber-Dinner is over. They had langered over the dessert till the glory had wellligh died out in the west, and Dorothy has talked as gaily as though there were

tossed so deftly by the small white hand, though possibly the throwing of macaroons broadcast might have been a sign of some mental disturbance or

the other to Bran, laughs a gay little laugh, and, rising, flits away out at the open window and towards the garden. Paul looks after her for a moment, and

"My poor little Dorothy!" she says aloud; and Bran raps his tail on the floor-it is the only answer he can Paul Tempest overtakes Dorothy at the marble fountain. She is coolling her fingers in the splashing water, and he stands for a few minutes contemplatng the white drooping figure. Dorothy turns with a start as Paul comes up and

aggerated imitation of his sober tones. "I have come to say good-bye," he answers, reproach in his strong young voice. Dorothy, I thought you would

says, with a sort of grim fury.
"Yes," she answers quietly, "I shall like to clasp his fingers round the slim far away. "How long will you be away?" she

hand. "Dorothy, will you have this dower, and think of me sometimes?" less bitter.

and then-

heart. "Paul!" is on her lips and of your namby-pamby fashionable young lest the sad news would kill his mother, like to supply any information in my "Though years roll by," he says, "I "Welcome!" in her eyes as the strong women, but a fresh, healthy New Engwill keep this, because you have given it to me, Dorothy;" and he puts it It is not Paul; and a great blank away near his heart, the heart that disappointment bianches Dorothy's beats only for her. "Dorothy," he dads, "shall I come back again in a Montague and tries to smile; but the old, and I do think the cheeriest as brave a fellow as ever sailed the lakes. smile is a failure.

slowly and sadly, her heart full of sor-

by inch up the gray stone walls, and

there evermore.

in the love of any living man. Can you understand that ?"

The long modern fashionable drawing-room is full of guests. The goodly again for the benefit of the company. A strange scene is being enacted on has met Paul Tempest again, and the

"It is a log adrift, sir."

Rock, Da. Ty. -Paper peach baskets are being used