

LOVE SONG.

Oh, better than stars or sun.
Oh, better than moon or foam
Of the broken wave in summer cove
When the green sea thunders home;

Oh, better than swallow's flight
O'er the clear stained dawning pale,
Or the long delight thro' the rose-steeped
night
Of the love-drunk nightingale;

Yea!—better than angel's song
That wins with a love divine—
Is the light that wakes in thine eyes
when breaks
My soul from my lips to thine.

THE GRAY TOWER.

What I am going to tell you is not
really the whole of the tale, but only
the first chapter; yet it is a good story
in itself, and there are some things
which make me unwilling to say all
I know, at least in print.

The Gray Tower was the southeast
corner turret of that stone building
which stood until quite recently on
Waverly place, at the corner of Wash-
ington square. It had a picturesque
effect as you walked down University
place from Union Square, and it was
almost the only romantic building in
New York.

My first chapter opens on a winter's
day about 1890 or 1892, if I recollect
rightly. It was snowing heavily as I
stepped into Broadway, and I turned
up my collar and stood a moment ir-
resolute. The old horse cars jangled
by with their bells muffled in the
snowy storm; the tall newspaper offices
across City Hall square twinkled and
shone from their thousand windows,
and I was slowly turning toward the
Park place station, when I saw what
I guessed, even at that distance, to be
a familiar figure cross the brilliant
light of one of the highest windows on
the other side of the square. It was
Collins. No one else moved about a
room in just that loping, darting man-
ner. I knew it was his office, and I
knew he was the very man I wanted
to see before dinner. I hurried over
to Park Row and was shot up to his
floor.

"Hullo, old man; busy?"
"No, no; come in."
Collins sat under an electric light, a
pair of shears in his hand and a sea
of papers tossing round him. He part-
ed the red hair back from his forehead
with his left hand, and looked up-
quickly with that childish, gnome-like
smile, and the piercing, glittering, blue
eye-light, that his friends knew so
well. Suddenly he dropped the shears
and ran his long, conspicuous hand
hurriedly through the stack of old pa-
pers he had been clipping.

"Look here, look here! This is what
you ought to see! Where is that copy?"
"Where are you looking for?"
"Something I found this afternoon.
It's a romance; a whole story of forty
years ago; the most startling piece of
fiction in real life. And not a 'scare
head' to it! O, those fellows didn't
know how to make up a paper!"
(Fumbling all the time and rummaging
with that aggressive hand.) "Now,
I have lost it. Where in the name of
seven—"

Then he swore feverishly in a high
minor guttural.
"Ah, here it is. Look at that, look
at that!"
His eyes were like glowing steely
gimlets, and the perspiration started
on his temples in his excitement. It
was nothing but an old scrap of un-
believable romance he had unearthed.
It had no possible use to him. But
he was always a tinder-box of en-
thusiasm, and fired like a child at
small things. Collins has no particular
part in this story, yet I can never dis-
sociate him from it. Its strange un-
explainable quality has a certain kin-
ship with his half-canny personality,
so that I never recall it without feeling
his eyes burning into me with in-
credulity and delight and defiance and
mockery, as he handed me that torn
issue of a New York journal of half
century ago.

"Investigate it? What is there to in-
vestigate? This is all ancient history."
"Well, perhaps. Still, I have an idea.
You know the building don't you?"
"Yes, I have seen it. I have never
been in it, I answered.

"Very good," said he. "Now I know
an old fellow who lives there; has
rooms in one of the towers; the tower
on the southeast corner. I'll give you
a card to him. Go and see him. He is
full of stories of the building; has had
a roost there for fifteen years or more,
and, if you can get him to talk, you
may hear something."

Collins gave his gnome-like inscruta-
ble, childish laugh, and his eyes danced
in eldritch glee. He might have known
everything or nothing at that very
minute.

"What sort is he?" I asked.
"Well, he is old, queer, a character,
a gentleman. You must be punctilious.
You must be ceremonious. Hand
him your card along with mine when
you knock at his door. And by the
way, you will have no trouble finding
the room. Enter from either side,
walk to the middle of the long hall,
then turn to the east out into the court,
and after that in at another door to
the south; then climb stairs until you
can climb no more, and knock any-
where in the dark ahead of you. You
can't miss the door. If you feel care-
fully, you will touch a brass knocker;
that will please him better."

"And what time should I call?"
"This is as good a time as any. You
would be sure to find him in about
this hour."

"Very good," I said. "I will go up
there now. Give me your card."
Collins scribbled a line on his card
introducing me to Nicholas Denny,
Esq., and I left him—not, however, be-
fore I had time to catch another mock-
ing smile as it vanished from his eager
face.

In less than half an hour I was cross-
ing Washington square in the grass-
ing gloom, with the gray bulk of the
university rising before me. I went by
to the Waverly place entrance, pushed
in the heavy, clanging door, and walk-
ed along the low hall, as Collins di-
rected me; then I turned to the left
into the area, and next to the right in-
to another hall of the building. Then I
began to climb the stairs, three or four
flights, lit by a single, flickering gas
jet on each one. At the top of these
I was in the last hall, as I thought,
with several doors going in to it; and
I fancied I must have made some mis-
take when I noticed in the farther dark
end of the hall a space blacker than
the blackness, opening high up from
floor to ceiling, like a gorge in the
mountains, and right up this gorge the
narrow treads of yet another stair
leading into pitchy darkness, with
sheer wall on either hand. There was
nothing for it but to venture. Up I
climbed; step by step, until suddenly
a crack of light at my feet, a little to
the left, told me I must be on his land-
ing.

I stepped quietly to the door, felt
for the knocker—a huge old affair,
very stiff in the joints—and knocked.
A chair moved inside, and I heard
the rustle of curtains or draperies.
Then steps came slowly, stopping al-
together once or twice, and opened the
door to me.
"Mr. Denny?" said I.
"Yes, sir."
"Mr. Denny, may I have the honor
of presenting an introduction from my
friend Mr. Collins?"
"Certainly, sir—certainly; and very
pleased to see you, too. Walk in, sir,
and pray be seated. Sit you down by
the fire; you must be chilly. A dis-
agreeable evening is it not?"

"Oh!" thought I,
But the old man gave no sign, and
I, of course, said nothing. Veracity is
a difficult accomplishment.
The little by-play was over in a few
seconds—almost before my old friend
could take up a new sentence.

"You see, sir" (beginning with a long
breath, and gazing into the fire), "you
see, sir, one looks at things differently
at your time of life. Truth seems quite
true, and falsehood quite false to you,
no doubt. But, when you come along
to sixty, it will not appear so easy all
offhand. And somehow, do you know,
the little broken incidents of life often
please me best, the stories that have
been left unfinished and will never be
finished for us, perhaps. Not that I
love the Venus more because she has
lost her arms, poor lady; still the loss
adds a wistfulness; and wistfulness,
when you come to think of it, is a very
large part of the charm of art."

"I have just such a one of those tiny
incomplete dramas in my mind now.
I have not quite filled out the whole
circle of the plot from the small arc
which has come under my notice, but
I shall, perhaps."

Here he turned and smiled again
doubtfully at me.
"Is it a very interesting—a very in-
teresting tangle of events, I am quite
sure. Perhaps you know this large
hotel on Broadway in the next block
to us? Yes? It is mine, affected by
Southerners. I believe. However,
that is neither here nor there, perhaps.
At all events, there was an alarm of fire
sounded shortly after midnight one
February many years ago. I was liv-
ing not far from here, and was just
coming home when I heard the com-
motion. As I reached the square, com-
ing down Fifth avenue, I saw the
smoke and flames in the direction of
Broadway, and hurried to the scene
with half a dozen companions.

"When we reached the hotel the
flames were springing out of the third-
floor windows. There did not seem to
be any immediate danger to the in-
mates. The fire—as evidently confined
to one or two rooms. Suddenly a man,
partially dressed in evening dress (or
partially undressed I should say, for
I take it he had just laid aside his
coat), rushed to the window next the
one where the fire was fiercest and
flung it open. We saw the room burn-
ing behind him. He put one foot on
the sill. 'Make a rope, make a rope,'
someone shouted from below.

"He was too dazed for that. He
vaulted through the window and
struck the iron paling as he fell.
"When my friends and I rushed for-
ward he lay moaning on the pavement;
'No, no; I'm done for. No, no!' Then
he swooned, and we eased him where
he lay, expecting he would die in a
moment. But he turned on his side,
pulling feebly at his collar with his
right hand. I loosened his cravat, and
as I did so the fluttering fingers caught
at a thin gold chain round his neck,
snapped it and plucked themselves
away in a weak spasm, grasping some-
thing in their clench. Then his eyes
opened in terror and a walling, broken
voice came to us: 'She can't get out;
she can't get out; she—can—not—get—
out! Ah, dear God!' and it died into
a moan again and he was quite still,
with the shut right hand beside him.
We thought him gone. But in another
moment he looked up quiet quietly at
me and smiled, as if we were old ac-
quaintances. 'My friend,' he said, 'you
must keep it,' and he moved his pre-
cious handful toward me. It slipped,
and with a sigh he was dead."

"I have his keepsake," the old gen-
tleman continued; "it is a very curious
piece of jewel work."
Here he arose and went to a cabinet
in the corner.
A very curious piece of handcraft,
you will say. If you care for such
things you must examine this."
The coals fell in the grate, and a
desolate street cry came up from the
world below us, but the room was very
still. He came back to the fire and
showed me in his open-hand a large
gold locket, apparently of Indian de-
sign, rough and effective.

"How beautiful it is," he said, and
his fingers dwelt on it gently before he
gave it to me to handle.
As he turned back to the cabinet for
something the tiny casket fell open in
my hand and disclosed a beautiful,
laughing miniature in ivory.
It was the face I had seen five min-
utes before peeping between the dull
green curtains.

Advice to Consumptives

There are three great reme-
dies that every person with
weak lungs, or with consump-
tion itself, should understand.
These remedies will cure
about every case in its first
stages; and many of those
more advanced. It is only
the most advanced that are
hopeless. Even these are
wonderfully relieved and life
itself greatly prolonged.
What are these remedies?
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of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypo-
phosphites. Be afraid of
draughts but not of fresh air.
Eat nutritious food and drink
plenty of milk. Do not forget
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oldest, the most thoroughly
tested and the highest en-
dorsed of all remedies for
weak throats, weak lungs and
consumption in all its stages.

SORES.

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lower portion of the limb. I got
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burn, foul breath, sleeplessness, drowsi-
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