

#### "AND YOU'LL REMEMBER ME"

One evening as the sun went down  
Among the golden hills,  
And silent shadows, soft and brown,  
Crept over vales and rills.  
I wade on the dusky bars a-wing;  
Dip down the dusky lea;  
Harkening, heard a maiden sing,  
"And you'll remember me."  
When other lips and other hearts,  
Came drifting through the trees;  
In language whose excess imparts,  
Was borne upon the breeze.  
Ah! love is sweet and hope is strong,  
And life's a summer sea.  
A woman's soul is in her song,  
"And you'll remember me."  
Still clinging from the throbbing throat,  
With joy akin to pain.  
There seemed a tear in every note,  
A sob in every strain.  
Soft as the twilight shadows crept  
Across the listless lea.  
The singer sang her love to sleep  
With "You'll remember me."  
—By Warman, in New York Sun.

#### A Search For a Romance.



MARK PARLINGTON was in distress. That was one reason why he took a hansom straight from the doctor's to Ralph Gray's rooms in the Albany. He knew or might have known that it was just the time when Ralph was most busy—the prime of the morning, when the writer's ideas are most vigorous and, as he fondly hopes, most original. But Mark was not alitrist enough to care two pines whether he disturbed his friend in the middle of a notion or a fixed sole. And yet he, too, was a writer.

He bounded into Ralph's rooms like a teat.

"I'm under sentence, my dear fellow," he cried, headless of the composed look of reproach that was levied at him, "and I thought you'd like to know."

"That's tiresome," exclaimed Ralph, methodically closing his fountain pen.

"Now, what I want to know is, where am I to go? Egad, if only I could meet with a girl like the future Mrs. Gray—at least, if all you say of her is to be believed."

"A most wise reservation, that!" said Ralph. "But there, now, why not get off to Wales and try your own luck? People don't value Wales as they ought. It is a lovely country, it will find the people in the way parts extraordinarily pleasurable."

"All right. Give me her address, or least tell me her name; and if she comes up to your own portrait of her, by Jove, Ralph, I'll take the leap, too, and settle down."

"I'll not give you her address, my dear fellow, nor tell you her name. But I'll tell you where I met her, and I think you'll have no difficulty in finding others something like her. You can take a train to Pwllheli and then make your way to Abercynlyn anywhere you please."

Parlington picked up his stick. "Thanks, my dear fellow. Oh, by the way, just write it down, will you? Aber—something or other is vague. I hope the grub will be endurable?"

"Yes, it will be endurable," said Ralph, and he wrote the name on a slip of paper. "There you are, and a good time to you."

Mark Parlington was much more impulsive than he looked. He was forty-one, stout, rather more red of face than he liked to be, and with ears that stuck out from his head as if they were the split halves of a hoop with the rounded parts set to his skull.

The day after his interview with Ralph Gray he took train for Wales. It was close upon 4 o'clock when he reached Abercynlyn. An air of sacred calm was over the village. The very pigs of the place were penned. Words cannot say more to prove the profundity of Abercynlyn's Sunday torpor.

At this stage of his adventure Mark heard steps behind him, and the door of a cottage opened. He turned to look into a pair of sunny gray eyes. They belonged to a young woman, whose pretty figure was well declared by her tight-fitting black dress. There was either the beginning or the end of a smile upon her lips. The lips were small and shapely, and so were the teeth they half hid. Mark did not take in all at once the fact that this girl was beautiful, but he felt instinctively that she had a human heart under her bodice. In reply, therefore, to her charmingly liped "Can we offer you shelter, sir?" he poured out his plaint. There was an elderly, dark-eyed and hard-faced woman in the gloom of a passage behind, and the night-cap on her head at once made Mark regard her as an enemy. But as he sat on a chair in the little room, cumbered with millinery, into which he had been invited, and watched the play of the girl's face, Mark knew that he had gained an ally.

He sat in patience while the girl opened and carried on a lengthy conversation with the night-capped lady.

"My aunt says, sir," observed the girl at length, "that if you will excuse the confusion she shall give you a room."

Another look into the gray eyes and all Mark's scruples fled.

"I cannot tell you how relieved I feel," he said, with a genuinely grateful ring in his voice, as he followed the girl into a chamber about nine feet square, the prim horse-haired furniture

of which was disguised under its coat of dust.

"That is my father," said the girl, pointing to the portrait of a broad-shouldered man in black with a kindly expression on his somewhat shaggy face, and with a roll of paper in his hand, as if it were a truncheon. "And that," indicating a minister on the other side of the room, "is my father's brother, Uncle Owen."

"What must I call you?" asked Mark, when his pretty deliverer brought him his tea and sat down to see him eat it.

"My name? Oh, it is Claude Rowlands—I am generally called Claudia; I like it best—and Mrs. Griffiths here is my aunt. You see it is the hiring day, and she is so busy then that one of us, my sister or me, comes to help her with the shop—it is amusing, too!"

"Very, I should think, Claudia. An uncommon name, Claudia, and not so ill-sounding either! Oh, good gracious, what's up?"

The girl laughed as Mark righted himself. His chair had broken through the floor.

"It is too shocking, this house, to ask you into. Indeed, I am sorry for you Mr.—"

"Parlington, Claudia—Mark Parlington. And you mustn't say such things. I am well content."

They went to chapel together in the evening—Mr. Parlington, Mrs. Griffiths and Claudia. It was Mark's suggestion, and it seemed to raise him in the postmistress's regard. After the service, however, he had compensation. The rain had set in again. Mrs. Griffiths locked the house-door. The three sat together until ten o'clock. The postmistress did not understand English. Mark thanked heaven for it. But she kept her eyes on him, and even when, at Claudia's request, she sanctioned the cigar for which her guest was pining, she watched the smoke of it with an expression that was not exactly comforting.

"You must not mind aunt," whispered Claudia at that moment, when the elder lady had left the room and the girl was kneeling to use the bellows to the reluctant fire. Her pretty head touched Mark's arm while she worked—it was such a very small room. "She is stricter than us younger ones. And, besides, I was two years with an English school, because my father he was resolved his children should know the English and the Welsh—but I speak it badly yet."

"I don't know when I've heard English spoken so sweetly," said Mark; and he meant it.

His second day in Abercynlyn did but confirm his earlier impressions about this Welsh girl. He saw her in her role of busy worker, doing everything that came in her way, and doing it all with the most winsome cheerfulness.

The Shop was full of customers almost from daybreak. It was odd where they came from, and also how they got their money. But, as the girl said, they mostly had six months' wages in their pockets and they meant to spend them quickly. Every one wanted Claudia. It annoyed Mark very much to see how she was at the disposal of little girls of thirteen or fourteen who wished for ostrich feathers and sulphur-colored bonnets a foot high, and sat down to make sure she did not forget their desires. And it annoyed him most of all to perceive the cordial footing she was upon with all the handsome young seafaring men who dallied so long in the shop on the pretext of letters, pipes or snuff.

He dined on tin salmon of an indifferent brand; but Claudia served it, and at his request shared it with him. She was not a bit troubled at being asked to dine with him, but there was just a sounpon of deference in her manner, which made her all the more charming.

Then she again took up her bonnets and continued to run between the shop and Mr. Parlington's room till even Mark's obstinate nature yearned in pity for her.

"Will you not come out with me?" he asked. She excused herself with a smile. The bonnets and her aunt were her plea; but Mark saw it in her face that a sense of propriety also deterred her. Yet this same sense of propriety did not prevent her sitting with him for hour after hour in the evening, while she worked by the light of one candle, and Mark smoked a cigar after dinner, and studied her face.

Mrs. Griffiths came periodically to peep at them. She did not seem pleased by her niece's conduct, but as there was no relaxation in the bonnet making she uttered no audible protest.

Somewhat the talk took a literary turn. Claudia's father, who was a tradesman in a town at some distance, was also a preacher. The roll of paper in his hands on the wall was one of his sermons. Claudia climbed the stairs to fetch a manuscript copy of the sermon the old gentleman had preached in Abercynlyn only the last Sunday. Mark read a little of it, praised its vigor (which was undeniable), set it aside, and again turned his attention to the girl's gray eyes, which had almost a morbid sparkle of beauty in them by the candle light.

"I suppose, Claudia, you don't read many novels?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Parlington, and it is strange yet that I should not—though I cannot tell you altogether why. But when I was a very little girl my Uncle Owen took me upon his knees and said I was never to read those books, and I said I would not. They are wicked things, novels, Mr. Parlington, and put idle and vain thoughts into girl's minds."

"I myself am a writer of novels, Claudia," said Mark, stooping to see what effect his words would have upon the girl's face.

"But they seemed to have hardly any. She colored slightly, and her eyes took an earnest expression.

"Indeed, I am sorry I said that," she whispered. "They may not be so bad as Uncle Owen thinks, and I suppose some people must write them, as there are people who read them."

"She puts me down as a sort of scavenger," thought Mark, with much mental disaffection.

"Claudia! Claudia!" called the aunt, and, laying aside her work, the girl excused herself, and left the room. When an hour had passed and she had not returned Mark went to bed. He shuddered to think what Abercynlyn would be for him if she were not in it.

The next morning she said to him: "I have a letter from my father this day, and I am to return to him the day after to-morrow. They miss me so much at home."

"The day after to-morrow!" echoed Mark. It was as if a veil had suddenly been drawn between him and the sunlight.

"Yes, I shall be sorry, and I shall be glad, too. I am happy at home and I am happy here, but I do not sleep so well at Abercynlyn, though I do not tell auntie."

Mark put his hand to the girl's brow. It was much too warm. He fancied the pretty forehead clung to his palm, and the fancy made his heart beat.

"You have not given me my answer, Claudia," said Mark, leaning against the railings.

"I will tell you why I asked you to come here, Mr. Parlington. My grandfather was very fond of me, and when he was in his last illness he said I was to do nothing serious in my life without praying over him. I have just prayed. He tells me to say to you that if you mean what you said you shall please to come here again the next May hiring time and I will then say 'Yes' or 'No.' I am sorry if I do not make you happy."

"Oh, but you do, my sweetheart," retorted Mark, eagerly. "A year is nothing. It will soon pass, and then—you will be mine, my darling, forever."

"Well," said Ralph Gray, when Mark Parlington had told him the story of his adventure at Abercynlyn. Just a week had sped since his abrupt return after sentence by Dr. Gibney. "You ought to consider yourself a lucky fellow."

He said it with a shadow of dissatisfaction on his face, as if he were not wholly pleased with the turn of events.

"I do, Ralph—upon my honor I do."

"Then I take it for granted that you will keep to your word and claim Claudia this time next year."

"Why, certainly, I said so. Dear, dear, how gone I was upon her, to be sure."

"Do you think I could tolerate it without you?" retorted Mark.

Claudia laughed with a certain constraint.

"You would soon forget me," she said, "and will you please to like my eggs with the bacon or done simply in the pot?"

"Anyhow, Claudia, so your pretty hands bring them to me."

"It was really a melancholy day outside—of course, too, affected me in the shop. But Mark was concerned to hear the deep voices of mankind nearly always when Claudia left him, and her clear laughter never failed to encourage them in their guffaws.

Still, there were bonnets enough ordered to keep Claudia's lissome fingers in motion whenever she was not required in the shop; and she did most of this work in the little room with the broken floor and the photographs on the wall. Mark sat at one side of the table watching her. It seemed to him he had been doing this off and on for years. He knew each of her fingers by heart, and where her hair was thickest over that sensible little forehead of hers.

"Are you, Mr. Parlington, always so idle? No, no, I do not mean that, please forgive me. But when you are not here do you not work like other people?" asked Claudia at one time.

"Yes, I work, my Claudia, and pretty hard, too."

The girl dropped her needle and a hazy expression of far-awayness stole into her gray eyes. "I do not know if I shall ever be very wise, but I do feel so curious about London at times. It is chiefly when I lie awake in the night."

"Coughing?"

"Well, yes, perhaps I am coughing—though you must not think me weak and good for nothing. My Uncle Owen says I have silly little ears, but that I should be more foolish if they were larger."

"I don't quite know, Claudia, what your Uncle Owen meant by that, but I think your ears, like every other part of you, are perfect."

The girl's cheeks crimsoned and she looked up. "Ah," she said, "but that iss only a compliment! My sister Grace—she iss older than me—hass had many things like that said to her."

"Your sister Grace, Claudia, what is she like?"

"If you will excuse me, I shall show you."

The girl tripped upstairs, but soon returned with two photographs.

"That iss Grace—is she not sweet? and yet there are many who say we are much alike. And this iss the gentleman she iss to marry."

Once again by his convulsive start Mark sent his chair leg through the door.

"This, Claudia—this gentleman! Why, it is Ralph Gray—a great friend of mine! O! come, there is a fatality into girl's minds."

By a deaf movement he kicked the door of the room close, and took Claudia's hand.

"Child," he exclaimed—"will you give me your life as your sister has given hers to Ralph? Will you be mine, Claudia?"

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