Oh, happy the bird at the rose-tree, unhe

the threatening storm!
And happy the blithe leaf-chaser, rejoicing in sunshine warm!
They take no thought for the morrow—they know no cares to-day;
And the thousand things
That the future brings
Are a blank to such as they.

But I, by the household ingle, can interpret the looming clouds, For the wind "soo-hoos" through the keyhole, and a shadow the house enbrouds: And I know I must quit my mountain, and go down to the vale below, and the control of the wind the wind

When the autumn tempests blow,

My mind is for ever drawing an instructive
parallel

"Twist temporal things that perish and eternal
things that dwell—
When billows and waves surround me, and waters my soul o'erflow,
I descend in hope
From the mountain top
To the sheltering vale below.

To the sheltering vale below.

I go down to the valley of stience, where the worldly are never met;

I know there is "balm and healing" there for eyes that with tears are wet;

And I find, in its sweet seclusion, gentle solace for all my care,

For that valley pure,

With its shelter sure,

Is the backfull value of prayer.

Namin Fower-O'Donoghue, in Chamber's Journal



Cooperight, 1893, by the Author. Side Author

"Do you mean to say that he neglects

"Do you mean to say that he neglects you?"

"Not exactly; but he has so many things to take up his thoughts that he would not have time to be jealous. Infidelity on my part would arouse his langer, but it would not try his heart. He is a cold and austere man, Emmy—a great and noble man, if you will—but like a block of ice."

"While Prince Renatschew is a year."

like a block of ice."
"While Prince Benatschew is a veritable volcano."
Dora does not reply, for the subject of their conversation appears on the terrace where the two ladies are chatting.

of their conversation appears on the terrace where the two ladies are chatting.

"I hope that I am not disturbing an exchange of confidences, ladies?"

"We were speaking of you, prince," answered Emmy. "It was said that you are a man of a volcanic disposition."

"You must be flattering me."

Countess Dorothen has indignantly risen. "I have said nothing of the sort, for I know nothing of Prince Benatschow's character. Pray, let us return to the drawing-room; I hear Mr. Greenlow play the prelude to his—"

"I entreat you, countess, stay. It is

low play the prelude to his—"
"I entreat you, countess, stay. It is
the 'Moonlight Serenade,' and I am
sure we can enjoy it to better advantage here, with the real moon shining
down upon us. What a lovely summer
night! Look down yonder, countess,
and watch the effect here, from where
I am standing! Do you see the moon
reflected in the lake, and the fountain
transformed into a sparkling pillar of
sliver?"

Reluctantly Countess Dorothea fol



"COUNTESS DOROTHEA HAS INDIGNANTLE RISEN."

the door which leads from the veranda

the door which leads from the veranda into the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, and the two are left alone. A timid yet pleasurable feeling of awe takes possession of Dorothea's soul. During the past days she has conscientiously avoided the tempter. Tonight she remains spellbound, held captive by a power which is greater than her resistance. Will he again speak of love to her?

love to her?

"It is indeed a delightful scene," she says, with quavering voice. "A delightful scene," she repeats, in confusion; "but let us go in."

Yet her feet seemed rooted to the spot. She has lost all control over her.

self. The man of the world interprets

self. The man of the world interprets these symptoms correctly, and begins to do what she has feared—or hoped, she does not know which—whisper a passionate avowal of love into her ear.

To him her silence means a yielding to his entreaties. "You have made me supremely happy," he murmurs softly, and steps aside to meet several persons who are at this moment approaching from the drawing-room. Among them is Count Tolstegg, Dorothea's husband.

is Count Tolstegg, Dorothea's husband.

Early in the morning of the following day, Count Tolstegg informs his wife that he is called to the city on important business and must leave by the last train that evening.

"And the tableau in which you are expected to take part?"

"As the train does not leave until nine, I will have ample time to figure in that, since I was foolish enough to consent to such childish play. Our hostess insists that no one but myself can represent the character for which she has chosen me, and it would be unkind to spoil her pleasure."

"Then we will leave before the ball commences?"

"Then we will tear of commences?"

"We? There is no reason why you should not remain. I will come for you in a few days."

"Command me to go with you, Otho—I beg of you!"

But Count Tolstegg shrugs his shoulders with a smile, and makes no reply.

But Count Tolstegg shrugs his shoulders with a smile, and makes no reply.

The guests are assembled in the pretty little amateur theater, and the players have gathered behind the scenes on the stage. In the first row sits Dorothea, and beside her Benatschew. He has been her escort during dinner, and has filled unnoticed her glass with champagne as often as possible. Dora's checks are flushed, and a feverish light burns in her black eyes. Her excitement, however, is not caused by the wine, but by the inward struggle of the past few days.

"I will not!" cries conscience. "I will—I must!" answers another voice in her breast, as if under the ban of some strange hypnotic power. Her husband's departure! Has everything conspired in Benatschew's favor? Oh, if Tolstegg had but spoken one wordone word of comfort and kindnesswhen she entreated him to take her back with him. She would have gathered strength from it to resist the passionate yearning that drives her into the tempter's arms. There is but one way out of the difficulty. She must confess to her husband's cold, indifferent countenance, she relapsed into silence. And now, now he is going from herto leave her unguarded to the other's wiles. "I am lost!" moans the unfortunate woman.

Three of the tableaux, copled from famous works of art, have already been presented. The next on the programme is the one in which Count Tolstegg is to figure. A side-door which leads to



the stage is suddenly thrown open, and

the stage is suddenly thrown open, and some one enters and advances toward Countess Dorothea, beckoning her to follow. One of the performers has been taken ill, and Dora is the only one who can successfully take her place. Would she consent? The tableau is already arranged; there is no time to be lost.

Dorothea gives her consent. Her dress is soon arranged to suit the character which she is to represent. They endeavor to show her the photograph of the painting from which the tableau is copied in which she is to figure, but in the general confusion it has been mislaid. Count Tolstegg is bidden to instruct his young wife. She is ready.

The count turries to her side. A cry of delight and admiration escapes Dorothea's lips. She has never known him to look more handsome. He snatches her hand and draws her on the stage with him. The others are in their places. Tolstegg leads her to the center of the stage and, bidding her to kneel down before him, he says, with muffled voice: "I am supposed to have stabbed your lover; you are to gaze with horror upon his bleeding form. Press one hand to your temple—so—elenching the other, as I grasp your wrist. You are trembling, dear. Have I hurt you? Forgive me; but for a moment the part which I am playing seemed so natural, ag if I were in reality the avenger of my honor."

"Otho—speak—would you have done as he did?" asks Dorothea under her breath.

"Oth my life, my all—I don't know whom I would have killed in such a case. Perhaps myself!" whispers Count Tolstegg, with suppressed emotion, as his eyes rest lovingly upon the prostrate form of his young wife. "Otho"

his eyes rest lovingly upon the pros-trate form of his young wife.
"Otho!"
"Attention!" cries the stage manager.
The signal is given. The curtain rises.

An hour later Count Tolstegg's carriage is on its way to the station. Leaning back in the cushions, with his arm around her waist, and her head resting on his breast, sits Dorothea.

She has confessed to her husband.
The proud, austere man draws her gently to him. "Then Master Angeli has helped me to be the savior of my honor—" "And of my happiness," tenderly whispers Dorothea.

Stupidly Obedlent.

Harvard Lampoon has another story, lew or old, of the traditional unimag-native servant. Butler—There's a man below to see



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