

[FOR THE NEWS.]

CUPID'S CONQUEST.

As Cupid 'neath a rose's shade
Was deep in sweetest slumber laid,
And o'er his mind as visions came
Of hearts that he was yet to tame,
I wandered forth 'neath moonbeams mild,
And sudden found the sleeping child.
His golden bow beside him lay
Unstrung, as he at end of day
Had cast it there till he should rise
And sally forth to win new prize;
And near, his quiver full of darts,
That carry joy and bliss to hearts,
Lay waiting, too, till he should wake
And quickly thence his presence take.
His arms lay crossed upon his breast
As he had placed them when to rest
He laid his little plotting head
Upon his flow'r-decked mossy bed.
A fairy couch, the truth to tell,
For o'er it stood of curtain fell
Bright rosy wreaths, that winding 'round
In radiant clusters fell to ground;
Instead of thousand tapers bright
Fair Luna gave him of her light,
And all around, sweet smelling flowers
Gave fragrance thro' his slumbering hours.
No marvel that the boy slept on,
That fast the hours of night crept on,
No further moved I on my way
While such sweet sight before me lay.
Struck by the view that met my eyes,
I stood, and gazed in mute surprise
That I at last should favored be
To catch the god so stealthily.
I saw him smile as o'er his mind
Bright fancies rushed like zephyr wind:
A gentle sigh I heard him heave,
Then turned away the spot to leave—
But back returned—I could not bear
To leave the god so peacefully there.
To hear him speak a word I longed,
E'en were it but to say I wronged
Him by thus breaking up a dream
Brought to his mind 'neath starlight's beam:
I longed to see his lovely eye
Flash mimic anger, bold and sly.
That I, a mortal, dared to lay
My hand upon a sleeping fay.
But, caring nought for all his wrath,
I plucked a violet from his path,
And dropped it on his Cupid's face—
Instant he sprang up from his place,
Quick rubbed his eyes, and gazed around,
Then quickly turned and me he found.
"Ah, then," he cried, "'tis you, indeed,
Who broke my sleep! A fitting meed
I'll give to you for all your pain.
'Tis such as you'll ne'er wish again—
But stop! I do not mean I'll give,
For then in peaceful bliss you'd live;
Instead of that, I'll take your heart:
'Tis easily done; a little dart
Sent from my bow will make you keep
Away from me while I'm asleep."
I saw him stoop to take his bow,
Then quick I turned away to go.
But Cupid, smarter far than I,
Soft thro' the air towards me did fly:
At my poor heart his arrow aimed,
And with unerring voice exclaimed:
"This thy reward, presumptuous knave,
Yet haste not hence thy heart to save,
E'en to the world's far end I shall
Pursue, and hold thee in my thrall;
Yea, this reward is what I deem
To you who broke my midnight dream."
Quick from his bow, and in my breast
The fatal shaft found lasting rest.
Ah, me! my heart indeed was gone,
E'er since no bright hope for me shone.
But may the god with smile so sweet
Lay low my heart at Beauty's feet:
If that he does, I'll rest content,
And think the god had good intent:
'Tis then, I'll win another heart.
So true and fond, to never part.
Nor stray within his power again,
But bear in mind the bright eye when
I broke his sleep, and roused his ire
That burst forth like magic fire.

C. M. R.

LIKE CURES LIKE.

"She's comin', Cornelia. Says she'll be here this afternoon, an' she don't want nobody to meet her at the station an' tell her it's only a quarter of a mile walk to the house,—she's seen kentry quarter-miles before; an' they're to come in a waggin. Seems to hev her mind made up, anyhow; that's one comfort. I always hated boarders that didn't hev their minds made up. Guess you'll hev to harness up 'Dandelion' an' bring her up,—her an' her trunks. D'y'e hear, Cornelia?"

"Yes, mother," said Cornelia, "I hear."

She didn't look as if she was paying much attention. She was sitting on the top doorstep, with her cheek resting on her hand and her eyes fixed on an ant-hill at her feet, which she was absently poking with a twig, to the manifest consternation of the inhabitants. Her hair curled in tight rings all over her head, and her eyes were as blue as a china doll's. She didn't take much interest in the matter to tell the truth. They had one or more summer boarders every year, and they were never very interesting. A summer-boarder, to her, meant one of three things,—a maiden lady, who sketched, collected grasses, and found fault with the tea; a country minister, who talked about her privileges in living so near the church and advised her to read some useful work during the winter; and an elderly widower, who came every year, stayed two weeks, and never gave his attention to anything but fishing and meal-tinner. The prospect of the arrival of an individual belonging to one of these classes was not exhilarating. And, besides Cornelia Nott had other and very different things to think of. It has never been an easy thing for a girl to decide between two lovers, one of whom dominates her imagination and the other her heart.

Cornelia had had some beautiful letters lately,—one this very afternoon. They were really beautiful letters. She had seen several in a book called "Decorum," that her aunt had, and none of them were anything like as good as these. They hadn't such fine ideas or such elevated language. She wondered if in the gay

world, where such wonderful things happened, young men were in the habit of writing such letters. They seemed too fine for every day, even among people of fashion. The other lover was only Dick Willets, in the village. He was very nice, and she had always liked him, but he had never written her a letter in his life. She was very fond of him, but, after all, marriage was a serious matter, as she very well knew, and she was not by any means sure that it was altogether a question of fondness. She had heard it said by somebody—she had forgotten which one of the boarders—that marriage was an education. In that case, surely the author of those letters would offer her higher advantages than Dick Willets could ever hope to do. Well, there was one comfort,—it hadn't to be decided immediately. It was a week or two yet ere she had to make up her mind about the other one,—that is, Philip Edson Cartwright,—such a lovely name, too! Dick she could have 'most any time, she guessed. With which inconsiderate but consoling reflection she threw down her twig and ran to the barn to harness up "Dandelion."

The train made a just long enough stop for a slender figure in black to step from the platform, and then rushed on again as violently as if it were not going to stop at another wretched little station about two miles farther on. It was mere affectation, its being in such a tearing hurry.

"Are you Miss Nott?" said the new-comer, walking up the platform with an air of grave interrogation to Cornelia, as she stood shyly, half-advancing, half-waiting.

"Yes,—that is—I'm Cornelia," she replied, a little confused.

"Yes! Well, it's really the same thing in the end,—that is, if you haven't an elder sister: have you?"

"I'm the boarder you expected, you know. Those are my checks. Why, child?" she exclaimed, "you are not going to try to put those heavy things into the wagon yourself? Are you insane?"

"There's no one else to do it," said Cornelia, pausing at the authoritative tone. "Abel couldn't come: so I came alone. They're not very heavy."

"What's that man doing up there? Why doesn't he help you?" went on this sweet but, for some unexplained reason, evidently revolutionary young person.

"Oh, that's Mr. Babbitt," said Cornelia, alarmed.

The bare fact of its being Mr. Babbitt was sufficient to explain matters to any resident of Menton. Mr. Babbitt was ticket-master, and always at the station, but he had never been known to compromise his dignity by doing a hand's turn for anybody in his life.

But Eustace Enworthy was not a native of Menton. "Mr. Babbitt," said she, walking up to him as he stood in dignified ease at the other end of the platform, "please put my trunks into that wagon. There is no one else here to do it."

Mr. Babbitt turned and regarded her with an expression of incredulous amazement, but, meeting her direct glance of calm expectancy, he shifted his tobacco to the other side and walked toward Cornelia, where she stood, blushing and assailed by a strong desire to fly, with one hand on the largest trunk. Mr. Babbitt lifted both trunks into the wagon, and, still under the influence of what seemed to Cornelia to be some strange hallucination, assisted the girls to climb in, gathered up the reins, and handed them to her.

"Thank you," said Eustace. "We are very much obliged." And they drove off.

Mr. Babbitt went and sat down, and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief he had in the crown of his hat. "I yum!" said he softly to himself. And, after a pause, "Nely Nott, too! I yum!"

Meanwhile, Eustace, apparently unconscious of the tremendousness of the step she had taken, inquired, "What time do you have breakfast, Cornelia?"

"At eight o'clock."

"There! I was sure of it. You know, they told me you'd have breakfast at half-past six; but when your letter came, I said, 'The person that wrote that letter never has breakfast at half-past six.'"

"But we do sometimes," said Cornelia timidly.

"Now, what made you say that?" said Eustace, not severely, but earnestly. "When you see people thoroughly pleased with anything, never tell them the truth about it, because, you know, no one would ever be thoroughly pleased who knew the whole truth. Are they all as pretty as you are up here?" she went on, viewing critically the crimson cheeks and blue eyes at her side.

"Cornelia hesitated a moment. "No," said she defiantly, "they ain't."

"That's right," said Eustace approvingly. "If they were, you know, I should have gone home to-morrow. I haven't a bit of petty jealousy, but I hate to be always at a disadvantage."

Cornelia began to think this funny rather than inexpressibly alarming. "But you're pretty yourself," she said boldly.

"Oh, yes," said Eustace, with much impartiality, "I'm pretty, but not as pretty as you are. I don't think my style is particularly taking at first; yours is. Still, I grow on you," she went on thoughtfully. "I certainly do. You see me in red and yellow, and I grow on you awfully." And she concluded with a deri-

sive little nod that made Cornelia burst out laughing. Eustace looked so serious that she was afraid she'd done the wrong thing, but she couldn't possibly help it. This was an entirely new kind of city boarder. She caught her breath with pleased excitement every time she spoke. It was like sliding down Bent's Hill on Dick's big sled.

"If you have a sweetheart, you'd better tell me when he's coming to call, and I won't put it on," she continued. "Gracious!" as she caught the flush which dyed Cornelia's cheeks; "it's as bad as that, is it? I'd put on the green one, if I had it."

"You may put on what you like," said Cornelia half indignantly.

Miss Enworthy shook her head indulgently: "Oh, I shan't take you at your word. It would be very shabby of me, for, you see, I should have the advantage anyway, for I should flirt with him scientifically. I know very well what you are thinking,—that he's so much in love with you that I couldn't make the least impression anyway. I don't wonder you think so. I should have done so once. But I was cut out by a girl not half as nice as I am, with a man who was awfully in love with me,—just because she understood the principles of scientific flirtation. So I learned myself after that; but I wouldn't, if I were you,—you're much nicer without: I was, myself. Why don't you have golden-rod about here?"

"It never blossoms till August or September, and this is only the first of July."

"Oh, doesn't it? I thought one always had golden-rod in this country,—golden-rod and warm milk. Do you have warm milk at your house? Because, if you do, I wish you'd hang it down the well before I have it. It's the only inanimate thing I hate. You're surprised, aren't you, to see that I know enough to hang things down the well to make them cool? I had a grandmother once that lived in the country, and she used to talk about hanging things down the well, when she meant put them in the refrigerator."

"We have a refrigerator," said Cornelia, laughing. "So you needn't have the milk warm unless you want it. There's our house."

"That's nice. That looks just as I wanted it to look. And that's your mother standing in the door, I suppose? Tell me about her. Is she nice? Do you like her?"

"Like my mother?" gasped Cornelia.

"Why, yes. Is that so surprising? I like mine ever so much, she's so pretty and clever. I'm so glad she married into our family, as the aristocratic child said. So, here we are. Now, where's Cain, to carry in the trunks?"

"It isn't Cain: it's Abel," said Cornelia, somewhat scandalized.

"Oh, yes,—Abel. I never can remember which one it was that killed the other.—How do you do, Mrs. Nott? I'm not a bit the looking person you thought I was; am I? But never mind; you'll like me better in course of time, I know, than if I were. May I go right upstairs and get cool?"

Mrs. Nott, who, in truth, had looked for rather a severe and hard-featured lady with every outward sign of a mind irrevocably made up beforehand, was somewhat overcome, as she herself subsequently confessed to Nely. "I was that dashed," she was overheard to remark,—"I was that dashed that I most forgot whether I'd fixed the spare chamber or the little room over the front door."

The first thing Eustace did when she entered the pleasant, large room prepared for her reception was to look out of the window. Both views being apparently more or less satisfactory, she opened the bureau-drawers. "But," she said, "there is no lavender here. I thought they always had that, too, in the country."

"But you didn't think it was kept in empty drawers, did you?" asked Nely, who was waiting.

"No; I suppose not," said Eustace doubtfully. "After all, it's 'presses' it's generally in, I believe. Never mind; though I did want my things to smell of lavender."

"There's some in the garden, I think. I'll fetch you some." And Nely ran down the stairs, returning with the leaves, which Eustace proceeded with the greatest satisfaction to lay among the things she had already begun to unpack.

"Ain't she splendid, mother?" said Nely, enthusiastically, bursting into the kitchen.

"Splendid as splendid does," replied Mrs. Nott oracularly. "Still I won't say but what she has a sort of a way with her, an' the old lady herself can't say as she ain't handsome."

Mrs. Nott had come a young wife to her husband's house, and been dominated over for several years by her husband's mother, an old lady of most contradictory temper and unaccommodating opinions. Fortunately for herself, the younger Mrs. Nott was of an easy disposition, and seemed to resent this sort of training much less than most women in her position would have done. Almost the only sign that she remembered it at all was her way of emphasizing any particularly evident fact by the remark that even the old lady herself could not maintain the opposite, which expression had now passed into current acceptance in the Nott family. "Did you tell her what time we have tea?"

"No'm. P'raps she ain't used to havin' it quite so early."

"Never you fear but what if she don't want to make a change an' has to, we'll find it out," said Mrs. Nott shrewdly. "She ain't exactly cantankerous, mebbe, but it'll surprise her so if

she don't get her own way that she'll lay awake nights thinkin' about it."

"She had her own way with Mr. Babbitt," said Nely. "She made him put her trunks in the wagon."

"No!" said Mrs. Nott, pausing in the act of hurling strawberries.

"Yes'm; she wouldn't let me."

"Wal, wal!" And she laughed with thorough enjoyment. "If that don't beat the Dutch! Made Bob Babbitt put in the trunks, did she? I'd like to have seen him doin' of it."

Eustace came down to supper, cool and pretty in white muslin, and, far from finding fault with the supper-hour, seemed so well pleased with the good things it brought her that Mrs. Nott, having been forced by her enthusiasm to admit that the old lady herself couldn't have made better butter, was less disposed to be impartial in her judgment. After tea, the sitting-room and the front porch were left at Eustace's disposal. Mrs. Nott and Cornelia taking themselves to the back part of the house, according to ordinary Nott usage.

"They're their own comp'ny, and not mine," Mrs. Nott was wont to say of her summer boarders, "and I ain't goin' to worry 'em with the idea all along that perhaps Nely's and my conversation'll be charged for in the bill; and as for pa, he ain't goin' to be made to keep on his coat for nobody."

The next morning, after breakfast, Eustace asked Nely what she did all day to make herself miserable.

"I guess I don't do anything that makes me very miserable."

"Then you ought. You ought to embroider awful-looking yellow-flowers on a yellow-green ground, or you ought to get a bow and arrow and shoot till your arm is lame, or you ought to get a banjo and make your fingers callous, or get a grammar and study a dead language. Didn't you ever do any of those things?"

"Never."

"I never saw such criminal neglect of one's higher duties to society in my life. I've done all these things; and now I want to amuse myself. What do people do here to amuse themselves?"

"They— they collect grasses sometimes," said Cornelia rather doubtfully, drawing upon her memories of former boarders.

"Collect grasses! Well, I'd just as lief collect grasses. I'll begin now. Where do you get them?"

"I'm goin' berryin', and if you want to come with me you'll find all you want."

"By all means. Do you really get berries when you go berrying? It sounds like too well defined a plan to really succeed."

That night, Eustace wrote a letter. It ran as follows:

"Dear Tom,—You told me to write as soon as I was settled. I'm settled now. I really think I've found the place I've been looking for,—where you never expect things to happen. I tell you, Tom, expecting things to happen is the curse of a woman's life. It isn't that you care whether they happen or not, but you can't go right along and do what you have to do as if you knew they wouldn't. I can't sit down at home for an evening's reading without wondering if anybody will call; and it's so in everything. But the old lady herself couldn't expect anything to happen here. I went berrying yesterday, and in the midst of it caught myself wondering how Larry Holmes would shudder if he should come across the fields and see my face and hands all stained with red juice. You know Larry. He wouldn't have been more shocked if it had been gore. I'm having a splendid time,—as the Americans say,—and I collect grasses. I found a lot yesterday, but I laid them on a stone and went berrying instead. I shall collect some more to-day. It's just as well to begin over again each day, for there don't seem to be very many kinds. Cornelia Nott is the daughter of the house, and she's very interesting. She is pretty and she has beauty. I haven't seen them, but I know she has them: she has the air."

"I hope you'll write: but don't say any more about the matter we referred to the other evening after having dropped it for six months. I've made up my mind, and the more settled I grow the more I know I'm right. I'll send back your letter unopened if I find anything of that sort in it."

"Very sincerely yours,

"EUSTACE ENWORTHY."

This she sealed and addressed, and then sat down and thought about it. Tom was not at all the kind of man she wanted to marry. In the first place, she didn't want to marry a man that was tied down to his business, as Tom would be for some years yet. In the next, her husband must care more for society than Tom did: he always looked so hopelessly bored unless he was dancing with her, and, though that was pleasant now, it wouldn't be when that bored him too. Then, they never liked the same books. Tom liked "The Cloister and the Hearth," and didn't care much for Henry James, Jr. Oh, it would never do! never do at all! There was time enough yet, and when the right one came he should be made to feel as the right one should. Then she proceeded to struggle with the kerosene-lamp. That kerosene-lamp was Eustace's nightly discipline.

Sunday morning came, and Eustace sat on the front steps, idly watching the insects and flowers and birds and sunlight. "I'm certainly getting the pastoral feeling," she said to herself. "I feel so—sort of—natural. I don't care a bit