

LEGEND OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

(From the German.)

By Danube's castled stream there strayed
In centuries gone, at set of sun,
A knightly lover and the maid
Whose heart his noble deeds had won.

The wavelets rippled on the shore,
Unnoticed in their tranced walk,
Yet did their music evermore
Fill up the pauses in their talk.

The star eyed Myosotis blue,
With modest grace bent o'er the wave,
To see that sweet perfection, new,
That Eve her liquid mirror gave.

The maiden leant the bright brink o'er,
And breathless cried, "O love, behold,
How yonder heavenly-tinted flower
Looks in the wave with eyes of gold!"

"Hope's hues upon its eyelids shine,
Bright beams reflected from this hour,
I would the blossom sweet were mine,
Of this blest scene the fairy dower."

In answer to her fervent speech,
"The flower is thine," he quick replied;
He snatched it by a sudden reach—
He fell into the treacherous tide.

The early shining star of love
Sank fainting in the amber west,
As night her sable vesture wove
Across the Danube's gleaming breast.

And on its banks poor Gretchen stood
With outstretched arms of white despair,
Gazing transfixed upon the flood—
Her star of love was sinking there.

In vain he struggled 'gainst the tide,
In vain he strove to reach the shore,
Where stood his love—his promised bride,
Fairer than e'er she seemed before.

That fateful flower so dearly bought,
He cast it to her on the bank,
Crying, "Dear love, forget-me-not!"
And 'neath the turgid billows sank!

Year after year beside the stream,
When spring-tide came, fair Gretchen sought
That gem-like flower, whose only name
To her was "Love, forget-me-not."

She heeded not the song of birds,
No blossoms else her eyes beguiled
Its blue lips breath'd words parting words,
Through its sweet eyes her dead love smiled.

And every year where he reposed,
That fateful flower, so dearly bought,
Its tender golden eyes unclosed,
And sweetly breathed "Forget-me-not."

And all who heard the story told
The names that Science gave forgot,
So now where'er its buds unfold
'Tis named the Blue Forget-Me-Not.

Montreal.

FRANK OAKES ROSE.

FALL OF "LIBERTY HALL."

THE LEADERS IMPRISONED FOR LIFE.

(Continued From Our Last.)

"Cheer up, old boy," said Swinton, "the paper said the young lady was not much hurt, and if she should turn out to be your angel of the Tyrol, why, you will be the happiest fellow in the community."

A little later in the day, Oswald presented himself once more at the hotel, and with a trembling voice inquired for the medical gentleman who had been in constant attendance upon the sufferers. The doctor informed him that with the exception of the terrible shock, the young lady was not otherwise injured. He then asked,

"Are you acquainted with the Obersteins, Mr. Oswald?"

"That is just what I want to find out, doctor. I think I have met them in Austria."

"There are many people of the same name, Mr. Oswald."

"That is very true; but I must see the lady." "That will be impossible, at least for a day or two. She must have complete rest."

"Allow me to send in my card, doctor, for heaven's sake; I cannot endure the suspense." "I will take in your card, Oswald, and if I can do so with safety, I will present it to her."

A few minutes later the doctor returned and beckoned Oswald to follow.

"Miss Oberstein recognizes your name, Mr. Oswald, but I beg of you do not cause her any emotion."

Before Oswald had time to reply, the young lady appeared at the door. In an instant, the recognition was mutual.

"Silva."

"Mr. Oswald."

A ray of happiness beamed in her eyes as she beheld his face.

"Silva" said he, as he pressed her hand to his lips, "to what miracle are we indebted for this meeting?"

"I don't know, Mr. Oswald, unless it is the dreadful accident which happened yesterday," said she. "Poor papa, he has suffered very much, but he is easier now, thanks to the kind doctor."

"And you, Silva, were you not injured?"

Before they had exchanged many words a voice was heard within calling "Silva!"

"Yes, papa," answered Silva, as she flew to his side.

"Who were you speaking to, dear?" asked her father.

"I was just speaking to an old friend, papa. He will be glad to see you when you get stronger."

"Who is it, Silva?"

"It is Mr. Oswald, papa. Don't you remember? we met him at Meran."

"Oswald; Frederick Oswald—Oh! yes; I remember. Tell him to come in, Silva."

A moment later, Silva conducted Oswald to her father's couch. Mr. Oberstein looked steadily at the young man, for a moment, then smiled as he held out his hand and said, "I am glad to see you, Mr. Oswald."

The young man took his hand and replied, "I trust you will soon be fully restored, Mr. Oberstein."

"How did you know that we were here, Mr. Oswald?"

"I read of the accident in the paper, last night," he replied, "and it struck me at the time that it might be you. I called again this morning. I had no idea that you were even in America."

"Well," continued Mr. Oberstein, "I had no idea of finding a friend here."

"Yes, but I had, papa," said Silva, as a blush diffused itself over her face. Then she looked as though she would cheerfully give the world if she could have withdrawn the remark. Oswald looked at her and smiled, but her father did not hear the remark and continued to say:

"We have a place a few miles down the river. We have resided there about a month, but Silva likes the place so much, I think we will make it our future home. You must come and see us."

Oswald thanked them for the kind invitation.

Then Mr. Oberstein asked, "Do you reside in this place?"

"Yes; I have lived here for four years and a half," replied Oswald.

Mr. Oberstein was too weak to converse very much, and Silva quietly told him the particulars of the accident.

The young man went away soon after, and promised to call in the afternoon—a promise which, it is almost needless to say, was faithfully fulfilled.

When the friends assembled in the "Hall" at luncheon, they were glad to find that Oswald was himself again. They questioned him in every conceivable way, but the only satisfaction they could gain was, the parties were those whom he had once met in the Tyrol.

When Oswald again presented himself at the Oberstein rooms, at the hotel, Silva was at the door to meet him. She looked as fresh as a rose bud, and, except that she complained of a pain about the shoulder, no one would have suspected that it was she who had experienced the terrible accident of only twenty-four hours ago.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Silva," said Oswald.

"Thank you," she replied, as she looked into his face. "But please, do not talk of the sad affair any more. Papa is much better this afternoon."

"When did you leave Europe, Silva?"

"We returned to Boston."

"I suppose you travelled over the most of Europe, then?"

"Yes, we went everywhere. We were in Geneva, too."

"Indeed, how long is it since you were there?"

"I think we were in Geneva the following spring after we met you at Meran."

"Ah! I was away from there before that."

"Yes; your father told papa that you had gone to Canada."

"What? Are our fathers acquainted, Silva?"

"It would seem so."

They had walked along as they thus conversed and had now entered her father's apartment. As Silva had said, Mr. Oberstein was much better than he was in the morning. He seemed pleased to have Oswald to talk to. They talked about their accidental meeting at Meran and of the strange coincidence of their accidentally meeting again. Silva moved blithely about the room, and, with loving tenderness, appeared to anticipate her father's wishes. Oswald gazed upon her queenly figure in speechless admiration. He began to realize that she was no longer the little witching Silva who had rambled with him among the old mountains of the Tyrol. She was now a beautiful, charming woman. A coldness began to creep about his heart, and for the first time in his life, he began to feel his own insignificance.

Silva appeared to notice the shadow that was stealing over his face, and she asked playfully, "What in the world have you been doing, all these years, Mr. Oswald?"

"I am afraid I have been wasting my time, Miss Oberstein," he replied, with a sadness that appeared to be entirely uncalled for.

"You must be a prodigal indeed, then. Do you not remember? You told me you left Meran because you were only wasting your time there."

"Did I say that? I have wished a thousand times that I had stayed there."

Silva laughed as she looked up into his face. Then she said slowly, "It is a dear old place; but I, too, grew tired of it."

They talked of the old days until the hour arrived for Oswald to go. Mr. Oberstein had entrusted him with several business matters, which he desired to have attended to, and, as Silva had numerous little purchases to make, it was arranged that Oswald would accompany her on a shopping expedition, in the morning. He bade the kind friends adieu and returned to his quarters in a strangely pleased and perplexed mood. That evening was the anniversary of the open-

ing of "Liberty Hall," but the fact had never once entered his mind during the day. The anticipation gave him no pleasure, and he almost wished that he could discover an excuse for being absent from the festival. When he reached the "Hall" he found his four friends brim full of mirthfulness. The prospect of a beautiful evening, as they termed it, elated them beyond description.

"Hello! Oswald; what's the matter? you have a face on you as long as a telegraph pole," exclaimed Swinton as he pushed a lounge into a corner, out of the way.

"It's a shame, Fred, to desert us in this way, when we have so much to do," said Wingate. "Look at poor old Murphy there, he has been working away at the silver ware, until he has made the sideboard look like a jeweller's show case."

"Johnson!" shouted Travers, from the top of a step-ladder, "bring along those pictures."

"Look at that list, Oswald," said Swinton, as he handed him a paper with about a dozen names on it. "If there ain't the foolishlest lot of fellows that ever sat down to dinner, then my name is not Swinton."

"They are all good fellows, Swinton," said Oswald, in an absent sort of way.

"I should think they were," continued Swinton. "I only hope that old Birkenwood, there, won't bore us to death with his stories of the Indian Mutiny."

"Don't you think we had better order another basket of wine?" asked Travers, as he came in from an interview with Johnson, the butler.

"You always did have a keen eye for business," insinuated Swinton.

"Be sure there is plenty on hand, Travers," said Murphy, seriously.

And so, the friends chatted away as they busied themselves in preparing for the evening.

Oswald said but little, his mind was on a different subject. At seven o'clock the guests began to come in, and punctually at half-past seven, dinner was announced. It was indeed a glorious effort on the part of "Liberty Hall." The elegant dining-room was tastefully decorated, the repast was of the most recherche description, and, best of all, the party was in the most excellent humor. Oswald presided in an unnecessarily dignified manner, but the other four left loose the cords of restraint and the whole party was soon reveling in the most exquisite merriment.

At the proper time Oswald arose and said:

"Gentlemen, the Queen."

That toast was right loyally responded to and then followed a multitude of volunteer toasts, all of which were replied to in a happy and humorous manner. At a late hour the party broke up and everybody acknowledged that it was the most enjoyable evening they had ever spent.

When the guests had all departed, the five friends gathered around the grate, in the sitting room, and as they smoked, they talked. Talked of the past, of the present, and of the future.

Another year of delightful social intercourse loomed up before them and "Liberty Hall" seemed more firmly established than ever.

Next day, at eleven, Oswald presented himself at the Oberstein quarters, and Silva was in readiness to receive him. After a few pleasant words with Mr. Oberstein, the two started out on the shopping expedition.

Silva was light-hearted and gay and the influence of her presence filled Oswald with ecstasy. When they had visited the various shops, and all their orders had been given, he still endeavored to persuade her that she wanted something else, in the hope that he might continue to enjoy her delightful company. She pointedly informed him that she had not come out with the intention of purchasing the whole city.

"That is because you have no idea what a beautiful city it is, Silva. Had you not better take a long walk around and see it?"

"Ramble around you mean, as we used to do at Meran."

"Ah, those were happy days."

"Have you not had many days equally as happy, since?"

"No, not one, Silva."

"I am disappointed. I was in hopes that you would have said, at least one."

At any other time Oswald would have seen the point of the last remark, but now he was blind.

"I do not believe you know what happiness is, Mr. Oswald."

"I wish you would teach me, Silva."

"You have already been my pupil if I remember rightly."

"Was I not an obedient one?"

"I do not know about that, I am inclined to think you played truant."

"I was a fool then."

"That is an elegant compliment to your tutor, I must say," and then, turning to look in at a shop window she cried out joyfully, "O, what a lovely picture."

When Oswald had recovered himself a little, he remarked carelessly:

"O, yes, that is one of Murphy's."

"Murphy," she exclaimed, as her eyes fairly twinkled with merriment, "and who, pray, might Murphy be?"

"Ah! yes, I forgot to tell you. He is one of my dearest friends."

As they walked along she listened attentively while he told her of his friends, and of the delightful years which they had spent together.

When he had finished she asked,

"Are your quarters called 'Liberty Hall'?"

They had already reached the hotel and Silva bounded up the stairs without waiting for a reply. As she entered her father's room, she cried

out "O! papa, we had a most delightful morning. Mr. Oswald has shown me much of the city and I am sure I will like it very much."

"I am glad to hear you say so, my child," said her father, tenderly, and then he thanked Oswald for the kindness which he had shown them.

A week later Mr. Oberstein was sufficiently strong to be removed to his own home and, of course, Oswald accompanied them. For weeks after he was a daily visitor at the house, and he was never so happy as when in the company of Silva.

III

A few months later, on a wet and disagreeable evening, four of the friends were lounging in their comfortable quarters and were pleasantly discussing the various scraps of gossip which had been picked up during the day. The evening papers had been looked over, the last number of *Punch* had become stale, and, as the hours wore on, they began to complain of the monotony of the evening.

"What can be keeping Oswald, do you suppose?" remarked Swinton, carelessly.

"You know very well what's keeping him," replied Wingate, suddenly arousing himself. "That little Tyrolean witch seems to have infatuated him."

"We miss him greatly. The 'Hall' is not complete without him," said Travers.

"What a charming girl that Miss Oberstein is," exclaimed Murphy. "Hers is no ordinary type of beauty. If I was not so well acquainted with Oswald I don't know that I would not envy him his luck. What a romantic experience they have had."

"O wonderfully romantic," said Swinton, half savagely. "No doubt it will end as all romances do."

"I am afraid she is destined to be the means of destroying our happiness," exclaimed Wingate sadly.

"What has she got to do with your happiness, I would like to know?" asked Travers.

"That's a fact, old boy. It strikes me that we are all giving ourselves considerable anxiety about something that does not concern us."

Oswald made his appearance soon after. He bounced in among the friends in the most playful manner. His face was beaming with gladness and his friends saw at a glance that something had occurred which made him unusually happy.

"Have some of your beloved relations passed away and left you a legacy?" asked Swinton.

"Some fool has entrusted him with a case for the Supreme Court, perhaps," suggested Wingate as he lit a cigar.

"What has happened, Oswald? Don't keep us in suspense."

"Congratulate me, fellows; I can't keep it; I am the happiest man in the world," exclaimed Oswald, and he emphasized the last remark with a vigorous slap on Murphy's shoulder. Murphy playfully objected to being made a target of. Swinton concurred with the artist in the opinion that he ought not to submit to such an indignity, and Travers and Wingate declared their objection to having their peace and harmony disturbed by Oswald's hilarity. A lively time ensued and the end of it was that Oswald was compelled to tell them that Silva Oberstein had consented to become his wife.

The wedding was a quiet, little affair, in compliance with Silva's wishes. They had but few acquaintances in the city, and Mr. Oberstein's long illness had prevented his daughter from increasing the number to any great extent. When Oswald's four warm-hearted friends had cause to know Miss Oberstein better, they were loud in their praise of her amiable and womanly qualities. They surprised the happy couple with a gift of a magnificent set of plate, and no bridegroom's bachelor friends were ever prouder of a fair young bride, than they were of the sweet girl who had honoured their favourite companion with her hand.

Wingate and Travers both followed Oswald's example, a few months later, and when the fourth anniversary of the opening of "Liberty Hall" came round but Swinton and Murphy were left to do the honours of the occasion.

These two continued to occupy the quarters, but the place had lost all its charm. And when Murphy began to expatiate on the interesting qualities of Mrs. Wingate's pretty sister, Swinton renewed his acquaintance with the fair young lady, referred to in the earlier part of this little history. A double wedding was the ultimate result, and then "Liberty Hall" was no more.

W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

Conceit causes more conversation than wit. If you want a first-class fitting Shirt, send for samples and cards for self-measurement to **Treble's**, 8 King street East, Hamilton. Six open back Shirts for \$9.00; open front, collar tttched, six for \$10.00.