

found something pleasant in the wet wildness of the storm; it came near enough almost to dampen her cheek as she leaned forward towards it; and the street came into the frame that was left, in a sharp picture.

The sidewalk was very wet; in spots the struggling snow drifted grayish white, and went out into black mud under a sudden foot; the eaves and awnings dripped steadily, and there was a little puddle on the carriage step; the colored lamps of a druggist's window shimmered and broke against the pavement and the carriage and the sleet, leaving upon the fancy the surprise of a rainbow in a snow-storm; people's faces dipped through it curiously; here a fellow with a waxed mustache struck into murderous red, and dripped so horribly that a policeman, in the confusion of the storm, eyed him for half a block; there, a hale old man fell into the last stages of jaundice; beyond, a girl straggling jealously behind a couple of very wet, but very happy lovers, turned deadly green; a little this way, another stepped into a bar of lily white, and stood and shone in it for an instant, "without spot or stain, or any such thing," but stepped out of it, quite out, shaking herself a little as she went, as if the lighted touch had scorched her.

Still another girl (Miss Kelso expressed to herself some languid wonder that the night should find so many young girls out, and alone, and noticed how little difference the weather appeared to make with that class of people)—the girl in plaid, whom the storm had buffeted back for the last few minutes—came up with the carriage, and stopped full against the druggist's window, for breath. She looked taller, standing in the light, than she had done when boxing the wind at the corners, but still a little undersized; she had no gloves, and her straw hat hung around her neck by the strings; she must have been very cold, for her lips were blue, but she did not shiver.

Who has not noticed that fantastic fate of galleries, which will hang a saint and a Magdalene, a Lazarus and Dives, face to face? And who has not felt, with those transfixed glances, doomed by sunlight, starlight, moonlight, twilight, in crowds and in hush, from year unto year, to struggle towards each other,—vain builders of a vain bridge across the fixed gulf of an irreparable lot,—a weariness of sympathy, which well nigh extinguished the artistic fineness of the chance? Something of this feeling would have

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