

## MY ISLAND.

My feet have never trod thy flowery ways,  
O my fair island—situate in the sea,  
Whose green, curled tongues still lap thee back  
from me,  
Strive how I may. Yet, oft in winter days  
I stretch my hand toward thee as toward a bliss  
That warms and cheers. I know what sweetness  
fills  
Those groves of thine; what clash of tiny bills  
Adrip with music; what sweet wind delays  
Among the bashful lilies, cloistered there.  
In summer heats I watch, through dust and glare,  
The gray mists wrap thee, and across thy crest  
The rainy grass, blown slantwise toward the west,  
While sleeping fountains rise and shake their hair.  
Sometimes I seek amies—O deaf and blind!  
And cannot find thee, loveliest, anywhere.  
Yet—whether it be some plague, stirred pulse of air,  
Or fugitive sweet odor undefined—  
Ev'n then I know thee, O my rare and fair!  
That thou dost lie between me and the wind.

—Scribner for April.

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## WON BY A LENGTH.

BY BARRY DANE.

I.  
AN ACCIDENT.

"There they come, I hear the carriage on the road," said Eva Sedgeworth, starting up from the piano at which she had been sitting, singing snatches of songs, to while away the time, until the arrival of her brother who was coming home from College, for the summer vacation. "I wonder what his friend is like," she continued, as she stepped out on the piazza in front of the house to welcome her brother.

Eva was the only daughter of a gentleman of moderate fortune who lived the quiet life of a country gentleman as his father had done before him. Ralph, his only son, was a twin brother of Eva. Ever since infancy the brother and sister had played together at the same games; and, as was very natural, her tastes assimilated themselves to his.

Up to the time that Ralph left home for college, Eva had been his constant companion on his various boating and fishing excursions on the lake, a small inlet of which ran up to the property of the Sedgeworth family.

Across the lake, a distance of about two miles from the home of the Sedgeworths, lay the small town of Wigton. The young men of the town had formed a boating club, and every year a regatta was held on the lake, in which all amateurs were allowed to compete. Ralph had always taken a great interest in the club, and was, at the opening of our story, hurrying down from college to be present at the sport.

He had written home that he would bring his college chum, Paul Wyndham, with him; with whom, he had told his sister, in a private letter to her, she would be sure to fall in love.

As Eva left the room at the sound of the carriage, Mr. Sedgeworth looked up from the paper which he was reading, and gazing proudly after his daughter, said to his wife who was just rising to welcome her boy, "I hope Ralph's not bringing any one here to run away with our Eva's heart."

He might well feel proud of such a daughter, who reminded him so much of her mother, in the days when he wooed and won her.

She was tall and graceful, with regular features, rather full lips, and a pair of large blue-gray eyes that could have bewitched a hermit. The first meeting over, and the four walked into the sitting room where Mr. Sedgeworth still sat, ruminating over the possibility of some one carrying off his pet.

"Ah, Ralph! glad to see you home, my boy," said the father, rising and extending his hand to his son.

"And I'm glad to get home," replied Ralph, "This is my friend, Mr. Wyndham, who, I told you, was coming down to spend a few days with me and see the boating."

Mr. Sedgeworth's heart gave a slight throb as he looked up and extended his hand to welcome his son's friend. There stood six feet of as well formed Saxon flesh and blood as he could have found in a week's search; and he felt as if his Eva was in some danger.

Paul, however, received a hearty welcome, and was soon perfectly at home among his new friends.

During the evening, Walter Raymond, a young friend of Ralph, and a prominent member of the boat club, hied across from town to see Ralph about the race. He knew that Ralph was expected home that evening; but he might not have been in such desperate hurry to see his friend, had not the pretty face of Eva Sedgeworth been haunting his mind. In fact, he was much in love with her; and although she had never given him any special encouragement, still he had come to look upon himself as a privileged person at the "Oaks," as the Sedgeworth estate was called.

He was not a little annoyed to see the new friend whom Ralph had brought from college with him; and his jealous eye fancied it saw a slight rose tint flush the fair Eva's cheek whenever Paul addressed any remark to her.

When Paul was shown to his room that night, he threw off his coat and vest, and heaving a big sigh, surveyed himself in the looking glass for a few moments, and then shook his head in a mournful sort of way. "It's no use, Paul," he said, addressing his own reflection in the glass. "You needn't shake your head any more, you're in love, old man, and you needn't try to deceive yours if. Yes, Paul, you're gone; and you're going to be spooney, too, if you don't watch yourself." And with this explanation he walked to the window and looked out at the beautiful moon peering through the great oak trees that threw its shade against that side of the house.

The moon did not seem to restore his feelings to their usual calmness. If anything, the calmness and serenity of the night made him feel what he had just warned himself against, spooney, and giving way to his thoughts, he leaned out of the window, building up in his mind a beautiful future, in which the graceful figure of Eva Sedgeworth formed the principal character. The barking of a dog woke him out of his reverie, and, giving himself a shake, he quickly turned into bed, at the same time calling himself an idiot and several other names, which would have brought speedy retribution on any one else, who might have dared to use the same terms to the same object. Sleep would not come, however, till the gray dawn, when he dropped off, and dreamt that he had confessed his love and had been rejected, and many more fearful things.

But how was it with Eva? She was too proud to confess, even to herself, that she had fallen in love with the big stranger, at first sight, and yet it was some time before sleep came to those big blue eyes that had caused such a disturbance in the heart of her brother's friend.

The afternoon following that on which Ralph and his friend had arrived, was the one that had been fixed for the regatta, and Walter Raymond who was to take part in the races, had promised to come over in the morning, and accompany the party from the "Oaks" to the scene of the race.

Before lunch he arrived, and from the time he came, nothing was talked of but the regatta. Eva took as great an interest in the sports as either her brother or Walter; while poor Paul who had never handled an oar in his life, and knew a little less about rowing than an Arab, was shut out pretty well from the conversation.

Finding that Eva was so interested in the races, and also displaying considerable knowledge of what should and should not be done, he foolishly determined not to confess his ignorance, but appear to understand all about it.

Lunch over, and the party was soon ready to start. Mr. Sedgeworth, who was to be one of the judges, had decided to drive round by the road, and had offered to take Paul with him; but Paul, not willing to be separated from Eva, declined, saying that he would row over with the others.

"You'll take an oar, Mr. Wyndham, I suppose," said Raymond as they walked down to the boat, "I don't say you're an old hand at the ash."

"Well, no, I can't say I am, I don't row," replied Paul, entirely forgetting his resolution.

"Don't row? Why, I thought every man rowed," broke in Eva, who had an idea that every man ought to be like her brother.

Paul coloured slightly and felt hurt, but recovering himself said, "Well, I—I mean, I'm a little out of practice."

If he had coloured slightly when he heard Eva's words, he reddened to the roots of his hair as he equivocated, for to him any form of falsehood was detestable, and he felt as if they all knew he was lying to them.

Raymond noticed his discomfiture, and was quick-witted enough to imagine the cause. He felt that he had a strong rival for the love of the fair Eva, and he determined to place him in as awkward a position, in her eyes, as possible.

When the boat was reached, he proposed that he and Paul should pull, while Ralph steered.

"Is your stretcher all right," said Ralph to Paul, as they seated themselves in the boat and prepared to push off from the landing.

"Stretcher," said Paul in an enquiring tone, for he had no idea what that meant, and then remembering that he must not expose his ignorance, he added hastily, "Oh, yes," feeling all the time as uncomfortable as possible.

Raymond shoved the boat out, and then settling himself on his seat, bent forward for a long stroke, Paul following his example.

Unfortunately for Paul, the stretcher which Ralph had enquired about was not "all right."

"Give-way," cried Raymond; and his oars caught the water as evenly as if worked by machinery. Paul gave way and so did the stretcher, every thing seemed to give way to Paul at that moment, and he found himself reclining at the bottom of the boat, with his heels higher than his head.

Miss Eva gave a little scream and a half laugh who could have helped laughing?—while Ralph fairly roared. Walter Raymond did not laugh aloud, but his face wore a smile, as he gave a glance at Eva, that made Paul boll inwardly, as he picked himself up and apologized to Miss Sedgeworth for falling against her. After two or three ineffectual attempts to row, which invariably resulted in the oars being caught in the water and the handles shoved into his ribs, Paul relinquished them to Ralph, and the rest of the trip was performed without any trouble.

Paul was out of sorts all day; he felt as if he had lost Eva's good opinion, which he before flattered himself he had won. He felt sure that those soft eyes had looked at him with more than common interest, and now he had played the part of a petty deceiver, and rendered himself ridiculous in her presence. No wonder then that he was not in the best of humour.

The great event of the day was the simple scull outrigger race in which Walter Raymond was to pull. As the boat drew up in line to start, Walter passed their boat to take his place with the rest, and as he did so, he rested on his oars for a moment, and called out, "Don't you wish me success, Miss Sedgeworth?"

"Of course, I do," she replied laughing, "don't you see I'm wearing your colours," and she pointed to a blue scarf which was thrown round her neck.

Raymond bowed, and as he passed off, gave a look at Paul, as much as to say, "I'm the favourite, no land lubbers wanted here."

Paul was stung by the look, and felt angry that Eva should have gratified his rival, as he already considered Raymond, with a smile.

The race was well contested, but it was easily seen that Raymond was far superior to his antagonists, and although they rowed gamely, the winner had the race in hand from start to finish.

It was another pill for Paul to swallow, when Raymond shot up to their boat, and received the congratulations of Ralph and his sister.

Paul did not return to the "Oaks" in the boat; but with Mr. Sedgeworth in the carriage. Raymond was to return with the party, and he felt as he would do something rash, if the two were long close together.

## II.

## TRAINING.

On the morning after the race, there were some letters waiting for Paul when he came to the breakfast table; and although none of them were of any importance, they formed a pretext which Paul longed for, to leave the "Oaks" at once. He foolishly imagined himself the laughing-stock of all by his late misadventure, and excusing himself by saying that matters mentioned in one of the letters demanded his presence at home, he bade farewell to his friends and was soon far away from the scene of his fancied degradation.

Eva was not slow to conjecture the cause of his sudden departure; but she could do nothing. As Paul bade his friends adieu, his heart gave a great throb, for as he looked into Eva's eyes, she glanced down and stammered good-bye, no bad omen for him he thought. And as the carriage rolled away, bearing Paul to the station he sat revolving a plan in his head by which he might regain the favour which he thought he had lost by his ridiculous performance in the boat the day before.

The reader must not think that Paul was not possessed of manly strength and activity, on account of the sorry figure which he cut on the day of the regatta.

He had always been fond of sports, but his home being in a section of the country where boating was out of the question, his strength had been applied in other channels. At cricket and other land sports, he was excelled by none of his companions, but at boating we have already seen what a failure he was. The college which he and Ralph attended, was situated on the bank of a river, where considerable boating was done by some of the students and townsmen; but as he had never taken part in any amusement, when at home, it had no particular interest for him there.

Now, however, he made a resolve, which was to become an oarsman, and if possible, win the simple scull race at the next annual regatta at Wigton.

Paul was not very many days at home before he became restless; and under some pretext returned to the town in which his college was situated. Here he secured a boat from one of the boatmen on the river, and set himself earnestly to work to become an oarsman.

Early every morning, and towards dusk in the evening, the tall muscular figure of Paul Wyndham might have been seen at a little boat house, secluded from the rest by a grove of trees, stripping off his clothes and donning his blue guernsey, preparatory to stepping into his little craft which lay along side the landing. There was no fear of the stretcher not being all right now, and as he bent his broad back, and came well down over his toes, he looked no mean antagonist for the winner of the Wigton regatta.

Every morning and evening, throughout the long college vacation, Paul was at his place; two miles up the river, two back and a rub down with a course towel, constituted the performance.

When Ralph returned to college, he found his friend there before him; he, however, never suspected that he had been there all the vacation, and still less imagined the object of Paul's residence there.

It was Paul's intention to keep his movements in the boating line a secret, even for Ralph, so that nothing was said about boats or boating between the two friends. Ralph never referred to it because he imagined that it was rather a sore subject with his friend, and had very naturally suspected that Paul's boating adventure had been the real cause of his sudden departure from the "Oaks."

To keep his movements secret now was rather a difficult matter. He had to give up his evening row; but every morning, at day break, his boat might have been seen shooting up the river past the college ground. He was always back in his room, however, long before any one else in the college was stirring, so that his morning trip was unknown to any one there.

One morning, as the two friends were talking after breakfast, Ralph suddenly broke the thread of the conversation by saying, "Do you know Paul, I woke up early this morning, and not being able to go to sleep again I went to the window, and there I saw a fellow rowing up the river like mad. By Jove! he came down over his toes and gave way in a style that would make Walter Raymond fell queer at our annual regatta, and do you know, old fellow, that if it hadn't been that I know that you're not an oarsman, I'd have sworn it was you." And Ralph gave a little laugh at the remembrance of Paul's first attempt to row.

"Well, never mind, old boy, I did not mean to hurt your feelings," said Ralph, as he saw his friend change colour slightly, and look somewhat confused. He little thought that the flush on Paul's cheek was one of pride at the praise he had received from his rowing, as much as at the recollection of his former failure.

Had Ralph been quick-witted enough, he might have put several facts together and arrived at a conclusion not far from the truth. He often laughed at his friend for the particular care which he took in his diet; and often berated him for his unsociability in not joining

him in a glass of beer and a pipe, as was his common custom in former terms.

During the winter, Paul kept himself in good trim by constant exercise, and when the spring set in his early morning cruises began again, and kept up with unfailing regularity. One day, Ralph received a letter from home, and coming to Paul said, "I've just received a letter from Eva, and she tells me that the annual regatta comes off three weeks from to day; I wish you would come down with me, old boy. Eva wants to know if I am going to bring my friend with me."

Paul tried to appear as indifferent as possible, and replied that he would see about it.

When he was alone Eva's words came back to him; and he wondered if she ever thought of him, and he even went so far as to think, that perhaps her words to Ralph were a gentle hint to bring him down to the Oaks.

He however determined to decline Ralph's invitation to accompany him home, saying that he would try to get down for the day of the regatta.

The day before the race arrived and Ralph had gone home. Paul packed his things and was soon ready to start for Wigton.

It was his intention to put up at a small inn at that place, and enter his name for the race that evening, so that no one at the Oaks would know of his presence at the regatta, until the moment of the contest.

He arrived all safe and housed his boat in a boathouse which he had secured beforehand, and sauntered down to the Club room where the entries were to be made.

Two or three members of the Club were standing round the Secretary talking, when Paul walked in.

"I wish to enter my name for the single scull outrigger race to-morrow," said Paul addressing the Secretary, who sat looking over the list of entries, and had just remarked that Raymond would have another easy victory.

"What name may I ask?" said the Secretary, eyeing Paul as if trying to recollect where he had seen him before.

"Mr. Paul Wyndham" replied the individual addressed.

"Mr. Wyndham, ah! are you not the gentleman who was here with the Sedgeworths last year, and to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced?" said the Secretary, extending his hand to Paul. "Are you visiting at the Oaks this year?"

"No," replied Paul, "I have just put up at the Sheet Anchor, and I will not see my friends till to-morrow." With this he bade the Secretary adieu, and walked back to his lodgings.

He was but a short time gone from the Club, when Walker Raymond walked in. He at once took up the book of entries, and in looking down the page, his eye caught a new entry below his own name. He read: "Paul Wyndham,—colors, blue and white." He laid down the book with a laugh, and said: "I wonder if that is the same fellow who was at the Sedgeworths last year. If it is I would advise him to take a few lessons in rowing, before entering for our races."

"How's that," asked one of the young men who were still standing round the room talking, as Paul had left them.

"Why he's a regular muff," replied Raymond, and he related poor Paul's adventure, with the stretcher the year before.

His friends enjoyed the story thoroughly, and laughed loud and long.

The Secretary however, who was no very great admirer of Raymond, could not help saying, "Well he is a pretty formidable, muscular looking chap and may give you a closer rub than you care for."

"Don't you fear," said Raymond; "I tell you that lubber could never learn to row. I'll beat him so badly that he'll never want to row again."

"Don't be too sure, there's an old saying about chickens &c., which you should remember," said the Secretary as he left the room.

It was only about eight o'clock in the evening, so Raymond thought it would be a good idea to row over to the Oaks and tell the Sedgeworths of the discovery he had made.

He was not long in crossing the water; and taking his way up the bank soon arrived at the piazza of the Sedgeworth mansion. Here he found Eva standing alone buried in thought.

She started as she heard his footsteps and exclaimed, "Why, you here Mr. Raymond?" Yes, Miss Eva, I came over to see Ralph for a minute. "But first," he said, still retaining her hand which she had extended to him, "do you wish me success to-morrow?" "Oh certainly" she replied, "of course I do; but come into the house if you want to see Ralph, he is in the drawing-room with mamma and papa."

After paying his respects to both Mr. and Mrs. Sedgeworth, he turned to Ralph with a laugh and said, "I have some news my boy to tell you. Your friend Mr. Wyndham is at the 'Sheet Anchor,' and has entered his name for the single scull race to-morrow. It's to be hoped that he's a better oarsman now than he was last year." Raymond could not help noticing that Eva gave a slight start and changed color, when he mentioned Wyndham's name and it nettled him. He however resolved that the morrow would effectually extinguish that young man in that quarter.

There was a silence for a moment after this announcement, which was broken by Ralph exclaiming, "Paul going to row; By Jove I see it all now. Why he has been training ever since last summer right under my very nose, and I could not see it." He then related how he had seen Paul rowing one morning without knowing him. "Well Walter you have all your work cut out for you, that's all my boy; your are going to have the hardest stretch you ever pulled. When Paul undertakes anything he never stops halfway."

Eva had risen and left the room. She had been thinking of Paul when Walter came up, and now to hear that he was going to row the next day, and that she should see him, was too