

## UNDER THE EVENING LAMP.

## DREAMING OF HOME.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

It comes to me often in silence,  
When the firelight sputters low—  
When the black, uncertain shadows  
Seem wreaths of long ago:  
Always with a throb of heartache,  
That thrills each pulsive vein,  
Comes the old, unquiet longing  
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,  
And of the faces cold and strange;  
I know where there's warmth and welcome,  
And my yearning fancies range  
Back to the dear old homestead,  
With an aching sense of pain:  
But there'll be joy in the coming,  
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music  
That never may die away,  
And it seems the hands of angels,  
On a mystic harp at play,  
Have touched with a yearning sadness  
On a beautiful broken strain,  
To which is my fond heart wording,  
"When I go home again."

Outside of my darkened window,  
Is the great world's crash and din,  
And slowly the autumn shadows  
Come drifting, drifting in.  
Sobbing the night wind murmurs  
To the splash of the autumn rain;  
But I dream of the glorious greeting  
When I go home again.

## THE CAREER OF THE DUKE.\*

He was not a real duke, though a good deal more interesting than some who are called by that august title. He was only a medical student at Edinburgh University when I was attending the Arts classes, and I got to know him rather intimately at the club of which we were both members. His name in private life was Richard Gemmell Bryden, but nobody called him anything but the Duke, and the title suited him well. He was very good-looking, tall and lithe and slender, with a fine carriage and a clear cut, handsome face. But he was too well aware of the fact. And his airs! He was let loose rather young in a University town, before he had sense to guide his conduct or his tongue. He had been at college four years when I first met him, and to my certain knowledge three years after that, and when he finally disappeared from the horizon of student life, he had only passed a part of his second examination.

His father was a solicitor, a man with a large county connection in a flourishing northern town. The Duke talked very tall always about his people, and it was his boasted intimacy with his father's aristocratic clients which really earned for him the title of the Duke. There is always a ferret in every school and college—a sneaking, objectionable sort of person who makes it his business to find out everything he can about the fellows, and who invents what he can't find out. The ferret of our year was a little chap called Ingram, whose father kept a grocer's shop at Stockbridge. Ingram soon found out all about Bryden's people, and told us that they lived in good style, and had a small country place where they did their best to edge themselves in among the country families, and that Bryden's mater was a veritable matchmaker, whose ambition for her daughters knew no limit. The Duke was lazy, but not vicious. There was something lovable about him in spite of all his airs, and he and I were always rather chummy, though I often lectured him on the way he wasted both his time and his talents. He took it all in good part, but it had no effect on him whatever. After a time I held my tongue, for if his father found no fault with him, it was no business of mine. The Duke, of course, was a great favorite with girls. I used to think he knew every pretty girl in the town, and he spent half of his allowance on theatre tickets and flowers and dainty

trifles on girls who for the most part laughed at him. He was often in love, and had many sweethearts during the years I knew him, but he managed to keep out of any serious entanglement till he took the final and, for him, fatal step. During the last year of my college life I lodged in town all the week, and went home on Friday night. I was gathering my things together as usual on Friday evening near the end of the last session, when the Duke came up to my rooms. I was surprised to see him, for he knew I went out of town that day; but he looked so woebegone that I refrained from telling him to get out, as I at first felt inclined to do.

"I know you're getting ready to go, David," he said. "But you've got to sit here and listen to me, if you should never get out of town. I'm in the most awful mess, and I don't know how I'm to get out of it."

"A new girl, I suppose?" I said, with mild sarcasm.

"Well, it's a girl, but certainly not a new one. You've seen Mamie Ross, the young lady at the house where I dig?"

"Yes, but I thought she was an old flame, and that you were off years ago," said I, with the feeblest interest, wondering how long I could give him and not miss my train.

"I've never been right off. I've never really cared for anybody but her—and well, there's no use beating about the bush—we've been married for over four months."

I dropped my clothes brush and stared at him open-mouthed. I could not really take it in. I should have thought the Duke the very last man on earth to make such a disastrous mesalliance.

"Married four months, Duke!—oh, come, you're cramming."

"No, I'm not, worse luck," answered the Duke, with a groan. "Not that I go back on her—bless her—I don't, and never will. But it's come out too soon. That little brute Ingram's got to the bottom of it, and sent word to my governor, who has promptly stopped supplies."

"You're piling too much on me at once, Duke," said I. "I haven't taken in the primary fact yet. How, and for what reason, did you come to marry Mamie Ross?"

"Well, you see, it was like this; she lives with her aunt, who is jolly hard on her, makes a regular Cinderella of her, and there was another chap they wanted her to marry, a horrid old sea-captain with nothing to recommend him but his tin. I couldn't stand the way they were bullying her, so I took her to a registrar's office one morning, and we got married."

"Well, and what then?"

"Well, we told her aunt, of course, and though she made a scene, she got pretty civil after a bit, and came to reason, so that I could explain things to her. She quite saw that it was important to keep it dark from my governor, till I had passed the final, anyhow; and we were getting along all right till that little sneak Ingram ferreted it all out and sent an anonymous letter to the governor."

"He deserves to be tarred and feathered, Duke," I said sympathetically. "But what happened after that?"

"Why, my father came down, of course, and stole a regular march on us. There was no use denying it. And he was past speech with rage, and has cut me off, and how I'm to get through that final, or find the money for the exam. fee even, is more than I know. What's to be done, old chappie?"

"You must get through, Duke," I said cheerfully; "you've made a fine ass of yourself, but we must get you through for your wife's sake. Do you think your father won't relent?"

The Duke mournfully shook his head. "He won't; he said he'd never forgive me, and he meant it. No, I'm done in that quarter, and it's myself I must look to now. It'll be bad enough if I pass, David; but if I fail, think of that."

"You won't fail, you can't, you daren't," I said. "Now I'm going, for I've only ten minutes to get my train. Come up on Monday night, and we'll think it out. Good night," I said, and ran out of the house.

The finals, with their long drawn out agony of suspense, began in a fortnight, and I was very sorry for the Duke all through. He was as nervous as a girl, and I didn't wonder at it, for he had a lot at stake!

\*From "David Lyall's Love Story." Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.