

wheel, and he advocated a dictatorship. This gave his enemies a palpable weapon against him. They said very openly that he was no patriot at all, that he had sought for personal aggrandizement, that he intended to imitate Caesar. The recent example of Napoleon in France, was brought forward, and the question asked: "What is to prevent Bolivar from playing the Bonaparte here?" Had these malcontents been sanguine, they would have seen that the Venezuelan was honest, while the Corsican was not; but they were neither sagacious nor honorable. Bolivar offered to resign his presidency of Colombia; but when the critical moment came his friends and the majority of the people rallied to him and begged him to reconsider his determination. In 1829, however, Venezuela and New Grenada separated, and their chief ruler soon afterward laid down his power and retired. He was voted a pension of thirty thousand piastres, and the confidence of the people was undiminished; but he did not long enjoy rest from his labors. In December, 1830, he died at San Pedro.

After his death, his countrymen were able to recognize the splendid character of their benefactor, and they tried by heaping posthumous honors upon him to atone for the suspicion and enmity and envy with which they had frustrated his plans and saddened the close of his career. Twelve years after he died, his body was removed to Caracas and there buried with all the pomp which remorse could suggest. It is no exaggeration to say that his fame has broadened in the past half-century, and that his example has been a living encouragement to all the South American republics in their intestine quarrels. The precepts which he taught have not been forgotten, although his countrymen have not yet put them into practice. His character is so clear that it scarcely requires analysis. His patriotism inspired all his acts and breathed nobility into his other qualities. His disinterestedness was put to the proof many times, but never failed. He was born rich and he died poor, having spent his private fortune to help the cause of freedom. Although for several years the treasures of three republics were within his reach, his bitterest enemy could not accuse him of peculation. His exploits as a military commander show that on a large field he might have won a place among the leading generals of the century. His republicanism was of the purest sort, and he was even more consistent than Washington, to whom he has been likened by the people of South America, because he personally preached the abolition of slavery and gave a large number of slaves their liberty. He saw that if freedom be good for one class it must be good for all.

Such was he whom his friends call "the great liberator;" and surely, wherever a noble democratic career is revered, and wherever men are grateful for the chiefs who have fought for progress and humanity, gratitude and reverence will not be lacking for Simon Bolivar.

W. R. THAYER.

A TALE OF FOUR.

"Miss Gresham."—"Very well; show her in." He frowned as he spoke; his frown deepened as his fair client stepped briskly in and up to him.

"Be seated, please; I will be disengaged in a moment."

So he continued, his eyes still on the papers he pretended to be studying, though he was really but heaping anathemas upon his absent partner, to whom business with fair clients was ordinarily deferred. He did not court them; now, as long as possible, he entrenched himself behind his records. But delay reached its limit, and, perforce, he turned towards her.

"I am at your service, Miss Gresham."

Miss Gresham had passed the interval gazing curiously at the furnishings of the unfamiliar office—curiously, though with a bit of awe, at him. A moment yet she regarded him as if bewildered, then a sudden, merry laugh burst from her lips.

"I do not know much about business," she said, as gayly; "I suppose this is the way men transact it, but—oh! I never could do so! You must turn way around; you must look straight at me; you must seem—seem sociable, confidential like, Mr. Wexson, or I cannot talk at all."

Inwardly Hugh Wexson groaned, but there was no help for it; he must do the best he could. For the first time he looked directly at his visitor. Miss Gresham was young and fair, he saw; of a delicate beauty set off strikingly by her mourning robes. And there was something attractive, something peculiarly attractive about her eyes. Only a gray-blue, but—

Slightly again Hugh Wexson frowned, and an exclamation moved his lips. Why did he even note them! But he had never seen her before; this case Lennon could soon dispose of; he need never see her again. The thought brought a sudden comfort, and—so he dismissed Miss Gresham.

She seemed better satisfied with him, though her face was shadowing now.

"I came to tell you that I have found it," she continued, softly.

"The will?"

"Yes. I found it a few minutes ago, and hurried here with it. I do not know anything of law, but I suppose I must." She drew a small box from her pocket and laid it on the desk beside him. "I told Mr. Lennon I knew

I should find it in some odd place—some place just like—just like poor papa to put it. Rolled up like a common letter and tucked in with other things. And I put them all back and brought them. I did not know; I thought perhaps I must."

She was blushing now, for, despite himself, he smiled. His smile broadened as he removed the box cover and looked down on the contents. Strange things, indeed, to be deemed essential to the proving of a will! A pair of worn gloves, half a dozen of fish hooks, and a caseless ambrotype. With a plain effort Hugh Wexson turned them out to get the will beneath.

"You see I am only a girl, and I did not know," went on Ray Gresham, now thoroughly confused. "Pray laugh, if you will, Mr. Wexson; I—"

But she saw that he did not heed her; he was looking down at the little ambrotype as intently as though he had unexpectedly confronted some knotty legal problem. Suddenly he looked up again.

"What will you take for this picture?"

He spoke with a boyish eagerness, and there was a look in his face that startled her. With all a girl's wonder, Ray Gresham stared at him.

"What will I take for it, Mr. Gresham? I will not sell it at all, of course. Whatever do you want of it? That is my dear Aunt Lucie, taken when she was just sixteen. Faded, of course, but any one can see how beautiful she was. Poor Aunt Lucie! Some one treated her very badly; went away a month of their wedding day, and never came back to her. Just because of a little quarrel! And so, instead of the happy wife she should have been, she is—she is—"

But she paused again abruptly; in open amazement Hugh Wexson sat staring at her. No wonder, thought Ray Gresham; such a bold, foolish girl she was to tell Aunt Lucie's affairs to a stranger. She started up shamedly.

"I—I suppose I need not stay any longer, Mr. Wexson. And, if you please, I will take the picture, and—the other things."

As if mechanically, he turned his gaze from her and opened the papers on the desk.

"Yes, yes, I see," he said, glancing hurriedly down the street; "all in right shape, witnesses fortunately in town; no contestants, I presume. He hereby leaves to Lu—to his wife's sister, Lucie Grey, the sum of— I beg your pardon, Miss Gresham; a mere formality, and you will enter upon your rights."

He swept the gloves and fish-hooks back into the box and handed it to her.

"But the picture, Mr. Wexson? I want Aunt Lucie's picture."

"I must beg you to leave the picture. It— it might be necessary to the case."

"Oh!" Involuntarily the exclamation broke from her lips. What a strange man he was; what did he mean, anyway! But she was only a girl; his open confusion, his hesitation, was confusion alone to her. Business was, indeed, bewildering; and she was only too glad to leave Hugh Wexson, and—the picture, and hurry out into the bright summer morning.

John Gresham's will did not move towards probate that next hour. For that time the usually matter-of-fact lawyer sat, lost to business, poring over an ambrotype.

"Went away a month of their wedding-day, and never came back to her."

Not strange, surely not strange at all. For, not the face, though it were the same which had once smiled up at him with all a woman's fond devotion, the same little Lucie he had loved so tenderly the years ago—not the face, but the words, which held him spellbound. Casual words from a stranger's lips to reveal to him, after the false years, a truth of which he never had dreamed.

He had gone away a month of his wedding-day; he had wandered far and long with his dissatisfied, aching heart. "Just because of a little quarrel?" Yes, but surely he had done all, on his side, that could be done; writing the tender letter; tried, in vain, to see little Lucie. What, then, could he do but go away?

He had viewed fate unsuspectingly on the one side; now that it flashed the other—fifteen years a dead thing, but what mattered that? He bent his soul to ferret out this business, to fathom its mystery. What had it been? So simple a thing as the miscarriage of a letter; something explainable even in her refusal to see him that bitter night? He had gone hastily—very hastily—now it seemed.

"Did he care?"

This was the question that pressed suddenly in upon him; he looked down at the smiling picture—yes, with the question in his eyes. He did not know; he could not answer. She had been to him all these years such a hard, cruel woman, that he could barely think of her as his little Lucie, even now. He would—yes, he would—like to see her. He would like to question her of this strange business, to explain to her his part. It might be that he would like—

He did not know. It was so dead a thing—fifteen years so dead a thing, and he was so changed, so hardened! He turned bewilderingly from the picture, and took up John Gresham's will. But, oddly, all that day there stood before him the fair girl with the eyes so like his little Lucie's whom fate had sent to him.

The moon smiled down on two lovers parting at Gresham gate.

"Do say it shall be soon, dear," he murmured. "I love you so madly, and you know you need a protector now."

"Yes—"

She looked dreamily into the smooth boy's face; half consciously she was comparing it with that other bearded one so attractive to her of late. And then involuntarily she smiled to fancy Clarry Berry a protector—"Yes, I know, but I cannot say any more about it. We have lived here such a little while, and poor papa did not even know you. You must wait till Aunt Lucie comes from Paris."

"Yes, but, darling—"

"Yes, but, Clarry, I cannot promise you any more. And I want you to go now, really, because I expect—my lawyer."

The dignity with which she finished would have made her lawyer smile indeed could he have seen around the curve he was this moment turning. The winding road was growing a familiar one to Hugh Wexson. Business had brought him three times already to Gresham since that first eventful day. A witness was out of town; he had called to tell her that. Other matters as much requiring interviews, Lennon, to his utter amazement, being dropped unceremoniously from the case.

This would be the last time he need call at Gresham. He was thinking absently, as he was thinking always these latter days, as he turned and saw her at the gate. Clarry Berry was striding impatiently the other way; there was none to see him take the little white hand and look down—into the eyes of his little Lucie, it always seemed to him. Under the old charm he went in with her; an hour passed in light talk before he arose to go.

"Your affairs, as far as we are concerned, are now settled," he said, only just remembering the business that brought him; "the rest remains to your executors, and I suppose there is no need of my coming here again. But I feel a strong interest in you, Miss Ray; I would like to serve you. You are—" he paused a bit under the fresh thought—"you are all too young, too fair, I think, to be left unrestrained with so much money. Tell me, frankly, have you any lovers?"

She was one Ray Gresham; a girl of warm, tender nature, but romantic, easily infatuated; she gazed up at him, and somehow the earnest face, the quiet words, grew more to her that moment than her rightful lover's maddest protestations and most impassioned looks. She had never told a lie in all her life; all the same, now, she regarded Hugh Wexson steadily, smilingly, and quietly answered:

"No."

It was an impulse, but, ever after, the lie did not trouble her; she followed him to the door, living but in the smile that lit his face. A bit awed, yet earnestly, she gave him her hand at parting.

"You will come again?" she said, softly.

"If you wish it—yes."

He would go again; he was sure of that, as he walked slowly back towards home; he would go anywhere the wondrous eyes of his little Lucie called him. Three evenings later found him taking his way again to Gresham. For what? Only caring to look into the gray-blue orbs as never in his life before. Although his little Lucie he had for ever put behind him. For she would certainly never forgive him; whatever the mystery, she would never forgive him for being so hasty, so easily satisfied. And so it were foolish to resurrect—

So thinking that moment, he walked up the lawn. Suddenly he shaded his eyes and paused. Who was it standing by the bush yonder, that slight figure with the bronzed, wavy hair, bending down to the rose? Just as he had surprised her many a like evening far down the years. A vision it must be, born of his own imagination, and yet so like, so like! He gazed unto belief; involuntarily he started forward as in the old days—

But the figure by the rose-bush turned suddenly, and he stood face to face with Lucie Grey; Lucie Grey with a countenance a bit more settled, a bit lacking girlish freshness, a bit shadowed by the passing years. Yet even more beautiful she seemed to the man gazing at her with the fresh-beating heart and the pallid face.

Did he care?

The question recurred to him, that moment, almost to drive him mad. But somehow it had never occurred to him that he would meet her, and, despite the loosed strings of passion, he could not speak a word.

It was harder for her, amid the complete surprise and the unexpectedly challenged memories of the years. But she struggled bravely.

"I did not dream that Ray's lawyer was the Hugh Wexson I used to know," she said, extending her hand even calmly.

But he did not take it. The years had suddenly rolled back to him; he was here now simply to have all this trouble settled—that side of their wedding day.

"Lucie," he broke in, jubilantly, "do you know it is all a mistake between you and me?"

She could only look at him, only listen dumbly to the strange questions that he asked. But soon she realized.

"The letter—the letter never came to me. And it was a new servant brought another name to me that night. Oh, can it be—can this hard thing be?"

There was only pain in that first moment they stood looking at each other. But they were fonder lovers than ever, now; and the next moment she was in his arms, fast forgetting the hard years beneath the spell of his passionate kisses and the sweet promise of the years to come.

And shortly they went in to tell it all to Ray.

"It will just suit romantic Ray," said Lucie.

By the window she sat, quite lost in her own wild dream. She had been dreaming these three days past. Hugh Wexson loved her; that was the secret of the picture, of all his interest in her. Sure, amid it all, this foolish little girl loved her rightful lover, but—the simple fact that such a man should want her was quite enough for my Ray Gresham.

Truly it has been enough. Up-stairs even now lies the little note destined for poor Clarry Berry, when he returns home on the morrow; the decisive note stating that all must be at an end between them. While she sits proudly dreaming, yet withal—

But the two have come in and stand before her. A duller girl than Ray Gresham must have guessed their happy faces; almost before they speak it is flashing all on her. But she is one Ray Gresham still; just a little lance she turns with fate, and then self sinks, unimportant, before this romantic tale. And suddenly, with a genuine sigh of relief, she hurries up the stairs and tears the little note to bits.

A happy lover walks on the morrow from Gresham gate. A happy husband walks, for all his life though, at Ray Gresham's side. But he never dreams, as he looks calmly on Hugh Wexson, how easily, had he willed it, he could have lost to him his wife.

This is the only secret Mrs. Clarence Berry has from her husband.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, the poet, has in hand a five volume collection of old English poetry, which, with the collaboration of Mr. William J. Linton, may be expected to appear next spring.

HON. JOHN BIGELOW, for many years connected with the *Evening Post*, is preparing a life of William Cullen Bryant, which will be made up largely of personal reminiscences. The book will be issued in the autumn.

EDMUND YATES says in the *London World*: "I have long been losing faith in the originality of anything American. It would seem as if there were nothing genuinely American but the novels of Messrs. Howells and James, and America is welcome to them."

THE Presidential party to visit the Yellowstone in August will consist of President Arthur, Governor Crosby, of Montana, Secretary Lincoln, General Sheridan, Surrogate Rollins, of New York, and Senator Vest. The party will travel over the mountains in Wyoming to the Yellowstone Park and then East over the Northern Pacific Railroad. They will leave the Union Pacific Railway at Rawlins, Wyoming Territory, and proceed thence to Fort Washakie, from which point they will reach the park by the route which was followed by General Sheridan last year. Upon leaving the railroad they will travel in spring waggons, with relays of horses, to Fort Washakie. From there the journey will be made on horse-back. General Howard has distributed the relays and established temporary depots for supplies along the route. The party will probably spend three weeks in the park and return by way of the Northern Railroad, being present at the completion of its line to the Pacific.

THE venerable pianist, Franz Liszt, has ceased to play in public on account of the stiffness of his finger joints. The fact recalls the method by which he used to keep his fingers supple, a method which is also an interesting illustration of acquired automatism. It was his custom for more than forty years to read a mass immediately upon rising in the morning, and when that duty was finished to seat himself at the piano. So seated, he played on the rack in front of him, not a musical composition, but some new work of French or German literature, first being careful to mark the number of pages which he intended to read. Then for a long time, sometimes for two or three hours, he would continue to read his book and practice scales. On one occasion, being asked if the reading did not interfere with the playing, or the playing with the reading, he replied, "Oh, no, the playing of the scales is entirely mechanical with me, and simply exercises the fingers; I give all my mind to the reading, very much as do our good ladies, who knit stockings and read at the same time."

VITAL QUESTIONS!

Ask the most eminent physician Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly
"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?"

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Buchu."

Ask the same physicians
"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, &c., and they will tell you:

"Mandrake! or Dandelion!"
Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable
And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a
(concluded next week.)