

NOVEMBER..... Lloyd Mifflin.

A stately figure walking through the wood;  
Her features faded; in her eye a tear;  
Her face the grave of beauty, sad, severe;  
A queen dethroned and in her solitude.  
Her crimson robes that long the winds  
withstood,  
Now trailing torn and dark throughout  
the year.

In her pale hands the pendant ivy, sere;  
Stript of her coronal; in widowhood;  
Yet still remembering her magnificence,  
She walks superbly through the leafless  
glades;  
She feels the splendor of her opulence  
Has faded from her as the leaf that fades;  
A queen indeed! in royal impotence  
She sweeps—how proudly down into  
the shades.

### FRIENDS IN NEED.

A double house was recently moved from Powell street, San Francisco, concerning which an old settler tells an interesting story. He says that two young men from New York State, who had been to school together, arrived in San Francisco early in the "fifties." Black went to the mines, and Gray remained in the city, and, with a small sum, fitted out a little store. He prospered, married, had children. Then came a big reverse. He found himself in a tight place from which nothing but \$15,000 would extricate him. He went among his friends to raise the money, but they had none to give him. And then, as he turned a street corner sharply, he ran into Black's arms. He told him his trouble, and gave him all his history during the ten years they had been separated.

"I have the money," said Black, "but \$15,000 just sizes my pile. I am tired of mining, and hoped to settle down and get into some business, but you can have it, my dear fellow, and I'll take a whack at pick and rocker again."

Gray took the money, and Black returned to the mountain. In the course of that year the merchant made a lucky turn and sent the miner his money with ample interest. Then they ceased to correspond, and the last the merchant heard of his friend was that he was about to marry and move into a new mining district.

Five years afterward the miner and his family returned to San Francisco. Black was dead broke. Everything had gone wrong with him. His mining speculations

had failed, the mines he had discovered petered out, the men he had trusted deceived him, and he had about \$50 remaining of a once ample fortune. He hunted up his friend Gray, who was, of course, delighted to see him. "And I don't see anything for me to do, old man," said the despondent miner, "except to get a job shovelling sand, if you can help me to one."

"I have just moved into a handsome house on Powell street," said Gray, "and I want you to come and dine with me to-morrow evening. It is a double house, finished about a week ago."

The miner was on time, with his shabbily dressed wife and little ones.

"You did well sticking to the town," he remarked to his old school-fellow. "Here you are way up as a merchant, living in a fine house, all your own, with a bank account as long as my arm, I suppose."

Before dinner they visited the adjoining house, which was furnished in precisely the same style as the merchant's dwelling. Then they sat down, chatted over old times until the lateness of the hour warned the miner and his wife that it was time to return to their lodging house.

"All right, my boy," said Gray, but "just step next door; there is something I wish to show you which I neglected on our first visit." When they entered the hall Black halted. "Here," he said, "that looks like my trunk."

"Nonsense," said Gray, "come up stairs to this bedroom."

"Why," said the miner, looking about him, "confound you, you have moved all my traps up here from that lodging house."

"Aye, have I, my friend?" shouted the other, slapping him on the shoulder. "Where should a man keep his things but in his own house, and what part of the house better than in his own bedroom?" Black was bewildered and began to have doubts of his friend's sanity, but when his friend thrust a deed of this very house into his hand, and followed with a deed of co-partnership in his business, he broke down and cried like a child.

"And now we are moving away this old house, sir, to another quarter," said the narrator of this remarkable tale of gratitude and friendship, "but I would not take a hundred thousand dollars for it." It was Black himself who told the story, now a most successful merchant.—*Sacramento Bee.*