

POETRY.

Juanita.

You will come my bird, bonita,
Come, for I by steep and stone
I have built you a nest, Juanita,
Such as an eagle hath never known.
Rugged! Rugged as Parnassus!
Rude as all the roads I have trod.
Yet are steep and stone-strewn passes
Smooth o'er head and nearest God.
Here black thunders of my canon
Shake its walls in Titan wars.
Here white sea-born clouds companion
With such peaks as know the stars.
Here madroffo, manzina,
Here the snarling chaparral
House and hang o'er steep, Juanita,
Where the gaunt wolf loved to dwell.
Dear, I took these trackless masses
Fresh from him who fashioned them:
Wrought in rock, and howled fair passes
Flower set as one sets a gem.

THAT DOWDY.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELTON.

AUTHOR OF "BROWNIE'S TRIUMPH," "THE FORSAKEN BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

ALLAN BECOMES A WESTERN M. D.
Allen opened his lips as if to reply, then as if suddenly overcome by some sacred memory, he abruptly arose and left the room.

"Oh, Miss Frothingham, what have I said to hurt him, now?" the girl exclaimed, in real distress.

"My dear, it was not a sister—it was his wife we lost," explained Miss Frothingham, gently.

The startled girl sprang suddenly from her seat, and stood gazing wildly down on the face of her companion.

"His wife," she cried hoarsely. "Dr. Livingstone married. I never dreamed it."

For a moment Blanch stood there gazing in blank astonishment at Miss Frothingham, her face very pale, a strange light in her wonderful eyes. A feeling of dismay took possession of her at having betrayed so much before his aunt. But her active mind was equal to the occasion, and she retreated from her uncomfortable position with a tact and grace that must have won the admiration of the prince of strategy himself.

She dropped upon her knees beside her companion, and, grasping her hands, said in a trembling voice:

"Oh, Miss Frothingham, why did you not tell me this before? How I must have pained him—how I must have pained you all by my thoughtless levity. I have laughed and joked with you as if I believed you had not a care or sorrow in the world. I have said many things I never should have said if I had known."

"My dear child," returned the guileless lady, pitying her evident distress, "don't blame yourself so needlessly, for, truly you have helped to make some otherwise dark hours pass very pleasantly. It was quite providential our meeting you on the way, and you have done us all good."

"It is very kind of you to say so," Blanch answered in an humble tone; but with averted eyes and flushed cheek, she continued—
"Will you not tell me about your trouble, please?"

Miss Frothingham thought her very lovely, and she had been so much during her request, told her something of Gertrude's history, of her early marriage to Allan, of his long residence abroad to study for his profession, of the death of his mother, and the sad tragedy connected with Gertrude, together with Allan's return to a house of mourning and desolation.

"It is all very sad," Blanch said, gently, when Miss Frothingham concluded, "and you have dearly loved this young girl whom you say was so beautiful. Have you a picture of her, I should like to see it so much Miss Frothingham."

She was very anxious to know just how beautiful Gertrude had been, and to compare her own charms with hers.

"No, dear, and that is one of our deepest regrets, for she had changed so much during Allan's absence that we wish he could see her she looked. But my sister could never rouse her to sit for a picture; she would never take it."

"Would not?" repeated Miss Van Ausdel, surprised.

"No, she had been rather plain as a child and her likeness then were very unsatisfactory, and she was extremely sensitive regarding them. She was still very young when Allan went away—only sixteen and immature, but she developed wonderfully during the four years of his absence, and I have thought she refused to have any pictures taken in order to keep this fact from him and give him a pleasant surprise upon his return."

Miss Frothingham began to feel that she had been led into saying too much, although she had tried to be guarded. But this girl seemed so sympathetic and interested, she had won her confidence more fully than perhaps was best for a stranger. She resolved to say no more, and changed the subject, but what she had not told Miss Van Ausdel was she was enough to surprise. She had been in society for three years; she had been an acknowledged beauty during that time, and she had resolved she would never marry until she met the man who came up to her ideal.

The moment she saw Allan Livingstone in the car at Chicago, some thing within her had instantly said, "Thou art the man,"

and every hour spent in his society since had only tended to develop that feeling.

It had been a terrible blow when she had learned that he had been married, and, as we have seen, it nearly drove her off her balance. It had been her boast that she'd stand first and foremost in the affections of the man to whom she gave herself, and now the only one who had ever the power to touch her heart had already won and lost a wife.

However, her distress was somewhat mitigated upon learning the circumstances connected with his marriage.

Allan returned to the room before her departure, and when she arose to go, offered to accompany her.

She was unusually reserved on her way home. There was a gentle gravity in her manner toward Allan that struck him as peculiar while at the same time, he was not sure but that she was even more charming than when giving vent to her exuberant spirits.

"Will you come in, Dr. Livingstone?" she asked, when they reached her father's door.

"Thanks, I must not; we leave early in the morning, and I have two or three commissions from Aunt Marcia, which must be attended to immediately, so I must take my leave of you here."

She gave him her faultlessly gloved hand lifting grave, regretful eyes to his face.

"I do not believe I need tell you that I'm sorry to say good-by," she said, a suspicion of tremulousness in her sweet voice.

"You and your friends made my journey hither so pleasant and the two or three weeks that we have spent together here, also that I regret to part with you. I hope we shall meet again some time."

"I hope so, truly," Allan responded, earnestly, and noticing the slight trembling of that small hand in his, and the wistfulness of those velvet eyes.

"If you should be at home when I return, I shall do myself the pleasure of calling upon you."

"When shall you return?" Blanch asked, an eager flash leaping to her eyes.

"In a couple of months, I think."

"I shall be at home," she asserted, resolving that nothing should prevent her from being in Chicago when he came back, "and you will be sure not to forget me!"

"I will be very sure," he answered, with a smile and an earnestness that thrilled her.

"And, Dr. Livingstone—there is something that I want to say to you. If I have at any time pained you by my thoughtless levity, or by urging you into gay society, pray forgive me. I—did not know till today—of your recent loss."

Her cheeks were flushed, tears had sprung into her eyes, and she spoke in a gentle, deprecating tone that touched him deeply.

Involuntarily he clasped her hand more closely, for she was very charming in that softened mood.

"You have not given me pain, I assure you, Miss Van Ausdel, although, of course, the loss of my mother, together with the tragic end of another who was so dear to us all, has been very hard to bear," Allan replied, gravely, then, with a last brief farewell, he left her.

The Livingstones went on their way, visiting Southern California and the Yosemite, and Allan was not in the least danger of forgetting Miss Van Ausdel, for Miss Frothingham was constantly rehearsing her praises, and regretting that they could not have had her pleasant companionship throughout their journey.

The trip proved to be a very enjoyable one, however, the lady gaining health and strength with every change, and when their two months were spent, Mr. Livingstone and his sister proceeded directly to Florida, where they were to spend the winter with Miss Frothingham's brother, while Allan, who wished to see more of the West, lingered by the way, visiting various places of note, and thus finally came back to Chicago.

He did not forget his promise to Miss Van Ausdel—indeed, he was anxious to resume her acquaintance—and almost his first act, after refreshing himself from his long journey, was to present himself at her home in Wabash avenue.

She seemed even more charming than when he had left her in San Francisco, and she entertained delightfully.

She was in a luxurious home, surrounded by everything to make life enjoyable, while her delight at meeting him again was evident enough to have flattered a much more reserved and unappreciative man than Allan Livingstone.

He was introduced to Mrs. Van Ausdel, who also must have been a beauty in her day, for she was a remarkably lovely old lady, and carried herself with a dignity and ease that proclaimed she had always moved in the best of society.

Blanch at once set herself about making Allan's stay in Chicago as pleasant as possible, and he found himself launched, almost before he was aware of it, into the midst of the most brilliant circles, where he was received with that charming cordiality for which the metropolis of the West is noted.

He found everything very attractive—the place, the people, the bustle and excitement that everywhere prevailed.

"I believe I should like to settle here," he said to himself, one day; "and if I can find a favorable opening, I think I shall avail myself of it."

The opening was not long in presenting itself. He called upon Miss Van Ausdel one evening, and found her mother quite indisposed and consulting with the family physician, Dr. Fosdick—an elderly gentleman of venerable appearance and courtly manners.

His professional call was about over when Allan arrived, and, upon being introduced to the young man and learning that he also was a physician of the same school as himself, and that he had studied four years abroad, he appeared to be greatly interested in him, and the evening passed in delightful

intercourse between the two, although Miss Blanch was not overpleased to have her caller thus monopolized by another.

They met several times after that, and Allan could not help perceiving that he was becoming quite a favorite with the old gentleman, who, one day, remarked, in a jovial way:

"I wish, young man, I could chain you here in Chicago."

Allan looked up quickly.

Perhaps this was the very opening he was looking for.

Dr. Fosdick saw the look and the flash of earnestness in the young doctor's eye.

"How would you like to stay and share my practice?" he continued. "I am getting old; I can't go out in all kinds of weather as I used to, and my practice is much larger than I ought to attend to."

"Are you in earnest, sir?" Allan questioned, gravely.

"Yes, why not? If you are ready for business, and my suggestion pleases you. I like your ideas—you are up with the times, you have had first-rate training, and if you practice as well as you preach, I may want to drop out of the harness altogether, or as much as my patients will allow, after a time."

"I had thought I should like to settle here," Allan admitted, thoughtfully.

"Then do so," said the old doctor, earnestly. "I like you—I believe you are an honorable, trustworthy man, and if you can secure the confidence of my patients, I shall be very glad, for I do not need the practice now—I have money enough and should be glad to take it easy for the remainder of my days."

Allan deliberated upon the matter for a few days, but that only resulted in his accepting Dr. Fosdick's offer, and thus he was installed, under the most favorable circumstances, as one of Chicago's M. D.'s.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISS VAN AUSDEL PLAYS A TRUMP CARD.

Blanch Van Ausdel was jubilant upon learning Allan's decision to remain permanently in Chicago. She had been dreading his departure more than she was willing to own, even to herself.

But now he was to stay—his home would be there, and she would have plenty of time and opportunities to win him.

Would she succeed? She believed so. Everything seemed to be in her favor, and they met constantly in society; he was often her attendant at places of amusement, while as yet no one else appeared to have attracted more than his passing attention, and she hoped much for the future.

And yet at the beginning of spring Blanch Van Ausdel was, apparently, no nearer the goal of her hopes than she had been when she and Allan Livingstone parted in San Francisco. He was still attentive, polite, friendly, but not one tender word had he ever breathed into her longing ears.

One evening during a call from him she had seemed strangely preoccupied and depressed. Allan had never seen her thus before, and, after trying in vain to draw her out, he arose to take his leave, thinking she might not be well and he would not intrude longer upon her.

"Oh, do not go," she said, looking up, startled by his sudden move. Then, with a deprecating smile, she added: "I know I am not entertaining—I am very stupid tonight, but there is reason for it, I assure you."

"I am afraid you are not well," Allan said, regarding her earnestly.

"Yes, I am well," she returned, flushing beneath his glance, "but—I have received a letter from my sister, Mrs. Overton, to-day, and she wishes me to join her abroad immediately."

"And would you not enjoy such a trip, Miss Van Ausdel?" Allan asked, with a smile.

"I hardly know," she answered, with averted eyes, and it was evident that her heart was beating with heavy throbs which she was trying in vain to subdue. "I have been so happy at home this winter that it would take a good deal to tempt me away."

"He glanced at her sharply. Her words, her tone, her emotion impressed him strangely, and it came to him like a sudden shock that this beautiful woman might have been learning to love him—that she hesitated about going abroad because of that, and a word from him would change all her life."

Should he speak it?—did he love her?—did he wish to win her? He knew of no one living to whom he was attracted as he had been toward her. He could not help feeling the charm of her presence, and yet he did not know exactly his own mind regarding her; he could not at that moment analyze his own heart, and so something kept him from speaking the words that would have bound her to him.

In striking contrast to this fascinating woman there arose, strangely enough, the picture of Gertrude as he had last seen her, when she had stood on the porch at Livingstone Elms, with that patient face, those stony eyes, and that despairing attitude, while he could almost seem to hear again that agonized tone, as she had said, "Oh, Allan, I am sorry, sorry for everything!" and there was in his heart at that moment a tenderer feeling for her than for any other being in the world.

He could look back now and see how from that hour he had been growing to love her with a depth and fervor that he had never believed possible.

True, she had drifted out of his life and he felt free to choose whom he would to share his future, and why should he not choose Blanch Van Ausdel?

But, no—the influence of his recent sorrow was too strong to admit of his speaking words of love to another at present.

All this had passed through his mind with lightning-like rapidity during the brief pause that had ensued after Blanch's last re-

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mark to him, and no one would have suspected the sad memories that were stirred within him as he said, in return, with a quiet smile:

"You hardly know? I imagined that all young ladies were eager for a European trip."

"Yes; and I have been. I was extremely anxious to go with my sister, but it did not seem best then; and now I seem to have lost the desire. Perhaps it is because I have so much pleasure here this winter," she replied, looking half shyly into his eyes.

"It has been a pleasant season, Miss Van Ausdel, and I trust it may prove to be the earnest of many more to you," he arose as he spoke, adding: "I hope this question of joining your sister will not be such a very vexatious one to settle. I will run around in a day or two to learn the result of your deliberations upon the subject."

He held out his hand to her in his usual frank manner, and then took his leave. Ten minutes later the polished society belle might have been seen lying prone upon her face on her couch, weeping in the utter abandonment of grief.

Dr. Livingstone went home in a very serious frame of mind. It seemed that the world had used him very unkindly during the last few years. He had been the football of disagreeable circumstances, and he rebelled against his lot with a bitterness that was foreign to his nature.

"Oh, Gertrude, I never realized before how much you might have been to me!" he murmured, with unsteady lips, as he struck match and lighted the gas in his office.

The flood of light streaming through the room revealed a letter lying upon his table. The subscription was in his father's handwriting, and looked very irregular for his usually bold and elegant penmanship. He tore it open, a second letter dropping out and falling upon the floor as he did so.

Allan's quick eyes scanned the few lines that his father had written—lines that had evidently been penned hastily and under great excitement—while his face grew ghastly white as he read, and his hand shook until the papers rattled.

When he had finished he reeled dizzily, then staggered to a chair, into which he sank and sat staring vacantly down at that other letter lying on the floor.

"Thank Heaven I did not do it!" burst from his white lips with a groan that echoed with a hollow sound through the room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"YOU MAY CALL ME HELEN RICHARDS."

On the fifth of August and the after Allan Livingstone's return from abroad, when amid the rain and gloom, the distracted friends of Gertrude were straining every nerve to find the missing girl, a noble steamer swung from her moorings in New York harbor and swept slowly out from among a forest of other vessels, and was thus fully launched upon her course.

She was crowded with passengers. Slowly the majestic vessel sailed down the harbor, leaving the busy world, growing less and less distinct to those on shore, who were still watching her, until she finally faded from their sight altogether.

Just below Sandy Hook the pilot took his leave. On and on she went, her sails set and filled with a strong easterly wind, her mighty engines sending heavy pulsations from stem to stern, till, all at once they ceased, and the passengers were suddenly aroused to a sense that something was wrong at the very beginning of their voyage.

There seemed to be quite a commotion among some of the sailors who were gathered in a knot, midway of the steamer; then a life-boat was manned and lowered from davits, and the men pulled vigorously away toward a small object that could be discerned at her bow.

"What is it? Has anything happened? Are we in danger?" were some of the questions that were poured upon the captain from the scores of people who flocked about him to learn the cause of these strange movements.

(To be continued.)

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