

WOLFE'S DREAM.

BY G. L. CLEVELAND.

The night before they scaled the rock, The hero paced in mood dejected, And dwelt upon the coming shock, And all its chances close inspected, He knew, as gloomily he paced, How fierce would be the sudden slaughter When he the gallant Frenchman faced, Beside or near St. Charles's water.

He saw it all; and in his mind His plans were plain, though heart was dreary; Then sought his soldier-bed to find A short repose for powers weary, And as he slept there came a dream That like a prophet's spell swept o'er him, In which the landscape wide did seem Like an overwhelming dame before him.

St. Lawrence's azure-rolling tides Were changed to crimson-leaving courses; The fields and forests on his sides Surged really in the fiery forces; And high o'er burning wave and strand, Quebec arose with bastions gleaming In the wild light that filled the land, Her bel's hard rung, her banners streaming.

And for above her fortress-height, In mid air was a scroll suspended, Whoseon was writ in lines of light A word that joy to him portended, For there by pure, blue clouds that flowed Down from the chimeric story, The talismanic letters glowed, That spell the soldier's passion—GLORY!

And then—such are the tricks of sleep— He thought he saw his own form standing Upon the citadel's bright steep, And comrades roundabout were banding, Then from his heart upshot a light Of astral shape, with radiance glowing Like the fair north star when, at night, It shines to traveller homeward going.

The light to higher airs uprose, And swiftly near'd the scroll that hung there, Whereat it whirled with luminous throes, Then closed with it, and glittering hung there, But looking down he saw his form Was lost in smoke of charging columns That swept along in lurid storm, That pointed its leaden hail in volumes.

But still the hero's heart beat high, For there in the clear air suspended, Where smoke of battle came not nigh, And by the purple clouds attended, He saw the scroll with magic name, That speaks the soldier's daring story, He read his own undying fame, Let in those hushed letters—GLORY!

CLEVELAND, P. Q.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIFE, WIFE WOULD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE.

"Now Dane," said that lady, with a kind of and sweetness of manner, as Rollo brought her the cup, "do tell me why you have conducted things in this way?"

Rollo looked grave and asked what things.

"Why you know. Have you sent out any cards?"

"Have you sent out any cards, Hazel?"

"Things must be sent in before they can be sent out," said the young lady, who having dismissed Dingee had come herself for Dr. Maryland's cup.

"Ambiguous," said Dane turning to Mrs. Coles; "but I take the sense of it to be that no cards were sent. That is not unprecedented."

"For people situated just as you are, my dear, it is. Now tell me—don't you want all these people I mean, everybody in general—to visit you?"

"Ambiguous again," said Dane smiling at last a little. "Suppose, for the sake of argument, that we do?"

"Then why not pay them the customary compliment of telling them so?"

"But suppose, on the other hand, that we do not?"

"Why you certainly know," replied Mrs. Coles with some asperity, "whether you want them. Do you? or don't you?"

"I think I might say," answered Dane demurely, "we do—and we do not."

"But that is nonsense, Dane."

"Is it?"

"You ought to want them."

"Well—I have told you; we do."

"Then are you going, when a suitable time comes, are you going to invite all these neglected people and give them a good reception? you are Hazel?"

"We will give them a good reception if they come," said Dane with provoking want of enthusiasm.

"O I never can get anything out of you!" said the lady discomfited. "I might have known it. Papa, do you think it is well to set all the institutions of society at defiance?"

"Why, Prue," said Dr. Maryland somewhat astonished, "you speak as if society were monarch of the realm. I believe we live in a republic."

"What do you mean by society?" asked Primrose.

"Why!—You know."

"I do not, indeed."

"It means," said Dane, "in this country, all people in general who have incomes above a certain limit; then, and those whom their powerful hands lift from a subjacent platform to the freedom of their own."

"All people who are rich enough to invite you as you invite them," said Dr. Arthur.

"Prim, where is your comprehension? How can you put your feet under a man's mahogany, if he happens to have none?"

"Is it different in other countries?" asked Mrs. Coles.

"Yes. Birth counts there, and breeding, and what a man happens to have inside his head."

"And does not birth count for something here?" cried Mrs. Coles.

"I have no doubt it does."

"But not with you?"

"I speak of things as I find them," said Dane smiling slightly. "And in generalities."

"Well, think what you like of society; are you not going to regard it at all?"

Dane turned to the Bible which still lay upon the table, and opened it. "What do you say to this, Prudentia?"

"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours; lest they should bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee."

"Then you will live alone, I suppose, and make Hazel live so."

"Not at all," said Rollo coolly; "that does not follow. The words I was reading go on—'But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.'"

"But, my dear Dane," said Mrs. Coles breathlessly; "you don't mean to say that you take all that literally?"

"I do not see how it is to be taken figuratively," said Dane looking at it.

"Why it means, of course, that we are to be kind to the poor."

"But kinder to the rich? That looks like turning the figure topsy turvy; and in that case you get a view which can hardly be called correct."

Hazel had left the tea-table now, and came softly up, taking a low seat half behind Prim's chair, leaning her head against it. In the shadow there she was looking and listening.

"It is a choice of invitations, that is all," said Dr. Arthur. "The Lord returns all the civilities shown to poor people—and rich men return their own. That is the only difference."

"That is the comfort I have when anybody shows me kindness," said Dr. Maryland, with a wonderful, simple, bright smile, rising as he spoke. "I am one of the Lord's poor people; so I am never troubled about the returns. Come, my children—we have four miles in the snow before us."

CHAPTER XXIV.

ONE AND ONE ARE TWO.

"They will never agree, those two!" said Prudentia Coles, the next morning at breakfast.

"They will agree perfectly!" said Primrose. Good Dr. Maryland lifted his eyebrows in astonishment at both utterances.

"Their ways are too different," said Mrs. Coles.

"Their ways will be alike," said Prim.

"Of course their ways will be one," said the doctor. But he was very old-fashioned.

And the people do not change their natures because they happen to love one another, nor even because they happen to be married. Still less!

There happened to be a run of very bad weather for several days after the two persons concerned arrived in New York. That did not indeed hinder business in Wall street and elsewhere but it put an effective barrier to pleasure seeking out of doors. The best and most exclusive appointments of the best hotel, did not quite replace Chickaree, during the long days which Hazel perforce had to spend by herself. At last there came a morning when the sun shone.

"What have you got to do to-day?" Rollo asked her.

"One trunk to fill for other people, and two for myself."

"Sounds large! Can you do it in a day?"

"I am an adept at filling trunks."

"Let me see your purse."

"O that needs no looking after," said Hazel, flushing up.

"I only want to see it," said Dane smiling.

"Not to riddle it. I want to see what sort of a thing you carry."

The "things" were two, and very like Hazel; a pocketbook and purse of the daintiest possible description. Various coins shewed through the gold meshes of the one; the Russia leather of the other told no tales. Rollo turned them over, half smiling to himself.

"Is there enough here for to-days' work?"

"I have Mr. Falkirk's cheque for my last quarter's allowance. I generally make that do," said Hazel.

"Doesn't your stock need supplementing?"

"No, thank you," she said softly and shyly.

"I will arrange all that presently, Hazel. Meanwhile I am very sorry I cannot go along to help you fill those trunks; but I have several people to see and less pleasant work to do.

We'll get some of this business over, and then we'll play. Take a carriage, and Byrom shall wait upon you."

"I do not want Byrom. He is not used to me. And perhaps I may walk."

"Byrom is used to me," said Dane significantly.

"Proof positive of my two propositions," said Hazel with a laugh. "Waiting on me, is bewildering work to a new hand."

"If I give it him in charge, he will do it well. Byrom has a head."

"But I do not want to be given in charge. Have not I a head too?"

Rollo laughed at her, and remarked that it was "one he was bound to take care of."

"So am I, I should hope," said Hazel.

"What do you suppose I shall do with it—or with myself generally—that you call out a special detail of police?"

"Did Mr. Falkirk let you go about by yourself?"

"Always! At least, so far as he was concerned," said Hazel correcting herself.

"I warned you what you were to expect," said Rollo lightly. But then they came to the breakfast table, and something else was talked of. When the meal was over, and he was about going, bending down by her chair, he asked,

"What time will you have the carriage?"

"No time," said Hazel. "I have decided to walk."

"I want you to take a carriage and let Byrom attend you—the sidewalks are in a state of glare ice this morning."

"I am sure-footed."

"I am glad of it," said Rollo half laughing.

"What hour shall I say?"

"Why none!" said Hazel emphatically, with a passing thought of wonder at his obtuseness, though at the moment she was deep in her notebook. "None, thank you."

Rollo's eyes sparkled, as he stood behind her, and his lips twitched.

"Is that the way you used to handle Mr. Falkirk, when he expressed his wishes on some point of your action?"

"Mr. Falkirk was indulged with a variety of ways."

"Have you got a variety in store for me?"

"For any deserving object—I am extremely impartial," said Hazel turning a leaf.

"Won't you give me another variety then, this morning?" said he softly. "Because I am not going to let you go out on foot to-day, Hazel."

"Not let me?" Hazel repeated, looking round from her notebook now to ask the question. There was no explanation in the face that confronted her, nor any consciousness of having said anything that needed it. Hazel looked at him for a second, open-eyed.

"What can you possibly mean?" she said.

"If it means interference with your pleasure, I am sorry."

Probably something in face and figure made this reply more definite than the words, for Wych Hazel's face waked up.

"But it does!" she said. "I told you so at first."

"It would interfere with mine very much, to have you go as you proposed."

"But that is simply—" Hazel suddenly checked her rapid words, and brought her face back over the notebook again; bending down to hide the crimson which yet could not be hid.

"What is 'simply'?" said Dane, touching his own face to the crimson. But Hazel did not speak.

"I must go, Hazel," said he now looking at his watch. "I have not another minute. I will send Byrom to you for orders." And with a gentle kiss to the bowed cheek as he spoke, he went off. And Hazel sat still where he left her, and thought,—with her face in her hands now. Thoughts, and feelings too, were in a whirl. In the first place,—no, there were no possible telling what came first. But was he going to direct every little thing of her life? Well, she had given him leave last winter, in her mind. That is, if he would do it. But would he really? Somehow she had fancied he would not. She had fancied that—somehow—he would find out that she had a little sense, and trust to it. She felt so disappointed, and caged, and disturbed.—And then she had withstood him!—a thing he never pretended to bear. Maybe he had gone off disappointed, too. And one of her old saucy speeches had been on the tip of her tongue!—and next time, as like as not, it would slip out, and what should she do then? What should she do now?—go out as she was bid, like a good child? Hazel almost laughed at herself for the bound her mind gave, straight back from this idea,—which after all was the only one to act out. For the old sweetness of temper had taken to itself no edge, and the old dignity which had so often found its safety in submission did not fail her now. Nevertheless, Wych Hazel rose up and stood before the fire, knotting her fingers into various complications. Yes, it was her duty to go. But when Byrom knocked at the door, Hazel sprang away to the next room and sent her orders by Phoebe. Then, after the old comical fashion, she worked out her waywardness in every possible proper way that she could. She put on one of her wonderful toilettes, and then went slowly down the broad stairs (thinking fast!)—and flashed out upon Byrom like a young empress in her robes. And a sincere he had it for the next few hours. To stand at the carriage door and receive the most laconic of orders; to see her pass from carriage to store and from store to carriage, erect and tall and

stately, and with no more apparent notice of the icy sidewalks than if they had been strewn with cotton wool. If he followed close to pick her up, Wych Hazel took no notice and gave him no chance. In like manner she did her work with an executive force and gravity which made the clerks into quicksilver and drove one or two old admirers whom she met nearly frantic. They hailed her by her old name; and Hazel got rid of them she hardly knew how, except that it was in a blaze of discomfort for herself. And after that she kept furtive watch; quitting counters and stores, and rushing up—or down—in elevators, after the most erratic and extraordinary fashion; a vivid spot on either cheek, and eyes in a shadow, and a mouth that grew graver every hour. O if she could but order the coachman to drive—anywhere—till she said stop!—but no such orders could go through Byrom; she must work off her mood of home. And so at last, in the darkest dress she had, Wych Hazel once more sat down before the fire, and put her face in her hands. All through the day, under and over everything else, the old shyness had been growing up, mixing itself with the new,—the old dread of having a man to speak to her in the way of comment, with a thought of blame. Would anybody do it now? So she sat until steps came to the door and the door opened; then she rose quickly up.

But the matter which had occasioned her so many thoughts, had scarcely given Rollo one; and it was plain he had fully forgotten it now in his gladness at seeing her again after the long day. His face had nothing but gladness; and as he took her in his arms she felt that the gladness was very tender.

"Work all done?" he asked.

"O no."—Hazel was glad too. The day had been long.

"But I am going to play to-morrow!"

"Well, what about it?"

"Work must wait. We have got a great deal to do. Don't you agree with me, that every full cup ought to flow into some empty ones?"

"Instead of into its own sewer," said Hazel, who was rather abstractedly brushing off an imaginary grain of dust from off his cuff. "Perhaps it would be wiser to allow that I do."

"Well," said Rollo laughing at her, "there are plenty of empty cups. How many can we fill to-morrow?"

"If you have been at work on that problem, no wonder you want play. How many? I do not know. How much too full is your cup to-night?"

"It feels like the widow's inexhaustible cresset of oil. And by the way, I believe that the store from which anybody may supply others, is inexhaustible. Now let us consider."

And he stood silent, and thoughtful a few minutes, Hazel not interrupting him.

"I can tell you one thing," he began again. "Prudentia Coles would like a black silk dress; and she cannot afford it."

"I certainly owe her that," said Hazel,—and a royal purple to boot.

"How do you 'owe' it?"

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

NILSSON is said to be guest of the King and Queen of Naples.

A good many theatrical ventures nowadays begin with the bill board and end with board bill.

LYDIA THOMPSON is a charming and happy wife and thoroughly practical, conscientious mother.

THE weekly edition of the London Times will shortly publish a series of articles on dramatic art in his country at the present time.

MME. PAULINE LEGEA will give a series of farewell operatic representations in Madrid during the coming season.

It is announced in Paris that Mr. Gye, a son of the well-known British operatic manager, has been privately married for some time to Signorina Alberti, and that a new public marriage of the pair will shortly take place.

WIKIE COLLINS appeared before the curtain after the first performance of his own play, the "Moonstone," his attire was a protest against the conventionalities of dress. He wore a pair of brown trousers, a black frock coat, and carried in his hand a soft bowler hat.

It is said to be a musical fact that every orchestra contains at least two musicians with mustaches, one in spectacles, three with bald heads, and one very modest man in a white cravat, who, from force of circumstances, it may be observed plays on a brass instrument.

MR. SOTHERN has for years been one of the most profitable stars in the world. He has always had luck, \$500 a night and generally one-half the gross receipts of the house. This is the first year he has departed from this plan. He now hires his own company, but instead of fifty per cent. he gets seventy per cent. of the gross receipts. The Park Theatre holds about \$1,200 a night. Say he plays to \$7,000 a week, seventy per cent. of \$7,000 is \$4,900. Fortunately his present play, a new one here, does not need any high priced people, so his expenses are about \$30 a week, which would leave Mr. Sothern the pleasant weekly income of \$4,600.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and county that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, as all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

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