

"The swallow she cometh from far away,
O'er wild waves and mountains high;
She comes from the land of eternal day,
Where the summer shall never die.
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"Little sparrow's world is his narrow lane,
He knoweth no sunshiny shore;
His nestlings he feedeth and gathers his grain,
And yearneth for nothing more.
But high is the flight of the eagle.

"Now spring was breathing its healing breath,
With life teemed the earth and the sky;
And fled were darkness and cold and death,
In the days now long gone by.
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"And the swallows came from the lands of
light;
In the belfry they built their nest,—
Their fledglings had there so wide a sight,
And there could so safely rest.
But high is the flight of the eagle.

"For they saw the sun in its glory rise,
Saw the huge clouds chased by the gale:
And they longed to bathe in those radiant
skies,
As for the breeze long the slackened sail.
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"One morn then, as loud chimed the sabbath-
bell,
All the world seemed to beckon and sing;
Then rose to the clouds one nestling, but fell,
To the earth with a bruised wing.
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"Swift summer speeds, and the swallows flee
To the realms of summer and light.
Alas for him those wing is not free
To follow them on their flight!
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"Yea, tenfold pity on him in whose breast
Live longings for light and spring,
But still must tarry in sparrow-nest,
Tarry with bruised wing.
For high is the flight of the eagle."

There was something almost ethereal in
Rhyme-Ola's voice; in the beginning of the
song it was clear and firm, but as he approached
the end it grew more and more tremulous, and
at last the tears broke through; he buried his
face in his hands and wept. Gunnar's sym-
pathy was heartfelt and genuine; before he knew
it, he felt the tears starting too. He hardly un-
derstood the whole depth of pathos in Rhyme-
Ola's song; but for all that he felt it none the
less. It inspired him, as it were, with a vague
but irresistible longing to do something great,
he knew not what; and as he sat there musing
over the sad words, "tarry with bruised wing,"
the outer world again receded, he forgot Rhyme-
Ola's presence, and his fancy again began its
strange and capricious play. The words of the
song, which were still ringing in his ears, began
to assume shape and color, and to pass in a con-
fused panorama before his eyes. Unconsciously,
his thought returned to what he had seen and
heard in the air and in the silence, and it was to
him as if he had never awakened, as if he was
still wrapped in the visions of his summer
dream. He was startled by Rhyme-Ola's dark
eyes staring at him. With an effort he fixed
the scene in his mind; and, as again the lake,
the rocks, and the distant Yokul lay before him,
glittering in the noonday, the song appeared far
away, like a dim recollection from some
half-forgotten fireside tale. The fireside led his
thought to his grandmother; and as one thought
followed another, he at last wondered if Rhyme-
Ola had any grandmother.

"Have you any grandmother, Rhyme-Ola?"
said he.

"Grandmother? Never had any."
Gunnar could hardly credit such an assertion;
and wishing for more satisfactory information,
he continued to ask the songster about his father
and mother and other family relations; but he
received only evasive answers, and it was evi-
dent that the subject was not agreeable. Now and
then he made a remark about the cattle or the
weather, and finally succeeded in bringing up
another theme of conversation. So they talked
on for an hour or more. Then Rhyme-Ola
started to go.

"It is St. John's Eve to-morrow night," said
he, as he arose; "you will of course be at St.
John's Hill."

"I did not know it was St. John's Eve, but I
think I shall come."

And Rhyme-Ola walked off.
"Many thanks for your song," cried Gunnar
after him.

"Thanks to yourself."

"You will come again very soon, won't
you?"

"Very soon."

Here Rhyme-Ola was out of sight.
Gunnar again sat down on the rock, reviewing
all the wonderful events of the day.

(To be continued.)

PINCHBECK PEOPLE.

It is, perhaps, a healthy sign that a large
number of people, at great cost to themselves,
endeavor to "keep up appearances." Their
doing so evidences that they retain in a marked
manner, that self-respect which forms such a
protecting barrier against assaults which may
be made on the finer points of their natures.
Those who struggle bravely against adversity,
and, in the face of considerably privation, put a
good face upon the matters before the world,
deserve hearty commendation. It is to be
feared, however, that the feeling which prompts

men and women to sacrifice almost everything
else, so long as they may retain their caste,
leads them into many acts of folly and impru-
dence. Notwithstanding the literal truth of the
Micawberish axiom that the man whose income
is twenty pounds a year is happy so long as he
spends only nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings
and elevenpence, but is miserable when he dis-
burses anything above the amount of his re-
ceipts, there are many foolish persons who will
persist in conducting their affairs in such a
manner that it is impossible for them "to make
ends meet." The great mistake which individ-
uals of this sort fall into is that they imagine
that, whether their means justify them or not,
if they do not pretend to be as rich as their
neighbors they are disgraced. So they are led
to sacrifice much real comfort for the sake of
some ostentatious display. The too frequent
termination of their career of imprudence is—
ruin!

These pinchbeck people, it may be freely
granted, have often extremely difficult parts to
play. Commencing life with a certain income,
they spend every penny thereof, in preference
to putting something aside for a rainy day, or
preparing for the time when the calls upon them
shall become greater. Their engagements rarely
fail to become heavier. In addition to main-
taining themselves they have, generally, sooner
or later, to keep a number of children. The
misfortune is that their incomes do not increase
if they increase at all—in a corresponding ratio.
Having taken up a certain position, they feel
they cannot abandon the same without bring-
ing a certain amount of discredit upon them-
selves. They recoil, with instinctive horror,
from the idea of their doing anything to cause
their friends to think that they have failed to
advance themselves in life so well as the ma-
jority of their acquaintances have done, for, to
do this, is to confess to a lack of ability. So
they bear up a cheerful front in public, and re-
serve their expression of despair for private.
They calmly contemplate their growing load of
debt with the firm conviction that, unless help
comes from some unexpected quarter, they
must inevitably sink under it. Their misfor-
tunes do not come upon them unexpectedly;
there is nothing sharp nor decisive about the
blow by which they are finally stricken; they
are simply borne to the ground by an over-
whelming weight. When the final shock comes
it finds them very much changed from the
blithe and light-hearted creatures they were at
the commencement of their careers—it dis-
covers them with soured and warped natures
and low spirits. When exposure comes they
are filled with regret that, in straining after a
myth, they have lost substantial comfort and
happiness, and with remorse that, by the foolish
line of conduct they have pursued, they have
endangered the prospects, of those to whom they
have given existence. Money that might have
been profitably spent upon the education of
children has been frittered away upon that
which can by no possibility bring any return.
When poverty—in the shape of country-court
summons, threatening letters, and duns—
enters at the front door, love only too often flies
out at the back. Husband and wife indulge in
mutual and bitter recrimination. The husband
complains that the wife has been an improvi-
dent housekeeper, that she has signally failed to
do the best with her resources, and that she
makes many unnecessary demands upon him.
The wife, on the other hand, reproaches him
with not giving her what she demands, and, if
admitting his inability, declares that it is owing
either to his own folly or stupidity. He assumes
a sullen and dogged attitude, varied, perhaps
by passionate outbursts; she sinks into a list-
less, morbid, discontented state. He becomes
careless about his personal appearance, irregular
in his habits, and reckless as to what happens
to him and those dependent upon him; she
ceases to take a pride in her home and her chil-
dren, who show symptoms of neglect. Friends
are gradually alienated, for it is supremely un-
pleasant to enter the houses of people in the
condition indicated. Poverty stares you in the
face the minute you pass the portals; poverty
of the worst kind, viz., the shabby genteel. It
is no difficult matter to detect the shallow arti-
fices which are made to hide or penetrate
through the thin veil which is hastily thrown
over everything that is disagreeable, and which
will be withdrawn as soon as you have depart-
ed.

It is easier to get into the forlorn position of
genteel poverty than it is to emerge therefrom.
The pinchbeck people, for the most part, seem
to always remain in their miserable plight.
Though they, perhaps, never themselves, ac-
tually descend from the sphere in which they
were born, their children, being indifferently
trained and exposed to associations of a low
order, invariably marry into a grade of society
actually beneath them. The pinchbeck people
have themselves to thank for the greater portion
of the pain which they endure. If they get a
chance they will not avail themselves of it.
They prefer temporary pleasures to perspective
benefits. They will not deprive themselves to-
day so that they may feast for a week or a year
hence. They never husband their resources.
They spend their money before it is earned.
The consequence is that they have to pay more
for what they consume than has the prudent
individual. If men and women were content
to live, not as they think they ought and as their
social status demands, but as they can afford,
that utterly miserable state of genteel poverty
would not be so universal as is now the case.
When will the human race learn to act with
common prudence?

THE VILE WEED.

HOW SMIKES STOPPED CHEWING TOBACCO.

Smikes made up his mind to stop chewing.
He never was much of a chewer, anyhow, he
said. He hadn't used tobacco but a few years,
and rarely consumed more than an ounce paper
in a day. But he feared the habit might get
hold of him and become fixed, and if there was
anything that he abhorred it was to see a man
become a slave to a bad habit. He had used
the weed some, to be sure, but there had never
been a time during the last ten years when he
could not stop at any moment. But so long as
he did not become habituated to its use he did
not care to stop. He could break off at any
minute, and it was a great satisfaction to feel
so. Thompson, he thought, was an abject slave
to his pipe. He pitied Thompson, for he had
seen Thompson try to stop smoking several
times, and fail ignominiously every time he un-
dertook it. But Smikes wanted to show his
wife how easy he could quit. So one morning
he remarked carelessly to Samantha that he
guessed he would stop using tobacco. Samantha
said she was glad of it, and added, impetuously,
what she had never said before, that it was a
vile habit. Smikes appeared a little nervous
and confused when Samantha said this, and
mumbled out something about being glad he
had never got into it himself. In his agitation
he pulled out his tobacco box and was about to
take a chew when he recollected himself, and
plunged out of the front door, forgetting his
umbrella. About half way to the office he met
Jones, with whom he was having some business
transactions. While they were talking the thing
over Smikes got a little enthusiastic, and he had
almost reached the office before he noticed that
he was rolling an uncommonly plump quid
around his mouth like a sweet morsel. How it
got there Smikes did not know. He puzzled
over that little thing all the rest of the forenoon,
and at last he took it out of his mouth and
threw it away, satisfied that he must have
taken it while talking with Jones. Twice that
afternoon Smikes took out his tobacco box and
looked at it. Once he took off the cover and
smelled of the tobacco. It smelt so good that
Smikes felt impelled to remark to himself that
it was the easiest thing in the world to stop
chewing. He congratulated himself again and
again that day that he did not become en-
tranced in the meshes of the filthy vice, and he
alluded to the matter three or four times that
evening, at the tea-table, till Samantha mar-
velled greatly at the firmness of Smikes. She
had already heard, she said, that it was a hard
thing to leave off. But Smikes had told her, and
kept telling her, that it was "just as easy," and
her reverence for the virile strength and inde-
pendence of character of Smikes grew like a
gourd. That night Smikes had the night-
mare. He thought that a legion of foul fiends
had got him up in a corner of the back yard,
and had rolled upon him a monstrous quid of
"fine cut" as large around as a cartwheel, and
that they were trying to force it into his mouth.
Smikes struggled vigorously, and when Saman-
tha shook him and asked what was the
matter, his only reply was that "anybody could
stop chewing if they only made up their mind
to it." The next day Smikes was a little nervous.
He told everybody who came in what a simple
thing it was to stop chewing. The third day he
harped about it all day long. He told one man
about it three different times, and when that
much informed individual ventured the opinion
that he would be chewing again in less than a
week, Smikes indignantly ejaculated, "Mr.
Jenkins, when I make up my mind to a thing
that is the last of it." The fourth day Smikes
heard that chamomile blossoms were some-
times used as a substitute for tobacco, and just
out of curiosity he devoured two ounces of them.
He said to the druggist when he bought them
that it was easy enough to stop the use of
tobacco. On the fifth day Smikes got sick. His
nerves gave out. He snapped something at
Samantha at the breakfast table, upset his ink-
stand, burnt his fingers poking some cinders out
of the grate, and had no appetite for his dinner.
That day the devil whispered to Smikes that
tobacco was really beneficial to some tempera-
ments. Smikes had a temperament of that
kind. The sixth day Smikes felt like a murder-
er. He seemed to himself to have become
transformed into a Modoc. His mouth was dry
and parched. A stout, healthy-looking old
gentleman came into Smikes' office that day.
He was a friend of Smikes, and as he drew
forth his silver tobacco box and daintily shook
out a small portion of the pungent weed, Smikes
felt his mouth water. He remarked to Mr.
Johnson that he had not chewed any for six
days, and that he had refrained so long just to
satisfy himself that anybody could chew or
leave it alone. He was fully satisfied that it
could be done, but he rather thought that his
was one of those temperaments that are really
acted upon in a beneficial way by the tem-
perate use of tobacco. Mr. Johnson said he
thought so too, and he handed Smikes his
box, remarking that he had chewed regularly
for thirty years, and didn't know as it had
damaged him any. As Smikes rolled a large
quid back into his left cheek, he said he thought
there was a great difference in men. He was
satisfied that he could stop chewing at any time,
but there were some temperaments to which a
gentle narcotic or opiate was really a blessing.

"UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER."

BY LAURA W. LEDYARD.

"A bonnie lassie!"—so they said;
The ladies turned the lassie's head
Wi' singin' ane and a'
About her starry glancin' een,
Her parted lips wi' pearls between,
An' winsome dimples sma'.

An' wha shall lead her out to dance,
An' where will fa' her witchin' glance,
An' wha shall tie her shoon?
I dinna find the flint sae fair—
There's sweeter lassies ev'rywhere;
Ye lose your hearts fu' soon!

'Twas so I spoke wi' anger fu',
To see the lads a' peekin' through
The trees where she maun hie.
I lead the dance wi' Effie Lee,
An' all ye laddies follow me,
An' trip it merrilie.

But just before the dance begun
I turned and saw a little one—
Alas for Effie Lee!
A little one wi' starry een
That whispered, "Nane will dance wi' Jean;
Will ye nay come wi' me?"

I saw her een sae sparklin' fair,
An' little waves o' sunny hair,
An' winsome dimples sma'.
Her twa wee hands upon my arm
I could na think it any harm
An' followed her awa'.

An' now I'm dancin' down the street
Behind her wee bit twinklin' feet,
The dafest lad o' a'.
The maddest o' the mony wights
That sigh o' days an' dream o' nights—
My wits have flown awa'.

An' oh! to lead her out to dance;
An' oh! to catch her witchin' glance;
To tie her little shoon!
If Jean is here the time is come;
If Jean is gane I maun gae home—
She lingers, 'tis too soon.

She's comin' near. I hear! I hear!
Her footstep on the grass!
An' will she bide, or turn aside
Anither way to pass?
Soft! twa sma' hands have closed my eyes—
I dare na' turn my head.

"Wha is it, Jamie, hither hies
To seek thee in the mead?"
I ken fu' well—I shall na' tell.
I'll keep her here wi' me;
I'd gladly die, sae daft am I,
Gin she would bide a wee!

DESMORO;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES
FROM THE LUMBER ROOM," "THE HUMMING-
BIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Neddy rubbed his eyes, thinking that he was
just awaking out of a frightful dream. He then
stretched out his hands, and groped in the dark-
ness for his late companion; but there was no
one near him—his hands came in contact only
with the hard, wet spar.

Neddy, whose brain had been much weaken-
ed by his recent attack of illness, was fairly
dazed and stunned. The voice of Pldgers,
together with his well-remembered name, was
still ringing in his ears, driving all his wits
astray.

He sat still, in a state of utter bewilderment,
lost to everything around him, crushed by the
hideous words which had been spoken only a
few short moments ago.

"Pldgers! Whence had the man come?
Had he dropped from the clouds?" Neddy in-
wardly cried, as he tried to rouse himself.
Meantime, the moon peeped forth, and then
hid her face again, and presently a hand was
laid on Neddy's shoulder.

The man started up with a cry of affright.
"Why, Neddy, what is the matter with you?
You are looking as if you had just seen a ghost!"
said Desmoro; for it was he who had touched
the man.

"Ghost! Y-e-s!" stammered Neddy, con-
fusedly. "In course it must hev been a ghos-
t—the one as is alus a-thievin' of the stoord and
the sailors."

"What are you talking about?" asked his
master, in great amazement.
Neddy shuddered, looking around him in con-
siderable terror.

"Oh, mister," said he; "I'm afraid I'm a
losin' of my senses!"

"What has happened to you?"
"Somethink most dreadful—somethink I can
hardly believe, mister. I've surely been de-
looded by some wicked sperrit—mayhap