

"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 sympathy was heartfelt and genuine; before he knew it, he felt the tears starting too. He hardly understood 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 confused 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 evident 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 imprudence. 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 disburses anything above the amount of his receipts, 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 individuals 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 maintaining 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 bringing a certain amount of discredit upon themselves. 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 majority 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 reserve 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 misfortunes 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 overwhelming 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 discovers 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 summonses, 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 improvident 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 listless, 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 children, who show symptoms of neglect. Friends are gradually alienated, for it is supremely unpleasant 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 artifices 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 departed.

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, actually 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 it 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 undertook 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 entangled 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 marvelled 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 independence of character of Smikes grew like a gourd. That night Smikes had the nightmare. 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 Samantha 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 sometimes 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 inkstand, 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 temperaments. Smikes had a temperament of that kind. The sixth day Smikes felt like a murderer. 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 temperate 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 dauce,  
An' where will fa' her witchin' glance,  
An' wha shall tie her witchin' shoon?  
I dinna find the flirt 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 lie.  
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 daftest 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 dauce;  
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, bither 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 darkness 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 weakened 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 inwardly 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, confusedly. "In course it must hev been a ghost—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 considerable 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 deluded by some wicked sperrit—mayhap