

## FOUND DROWNED.

She searches, searches everywhere,  
As one would treasure find—  
Old Susan with the wandering eye  
And long-bewildered mind.

All up and down the shining sands  
With eager step she goes;  
And speaks with hesitating voice,  
Not knowing friends from foes.

"Oh, have you seen my pretty boy,  
My little baby brother?  
She left him to me when she died,  
And bade me be his mother—"

"Our mother. She frowns out of heaven  
On me, as once she smiled;  
So I go searching night and day  
Until I find her child.

"Tis a few weeks ago"—(alas,  
She has lost count of years!)—  
"I laid him on the soft warm sand  
Asleep, and had no fears.

"I only went a little way,  
And sat behind that stone,  
Writing to William Beverley,  
That is to India gone.

"He will come back and marry me,  
He says, in two years more—  
I shall be then but just eighteen,  
And he scarce twenty-four.

"But can he marry me?" she shrieks—  
"Me that was hanged?" I mean  
They would have hanged me, but perhaps  
Somebody told the Queen.

"And she said—what, I do not know:  
I think I slept or died,  
And woke up in a world of dreams  
Most horrible and wide.

"I did not kill the boy," she moans:  
"I only left him here—  
Forgot him—and the tide flowed in  
And ebb'd out—no one near.

"Not guilty! oh, my lord, my lord,  
Not guilty!" sobbing wild:  
"I only let him float away  
And drown—my mother's child!"

"And so my mother made them shut  
On me the prison door.  
Till I was dead: yet now, it seems,  
I am alive once more.

"I walk along the shining sands,  
I hear his shout of joy:  
I know I'll find him very soon,  
My little darling boy."

So on she goes with cautious tread,  
And eager eyes and wild;  
But never, never will she find  
The little drowned child.

—DINAH MULLOCK CRAIK, in *Harper's*.

## FRANK LORIMER'S LOVE TROUBLES.

BY NED F. MAH.

I.

FRANK.

Frank Lorimer paced the little sitting-room which adjoined his studio, smoking fast and furious. He could not paint to-day. His colors were intractable, his brushes obstinate, his hand had lost its cunning, his model was irritable and fidgety. He had sworn at her a dozen times till finally the poor weak thing burst into tears and he had sent her away, with a snarl disguised into an apology. He was restless, excited, nervous, feverish, altogether out of sorts. He could neither sit, nor walk, nor lie, nor stand, nor maintain the same position for two consecutive minutes. He rang the changes on pipe, cigar and cigarette and back again to pipe; but neither hookah, briar, or meerschaum pleased him. What could these strange symptoms of derangement signify but that Frank Lorimer was in love?

Frank was a handsome fellow, very fair, with slight, finely cut features, which would have seemed effeminate but for the massive brow, and the sufficiently muscular frame, which counteracted their somewhat girlish beauty. And if any of his acquaintances had been inclined to ridicule the poetic, musical and artistic proclivities of his temperament as womanly, none could deny that he was a daring gymnast, pulled a good oar, and rode straight to hounds. Only it must have been a hardy partisan who would have attempted to assert that he was wise in what the world calls wisdom, or to prove him keen in judgment. Sanguine, impulsive, frank, open-hearted and generous to a fault, feeling pain or pleasure keenly, but pleasure more keenly than pain, he was likely to encounter his fair share of happiness, since he knew nothing of that greatest bar to happiness—repression of emotion.

This was the man who now, restlessly and with slippers on, noisily as a caged panther—passed to and fro over the Brussels which covered the floor of his snug room. Among the pictures on its walls were the portraits of two women. One was a full length photograph, the other a water color sketch. The last was his own work and it was a gem in its way. Never, even in the pictures which should hereafter grace the Academic walls, and win the plaudits of the multitude, was he destined to achieve anything which might do him more credit. It seemed, so happy was the likeness, as though the living Dora Annerley herself agreed with the candor of innocence from out the rustic frame. Ah! those eyes so bright and yet so mild.

How could he see to do them! The pearly teeth glancing through the half-parted, ruby lips. The golden hair which seemed to have entangled a sunbeam and kept it prisoner. The expression, radiant with all that makes womanhood lovely—infinite sweet and tender, yet grand in the pride of its maidenhood. He never paused before that picture now. Yet when he painted it, he painted it with his whole heart.

The photograph presented the semblance of an older woman, yet still in the first bloom of youthful beauty. She united the form of an Amazon with the dignity of a Juno, and the grace of a Venus. The face was full of character, as of one strong for good or for evil. "A Joel, a Judith, or a Joan of Arc," Frank muttered to himself, the odd combination being no doubt suggested as much by the alliteration as by anything else. But ever, as he strode to and fro his eyes were fixed upon that figure, shown to exquisite advantage in its black velvet robe.

This was the torch that now enflamed him—this the shrine at which he worshipped. Of this woman he dreamed night and day. For her he lost his rest, his appetite, his energy, his desire for fame, his delight in all that gave him pleasure. Was she worth it?

He thought so. You see her's was just the kind of nature likely to attract him. It was the attraction which a strong nature always exercises over a weak one. For the astute reader has already discovered that Frank Lorimer's strength of character was in nowise proportioned to his strength of body.

"I wonder whether she'd have me," Frank said to himself for about the hundred and fiftieth time. "You see," said Frank apostrophising himself like the man in the song, who

As he walked by himself he talked to himself  
And thus to himself said he—

"She's such a swell and I'm only a poor artist. And a fellow would feel awfully cut if a woman said No to him, wouldn't he? But then I suppose a fellow might put out a feeler in a sort of way to make her show she liked him, without altogether committing himself, mightn't he? You see," he proceeded, arguing the point with himself, "a fellow who was used to this sort of thing would understand how to do it; but then this is the first time I've had the thing to do, and I don't exactly know how. Of course there was Dora Annerley, but that was different. There was no doubt at all about her and of course I could have her any day I liked. A good-natured, jolly little fool was she," turning a moment to the other portrait with a self-satisfied glance, "and just as good as gold, but not fit to tie the shoes of such a woman as my Judith. None of your little, muling, bread-and-butter saints for me. I like a woman with a dash of devil in her. And then I've caught her looking at me some times in such a peculiar way and she says such flattering things to me, and puts her hand on my coat sleeve with a soft cat-like touch that isn't at all like her usual way of doing things. But perhaps she's just the same with other fellows when they're alone. Who knows! Oh Lord! I wonder whether she'd have me!"

And so he ended where he had begun—as he always did in his cogitation on this important subject.

"By Jove!" he said after awhile, "I'll run over to Tom's rooms and have a jaw to him."

II.

Frank Lorimer, taking the first street to his left after leaving his own apartments, proceeded some hundred yards along it till he reached double doors over which stood the inscription—Egyptian Chambers. Entering, he traversed a flagged vestibule, and ran up a great oak staircase which faced the door. Half-way up he met a saucy, bright-eyed serving wench, her rosy face set in a natural frame of yellow hair, and her brawny arms—to say nothing of the black lead brushes in her hands—gave unmistakable evidence of a recent acquaintance with one of the "Egyptians" stores.

"Is Mr. Lane at home?" inquired Frank, chucking her under the dimpled chin.

"Yes, sir," replied the Anella, "but you'll find his oak sported. He's got the working fit on to him this day."

"I'll draw him, never fear," said Frank, leaping up the remaining step, and going along the passage till he stood before the door No. 9, which he belabored manfully with the underside of his clenched fist.

Maledictions, not loud but deep, resounded from within, but presently the key grated in the lock, and Frank obtained permission to enter "if he wasn't a dun or a tout," and the next second he stood within the sanctum of Egyptian No. 9.

If the scene which met his view was not a strange one to Frank's eyes it may appear singular enough to those who have not the privilege of being the cronies of the occupant, to warrant a description.

The chamber was large, square and lofty. The ceiling was beautifully ornamented with a group of flowers exquisitely painted by a German artist whom Tom had hunted out to do the work. The pale blue walls were almost covered with pictures—chiefly *genre* subjects—little gems some of them—among which, however, sufficient space was left for a stag's antlers and a pipe rack. The floor was painted—not carpeted—though here and there a great soft mat was laid before or beneath some article of furniture. Before the fire-place was a leopard skin rug on which a great, gaunt deer hound lay

stretched, blinking the keen grey eyes above his tufted jaw. A large Angola cat modestly occupied the opposite corner. A fire smouldered in the grate and the window was wide open.

Seated in the chair which he had just resumed—a folding chair of cane and bamboo, with a swing desk attached, the mechanism of the whole of Tom's own invention—was Egyptian No. 9. He was habited in a boating jersey trimmed with blue, leaving his muscular arms exposed almost to the arm pits; his lower extremities encased in a pair of loose white trousers; his naked feet thrust into scarlet Turkish slippers. On his head a damp towel was folded turban-wise. By his side was a spittoon of iron, filled with sand, completely hidden beneath a pile of cigar stumps, relics of cremated Havanas similar to that which now blazed between his lips. Before him stood a mahogany table littered with books and papers, proofs and pamphlets; while a bottle of some choice liquor, strong yet sweet, reared its head among the chaos.

Tom Lane was a handsome fellow, so the men said. Women, who sometimes took exception to this, allowed that he was essentially manly-looking, "which," said they, "is better than beauty in a man." His nose was aquiline, his teeth white and regular—a trifle large perhaps—gleamed beneath the hirsute moustache. Keen, frank grey eyes twinkled merrily beneath arched, bushy brows, surmounted by a forehead whiter than the towel which now hid it from view.

From this room, written by the pen of this man, issued many an anonymous magazine article, which has amused or instructed multitudes; many a pungent satire which has done much to correct a popular folly or a fashionable vice; and several novels, full of a nervous force and virile energy, with a healthy tone and elevating tendency which have roused their readers to a sense of the true dignity of manhood, and given a new impulse to the flagging courage of many a faint heart.

Yet Tom Lane was no hero, certainly not to his valet, for he never had one—the little imp who blacked his boots and ran his errands assuredly did not merit the name. He was not even a hero to himself, for his life, and he judged it with no partial judgment, was far from blameless. Yet his sins were such as the world looks leniently on, and had he coveted popularity, he might have been its idol. In public he always appeared well dressed and with a full purse, and if the source from which it was replenished was wrapped in mystery, there was a dignity in his bearing which brooked no questioning, and, when he so willed, an irresistible attraction in his manner which disarmed all enmity.

"Tom," said Frank, "I see you're under the influence of the divine afflatus; sorry to interrupt their flow of inspiration, I'm sure, but, in fact, I'm out of sorts and awfully down in the mouth, and a chat with you is the best tonic I know."

Tom turned back his swing desk till it hung at right angles with the chair arm, composed his limbs with a good-natured air of resignation, and sent a quick succession of smoke rings ceiling-wards.

There was a silence of some minutes, Frank puffing huge blasts of smoke from his cigar stump.

Tom foresaw that he was to play—not the first time by many—Mentor to Frank's Tele-machus. Perhaps he was not altogether unsuspicious that a Calypso was about to enter on the scene.

"Try another weed," said Tom.

Frank helped himself from the box on the table. Then he flung himself at full length upon the sofa and coaxed the soothing vegetable to light.

"It's a glorious day outside, Tom; so bright, and such a delicious freshness in the air."

"Did you come here to tell me it was a fine day?"

"No. I wish we were in Italy; we shouldn't talk of the weather there."

Silence again.

"You were never married, I know. So you never asked a girl to have you, did you?"

"My dear Frank, if you want my biography I had better begin at the beginning. I was born at—"

"Hold hard, Tom, what's the use of being cantankerous and cutting up rough. The fact is, I'm pulling myself together to pop to somebody, and I want a few useful hints."

"Who is it?"

"Guess?"

"Your old flame, Dora?"

"Little golden-haired doll! No, I never really cared for her. I never think of her now. I dare say she has forgotten all about me."

"Now, you know perfectly well, if you saw her marriage in the papers you would feel yourself an injured being."

"Why should I?"

"You would, nevertheless."

"Well, she did pretend to be awfully spoony once."

"I don't think there was much pretence about it, and I don't think you will ever see her marriage in the papers."

"But I don't love her. Never did love her. You wouldn't have me marry a woman I don't love!"

"Love is seldom equal on both sides. As the French say, 'There is always one who kisses, and one who offers the cheek.' There would be a great many more happy marriages if men would marry the women who love them, rather than the women they love. It is a man's view of the case, perhaps, but then I speak as a man."

The woman who marries because the offer is eligible, or out of compassion, because her lover worries her into it, will not find her compassion strong enough to remind her of her duty when she meets the man she can really love and ought to have married. Trust me, he is a wise man who marries the woman that loves him. Surely it is no hard task to be sufficiently affectionate in return, and, at least, he may be free from jealousy."

"I don't care," cried Frank, with an impatient kick of his dexter foot at the Angola cat which, frightened from her cosy corner of the rug by a miniature bombshell which had sprung from a blazing coal, had crossed the cold floor with as hurried a gait as her feline dignity would permit, and meditated a spring which was to land her in the immediate neighborhood of Frank's patent leather shoes. "I'm not going to have Dora Annerley, though I know she'd have me, and I am going to have Di. Burton, whether she'll have me or not!"

Tom Lane didn't start. Nothing ever seemed to surprise Tom Lane. But his eyes brightened slightly. He left off blowing rings, and bent his head so as to bring Frank within his range of vision. Then he said, quietly:

"If you will take my advice, and wish to spare yourself the humiliation of a refusal, you will never ask her."

Frank sprang erect. The frightened cat, who had remained irresolute near the sofa foot, with ears bent back and twitching tail, now fled, completely routed, to the mat before the book-case, and there entrenched herself, disconsolate and indignant.

"What do you know about it? What right have you to say such a thing?" he asked fiercely.

"I believe I am correct enough in my estimate of Diana Burton's character, when I say that she would never seriously think of taking any man for a husband whose present circumstances and future prospects are as uncertain as your own. She has too much sense to let romance run away with her. Still, I have not the slightest right to control you. I offered my advice as a friend, but I must not expect you to take it. People never do, you know," he added with so completely good-humored a smile, that Frank's frown vanished before it.

"Well, he said, "thanks for your warning, but I'm afraid I shan't profit by it."

He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his desert's too small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch,  
To win or lose it all.

For my part, I am not yet old enough to think a girl a fool if she has a few grains of romance in her composition, and I'd work like the very deuce, if she'll only promise to wait for me."

"Will, man, gang your ain gait! But if I were a betting man I'd wager you ten to one in anything you choose she don't have you. But I never bet, and you'd better keep your money to buy canvases. Let us change the subject. Dine with me at the Cave, and then we'll go round to Pollie's."

"Anything you like," said Frank. "I'm as restless as a skeleton on wires."

"I'm glad he told me," muttered Tom to himself as he dived into his dressing-room to make himself presentable to the outer world. "I like the boy too well to let him fall a prey to Di. And he'd never have told me if he knew I held his fate in my hands. Ignorance will prove bliss in his case at any rate."

III.

POLLIE.

The Cave was a club for artists—dramatic, musical and literary people. It was called the Cave because it was underground. The entrance was from a queer little back street called Seven Sisters Lane. You went down steps to it, and through a mysterious little door with a wicket in it. Once upon a time tradition said it had been the headquarters of a secret society, and its portal had only opened to those possessed of the open sesame of a counterign. The Cave had this peculiarity: it was an Epicure Club. It possessed a ladies' dining-room and a ladies' reading-room, but although these were designed for the special accommodation of its female members, there was no restriction which forbade the married ladies to share the society of their lords or such of the unmarried subscribers as were sufficiently emancipated to display their skill in the scientific diversions of the billiard-room, or to add the perfume of their cigarettes to the denser incense of the devotees of the narcotic weed in the smoking-room, or to seek for partners at whist in the card-room.

As the friends entered they saw through the open door of the billiard room that Pollie was engaged in a game of carambole with a noted billiard player and veteran actor, who though usually reserving himself for such characters as wily monks, bishops, dukes, or ministers, or other elderly and respectable rôles—occasionally astonishes the public by the youthfulness of his make-up, and the vivacity and verve of his rendering of Dazzle or Charles Surface.

"Come, you two," cried Tom, "and pick a bit of dinner with us."

"I cannot, for my part, accept," said the veteran, "I play in three places to-night and in two of them there is eating to be done—a breakfast in the first and an oyster supper in the last—and we are far too realistic at the Sans Souci to have property viania. But Pollie can stop. She is not wanted till nine o'clock."

So it was arranged, and the three were soon at table.