

THE FAIRY KISS.

FROM THE IRISH.

Deep, deep in a glen where some fairies were dwelling,  
Young Cora, by moonlight, was known oft to rove,—  
Her face beaming gladness, her heart with joy swelling,  
For there her fond Thady used whisper "I love."

One evening alone in that vale she was straying,  
Beguiling the moments till he would be there;  
And to herself saying, "Why is he delaying?"  
She sat down to rest, and began to despair.

But sleep closed her eyelids, and soon she was dreaming,  
Of bright days with Thady and long years of bliss;  
And while she was sleeping, her lover came creeping  
And fondly imprinted a true-lover's kiss.

Awaking, she started, and then gazed around her,  
But naught of her Thady was there it was clear;  
She then thought, a fairy while roaming had found her,  
And gave her a kiss, as she dreamed of her dear.

Then home to her mother her footsteps directing,  
She met her own bouchall upon the breen,  
She told him her story—he laughed in his glory,  
And said, "I'm the fairy and you are my Queen!"

ALOYSIUS C. GAHAN.

Quebec, June, 1880.

ELOISE.

It was a bitter night in November, a promise of a cold, dreary winter to come, when two gentlemen, some thirty-eight or forty years old, sat over wine and cigars in a luxurious room in an up-town boarding-house in New York city. One, the youngest of the couple, had landed a few hours before from a European steamer, and had been telling travellers' tales to his companion, far into the night hours.

"Rich?" he said, in answer to a question. "No, but little richer than when I left here. But I have gained experience and knowledge in my Paris life. There is nothing like the French schools and hospitals for a doctor. Bert, I would not take thousands of dollars and miss the last few years."

"But you are glad to come home, Cyrus?" "Home!" said Cyrus Worthington, with a short, bitter laugh, "this is my home, a room in a boarding-house, and I chose this because you were here, my old friend and chum."

"But your relatives?" "I do not know of one. Dr. Worthington took me from a charity school when I was six years old, because I had a curious variation of scarlet fever he wished to study out at leisure. I was an odd child, smart and active, and before the fever was cured he became fond of me and adopted me. We must have been a strange pair—Bert, the old bachelor, wrapped up in his profession, and the elfish, half-starved foundling. But we were very happy. Until I went to Harvard, where we met, Bert, my benefactor educated me himself, and I devoured books. I had no one to love, and books filled the craving of my heart, so I studied everything before me, including the medical works in the library. You would believe me, I suppose, if I tell you I could use a dissecting knife before I was twelve years old."

"I do not doubt it. We all considered you a prodigy of learning at Harvard. By the way, how did you ever come to leave the doctor for college?"

"He desired it, distrusting his own powers of tuition after I passed 17. When I came home, as you know, I became his partner and assistant until he died, leaving me \$30,000, and I fulfilled my life-long desire and went to Paris."

"Was that all that drove you to Paris? No love dream, no fair companion on the steamer?" "None. I am heart-whole at 23. Can you say as much?"

"Not I. My heart is as full of holes from Cupid's darts as a skimmer. My last love, though, is the sweetest maiden ever won a heart, with soft eyes and golden curls. You shall see her. In your travels you have seen no fairer face than Eloise Hunter's."

Over Cyrus Worthington's face came a startled look that was almost terror.

"Eloise Hunter!" he cried, then added, with a forced carelessness, "it is a pretty name. Who is she?"

"The daughter of our landlady. Did I not mention her name when I wrote you I had secured rooms for you here?"

"No."

"Well, that is her name. She is the widow of one Daniel Hunter, who died leaving her without one dollar, having squandered her fortune as well as his own. Not a bad man, I judge, but one who was wickedly reckless in using money. Well, he is dead, and his widow keeps this house."

"And this daughter—how old is she?" "Nineteen or twenty, I should judge. She is so little and fair she looks like a child. You are tired, Cy?"

"Very tired." "You are pale as death. I will leave you to rest. Pleasant dreams."

Pale as death, and with his large, dark eyes full of startled light, Cyrus Worthington paced the floor after his friend had retired.

"It is fate!" he muttered. "Destiny. What accident would throw that girl across my path three hours after landing in New York? Eloise, only daughter of Daniel Hunter! It makes me dizzy to think. If, after all, I am to grasp what I have coveted for years! I patience! patience!"

He paced the room for hours, till the gray dawn crept in at the window, when he threw himself upon his bed for a few hours' repose. A man of iron will, of steady nerve, he had been

assailed by the strongest, fiercest temptation of his life, and he wakened only to renew the mental conflict.

A late breakfast was presided over by a pale woman about 40, his landlady, but there was no sign yet of Eloise. Feverishly desirous to see her to form some estimate of her from his own observations, Cyrus Worthington lingered in the house all day.

He was a man who, once having resolved upon any course of action, could not be turned aside by trivial or by weighty opposition, and he had resolved to marry Eloise Hunter, never having seen her face or heard her voice. So, with this purpose in his heart, he threw all other considerations to the winds, and waited to make the first move in this game of life for two.

Educated, as he had said himself, by a man whose soul was wrapped up in his profession, the scholar had absorbed much of the teacher's enthusiasm. But while Dr. Worthington looked steadily at the nobler aims of his profession, the power to alleviate suffering, to aid mankind, Cyrus loved it for its more abstruse investigations, its scientific scope, its broad field for self-aggrandizement. To make a name in the medical and scientific world by some new work of value, to be known as the great Dr. Worthington, was the end of all his study and research. But his ambition was second to his avarice. Not for money itself, but for free control of the luxuries money will procure, he longed for wealth; not merely comfort—that his own income secured—but riches, power to live in a palace with a score of servants, with luxury in every appointment, and money to spend freely in the pursuit of those scientific studies for which he had an earnest love, and from which he derived all his dreams of fame.

A man in perfect health, who had never injured an iron constitution by an excess of hard, keen intellect and strong will, he was a dangerous wooer for fair Eloise Hunter, a lily in her fair, sweet beauty, with a delicate constitution, timid to a fault, and modest as a violet.

He was in the drawing-room in the afternoon, reading a novel, half-hidden by the folds of a curtain, when he saw a lady coming across the soft carpet, who, he felt sure, must be Eloise Hunter. Small as a child of 14, exquisitely fair, with a wealth of golden curls caught from a low, broad brow, a sweet, childlike mouth, and purely oval face, she was as lovely a vision of girlhood as ever man's eyes rested upon.

Yet, Cyrus Worthington, studying the face unseen himself, thought only:

"How weak, timid, easily influenced!"

Not one thought of the wrong he was to do her dawning womanhood troubled him. Whatever scruples of conscience had troubled his night's vigils were all crushed under the iron heel of his will, and there was no thought now of turning back from his purpose. While his eyes still rested upon her face, Eloise opened the piano, and from the little taper fingers flowed the music that comes only from divine gift, the outpouring of inspiration. It moved even Cyrus Worthington, no mean judge of the wondrous execution of the girl's fingers or the power of genius. From a heart full of sadness came wailing melodies, melting into dying cadences, full of tearful meaning, then slowly there gathered on the sweet lips an intense smile of wondrous radiance, and the minor passages were changed to tender, rippling airs, happy as an infant's smiles, till some glorious chords of grand harmony completed this true maiden's dream.

It was evidently holiday work, for with a sigh Eloise took a book of alarming-looking exercises from the music rack, and began to practice in real earnest.

Cyrus Worthington drew further back in the folds of the curtain, and resumed his novel. An hour flew by and then Mrs. Hunter came in. "Five o'clock, Eloise, and pitch dark. Are you practising properly in the dark?"

"I know these lessons by heart, mamma," the girl answered in a low, sweet voice, with a shade of weariness in the tone.

"Don't waste time, darling," the mother said anxiously, "you know I cannot pay for music lessons, and next year you must try to find scholars."

"I wish you would let me help you more," was the reply. "It seems wicked for me to be studying and practising while you have so much care and work."

"You will help me soon. But I want you to be independent, Eloise. I may die, and you could not run this great house, but you could teach. Go upstairs now; the gentlemen will soon be coming in to dinner."

"Did the new boarder come last night?" "Dr. Worthington? Yes, dear! Mr. Loring tells me he is a great physician, author of some medical books, and wonderfully skillful. He is well off, too."

"Oh, mamma, if he could help that pain!" "No, dear, no; we will not trouble him with our aches and pains. There, dear, run upstairs. I will send Maggie for you when I eat my dinner."

Then the parlour was empty, for Cyrus sauntered off to his room when Mrs. Hunter and her daughter were gone.

He was not many days an inmate of Mrs. Hunter's house before he discovered that it was not that lady's policy to parade her daughter to her boarders. The girl lived like a nun, in her own room nearly all day, practising at an hour when the gentlemen were away, and the few ladies lying down or out.

Yet with his resolve in full force, Cyrus Worthington contrived to see Eloise very fre-

quently. He would bend his great dark eyes upon her face, and hold her fascinated for hours by the eloquence with which he spoke of music, of poetry, of all the girl-soul worshipped. He drew from her the story of the pain her mother suffered around her heart, and delicately offered professional service, where his skill availed to bring relief, thus making one step by winning the gratitude of mother and child.

But while his own heart knew no more now than before the sweetness of love, he read in Eloise's eyes none of the emotion he hoped to kindle there. Heart-whole himself, he had not been without conquests in his selfish life. Women had owned the magnetic power in his great dark eyes, his rich voice, the winning eloquence of his tongue. Belles, whose conquests were of well-known number, had let him read the love he wakened in their eyes, and flirts had owned themselves beaten at their own game.

Yet this shy violet, this recluse, liking him well, gave him no part in her heart. One word from Bert Loring, one glance of his blue eyes, would call up flying blushes to the fair cheeks all Cyrus Worthington's eloquence failed to bring there.

But Bert, though older than his friend, had been an unsuccessful man. A poet by the gift of God, he was almost a pauper by the non-appreciation of man. Just the tiniest patrimony kept him from actual want, but though he had a hall room at Mrs. Hunter's, his boots were often shabby, his clothes well worn and his purse lamentably slender.

And Mrs. Hunter, seeing Dr. Worthington in her best room, prompt in payments, faultless in costume, with a certainty of \$30,000 and a possibility of greater wealth in the practice of his profession, encouraged his attentions to Eloise, frowning upon poor, loving Bert, who, spite of his jests about his well-riddled heart, gave the young girl, true, royal love.

It was the old, old story, and Eloise, torn by her filial affection and her girl love, was growing pale and wan as the winter wore away. There was no coercion. Mrs. Hunter loved the only child of her heart too well for that; but loving her she could not give her to poverty and Bert Loring. And one day when Bert pleaded his cause she told him:

"Dr. Worthington asked me this morning to give him Eloise. I like you, Bert. You are dear to me as a son, but we must think of the child above all. You know how dreamy, sensitive and helpless Eloise is. You know that hard work would be slow murder for her. She lives in her music, her books."

"And her love! She loves me," interrupted poor Bert, a boy yet in many tender phases of his nature.

"And you, loving her, would you see her toiling, starving, a poor man's wife?"

"You put it hastily."

"I put it truly. While I can keep this house up you are welcome to a home here, but at any day I may die. These heart spasms mean a sudden death some day, Bert. Then where are you going to take Eloise?"

"I will work for her."

"Work first, then, and woo her afterward. My poor Bert, you are too like her to marry her. Could I but give you wealth, you could live in a poet's paradise, you and Eloise, never growing old, two grown-up children. But we are all poor. Do not torture her, Bert; you who love her. Go away and let Dr. Worthington win her."

"She will never love him."

"Not if you love her."

"I will go, then. You will let me tell her?"

"Why? It will only make her life harder if she thinks you suffer. I will never force her to marry. But—if Dr. Worthington can win her, I tell you frankly, it will make me very happy."

So Bert—honest, loyal Bert, for his very love's sake, turned his face from his love and went to another city, where he was offered a position as assistant editor upon a magazine, that was to be a fortune in the future, but in the present rather a log on the necks of the proprietors.

And Eloise, wondering at Bert's desertion, knew all the sunlight was gone from her life when he said farewell. There had been no secret in Bert's parting with his friend. Frankly he had told him his hope, love and despair, and pathetically implored him to cherish Eloise lovingly, if he could win her love.

Even while he spoke, Cyrus Worthington knew that this love would never come to answer his wooing; knew one word of his could flood two lives with happiness, yet kept silence. In the days that followed, when he wooed that fair pale girl, tenderly, devotedly, no pang of remorse wrung his heart, though he knew he trod carefully upon all loving flowers of hope in hers. He was a man who could have seen his own mother writhe in agony, if by her torture he could have wrung one new fact for science, and in the scheme of his life, the heart-pangs of a girl counted for less than nothing.

And while he courted the unwilling love patiently and gently, Mrs. Hunter, with her failing health, her pale face and weary step, pleaded eloquent in her very silence. A home of rest for her mother was what Eloise had been promised in delicate words, that could not be resented as bribery.

"Your dear mother, Eloise, may live for years in a quiet house, but this constant care and toil are killing her."

So little by little, wearing out the young heart's constancy by steady perseverance, Cyrus

Worthington won Eloise for his wife. She told him she did not love him, but knowing nothing of Bert's spoken love to her mother, she kept her maiden secret folded close in her own heart, and whispered nothing of her love for Bert. If on her wedding day her white, drawn face was corpse-like in its forced composure, what cared Cyrus Worthington for that? He had won his game.

Only one week after his wedding day, leaving Eloise with her mother, he wended his way to the office of a leading lawyer and asked for an interview.

"You were lawyers for Gervase Hunter?" he asked.

"We were."

"You were aware that he died in Paris last September?"

"We were not aware of that. Our business has not required correspondence since that time."

"I was his physician, and to me he committed the care of all his papers, his will among the number."

"H'm; making you his heir?"

"No, sir; making his nephew's only child heiress to his wealth—nearly a million, I understand."

"Nearly double that sum. You will leave the papers?"

"Assuredly, and Mrs. Hunter's address. Miss Hunter became my wife one week ago. I leave you the address of my assistant in Paris, the lawyer who drew up the will and the witnesses, that you may ascertain that all is correct."

And unheeding the lawyer's keen, scrutinizing looks, Cyrus Worthington bowed himself out of the office.

"A bold game," the lawyer muttered; "he has played his cards well."

And while he spoke there was a noise in the street, a rush of many feet, a clattering fall.

"A scaffolding on the next door house has given way," a clerk cried, with a white face, "and there are men killed. Nine or ten, they say."

Nine or ten bricklayers, masons, carpenters, and one gentleman who had been passing by, and in whose face the lawyer recognized the features of his late visitor.

Dead, with his scheme complete. Dead, with the road to his ambition, gold-strewn, open before him. Dead, with his hands upon the wealth he had planned to win. Dead.

They carried him home to his young wife, and tenderly broke the truth to her. Even in the first shock she felt her heart recoil when the lawyer told her of the errand completed two minutes before her husband's death. She had never loved him, but had she never known his baseness she might have mourned a kind friend lost. It was two years before Bert came to share her home, to be the husband of her heart, to fill the paradise her mother had painted. But in their happiness they gave Cyrus Worthington's name the charity of silence. Never is it spoken by the wife he deceived or the friend he wronged.

THE GLEANER.

THERE is every appearance of an abundant crop throughout Ontario.

THE Duke of Westminster is the wealthiest peer in England, or in the world.

JOHN CURWEN, of London, the writer of music, and promoter of singing in Sunday-schools, is dead, in his 64th year.

MR. CROSS and his wife, Mrs. "George Eliot" Cross, have gone to the Continent, where they will remain several months.

SIR BARTLE FRERE has not been recalled from South Africa because he is engaged in arranging a scheme of Confederation.

THE Goethe monument at Berlin was unveiled on the 1st of June, in presence of the German Emperor and Empress. They both knew Goethe intimately.

THE South, since 1866, has set in motion 600,000 spindles, of which Georgia has 213,157, a third of them being in Columbus.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S widow and her daughter, Miss Julia Jackson, will unveil a monument to Stonewall Jackson at Winchester, Va., on the 9th of June.

QUEEN VICTORIA insists upon court ladies appearing in low-necked dresses; but she has just banished three noble dames from her presence for a too zealous compliance with her wishes.

AN American, in the person of Lady Harcourt, is, for the first time, the wife of a British Minister. She is the daughter of the late J. Lothrop Motley, the historian.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA has resigned the post of conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre in London, owing to a pecuniary dispute with Mr. Mapleson, which began some years ago.

A LARGE addition of 1,500 books was lately made to the library of Manitoba College. These were sent by friends of the college in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Belfast, and from Halifax, N.S.

MR. ROBERT BELL, of Carlton Place, Ont., has in his museum the quadrant used on the *Belleophon* which conveyed the first Napoleon to his exile at St. Helena.

THE whole of the stock in the company organized to operate steamboats on lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis and Saskatchewan has been subscribed. The Hon. Peter Mitchell is President.