The Free Press.

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Separation.

A wall ere up between the two,
A stout, thick wall, though all unseen;
None knew when the first stones were laid,
But by the wall was built, I ween.

And by their lives were quite apart,
Although they shared one board, one bed;
No eye saw any sundering dart,
Yet each was to the other dead.

Each absorbed in work or pleasure gain,
Grew soon unmindful of his loss;
Heart hardened as were those in stone
Changed love's fine gold to worthless dross.

So suffered tortures all unfelt;
And while years wore, they strove to die;
The wall pressed heavy on her breast,
But while here showed her misery.

Their walls are growing day by day,
Twixt soul and soul, twixt friend and friend;
Both they could know, were lightly build,
How sad and bitter is the end!

A careless word, an unkind thought,
A slight neglect, a taunting tone,
Have laid the wall's foundation stone.

Frances L. Gardner, in the Springfield Republican.

Postponed Since Dye.

Phillis selects a younger swain,
And sensing she loves equally,
Says, "Him I love in this world; you
Alone, dear, in the next."

"In time I've met eternity,
Sir, since I met whom they kiss,
And till and too, I sometimes think
I'd change my chance for this.

His love is sterling, of the earth—
Mine is Platonic, skyey—
But, dear, he's in possession,
I'm put on view die."

ONLY A CLOD.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Outcast," Etc.

"Tims missed Mr. Lowther, while he murmured some commonplace remark upon the beauty of the afternoon, and dropped himself lazily into a seat near Madeline Vavasour. He was gone to his studio of the night before, and during the intervening period untimely to Maude and herself. He chid himself for having, under the vivacious Rose, he did so in a manner that was a delicate admixture of the banalities of one of poor Miss Broughton's heroes with the lively banter of a Benedick. The result of this policy was triumphant, and the market gardener's daughter plunged deeper and deeper under her five-and-twentieth hopeless attachment.

While Mr. Lowther the elder was cultivating his friendship with the literary person, Mr. Lowther the younger was paying his court to Frances Tredethlyn. Whether he succeeded in making her happy, in so happy frame of mind. Imagine the feelings of a Mephistopheles who begins to suspect that his victim has slipped away from him. Harcourt was beginning to feel very desirous as to the firmness of his hold on his pupil and companion.

Francis Tredethlyn's conduct for the last few weeks had quite baffled his friend's investigation. The Dalesbank had grown suddenly preoccupied and reserved. He might still be seen in the vicinity of the Bohemians, for Harcourt Lowther could not easily extricate himself from the meshes in which he had allowed to be twisted about him; but Francis, always unwilling to be led into the scenes where he found no pleasure, was more unwilling than ever, and Harcourt Lowther found it very difficult to play the game he wanted to play without showing his cards. He had been a mere passive spectator of nothing so many feathers from an innocent pigeon, the thing might have been done easily enough, reasoned Mr. Harcourt Lowther, evidently wanted spiritless victim, but he had quite the pluck to struggle, and not so if he would be satisfied with nothing less than the utter ruin and degradation of Maude Tredethlyn's husband.

Dodley, walking up and down the stony, whose front stately, great windows commanded all the country, and whose quadrangle and the roofs and chimneys of a manor, Harcourt thought very despondently of that grand scheme to which he had devoted so patiently, which his return, to England.

"What secret is the fellow hiding from me?" he thought, resentfully; "he refused to dine with me to-day, and he dined with the party I made for Greenwich the day before yesterday. He has made up his book for the York summer, and yet he is less at home than ever. What does it all mean? Can he have made the had in real earnest at last, and without any help from me? There must be something in it; that's why is the something?"

Tired at last of such meditations as these, Harcourt Lowther flung himself into a chair to write the letter he had talked about to Mr. Tredethlyn. Before he had finished it, Maude entered the study.

He wrote his note, which was very brief, and the gist of which was to remind Francis of an engagement which would entail the most pleasure upon the visitor, the usual quakering of money for the gratification of worthless society in which a few innocent pigeons abandon themselves to be plucked without mercy by every species of predatory fowl. After having written this little note, so carefully worded that any eye might read, he tightly folded, sealed, and directed it, and then

"Is true