

These rough and uncouth, but kindly natures, tended the graceless miser in his sickness. They bought his food for him; they washed his linen, and they asked for no payment for anything they did. As for the unhappy man's gold, it was at their mercy; but the thought of touching it never seemed to cross their minds.

"Only," said one with a naive accent, "I think, sir, 't will be better when he's laid in the ground. His money might be good then to some as would make use of it."

"And the dog?" I murmured reflectively.

"The dog's his friend, sir," was the neighbor's answer, "and he won't live long when his master's gone."

And these words were prophecy. I sent for a doctor, for a nurse, and for nourishing food, to battle against death; but our efforts were useless. The miser lived a week, and upon each of the seven days the dog went out according to his habit, with his basket round his neck, and remained out for ten or twelve hours, till dusk. Sometimes I followed him from morning till evening; seeing which, and remembering my face as that which stood daily by his master's bedside, he wagged his tail at my approach, and consented to walk at my heels. One night the miser died, and on the morning Jim did not go out. He had missed his master the night before, and guessed that they had put him in the long black box that stood in the middle of the room. When the men came to carry away this long black box, the dog went after them and cried. He followed the coffin to the cemetery, where he and I were the only spectators besides the curate, the sexton, and the undertaker's men. When the earth was thrown in, he looked at me plaintively to know what it meant, and when the burial was over, he wished to remain near the one tomb, waiting till his master should rise. I took him home with me, but he would not eat, and next morning at sunrise he howled for his basket. It was no use keeping him, so I tied the basket round his neck, and sent him out.

That evening, foreseeing what would happen, I went to the cemetery. The dog arrived at twilight, with his basket full of peace, and I turned them all out upon the grave. "Come home, Jim," I said, with the tears rising to my eyes; but he whined mournfully, and tried to scratch up the earth. Twice more he went out that night, and brought back money for his master; but on the third evening, finding that the peace on the grave remained untouched, he suffered me, without resistance, to take off his collar, and lay down at his full length near the miser's last sleeping-place.

The next morning he did not go on his rounds, for he was dead!—*Cornhill Magazine.*

### TOO LATE.

Whisht, sir! Would please to spake aisy  
And sit ye down there by the dure?  
She sleeps sir, so tight and so restles,  
She hears every step on the flure.  
What a ner! you an' me, one a been weakly  
For month— and the heat drives her mad,  
The summer has wasted an' worn her  
Till she's only the ghost of a child.

Am I here? Yes, she is, and God help me,  
I a three bit a darning beside,  
As porry as ever ye see, sir,  
But woe by woe down like and died.  
What was it that took them, ye're asking?  
Why, poverty, sure, and no doubt;  
They perished for food and fresh air, sir,  
Like flowers dried up in a drouth.

It was dreadful to lose them. Ah, was it?  
It seemed like my heartstrings would break.  
But there's day when I want and will sorrow  
To thank ye, for ye gave us a—  
Their father? Well, sir, he's a—  
It's a foul tongue that lowers its own;  
But, wait, till the strike and the liquor,  
I'd better be strugglin' alone.

Do I want to keep her? The darlint,  
The last and the dearest of all—  
Do I, ye're aither aither yourself, sir,  
Or ye wouldn't be asking at all?  
What is that? Milk and food for the baby—  
A docther and medicine free—  
Ye're banting out all the sick children,  
An' poor women mothers like me.

God bless you, an' them that have sent you,  
A new life ye've given me, so,  
Shure ye won't you look in the cradle  
At the colic ye've saved, 'fore ye go?  
O mother, an' me, an' my pity  
O darlint, why oug't ye wait?  
Dead! dead! an' help in the drouth—  
Too late! O my baby! Too late!

### MARRIED IN A SNOW-STORM.

(FROM THE RUSSIAN OF ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.)

About the year 1811, memorable in Russian history, there lived upon his estate at Nemarodof a rich landed proprietor, Gabrielovitch by name, noted for his affability and hospitality. His house was always open to his friends and neighbors, who used to congregate there every evening, the quiet ones to enjoy a game of cards with the host and his wife Petrowna, the younger ones in the hope of winning the favor of Marie, a beautiful girl of 17, the only daughter and heiress of Gabrielovitch.

Marie read French novels, which naturally rendered her very sentimental and romantic. Under these circumstances love was not long in coming. The object of her affection was a Russian cadet, with scarcely a penny in his pocket, who resided in the neighborhood, and was then at home on leave of absence. As a matter

of course he returned her love with equal ardor. Marie's parents had strictly forbidden her thinking of such a union, and they treated the lover, wherever they met him, with just as much friendliness as they would have shown to an ex-collector of taxes. The amorous pair meantime carried on a correspondence, and met clandestinely beneath the shade of the pine grove, or behind the old chapel. As will readily be supposed, they here vowed eternal fidelity to each other, complained of the severity of fate, and devised beautiful plans for the future. After some time they naturally came to think that should their parents persist in opposing the union, it might in the end be consummated secretly, and without their consent. The young gentleman was the first to propose this, and the young lady soon saw the expediency of it.

The approach of winter put an end to these stolen interviews; but their letters increased in frequency and warmth. In each of them Vladimir Nickolovitch conjured his beloved to leave the paternal roof, and consent to a clandestine marriage. "We will disappear for a short while," he wrote, "come back and cast ourselves at the feet of our parents, who, touched by such constancy, will exclaim, 'come to our arms, dear children!'" Marie was long irresolute; at length it was agreed, however, that she should not appear at supper on a day appointed, but should retire to her room under the pretext of indisposition. Her maid had been let into the secret. Both were to escape by a back door, in front of which they would find a sleigh ready to convey them a distance of five versts, to the chapel of Jadrino, where Vladimir and the priest would await them.

Having made her preparations, and written a long apologetic letter to her parents, Marie retired betimes to her room. She had been complaining all day of a headache, and this was certainly no mere pretext, for the nervous excitement had in truth indisposed her. Her father and mother nursed her tenderly, asking her again and again: "How do you feel now, Marie? Are you no better?" This loving solicitude cut the girl to the heart, and with the approach of evening her excitement increased. At supper she ate nothing, but rose betimes and bade her parents good-night. The latter kissed and blessed her, as was their wont, while Marie could scarcely repress her sobs. Having reached her room, she threw herself into a chair and wept aloud. Her maid finally succeeded in comforting and cheering her up.

Later in the evening a snow-storm arose. The wind howled about the house, causing the windows to rattle. The inmates had hardly gone to rest, when the young girl, wrapping herself in her cloak and furs, and followed by the servant with a portmanteau, left the paternal roof. A sleigh drawn by three horses received them, and away they went at a furious speed.

Vladimir had also been active throughout the day. In the morning he had called upon the minister at Jadrino to arrange for the ceremony, and then he went to look up the required witnesses. The first acquaintance to whom he applied was an officer on half-pay, who expressed himself quite ready to serve him. Such an adventure, he said, carried him back to the days of his own youth. He determined Vladimir to remain with him, taking upon himself to procure the other two witnesses. There accordingly appeared at dinner Surveyor Schmidt, with his spurs and moustache, and Ispravnik's son, a lad of 17, who had just enlisted in the Uhlans. Both promised Vladimir their assistance, and after a cordial embrace the happy lover parted from his three friends to complete his preparations at home.

Having dispatched a trusty servant with a sleigh for Marie, he got into a one-horse sleigh himself, and took the road leading to Jadrino. Scarcely had he set off, when the storm burst forth with violence, and soon every trace of the way was gone. The entire horizon was covered with thick, yellow clouds, discharging not flakes, but masses of snow; at last it became impossible to distinguish between earth and sky. In vain Vladimir beat about for his way; his horse went on at random, now leaping over banks of snow, now sinking into ditches, and threatening every moment to overturn the sleigh. The insupportable thought—leaving out the road had become a certainty. The forest of Jadrino was nowhere to be discovered, and after two hours the jaded animal seemed ready to drop to the ground. At length a kind of dark line became visible in the distance. Vladimir urged his horse forward, and reached the skirt of a forest. He now hoped to reach his destination soon, as it was easier to pursue his way in the forest, into which the snow had not yet penetrated. Vladimir took fresh courage; however, there were no signs of Jadrino. By degrees the storm abated, and the moon shone brightly. He finally reached the opposite skirt of the forest. Still no Jadrino; but a group of four or five houses met his view. His knock at the door of the nearest was answered by an old man.

"What do you want?" he said.  
"Where lies Jadrino?" asked Vladimir.  
"About ten versts distant."  
At this reply Vladimir felt as if his sentence of death was being announced to him.  
"Can you procure me a horse to take me thither?" he asked.  
"We have no horses."  
"Or at least a guide. I will pay any price."  
"Very well. My son can accompany the gentleman."

After a little while, which seemed an eternity to Vladimir, a young fellow made his appearance, holding a stick staff in his hand, and they took their way across the snow-covered plain.

"What o'clock is it?" asked Vladimir.

"It is already past midnight."

And in very truth the sun began to gild the east when they finally arrived at Jadrino. The church door was locked. Vladimir paid and dismissed his guide, and then instantly hastened to the minister's dwelling. What he there learned will appear from the sequel.

At Nemarodof the night had passed quietly. In the morning the master of the house and his wife arose as usual, and proceeded to the dining-room, Gabriel Gabrielovitch in his woolen jacket and night-cap, Petrowna in her morning gown. After they had breakfasted, Gabriel sent up one of the girls to inquire how Marie was. She returned with the message that her young mistress had had a sleepless night, but that she was feeling better now, and would come down presently. Marie soon after entered the room, looking exceedingly pale, yet without the least perceptible agitation.

"How do you feel this morning, love?" inquired her father.

"Better," was the answer.

The day passed as usual, but, instead of the looked-for improvement, a serious change for the worse took place in Marie's condition. The family physician was summoned from the nearest town, who found her in a state of most violent fever. For 14 days she lay at the point of death.

Nothing transpired of the nocturnal flight; for the maid took good care to keep silence on her own account, and the others who knew of it never betrayed themselves with a syllable, even when under the influence of brandy, so greatly did they dread Gabriel's anger.

Marie, however, spoke so incessantly of Vladimir when delirious, that her mother could not remain in doubt as to the cause of his illness. Having advised with a few friends, her parents resolved to let Marie marry the young soldier, seeing that one cannot escape one's fate, and, beside that, riches do not always lead to happiness.

The patient recovered. During her illness Vladimir had not once shown his face in the house, and it was resolved to apprise him of his unexpected good fortune. But to the astonishment of the proud proprietor of Nemarodof, the cadet declared that he should never again cross the threshold of his house, begging them at the same time to forget utterly so wretched a creature as he, to whom death alone would give repose.

A few days afterward they learned that Vladimir had returned again to the army. It was in the year 1812. No one uttered his name in Marie's presence, and she herself never made mention of him in any way. Two or three months had elapsed, when one day she found his name among the list of the officers who had distinguished themselves at the battle of Borodino and been mortally wounded. She fainted away and had a relapse, from which she recovered but slowly.

Not long after her father died, bequeathing his whole property to her. But riches were not able to comfort her; she wept with her mother, and promised never to leave her. They sold Nemarodof and removed to another estate. Sorrow dimmed around the wealthy and amiable heiress; but none of them received the slightest encouragement from her. Often did her mother press her to choose a husband—she would merely shake her head in silence. Vladimir was no more; he died at Moscow on the evening before the entrance of the French. Marie seemed to hold his memory sacred; she carefully preserved the books they had read together, his sketches, the letters he had written to her—in brief, everything that could serve to keep alive the remembrance of the ill-fated youth.

About this time the war, fought with such glory to the allies, of whom Russia was also one, came to an end. The victorious regiments returned home, and large crowds of people flocked together to greet them. Officers who had gone forth as beardless youths came back with the grave faces of warriors, their gallant breasts covered with badges.

A lieutenant of hussars, Warmin by name, with an interestingly pale face, and decorated with the Cross of St. George, having obtained leave of absence for several months, took up his residence upon his estate, which adjoined Marie's present abode. The young girl received him with far more favor than she had hitherto shown to any of her visitors. They resembled each other in many respects; both were handsome, intelligent, taciturn and reserved. There was something mysterious about Warmin which roused the curiosity of Marie. His affection for her was soon unmistakable; he showed every conceivable attention; but why did he never speak of love though his dark, ardent eyes would rest upon hers half dreamily, half with an expression that seemed to announce an early and positive declaration? Already the neighbors spoke of their marriage as a settled matter, and Mother Petrowna was more than happy at the thought of her daughter's finding a worthy husband at last.

One morning when the latter was sitting in the parlor, Warmin entered and asked for Marie.

"She is in the garden," answered her mother. "You will find my daughter there if you would like to see her."

The young officer hastily walked out into the garden.

Petrowna crossed herself, murmuring: "God be praised! To-day, I trust his visit will have some result."

Warmin found his beloved, clad in white, sitting under a tree by the side of the pond, a book

upon her lap, like a heroine of romance. The usual salutations over, Warmin, who was strangely agitated, told her how he had long yearned to pour out his heart before her, and begged that she would listen to him a few moments. She closed her book, and nodded in token of assent.

"I love you," said Warmin, "I love you passionately."

Marie cast down her eyes.

"I have been imprudent enough to see you, to hear you—daily. It is now too late to escape my fate. The thought of your lovely face, of your sweet voice, will henceforth constitute the joy and the anguish of my existence. But I have a duty to perform toward you; I must reveal to you a secret, which had placed an insurmountable barrier between us."

"That barrier," murmured Marie, "existed always—I could never have become yours."

"I know," replied Warmin, in a suppressed voice, "that you have loved before; but death—three long years of mourning—dearest Marie, do not deprive me of my last comfort, of the blissful thought that you might become mine if—"

"Cense, I conjure you. You rend my heart!"

"Yes, you will grant me the comfort of knowing that you would have become mine, but most wretched of men that I am—I am already married!"

Marie gazed up at him with a look of astonishment.

"Yes, married for four years," continued the lieutenant, "and I do not know either who my wife is, where she is, or whether I shall ever meet her."

"Explain yourself more clearly," said the girl.

"I love you, Marie, and will confide in you. You shall know all, and you will not judge too severely an act of youthful levity. It was in the year 1812. I happened to be on my way to Vienna, with the intention of joining my regiment. Late in the evening I reached a station, and had already ordered that horses should instantly be put to again, when a fierce snow-storm suddenly arose. My landlord and the postilion urgently advised me to postpone my departure; but I was determined to go, in spite of the rough weather. The postilion had got it into his head that, by crossing a small river, the banks of which were perfectly well known to him, he should find a shorter route. He missed the right crossing, however, and got into a region to which he was an entire stranger. The storm continued to rage, although we described a light in the distance. We made for it, and stopped before a church, from the brightly illuminated windows of which the light shone. The door was open, three sleighs were in front of it, and I saw several persons in the vestibule. One of them called to me: 'This way! This way! I got out and walked toward the vestibule.'"

"The person who had called advanced toward me."

"Great Heavens!" he said, "how late you come! Your intended has fainted, and we were on the very point of driving home again."

"Half bewildered and half amused, I resolved to let the adventure take its course. And, indeed, I had little time for reflection. My friends tugged me into the interior of the church, which was poorly lighted by two or three lamps. A female was sitting upon a bench in the shadow, while another stood beside her and chafed her temples."

"At last!" cried the latter. "God be praised that you have come! My poor fiancée liked to have died!"

"An aged priest emerged from behind the altar, and asked, 'Can we begin?'"

"Begin, reverend father!" I cried, unadvisedly.

"They assisted the half-unconscious girl to rise; she appeared to be very pretty. In a fit of unparadiseable, and now quite incomprehensible, levity, I readily slipped with her to the altar. Her maid and the three gentlemen present were so much busied with her as scarcely to throw a look at me. Besides, the light in this part of the church was dim, and my head was muffled in the hood of my cloak."

"In a few minutes the nuptial ceremony was over, and the priest, according to custom, desired the newly-married pair to embrace."

"My young wife turned her pale, charming little face toward me, and was about to rest her head upon my shoulder with a sweet smile, when suddenly she stared at me as if turned to stone, tottered, and with a cry of 'It is not he!' fell to the floor."

"All the furies of hell dashed me out of church. Before any one could think of staying me I had jumped into my sleigh, seized the reins, and was soon beyond the reach of pursuit."

The lieutenant was silent. Marie also gazed in silence on the ground.

"And have you never discovered what became of the poor girl?" she finally asked.

"Never. I know neither the name of the village where I was married, nor do I recollect the station where I stopped. At the time, my culpably frivolous spirit seemed to me a matter of no little moment, that, as soon as there was no longer any pursuit to fear, I went to sleep in the sleigh, and did not awake till we arrived at another station. The servant whom I had with me was killed in battle, all my efforts to find out the position where I arrived proved unavailing, and an every one since indeed met by which I might again find the scene of that folly for which I have now to suffer so heavily."

Marie turned her pale face toward him and