

him, and one day after she had sung several pieces for him, and for him alone, the previous evening, he sent her a very lovely basket of flowers from the Botanical Gardens.

It was true this little courtesy cost him nothing, he being a member of Congress, but Miss Arden appreciated the attention, nevertheless.

She went once or twice to hear him speak on the floor of the House, and his rough, Western eloquence, quite carried her away. She remembered his kindling eyes, his quivering lips, as he warmed to his subject, for some time afterward.

They had known each other several months—it had been a long session of Congress that year—when one clear, still spring day he ventured to ask her to drive with him.

"I will ask Miss Triplett, too," he said, smiling, "so it will be quite proper, you see, and I think the fresh air and sunshine will do you good—you look as though you needed more of it," he added gently.

When the low, two-seated phaeton rolled away from in front of the boarding-house, with Miss Triplett and her sister, a spinster like herself, occupying the back seat, and the handsome member of Congress and Miss Arden on the front, there was considerable comment among the boarders in the tall, many-storied house, who witnessed the event.

Not a few decided in agreeing that Miss Arden was "designing," and a certain little widow, with rather pretty dark eyes, which she made even darker apparently by some mysterious process of coloring the lower lid, termed Louise's behavior "quite atrocious." Meanwhile, all unconscious of these criticisms, Miss Arden and Gilbert Standish were enjoying themselves exceedingly.

The air was very sweet; the sunlight a soft, pale yellow; the fresh, young leaves on the trees a most exquisite green. When they reached "Soldier's Home," which was the favorite afternoon drive, it was nearly sunset.

All through the woods the dogwood was in bloom, and the pure white blossoms looked like newly-fallen snow amidst the intense greenness of the spring foliage.

Tiny, pale blue anemones were springing up everywhere, and the myrtle was in bloom. Away in the distance shone the Potomac, framed in by the low Maryland and Virginia hills and reflecting the crimson sunset tints.

The little lake in the centre of the grounds also showed the exquisite colors in its glassy surface, and across it came drifting slowly toward them a few stately white swans. The old "Home," itself, looked very pretty in the waning, evening light, and in front of it, on the smooth lawn, under the branching trees were scattered the soldiers—some of them cripples—smoking and chatting together. It was quite dark when they turned to come back, and the stars were thick in the sky.

"Have you enjoyed it? Has it done you good?" asked Standish, eagerly, as they drove down the pretty, shelled Lover's Lane, leading from the grounds.

"I feel like another creature!" responded Miss Arden, joyously; "I sha'n't mind working tomorrow."

"I wish you did not have to work," observed the member, gravely.

"Oh, it isn't the work so much!" cried Louise. "No; I understand. It is the confinement which is telling on you. How I would like to have you get a breath of the 'Rockies,' once! They would make you indeed like another creature—no more pale cheeks or heavy eyes out there!"

"You are fond of the West?"

"Well, yes—I am. You might not like it; it's a rough country, you know. Terribly cold in winter; not very warm even in summer; no trees—nothing but the plains, foothills, and mountains. Do you think you could stand it?"

The young girl smiled.

"You don't give a very inviting picture of it," she said.

"I want to give a true one. I would like you to see it as it really is, not as newspapers and newspaper correspondents describe it. If you believed them you would think the West was a sort of second paradise?"

"And it is not?"

"Far from it; but I wish I knew if you could ever be contented out there?" Mr. Standish said, somewhat abstractly, and letting the reins lie loosely in his hands.

Miss Arden started a little.

They had been driving rapidly, and were coming into the city limits now, and lights were gleaming all about them.

Suddenly, over the smooth concrete a bicycle, with its bright red lamp lit, came running noiselessly toward them.

The horses shied fearfully, and before Mr. Standish could regain tight possession of the reins, were dashed frantically down the street.

"Don't be frightened!" he managed to say to

Louise. The two ladies in the seat behind him were uttering a series of little shrieks. The young girl felt herself very much like screaming; she feared every moment the carriage would be overturned; but she kept quiet, and tried not to be frightened as he said. How they were whirled along! The speed was something terrific—houses, street-lamps, everything flying past them.

Louise grew a little dizzy, her hand clinging to the side of the phaeton rather numb. In a few minutes it would all be over, she thought. She closed her eyes with a little quiver, gasping breath, and—waited. Another instant, another final strong wrench, and the frightened horses were controlled and brought to a stand-still.

The reins had cut deep, ugly, red lines in Standish's hands; he was very pale—almost as pale as the young girl at his side—but they were safe!

"Louise!" he said, "Louise!"

His eyes were shining, his left hand closed quickly over hers, while his right still firmly grasped the reins. A little, beseeching cry came from Miss Triplett.

"O, Mr. Standish, please take us home right away—my poor sister has fainted!"

The maiden lady's thin, high-pitched voice was tremulous and hoarse from fright, and Standish took compassion on her, and drove quickly to the house.

As he lifted Louise tenderly out, however, he managed to say in a low tone, "I want you to walk with me to-morrow evening—I have something to say to you."

Then he turned to Miss Triplett's sister, who was recovering somewhat by this time, and picking the little spinster up in his strong arms carried her up the steps and into the house.

A boy was standing at the horses' heads, but although they were covered with foam and breathing heavily, they looked as innocently meek as though they had never run away in their lives.

The next evening Miss Arden consented to go with Mr. Standish to one of the pretty parks near by to enjoy the faint new moonlight, and this time Miss Triplett did not enquire them, and the little dark-eyed widow tossed her small head more disdainfully and significantly than ever.

They wandered slowly up "K" street, until they came to Franklin Square. How very pretty it looked in the pale moonlight! The little fountain was splashing away amidst the flowers, the newly-leaved trees casting dense black shadows on the smooth grass.

Standish led Louise to a seat in view of the fountain, but on one of the side paths, and near a blossoming magnolia tree.

The fragrance of the great white flowers reached them.

"This is very pleasant," said Standish.

"Yes, is it not?"

"I shall think of it when I'm out on those barren plains many a time."

"Don't you wish you could carry these lovely trees with you?"

"There is something I should like to carry with me better than the trees," said Gilbert Standish, suddenly, turning away from the little glittering fountain, and confronting the young girl with an eager, earnest face.

"Louise!" he went on quickly, his voice quite thrilling her with its intensity, "Louise would you ever be willing to go out to that desolate country with me? It is you I want, Louise—you are the 'something' I want to carry with me!"

"You do not need me—you have so much in your life," faltered the young girl, her cheeks flushing and paling, her eyes bent unseemingly on the fountain.

"I do need you! I love you! Somehow I never thought I should love—I used to laugh at the boys when they talked about loving; you see, we haven't much time for love out West! And I just gave my life and my heart and soul to politics, and my life has been such a busy one up to now, that somehow I didn't miss the love; but since I have met you, Louise, I do miss it, and I want it, and I want—yours!"

Splash, splash went the little fountain; the new moon hid itself under a soft, white cloud for a moment, and all was very still, save for the sound of the falling water.

Standish had Louise's small, cold, trembling hand in his by this time, and in the brief hiding of the moon, he stooped and kissed the pretty flushed cheek so near him.

"Am I to have it," he said, softly. She seemed to understand him, for she said very faintly, but still audibly—"You already have it."

The new moon was getting low in the west; the streets were dim and shadowy—it must have been nearly ten—when they walked slowly home.

The widow saw them from behind the curtains in her room window, and told herself decidedly, "that if Miss Arden was not engaged to that member of Congress, she ought to be!"

But, fortunately, Miss Arden was engaged. And the following winter when Gilbert Standish returned to Washington, even before the reassembling of Con-

gress—so eager was he for his bride—Louise and he were married in pretty, quaint St. John's Church, where Washington had gone when President, and which had become quite the fashionable place of worship within the last few years.

Miss Triplett had cried at the wedding—the bride had looked so pretty in white, with her mourning laid aside—the groom so handsome! And then there had been a wedding journey North, during which the little home among the hills Louise loved so dearly, was visited, and the young Mrs. Standish, as a member of Congress' wife had received every attention.

Many who had failed to remember her and call upon her when she had come there as a clerk in one of the government departments and stopped humbly at the little town hotel, now rushed to see her, and told her "how well they recollected her poor, dear papa?" and "how often she had been in their minds!"

Louise had smiled a little at this and enjoyed her triumph. Then her husband had brought her back to Washington and they had taken rooms at the Arlington.

These rooms were very pretty. They looked out on Lafayette Square with its bronze equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson, its great, branching elms, and smooth, green grass—green even in winter—and they gave a glimpse of the gleaming White House beyond.

Mrs. Standish's life was exceedingly pleasant—she was "very, very happy," as she had said—a little contented sigh escaped her, and she leaned back against the soft, dull red cushions of the carriage once more.

"You are awake, then?" said her husband, smiling.

"You have been still so long, I thought you were asleep."

"Oh, I have been thinking!" cried Louise, letting her pretty eyes shine upon him.

A few minutes later they reached the theater. When they took the seats reserved for them in the orchestra there was quite a little stir about them. One did not often see so happy, so handsome looking a couple.

The dark-eyed widow from Miss Triplett's sat just above them, in the "dress circle;" she discovered them at once, and behind her black *crêpe-trimmed* fan whispered knowingly to her attendant, a blonde young patent-office clerk:

"Of course you know she never would have gotten him, if he had not been from the backwoods—a Western member!"

## Tune Party.

An amusing entertainment for a company of young people gathered in a parlor is what is called a "tune party."

Each member of the company is supplied with a slip of paper, on which are twelve or more numbers, beginning at 1 and following in regular succession. Each player is also furnished with a pencil. A musical person must next be seated at the piano and supplied with a list bearing the same numbers as those furnished to the rest of the company, with the difference that opposite each number is the name of some tune made familiar by age or present popularity.

The person at the piano begins to play, giving enough of the first tune to insure its identification by the quick-witted, and then passes with swift modulation and without a pause to the tune whose name is placed opposite the second number, and so on until the list is completed.

The performer may be provided with the list long enough beforehand to allow him to plan the method of joining the tunes one to another, and so prevent hesitation at the time.

The listeners must keep their ears well sharpened and quickly write the name of each tune opposite its number as it is played. The player whose list is most nearly complete and has the fewest mistakes gains a prize.

Simple as this may appear, it is surprising to find how the name of a familiar melody eludes the grasp of recollection and cannot be caught before it has faded away into the notes of the next on the list. Most ludicrous mistakes are made, and "Auld Lang Syne" and the "Last Rose of Summer" have been assigned to wrong places on the lists of old-time singers in perfect good faith.

In one summer boarding house where there was no good piano, this game was played with great success on rainy evenings, the piano being supplanted by the sweet voice of one of the guests, who sang snatches of the appointed melodies and wove them into one another in such a skillful way as to elicit great enthusiasm and puzzle her hearers quite as well as the piano would have done.

Friend: "I suppose you grieve very much over the death of your husband?"

Mrs. Snows: "Indeed I do. If I had utilized before he died the tears I've shed since, I'd have half-a-dozen more dresses than I've got now."