

of song lies dumb till the mighty hand of some great passion touches the heart.

"It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song."

The waking of this gift brought a strange delight, and I learned new things of myself. I understood now the rapture that had been born of my dreams. I felt as though I had been asleep and some great magician had awakened me. And that was true.

And so I wrote and worked, and was far from being utterly unhappy.

I gained some reputation, too. My poems found their way into the papers and magazines, and, better than all, into the hearts of the people. I grew accustomed to seeing myself in print, and by degrees rid myself of the shy, half-guilty feeling I had in regard to it.

I earned some money by it, too. Not the fabulous sums we hear of, but still enough to help very much. I was a De Ruyter, and they were not a money-getting race.

"God shakes my palm, so I could hold
But little water in my hand,
And not much gold."

Not long after Robert had gone away Mrs. Tremaine died.

She had been an invalid all her life; nearly all the time confined to the house, and part of the time to her bed. She was a proud, unlovable woman, and though she had lived many years in the little town, there was not a dozen who called her friend.

There was no other child. There had been a daughter, but she had died soon after her marriage, leaving one son, the boy who was Robert's play-fellow when I met him, so long ago; he had also died.

But Judge Tremaine kept his home open, and lived in solitary state. I used to meet him in going to and from my lessons at Mrs. Brown's. He always lifted his hat to me, and sometimes added a pleasant "Good morning, Miss De Ruyter."

And I always thought of the wrong he had done, and of the good he could have done instead; and in my heart I fear I hated him.

I heard not a word from Robert, or of him. I thought it very possible that he would find a wife among the daughters of his beloved Germany. I will not pretend to say that I hoped so. I could not think of it without agony. Yet I knew that though like a man he had loved me, still, like a man he would love again. Then one morning I met his father. He paused, raised his hat, and said, "Pardon me, Miss Margaret, but I must give you yet another pain. Robert is dead."

"Dead?" I repeated. "How can Robert be dead?"

He looked at me pityingly. "You have suffered, I see; and now it's too late to hope. Poor child! And yet," he added, "what is your hurt to mine, who am old?"

"Oh, Mr. Tremaine, I tell you truly when I say that you have given me no new grief. The cup that is full can hold no more; and Robert is no further removed from me than before. Life sundered us cruelly, death has made him wholly mine. Your grief is greater, for the weight of mine rests on you."

"I pray you be merciful," he said.

And I, in my pity for his gray hairs and his desolate old age, gave him my hand in forgiveness and kindness.

It seems that Robert had taken passage for home; the steamer with all on board was lost or supposed to be.

A year went by. Judge Tremaine was still my neighbour, and had begged that he might be allowed to be neighbourly. He was sixty-five years old, and I was twenty-eight. And the little kindnesses he offered me I accepted, because it made him feel less burdened by his grief and mine. At least I thought so, and when one day he asked me to marry him my surprise was beyond measure. It was only exceeded by my indignation.

"Marry you! Be your wife!"

"Yes, Margaret. I mean it; be my wife. I will be a tender, loving husband to you; and though it may seem to you, in your youth, a mockery for me, with my gray hairs, to talk of love, I tell you truly that I do love you; and I could make your life, which has been defrauded of its best, rich and grand and beautiful."

For a moment, for a wild moment, I did suffer myself to stand on this mountain of temptation; I did suffer myself to see the kingdoms of the earth, in their beauty and glory, pass before me; I did think what this could bring me into a life which he had rightly called defrauded.

Only for a moment. Then a flood of memories came over me, memories so sweet, so sad, and so overmastering, that the present was swallowed up, and I stood in the dear past; and I heard Robert's voice, and looked into Robert's eyes.

Then I said, as tenderly as I could, "I do not mock your passion nor call it unreal, nor do I fail to see what you could do for me, but I remember what you have done, and I remember Robert. God help him! When I forget him, I shall have forgotten all earthly things."

And so that was ended.

Two weeks later, as I passed, early in the morning, I saw crape swinging on the door of the Tremaine mansion. Judge Tremaine had died the night before. A sudden stroke, the doctor said, for he had seemed in excellent health only the day previous.

I had not seen his face since the day he turned from my door, and then it wore a look sad to see on the face of an old man. Grief, remorse, and

he hurt look of one who had failed to the utmost.

But death had touched him with its blessed restfulness; and he lay at last peace-crowned.

One must have a little soul who can stand by the dead and say over the senseless clay, "I hate you. I remember all the evil you have done, and will ever remember!" I felt only pity and forgiveness for the man who had passed beyond the need of either.

A short time after the will was read. It was found that all of his possessions, houses, lands, bank stock, and all, were left to me, whom he named as his "loved and respected friend, Margaret De Ruyter."

"Truly, the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small." Others marvelled at the strangeness of the will. I, who knew what they did not, recognized the justice of it. Had Robert lived it would have been his; and now it was mine, for I should have been Robert's wife.

It made me glad that he made this acknowledgment of his wrong. I said in the beginning of this story that I had always expected to be rich, and this was the way it came; and having passed through so much it was not strange that the first thought that came to me was of the relief from irksome duties and petty economies that it would bring.

It was the thought of the negative good that came to me first. The rusty alpacas, the fret of daily teaching, and the struggle with the kindling-wood.

Later came the consciousness of the world this would open to me, and I should have exulted mightily only for the one loss which could never be made up to me; the loss for which no late restitution could atone.

I took possession. I moved my old feeble mother away from the plain little house, and gave her the brightest, sunniest room in the grand mansion. I beautified and adorned the grounds as I chose; but in the house I made few changes, save to bring books and pictures according to my taste and needs.

I spent money in a fashion that made my lawyers open their eyes with astonishment. I was in a fair way to find my way back to that which was said to be the normal condition of the De Ruyters.

I should in time have done that, for you know my palm was not shaped for holding gold, but for a strange, strange thing that happened.

It was June again. I stood on the porch, enjoying in every nerve and fibre of my being, the marvellous beauty of a perfect morning. There was no flaw. That moment the world was all good. I could not be sad with such a sky above my head.

Looking down the gravel walk, I saw—Robert Tremaine!

He walked slowly, looking one side and then another, evidently admiring, but not quite understanding the changes he saw.

I stood like one stricken dumb. In my moments of deepest emotion I had never the gift of words.

Now, through all my surprise, my absolute bewilderment, rose the one glad thought, "He has come back to me," whether in the flesh or in the spirit I did not yet know.

But they were warm, living hands that took mine, and sweet, human kisses that fell upon my lips and cheeks and brow.

"Has the sea given up its dead, Robert?" I asked.

"Not that I've heard of, dear. Certainly it has not given me up, for it never had me."

"But were you not drowned? Did you not sail in the *Sea Bird*, and was she not lost?"

"Do I look as if I had come from some cool sea cavern? Is there any seaweed or coral clinging to me? No, dear, I did not sail in the *Sea Bird*, for at the last moment I changed my mind. But, Margaret, may I ask how you came to be here? And what is the meaning of all the changes I see? Where is my father?"

"O, Robert, don't you know?"

"I know nothing. Tell me quick, please."

I pointed to where, in the distance, the white monument of the Tremaines gleamed with a cruel clearness through the trees.

"He is dead. They are all dead. And he thought the sea had swallowed you up, and he left this all to me; but you shall have your own again, all your own."

"Surely I will have my own," he said.

He had not sailed as he planned to do, and had written to say so, but the letter miscarried. He had heard nothing from home, and the longing to see his dear ones had at last been too strong for him and he had come.

I told him the story of the years that had gone, of my ambitions and successes, of my longings and heartaches, and I said: "I took what your father gave me, thinking it was right. You are the rightful owner, now I will give it back to you; and the little house—"

"Margaret," he said, "I suppose I could take all this from you. I am the rightful heir; but if I did, it would be only to lay it at your feet and beg you to take it with the slight encumbrance of myself."

"Oh, Robert, it is yours as much as it ever was."

"Yes, and it is yours more than it ever was, for all mine is thine and thine is mine."

We did not call in the lawyers to settle the matter for us, but left it to love's wise arbitration.

That was many years ago. The dreams of my youth have been fulfilled. I am a rich woman—rich in the world's wealth, but richer far in the

love which beautifies and glorifies my life; in that which takes hold upon immortality, for all the years I say to my heart, "My beloved is mine, and I am his."

BURLESQUE.

A TEST OF COURTESY.—The argument probably commenced in the Custom-house and had been discussed for some time; the fat man was saying as he came down stairs into the Post-office corridor:

"I tell you, courtesy exists in the human heart to-day as much as ever. A civil request never brings an uncivil answer."

"Well, I don't know," mused the other.

"I do know and I'm going to prove it. My horse and cutter stand out here. I'll get into the cutter and ask some stranger to please unhitch the horse for me and he'll do it. You stand here and let me convince you."

The fat man got into the cutter, tucked down the robes, picked up the lines and then called out to a pedestrian: "Say, Colonel, I'm a little ahead of time. Won't you please unhitch my horse?"

"Certainly," replied the man, and he advanced, pressed the snap and walked on, leaving the horse free but the tie-strap still fast to the hitching-post. The fat man had to get out to recover it and his argument seemed to break in two right there.

A TERRIBLE ANSWER.—A person more remarkable for inquisitiveness than good-breeding—one of those who, devoid of delicacy and reckless of rebuff, pry into everything—took the liberty to question Alexander Dumas rather closely concerning his genealogical tree.

"You are a quadron, Mr. Dumas?" he began.

"I am, sir," replied M. Dumas, who had seen enough not to be ashamed of a descent he could not conceal.

"And your father?"

"Was a mulatto."

"And your grandfather?"

"A negro," hastily answered the dramatist, whose patience was waning.

"And may I inquire what your great-grandfather was?"

"An ape, sir!" thundered Dumas, with a fierceness that made his impertinent interlocutor shrink into the smallest possible compass—"an ape, sir—my pedigree commences where yours terminates."

ALMOST A HERO.—About mid-afternoon yesterday the cry of "Runaway—look out!" was started on Michigan avenue, near Cass street, by a dozen persons. A young man with the peach blossoms of the country on his cheeks and his pants tucked in his boot-legs had just come out of a harness shop, and seeing the runaway horse coming down the street he dropped the horse collar off his arm and made a dash for the flying animal. Just how it happened no one could say, but horse and man and sleigh were all piled up in a heap the next moment, and from the mass issued such a string of yells as it did not seem possible one man could utter. The crowd separated one from the other after awhile, and the man appeared to have been dragged through several knot-holes and then run through a thrashing machine. Some wiped the blood off his ear, while others hunted up his broken suspenders and missing boot-heels, and when he got his breath he said:

"Oh, I don't care about these few scratches. Where are the ladies whose lives I saved?"

"There is no one in the sleigh," answered one of the crowd—"no one but a sack of buckwheat and a quarter of beef, and they are safe."

"Didn't I rescue anybody?" demanded the young man.

"No; but you are a hero just the same."

"I'll be tetotally mashed if I am!" he indignantly exclaimed. "Here, some o' you put that hoss-collar over my head, hitch a swill-cart to me, and drive me to death for a mules, for I don't know enough to be a first-class fool."

MARK TWAIN.—Once more Clemens was back in 'Frisco without any regular business. A writer in the Call, of that city, says: He had prepared a lecture on Hawaii, and was taking counsel as to delivering it. Some advised that it be read in public, and some opposed it. We recollect the night he asked our advice on the subject. It was raining heavily. He came into the office clad in a thin, black coat, buttoned up to the chin, and feeling very dismal. Taking a mass of manuscript from out the breast pocket of his coat, where he had placed it for protection from the rain, he threw it on the desk and said:

"—, I wish you would read that and tell me if it will do for a lecture."

"A lecture!"

"Yes; it's about the Islands. I've been to Bowman, and I've been to Harte, and the rest of the fellows, and they said, 'Don't do it, Mark, it'll hurt your literary reputation.'"

We had glanced over some of the pages in the meantime, and found a well-constructed piece of work. Clemens stood with his back to the fire, in a cloud of vapor arising from his drying clothes, watching us intently.

"Mark," said we, looking up, "which do you want most at present, money or reputation?"

"Money,"—"We are sorry to say he confirmed his words by an oath. He could be profane on occasions."

"Then hire the Academy of Music on Pine street and deliver this lecture. You will crowd the house."

He followed our advice and that of two or three newspaper men who thought as we did, delivered

the lecture—his first appearance before the public in that capacity—and realized, if our memory serves, some \$1,200 or \$1,400.

THE LONDON PRESS.—Among English millionaires recently deceased was Mr. James Johnson, proprietor of the London *Standard* newspaper, whose personal property amounted to \$2,500,000. The *Standard* is the leading Tory paper. It absorbed the *Morning Herald* and *Evening Standard*, and began to be very successful about fifteen years ago. Having regard to their circulation, the London morning papers are much fewer than those in New York. They are the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily News*, *Standard*, *Morning Advertiser* and *Morning Post*. The *Advertiser* represents the brewing interest, and has a very restricted circulation outside of public houses and breweries. The price is three pence. The *Post* is the same price. It is handsomely printed on good paper, and chiefly devoted to fashion and the State church. The other papers are too well known here to need comment. London, being both capital and metropolis, can command a circulation for its newspapers in all parts of the realm, and they are read by thousands in Ireland, Scotland and Wales with as much interest as in Kensington or Tyburnia. In fact, the educated rural class depend entirely on them, and never scarcely read the country papers, although in York, Manchester and Birmingham the local press is conducted with great ability, and has a large and intelligent clientele within a radius of half a dozen miles. The rapidity of the early morning trains is also of great service to the London press, which is on the breakfast tables eighty miles distant by 9 o'clock, and in the clubs of Dublin and Edinburgh by 8 p. m.

BOY WANTED.—A few mornings since a lady living on Clifford street answered the bell to find a bulky boy with an innocent face and peach-colored ears standing on the steps. He explained that he wanted to see her husband, and she answered that her husband had left for his office.

"I'm the boy who sweeps out the offices where he is," said the boy, as he backed down the steps, "and this morning I found a letter in the big scrap sack."

"Well, you can leave it," she replied.

"I—I guess I hadn't better," he half whispered, as he showed the small pink envelope.

"Boy—that is—boy, let me see that letter!" she said, as she advanced and extended her hand.

"Oh, 'twouldn't be 'zactly right, ma'am, cause I know he'd gin me fifty cents."

"See here, boy," she said, as she felt for the dollar bill left her to buy coffee and tea, "you take this, give me the letter and don't say a word to Mr. — about finding it."

"I don't believe it's much of a letter," he remarked.

"Never mind—hand it over—here's your money!"

"Mebbe there hain't a word of writing in it, ma'am."

"Here—give me the letter—now go!"

She took it and entered the house, and the boy with peach-coloured ears flew down the street like a cannibal going to dinner.

In about forty seconds the woman came out, looked up and down the street, and the expression around her mouth was not happy and peaceful. The boy had seemed to doubt that there was any writing inside the envelope, but she was not quite prepared to tear it open and find a printed document commencing: "Whereas, default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage," etc. She wants to hold another interview with the lad. If this meets his eye he will please call between the hours of 8 and 10 o'clock a.m., when she feels the strongest.

DOT LITTLE BABY.

Whist! Gretchen's got a baby!

Id vas a leedle poy.

Shoot look ond in dot gradle—

Yaw! How ish dot mit hoigh!

Dot poy vas mine und Gretchen's;

See dot? Aind him shoost poss?

O, don' you gry now, paby—

You make 'em tink you gross.

Sh-sh-sh-sh—Oh, shtop dot!

Look oud und see der mens

Vhat goom to see der paby.

Dot's—Oh! vhat leedle hands!

Dot's mine und Gretchen's paby—

Py krashus! Dond you see?

Dot nose vas shoost like Gretchen's,

Der rest vas shoost like me!

See dot now—Id vas laffin,

Und gickin' ub ids toes.

Goom here you leedle rascal

Und shtrike your fadder's nose.

Vell, maype I vos voolish

To take me on so pad,

But dot vas Gretchen's paby—

Der first von vhat she had!

It is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class shrunk Flannel Shirt, send for samples and card for self-measurement, to TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

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