

## FALLING SHADOWS.

Through tangled grass the rill sobbed by:  
We saw eye's red sun glow:  
The peaceful herds were browsing nigh,  
The village slept below.

A trailing ivy, like a wreath,  
Drooped down upon her hair,  
And she who, blushing, stood beneath,  
Knew she was very fair.

The pomp of the declining day,  
The beauty of the place,  
Around us like a halo lay,  
And shone upon her face.

We parted there with many a sigh,  
And many a whispered vow:  
I saw the tear steal from her eye,  
I saw her clouded brow.

After we heard the minstrel bell:  
Slowly the day went out:  
Then, as the twilight round us fell,  
I told her all my doubt.

Like sunshine shot through April skies,  
Her smile flashed through her tears,  
And while I dried her beautiful eyes,  
She kissed away my fears.

O fickle tears! O faithless vows!  
O fond, delusive trust!  
Love weeping goes with hidden brows,  
And wings low in the dust.

JAMES B. KENYON.

## A WOMAN'S FAULT.

The Reverend Judson Rivers walked home through the starlight, his hands locked behind his back, his brow bent in deep thought. He was not a handsome man. A full beard of reddish yellow eclipsed the homely goodness of his face. His manner was fervid and angular, rather than graceful. He was, moreover, short and stumpy. Nevertheless, he was among the proudest of the proud; and to-night, in the proudest and most sensitive spot in his nature, he had been stung to the quick. For it had been whispered that his wife, whom he held little lower than the angels, had strayed from the path of rectitude. He could not think her guilty; but when he reached his home he shunned her, and buried his bitterness in the dark parlor. Presently his beautiful Lena came tripping down the stairs. She was called beautiful; but to-night the life, the sparkle, the frivolity, if you will, were petrified, until what might have been a loveliness rivaling the Spring flowers was cold and impassive as a marble statue.

She pauses with her hand upon the latch. Alas, that she should not know that the chasm of eternity yawns beneath her feet. She opens the door and his accusing face gazes, white and stern, out of the darkness upon her. Will it not bring the guilt in her soul to witness against herself.

"Oh, oh, what's that?" she shrieked out. The candle dropped from her nerveless hand, and she sank shuddering into a chair. "Oh, how you frightened me, Judson," she said, half-laughing, half-sobbing. "I didn't know there was any one here. You have no business to be sitting there in the dark like a ghost, frightening people out of their senses," she added indignantly, promptly recovering herself. At the sight of her face his doubt had fled to the winds, but now it returned. It is her knowledge of her guilt, he thought, that makes her timorous. But he only said:

"Yes, I have got back. But the mere sight of me ought not to throw you into hysterics." "Oh," she said, "I am nervous to-night." And then she was silent a moment wondering what the solemnity in his voice meant. When she spoke again it was in a tone of gay affection that would have melted a priest, or subdued the jealousy of an Othello. "You dear old fellow," she said, crossing the room and seating herself at his side. "What makes you so late to-night? I have had my dinner, and see, I am all dressed to go out. But you don't care for that." What a charming pout she gave! "You are so full of your old sermons, I might go and do something awful and you would never know the difference."

Mr. Rivers steeled his heart to answer her coldly. "No, Lena," he said. "I was not thinking of my sermon to-night." He paused, and then asked abruptly: "Where are you going?"

She started as is stung by the leaden gravity of his tone; but her answer lost only a shade of its careless gaiety.

"Now you would like me to go call on some of your poor, or to some horrid charitable mission or other, I know. But I am nothing if not worldly, especially when left to my own free impulses; so I am going to the theatre."

He paid no attention to the lightness in her manner. He only asked quietly: "With whom are you going?"

"With Cousin Jack—always with Cousin Jack," she answered, her gaiety beginning to pall.

"Do you not think you go too much with Cousin Jack?" he asked, making an effort to steady his voice.

"I don't understand you," she cried. "Go too much with Cousin Jack? I go everywhere with him! He is my *Proux Chevalier*. I must have some one to take me out; and my husband, unfortunately, does not seem to think it necessary to go himself."

He made an effort to speak, but stopped. Then he said:

"Lena, I very much wish you would take off your things and stay with me to-night. I have something I wish to say to you."

She made no objection, but rose, like an obedient child, and went to her room to change her dress.

Too obediently, he thought. His jealousy translated her readiness to a desire to get out of the room to hide her feelings.

She had gone quietly from the room, but on the stairs her limbs trembled under her; she had to pause on the landing to get her breath; and when she reached her room she flung herself face-downward on the bed, giving herself up to anticipation of a struggle with her husband, from which she knew not whether to hope or fear the most. In a few moments she rose, dressed, arranged her disordered hair, and taking from a secret drawer in her cabinet a little note, thrust it in her bosom and went down.

Her husband sat waiting for her. Her whole personality rose up before him. He recalled her words, her actions one by one, and tried to weigh them for guilt or innocence. Never had his love for her seemed so unchangeable, so essential a part of his whole being. Never had sin seemed so pitilessly, irremediably black. The conflict of the two seemed as if they would tear his very soul asunder. He must know the truth.

Yet, when she entered, his doubts could not stay in her presence. Her buoyancy put his fears to flight like the phantasms of a hideous dream at the approach of morning. He felt that he must speak at once or he would never have courage to test her.

She had put on a cozy, home-like dress, and had got a little color in her cheeks. She was determined to put the best face on the matter possible.

"It will be so nice to have a cozy, quiet evening with you, dear," she said. "If I could only have you I would not care for parties or theatres. You don't know how desperate I get when you get wrapped up in your work. I have to go into all sorts of dissipation to pass away the time." She smiled brightly upon him, and appeared to have forgotten his allusions to her Cousin Jack. "What shall we do? Do you want me to sing to you? Oh, I forgot. You haven't been to dinner yet. How thoughtless of me. I know you are hungry."

She was a consummate actress, and yet her voice sounded hollow and unsteady—as if she were but talking to ward off something she dreaded, but knew must come.

Her husband angered a little. It seemed to him like trifling with his agony.

"Lena," he said, "do not trifle with me; I cannot bear it. I wish to talk with you seriously."

She tried to look him in the face, but her eyes fell in spite of herself.

"Well," she said finally, her gaiety and love stiffening out of her, like a butterfly impaled upon a pin, "what is it?"

Judson rose, paced the floor hurriedly once, twice, then stopped in front of her.

"My God!" he burst out, beside himself with jealousy, "I must know the truth! What is there between you and this John Hunt that you are not ashamed to tell me to my face that you prefer him to me, your lawful husband?"

Again she tried to raise her eyes to his, that were blazing upon her as if to read her inmost soul. But they dropped again, ashamed or afraid to read the brutal suspicions they saw there.

"Lena," he cried, hoarsely, "for God's sake, tell me there is nothing inconsistent with your duty to me! Tell me it is only an innocent, trifling flirtation! Tell me that, and I will ask you no more! I will never allude to the subject again."

How easy, if she had been innocent, to give that assurance! How easy, if a hardened sinner, to utter the lie she was acting!

But she said not a word. She had grasped a chair-back for support, and stood looking down as if she scarcely heard him. The hue of shame gradually faded from her cheek. She awayed a little, and sank, like a crushed lily at his feet.

It was a master-stroke, whether of art or nature, who can tell? To see her lying there, white and wan, made him feel horrified at his own brutality. How could he think ill of her who was so delicate? She could not endure the breath of suspicion. He snatched her in his arms, and breathed a storm of self-reproaches out into her deaf ears. As he raised her up to lay her upon the sofa a little slip of paper fell from her bosom. He paused to read it; but ere he had done so, she awoke, and a wild tempest of hysterical sobbing ushered her spirit back into consciousness. He crushed the paper in his hand and bent all his powers to soothing her. He gleaned nothing from her vague self-accusations.

His only thought was to calm her; to assure her first of all, and through all, of the undying, unalterable nature of his love. Nothing could touch or change that. So he sat by her, patiently waiting for a calm, and trying to distill all his love into tender, soothing words.

Ah! if he had only read that little scrap of paper first! If he had only read it first!

Presently she grew quieter, and made an effort to meet his comforting assurances with a confession.

"Judson," she said, "put your ear down close and I will tell you all about it. I know that I have been bad, and that you will despise me for it. But I must tell you, even if you cast me off. Cousin Jack used to be in love with me in the old days before I was married, and I—I was fond of him then—in a girlish way; I never loved him. But for all that, my marriage seem-

ed to hurt him deeply. He would look at me in such a melancholy way, and sigh and talk of blighted lives. Poor fellow! I pitied him. And then he was kind to me, observant of my wishes, comforting in many little ways that you would never think of. And—oh, Judson, I was never meant to be a minister's wife! I rather liked it. I saw no harm in it, until one day he made a scene. He told me that he loved me still. I was thunder-struck. I told him he knew very well that I was married, and that he must never say such things as that to me again. Since that, oh, Judson! I don't know what to make of him at all. He says such things!"

She began to weep afresh. Mr. Rivers felt a great weight lifted from his soul. Was this all? She was innocent even of knowledge of what he had dreamed. Innocent! how could he doubt it, with her pure lips breathing the truth in his ears.

"Say no more, Lena!" he cried — "say no more! I was a brute to suspect you. Your innocence makes you think more of it than it is. Do not dwell upon it any longer if it distresses you. I was mad to think you could be untrue to me. It was all my fault. I have been too neglectful of you."

She leaned her head upon his shoulder and wept in heartfelt relief. Could a false woman weep like that in joy at her deception? She started to say something, but ere it passed her lips the door-bell rang. It was the knell that rang away her growing peace. She sprang to her feet in agitation.

"Judson," she cried, "I cannot see that man. I dare not—now. Go to the door and send him away. I intended—but, oh, I cannot now." She scarcely knew what she was saying. She was wild with terror.

Her husband rose to his feet in astonishment. Who could have the power to frighten her in this way? What was there in the tinkle of the bell that could terrify an innocent woman?

"Oh, don't mind me, Judson," she cried, in reply to his gaze of surprise. "It is my nerves: they are all unstrung. But go, quick, and send him away." She wrung her hands in agony of terror. And so he left her, puzzled through all his nature, and still holding crumpled up in his hand the forgotten bit of paper.

At the door he found cousin Jack Hunt—polished, elegant, polite.

He had come to attend Mrs. Rivers to the theatre, he said. Would Mr. Rivers be so kind as to ascertain if Mrs. Rivers was ready.

Mr. Rivers thanked him. Mrs. Rivers is indisposed this evening, and has deputed him to ask Mr. Hunt to excuse her.

Cousin Jack pauses a moment for something further, an exchange of cordialities, an invitation to enter. But it does not appear to be forthcoming; and, murmuring a polite good-evening between his white teeth, and with an ugly grin on his wickedly-handsome face, he goes down the steps and drives away.

The interview was icily cold on both sides: but the husband has a sense of being worsted. His heart is hot within him. He longs to twine his fingers in the white cravat of the smooth-faced villain before him. He watches him for a moment from the door, and then, with a start, bethinks himself of the unread note he holds in his hand, and, stepping up to the hall-lamp, reads it. Will he find in it a confirmation of his worst fears, or a realization of his hopes? Let us see!

"My darling Lena," it reads; "If you can contrive to have a headache on Sunday morning, meet me at the old place while the old brute is preaching. We will have one hour of uninterrupted communion, whose memory will keep sweet till—well, till the next time. Do not disappoint me, as you love your JACK."

Judson Rivers stood paralyzed. The shock of the discovery overwhelmed him. So she was false indeed! Her half-confession had been a mere lie! Her grief, mere acting. Her real terror, that in the sight of her guilty lover she could no longer believe her own lie. He saw it all now, and his heart grew hard against her. He opened the door and approached her.

She saw him enter with the tell-tale note in his hand: she saw "found out" written all over his face. Her hand made an involuntary movement towards her bosom—the note was gone! She gave a shriek and dropped on her knees before him with her hands spread out to him in entreaty.

"Oh, Judson!" she cried. "It is not true! It is all a lie! I never went there—never indeed! He wrote it to ruin me. He wants to make you cast me off so that I will be in his power. Oh, save me, my husband! save me from him—from myself! I meant to show you the note; I put it there on purpose."

She would have flung herself into his arms, but he waved her off, and she sank groveling at his feet. He made no motion to raise her.

"Lena," he said, coldly, "let us have no more of this! I am sick to death of this acting. To think that you could lie to me so; that you could make me believe in you with that villain's words of love in your bosom!" He turned away and buried his face in his hands. When he looked up again it was in stern determination. "Save you from him! I will do that, Lena, since you ask it. But save you from yourself—ah, I fear only God can do that! Lena, thou who wert once my wife, farewell!"

As he spoke she ceased to tremble and to sob. Amid the shattering and crushing of the ruins of his life, from the depths of his anguish, he was conscious of her eye fixed upon him—an eye from which all feeling and sense had been

crushed—looking with a diamond like glitter through the keen struggle against despair into the very central castles of his life; but before he could solve its meaning she was gone.

So were they separated for ever. He plunged forth into the night a humiliated and broken man. Pride, love, tenderness, had turned to ashes in his mouth. Oh, when women suffer it is like the wailing of the winds or the weeping of the skies; but when men despair—strong men—their agony is like the quaking and rending of the foundations of the earth. Now the magnet that held his soul true to its course is gone, and he, adrift upon a heaving tumultuous sea of passion, struggles to clear the shoals of hate—in vain.

It is night. Throughout, all the world is a sleep. The sea slumbers with a monotonous murmur of content. The wind breathes pensively through the deserted streets asleep upon the wing. The little birds twitter cozily and nestle closer to each other. The drowsy laborer sleeps heavily after his hard day's work. The man of business takes his light rest before going back to his stocks and bonds. The wife rests snugly by her husband's side and dreams of him. To all, good or bad, high and low, comes Sleep, bringing with her dreams, gentle, soothing dreams to the happy and light of heart, terrible nightmares to the uneasy mind; but to the Reverend Judson Rivers she comes not. Naught but the night befriends his utter misery. And in the contagious night all sinful thoughts heralding grim-handed murder take possession of the preacher's soul.

The next morning the holy calm of the Sabbath sunshine illuminated the world with its gentle radiance. Through the peaceful streets the congregation of the Reverend Judson Rivers are going to receive their weekly lesson of patience, of goodly living, of love to one another. Yet even in the midst of tranquillity is the trail of the serpent. Mr. Jack Hunt, archvillain and would-be destroyer of innocence, glides along, twirling his black mustache, and smiling complacently as he thinks of the priestly husband trying to build up the truth while he undermines the foundation.

There, too, is Mr. Rivers himself, with a gaunt and haggard face; paying no heed to the pleasant greetings of his parishioners, but following the complacent fop with the eye of a hunter.

What can it mean! Some of Mr. Rivers's most devoted admirers turn and gaze after him. Will he give them no lesson of love to-day? Will his pulpit be vacant, that he is hurrying directly away from it?

Ah, yes! there will be a lesson to-day; but it will be one of vengeance! Vengeance that has its root in love. His mimic warfare against the Evil One from the pulpit has changed to reality. Even while they gaze, they hear his voice ring out like a clarion: "John Hunt, devil, you must die!"

And the doomed wretch himself hears it—looks round to see the vengeful face of the wronged husband close upon him. But ere he can breathe forth a plea for mercy, he hears a shot, and his frivolous, guilty soul is launched into eternity.

"So perish all the enemies to innocence and to family peace," said the minister; and, with the air of having finally slain the demon he had preached against all his life, he gave himself into the hands of the officers of the law, wishing only for a speedy verdict.

That verdict acquitted him; but his own heart never did. He lived an aimless life. He never would again soil the pulpit by his presence; nor would he consent to see his wife. Once she sent him her wedding-ring to recall their love, but he ground it beneath his heel, and returned the fragments as a symbol of their wrecked lives. She, too, had her pride. She made no other appeal, but gradually faded out of life.

But like a sad message from another world, came the letter she left him on her deathbed:

"This is the truth, as I hope for mercy," she wrote. "What I could not tell you to your face after your suspicions—what I can only tell you now with the veil of eternity between us—I am innocent of all thought of guilt with that dead man as the babe unborn. My fault was that I thought myself strong enough to cleanse his guilty mind without my husband's knowledge or help. I meant to tell you! God knows!"

And he, reading, seemed to feel again her eye looking down on him from on high, as it had looked that fatal night. And he knew then that it was not the sin of this flower among women, but his own pride, that had transformed him from a good man to one who had nothing to hope for this side the grave or beyond.

It is whispered that the distinguished prelate, Monseigneur Stonor, is to be made a bishop *in partibus*, and this is to be a stepping-stone to his receiving the cardinal's hat, in consideration for the long services which, for so many years, he has rendered to the English-speaking Catholics in Rome. It is said this promotion is suggested by his Eminence Cardinal Manning and supported by Cardinal Howard. The many who have received audiences of the Pope through Monseigneur Stonor will rejoice at this news.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE of the Kidneys, Diabetes and other Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, which you are being so frightened about, Hop Bitters is the only thing that will surely and permanently prevent and cure. All other pretended cures only relieve for a time and then make you many times worse.