

## THE TRYST.

Farewell, beloved! we will not weep; 'tis but a little while;  
When the snow is gone I shall return with Spring's  
returning smile.  
Where sunlight falls with shade and rain from hur-  
rying clouds that sweep  
With naught betwixt me and the sky, there lay me  
down to sleep.  
The place is known to you and me, nor needs it more  
should know.  
So raise no stone at head or feet, but let the wild  
flowers blow.

And then some little part of me will creep up through  
the mold.  
The brightness of my hair will gleam from kingcups'  
hearts of gold.  
The blue that faded from my eyes will meet your  
eyes again  
When little speedwells on my grave smile softly after  
rain.  
When the warm blood is frozen at my heart and on  
my lips,  
Kneel down above the dust and kiss the daisy's coral  
tips.

And when from out the sunset a little breeze comes  
by,  
And a flush of deeper color steals across the upper  
sky;  
When the beach leaves touch and tremble, whisper  
soft, and then are still,  
And a bird hid in the thicket sings out sudden, sweet  
and shrill;  
When faint voices of the evening murmur peace  
across the land,  
And silver mists creep up and fold the woods on  
either hand,

Or in the early morning, when the world is yet  
asleep,  
And the dew lies white in all the shade where the  
grass is green and deep,  
You'll find me there, love, waiting you; and you may  
smile and say,  
"I met my darling all alone at our old tryst to-day;  
I looked into her eyes so blue, I stroked her hair of  
gold,  
We kissed each other on the lips as in the days of  
old."

It was her voice so low, so clear, that in mine ears  
did sound,  
"Beloved, there's no such thing as death; 'tis life  
that I have found;  
The life that thrills in leaf and flower and fills the  
woods with song,  
That throbs in all the gleaming stars when winter  
nights are long—  
The life that passes with the winds from utmost shore  
to shore,  
Embracing all the mighty world, is mine for ever-  
more."

—The Cornhill Magazine.

## AN EPISODE IN AN EVENING.

Philosophy teaches us that there is implanted  
in the soul of even the meanest of mankind an  
ineradicable persuasion that he is moulded of a  
finer clay than his fellows. In proof of this,  
while all of us have at times wished to exchange  
exterior circumstances with those of some more  
prosperous comrade, it has always been with the  
distinct reservation that we should remain in-  
trinsically ourselves, that our individuality  
should still be ours and not become his.

We may presume that, could this hallucina-  
tion be dispelled, could a man see himself as  
others see him, his disgust would be so poi-  
gnant that he would no longer have the heart to  
eat, or work, or to care in any way to better  
his condition. This heaven-born sense of his  
own importance is therefore necessary to keep  
him afloat in the race of life; and so long as it is  
counterbalanced by the very poor opinion enter-  
tained for him by the rest of the world it will  
not do him much harm.

But in those rare cases when a man's friends  
believe in him too, then is his inherent vanity  
likely to assume grotesque proportions, then  
also does it occasionally bring him to well de-  
served grief.

Mr. John Carrington enjoyed an unlucky pre-  
eminence among his chosen friends and asso-  
ciates. They all accepted him at his own  
estimate, which was a high one. He considered  
himself to come of good family, he believed  
himself to be clever, he knew that he was hand-  
some. Though he was still young, his head was  
very bald; but then whose head is not bald  
nowadays? and Carrington's baldness served to  
exhibit the noble bumps and sinuosities of his  
intellectual brow. Besides, it was the effect of  
an honorable cause, arising entirely from his  
devotion to the goddess Themis, and not from  
any attention to the lesser divinities of the  
"Cri," or the "Gaiety." He was a barrister  
and a misogynist.

Among a certain set of young lawyers he had  
already achieved a great name. His crushing  
method with opposing counsel was celebrated,  
and his friends delighted in anecdotes of his  
biting irony and withering contempt. "Have  
you heard what Carrington said to Johnson or  
Jones?" was frequently asked in certain coteries;  
and his retorts and good stories were re-  
peated from mouth to mouth until his band of  
worshippers grew quite passionate in his praise.

Carrington certainly was a clever and an  
amusing young man when he chose, but so much  
incense has exercised a deteriorating effect on  
his character. It became necessary to his hap-  
piness to be always first of his company, and,  
therefore, he shunned the society of women, be-  
cause in their presence a man is expected to  
content himself with second fiddle. His friends  
were not altogether sorry that he thus left them  
one field free. John Owen admitted very frank-  
ly that if Carrington chose to make himself  
pleasant to women he would carry all before  
him. Owen was the staunchest of friends; his  
devotion to Carrington was quite touching;  
metaphorically, he sat at his feet; he thought  
him extremely clever and the most amusing of  
companions; he stored up the anecdotes with  
which Carrington sprinkled his after dinner dis-

course and found himself laughing at them over  
again in the solitude of his bedchamber.

Owen was rather a savagely truthful man him-  
self, yet what filled him with most admiration  
for Carrington's good stories was his admission  
that they were not founded strictly on fact,  
that he embellished them, and when he heard  
of an amusing thing happening to another man  
he related it as though it had happened to him-  
self, because this increased the piquancy. Occa-  
sionally Owen would try to repeat some of these  
things to other fellows, loyally prefacing them  
with the remark, "Do you know what Carring-  
ton told us last night?" but he had no skill in  
anecdote, and when he came to the point gener-  
ally missed it.

Owen was hard working, but not quick witted;  
it took him a long while to master the facts of a  
case; unlike Carrington, he could not seize at  
once on the salient points; he had no notion of  
relying on dash, or pluck, or ready speech to  
carry him safely through a difficulty. However,  
he was a good fellow, and a favorite in society,  
he waited excellently well, and made no secret  
of his partiality for pretty women. The invita-  
tions he received were numerous, and several  
nights in the week he would part from Carring-  
ton at the club door, the one off to some friend-  
ly gathering, the other to consume the midnight  
oil in legal studies. It was popularly supposed  
that Carrington never slept more than five  
hours any night in the year, and often when  
stepping drowsily into bed Owen would reflect  
with admiration and a twinge of remorse how at  
that very moment his friend was deep in the in-  
tricacies of some legal knot. In the midst of  
these reflections he would fall asleep, and the  
contrast next morning between his own weak-  
ness and Carrington's indomitable energy served  
to strengthen the affectionate respect in which  
he held him.

Carrington did not wholly confine himself to  
the dry bones of the law: in moments of relaxa-  
tion he was a reader of light literature; he  
even wrote a little himself, and occasionally an  
article or essay from his pen might be found  
gracing the pages of some newspaper or maga-  
zine. His contributions were eagerly read and  
commented on by the happy few who were in-  
trusted with the secret of his authorship, and  
he acquired a right to express an opinion on  
literary work which could make or mar a book  
among his own particular set. His friends dis-  
covered that he possessed the critical faculty,  
and he very naturally came to the same conclu-  
sion himself.

"I wish you would read such a book," Owen  
would constantly say to him; "I have read it,  
but I don't know quite what to think of it;"  
then Carrington would read the work in ques-  
tion and express his opinion with the delicious  
assurance of a man who knows that his opinion  
is incontrovertible.

For fiction he had a very great contempt.  
"Written by ladies for ladies' maids," was his  
terse summing up of the majority of writers and  
readers. This disgust for scribbling women  
cast a shadow over the whole sex, and he would  
inveigh against their ignorance and presumption  
with such bitterness that Owen was frequently  
torn between his allegiance to women, which  
taught him that they were capable of doing any-  
thing they chose, and his allegiance to Carring-  
ton, who peremptorily denied that they could do  
anything at all.

"Well, but look at George Eliot," said Owen  
one day, when Carrington had been figuratively  
tearing to pieces a certain lady's novel which he  
had taken from his club table; "surely you will  
admit she is a great writer?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but that proves  
my case. George Eliot had the brain of a man.  
She was in fact a mistake for a man. Now, a  
brain like hers is abnormal in a man as a mous-  
tache, and in my opinion quite as undesirable.  
As a general rule, in proportion as a woman  
gains intellectually she loses morally and phy-  
sically. Look at all the clever women you know  
—loud voiced strapping blue-stockings, or  
pallid, spectacled creatures, carrying on their  
faces the evidence of the mental strain."

"Oh, really!" said Owen, "I don't think  
you will find that invariably the case. Some  
clever women are awfully nice. Look at Lady  
Watson for instance. Why don't you come to  
her, evenings sometimes? She often asks for  
you, and she really is very amusing."

"It's extraordinary to me how a clever man  
like Watson would let that girl go on as she  
does; or, indeed, how he could ever have mar-  
ried her! How on earth does he get through his  
work? From all accounts she has the house  
continually upside down."

"She doesn't interfere with him, he is always  
in his own rooms; and besides they know such  
heaps of people she is bound to entertain them.  
By the by, she wants me to go next Thursday  
to meet Mrs. Gribble. Now there is a woman  
you ought to know! I can easily get you a card  
if you'll come."

"And why in the name of heaven should I  
meet Mrs. Gribble?" asked Carrington, in a  
slightly injured tone.

"Oh, because she really is very superior, one  
of the most intellectual women in London, I'm  
told. It is she"—Owen lowered his voice rever-  
entially—who writes those articles in *Piccadilly  
Gazette* on 'Representative Men.' Signs 'Kis-  
met,' you know! And she does the reviews for  
the *Critic*; I believe she can write an awfully  
slashing review."

Carrington shrugged his shoulders contempt-  
uously.

"I have always considered 'Kismet's' articles  
singularly weak and written in the worst possi-

ble taste. As for reviewing, a woman is incapa-  
ble of doing it. Consider her phrenological  
organs, and you will find the bump of criticism  
very poorly developed, and the bump of justice  
conspicuous by its absence. Take my word for  
it, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a wo-  
man's praise or blame springs from her private  
interests and animosities."

Carrington had warmed to his subject; his  
chair was comfortable, and he lay back crossing  
his legs at so acute an angle as almost to obscure  
the light of his countenance. With his cigar  
between the second and third fingers of his right  
hand he gradually emphasized his remarks, and  
with his left hand he pulled at his silky mous-  
tache. He was a little vain of his moustache  
and of his almond-shaped nails, and had a trick  
of constantly bringing them into juxtaposition.

Owen sat listening with the expression of an  
affectionate dog on his gentlemanly counten-  
ance; two or three members of the Carrington  
coterie had gathered round; at every pause of  
the melodious discourse they signified their en-  
thusiastic assent. All this was very gratifying  
to John Carrington. Having completely anni-  
hilated the pretensions of woman, he passed on  
to the less vexed questions; refreshed his hear-  
ers with denunciations of the liberal govern-  
ment; proposed some very drastic measures for  
Ireland, and predicted various misfortunes for  
various European powers; finally, being in a  
very radiant humor indeed, he offered to accom-  
pany Owen to Lady Watson's on condition that  
he should not be introduced to Mrs. Gribble  
until he should first have an opportunity of ob-  
serving her from a distance. For it is needless  
to say that Carrington had only to see a woman  
at fifty paces to sum her up accurately and  
ticket her accordingly.

However, when Thursday came, the vane of  
his feelings had veered back again from geniality  
to misgiving. He was suffering a little from his  
digestion, for even clever young men like John  
Carrington do sometimes suffer from that un-  
romantic cause. Owen was greatly disappoint-  
ed; he had told several people Carrington was  
to be at Lady Watson's, and he wanted his  
friend to shine his best and brightest among the  
celebrities he should meet there.

During the drive from Westminster to Park  
street Carrington was distinctly sardonic, and it  
required all Owen's buoyancy of temper to bear  
up against his crushing remarks on the folly of  
spending an evening in hot, ill ventilated rooms  
watching the antics of a vacuous crowd.

The Watsons possessed one of the most free-  
and-easy, untidy, incongruous households in  
London. From the little old gray-headed  
scholarly master down to the youngest kitchen  
wench, one and all seemed bent on enjoying life  
to the utmost in his or her own fashion. The  
servants were Irish, because Lady Watson de-  
clared she must have warm-hearted people  
about her. Certainly her own heart was as warm  
as her face was pretty and her manner imper-  
fect. She filled her rooms with well known  
people, and then perhaps danced the whole  
evening with a nobody, or flirted conspicuously  
with the last tall helpless nephew who claimed  
her husband's protection and hospitality.

People came to the Watsons in search of  
conversation, supper and amusement, and it was  
their own fault if they failed in the quest. The  
young hostess, gorgeously arrayed, did the  
honors of the drawing-rooms, while Sir Henry  
would entertain the more Bohemian section of  
their visitors down stairs.

It was here in the hall that Carrington and  
Owen found him, sitting in the low wide-topped  
pillar which terminated the stair rail, and smok-  
ing a pipe. He wore his velvet working coat,  
and a faded crimson fez on the top of his head.

"I am Diogenes," said the old man grimly as  
the two friends shook hands with him. "I am  
waiting to meet one sensible man who will come  
and have a gossip in my room instead of going  
up yonder"—he jerked his thumb upward—  
"but I seem likely to wait, unless you, Mr.  
Carrington, consider yourself sensible?"

"Oh! he must come up first and speak to  
Lady Watson," interposed Owen; "when you  
once get hold of a fellow you don't let him go  
again, Sir Henry."

"And she doesn't seem to let them go again  
either," said the host, sucking away at his pipe,  
"there have been a good many gone up but  
very few come down. However, be off with you;  
I suppose what brain you have is in your heels."

Carrington followed Owen with a haughty  
frown at his imputation; but to frown as you  
walk up a staircase can obviously have little  
effect on a man sitting at the bottom. From  
the stairhead was wafted toward them the frag-  
rance of many flowers, and the subdued sounds  
of music and talking and laughter; they found  
themselves in a gallery hung with pictures, and  
through two arched doorways, one straight in  
front and one on the left, they looked into a long  
vista of brilliantly lighted rooms.

"This way, Carrington; that is Lady Watson  
in pink, isn't it? Yes; no, it's Mrs. Banks of  
the Anti-Sanitary Organization."

Owen led the way, being more an *habitué*  
of the house than his friend. He sought vainly  
over the shoulders of the crowd for his little  
hostess. "I suppose we must make the tour,"  
he said, "and trust to find her farther on."

Carrington was in no hurry to find Lady  
Watson. He did not admire her as Owen did.  
He considered her too fond of thrusting her  
pretty finger into every pie, social and political.  
He feared she might again give him her  
"views," as she had done once before, in a man-  
ner which had proved exceedingly trying to  
his nerves and his civility.

"What an extraordinary set of people one  
meets here!" cried Owen; "look at that dark  
woman with the eyeglasses, how oddly she  
springs about. Who can she be?" ("An au-  
thoress!" suggests Carrington), "and there is  
old Linscott—how red his face has grown! they  
say he is awfully gone on the last fair client he  
introduced to Sir James; those timid fawn-eyed  
little girls in pink sashes are probably some of  
Lady Watson's school friends. She is so good-  
natured, she invites every one she meets, but  
once here she does not seem to trouble herself  
much about them."

Owen interrupted himself with animation.  
"Oh! there is Miss Chapple! do excuse me  
a moment. I must go over and speak to her;  
such an extremely nice girl!"

Carrington watched his progress through the  
rooms with a superior smile. His friend was  
always in bondage to some extremely nice girl  
or other. As the couples passed out together to  
the large and dimly lighted balcony overlooking  
the park, he indulged in sundry moral reflections  
on the predilection of even the legal mind for  
the sweets of flirtation. He turned and encoun-  
tered his hostess making a sort of triumphal  
procession with half a dozen men on either side  
of her. The voluminous folds of her satin train  
were bundled up over one arm, and wherever  
roses could be placed about her small person  
there they were placed. The scent was rather  
overpowering.

"Well, Mr. Carrington," she began, "I am  
glad to see you at last. I have just met your  
friend, but I only spoke to him a moment, I was  
glad to see he was better engaged. It's quite  
an age since you have been here; I suppose you  
think I am too frivolous, but I am not at all—I  
have been getting by heart ever so many legal  
terms, trover and replevin and rubbish of that  
sort, just to please you! Sergeant Linscott is  
giving me lessons, aren't you, Sergeant? Why,  
where is he?" She gave a little scream, and  
looked about with restless, laughing eyes.  
"Oh! I do declare there are the Hepton-Skip-  
worths! Henry told me to be very civil to  
them; I am sorry to leave you, Mr. Carrington,  
but duty compels me. Now do stand back,  
please!"

Her cavaliers hastily fell away, she let down  
her train and gave it a little shake which sent  
it sprawling far on the carpet behind her, and  
then tripped smilingly off in the direction of the  
new-comers.

For some time after that Carrington lounged  
in dignified solitude through the midst of a  
crowd which every moment grew denser. He  
exchanged nods with several men he knew, but  
he came across no one he chose to consort with.  
He began to feel a little sore at Owen's pro-  
longed absence. He found himself once more  
in the picture gallery, and here, while in bored  
contemplation of a modern master and enduring  
as best he could the jostling of the perpetually  
passing guests, he was addressed by a small  
voice plaintively begging him to move.

"You are standing on my frock!" said the  
voice.

Looking down he perceived a diminutive  
young person sitting on an ottoman by his  
elbow. He moved abruptly, at the same mo-  
ment heard a disagreeable rent, and found his  
foot entangled in loops of frail lace which had  
just parted company with the bottom flounce of  
the young lady's rather dirty white gown. Carr-  
ington began to utter the apologies of an in-  
tensely injured man.

"It's no matter," said the girl indifferently,  
"everybody tears me. This is the third time  
this evening. Have you a pin? Well, a pen-  
knife? and I'll just cut off the ends."

But Carrington having neither article, she  
sacrificed a crumpled artificial rose at her bosom,  
and with the pin thus obtained proceeded to re-  
pair her skirt very much to her own satisfaction  
and Carrington's contemptuous pity. "Imagine  
going about all rags and tatters!" was his in-  
ward comment—an ungenerous sentiment con-  
sidering he had just added to the young lady's  
dishevelment.

"It's rather dull, don't you think?" she said,  
looking up from her task. She was fastening  
her artificial rose to the ribbon of her fan.

"Is anything so dull as amusement?" replied  
Carrington loftily. He had been feeling, as we  
know, extremely dull, but of course would not  
admit it to this little schoolgirl.

She looked up at him with blue wide open  
eyes. Her closely curled hair looked like a  
little flaxen cap around her innocent face.

"It certainly cannot be very amusing to come  
to a party and stare at a picture," said she me-  
ditatively.

Nor to come to a party and sit all alone on  
an ottoman!" said he with asperity. The gallery  
was for the moment nearly empty of people.  
Carrington and the young lady had their corner  
of it quite to themselves. He wondered that  
she should be there alone like a waif thrown up  
by the tide. From her youthful air he could  
almost have supposed that this was her first dé-  
but in society; but no, her torn and crumpled  
gown had evidently seen service before that  
evening. At the same time her very unsophis-  
ticated manner convinced him that she was some  
childish friend of Lady Watson's, who, indeed,  
so far as years went, was little more than a child  
herself.

The girl took his asperity very good-humor-  
edly.

"Well, I am not alone now," she said, mak-  
ing room for him on the ottoman beside her.  
"You will stay and talk to me?"

"Ah! you think Providence intends us to  
amuse each other?" He looked down on her: