

borne on the shoulders of two stalwart negroes. On either side of the palanquin walked a negro torch bearer, and the procession was headed by a tall European, who stalked along with the majestic air of importance that a confidential and trusted servant knows so well how to assume. Under his arm he carried a huge carbine, and three or four pistols were stuck in his belt.

Between the silken curtains of the palanquin the occupant was plainly visible—a lovely young girl of eighteen richly dressed in ball costume. As the little procession slowly passed along the white servant suddenly stopped with an exclamation of terror. The negroes, as they reached the spot, re-echoed the cry. The young girl hastily raised herself on her elbow to ask the reason of the stoppage and the meaning of the exclamations of terror.

"What is the matter, Pablo?"

The servant went up to the litter and replied: "Senorina, there are two dead bodies lying in the middle of the road—two men—in a pool of blood."

"Oh! poor fellows," cried the girl pityingly. "Are you sure that they are really dead, Pablo? We might possibly be able to restore them. See what you can do."

In obedience to his mistress' commands the servant, accompanied by one of the torch-bearers, bent over the two bodies, and carefully examined them, in the hope that some faint spark of life might still remain.

His examination completed he returned to the litter.

"Senorina, one of them has been run through the body, and must have died instantly, without even the time to recommend his soul to his patron saint. Moreover I don't think his death is much to be regretted, he is evidently a thorough scoundrel."

"And the other?"

"The other is a handsome young gentleman, senorina. He is evidently a stranger, and a man of family, for he wears a ring bearing a coat of arms. His little sword is not drawn. Unless I am much mistaken he was attacked from behind and I should not wonder if it was by that ruffian there. But I can't make out how the scoundrel was killed, for he certainly was not run through by the young gentleman."

"What does that matter," exclaimed the girl impatiently, "what we have to do is to try to restore the stranger."

"Do you happen to have a vinaigrette or smelling-bottle about you Senorina?"

"Yes, here, take it, and see what you can do."

The servant bent over the insensible Frenchman and held the strong salts to his nostrils.

The young man gave some feeble signs of life; his eyelids opened for an instant and he slightly raised his head but almost immediately fell back again in a swoon.

(To be continued.)

UNSAID.

For days and weeks upon the lip has hung  
A precious something for an absent ear—  
Some tender confidence but lately sprung,  
Some dear confession that but one must hear.

The heart repeats it over day by day,  
And fancies how and when the words will fall—  
What answering smile upon the face will play,  
What tender light will linger over all.

But eager eyes that watch for one alone  
May grow reluctant; for the open gate  
Let in, with him, perchance a guest unknown,  
On whom slow words of courtesy must wait.

Or when the presence waited for has come,  
It may be dull or cold, too sad or light:  
A look that shows the heart away from home  
Can often put the dearest words to flight.

Perhaps the time of meeting, or the form,  
May chill or wither what we longed to say:  
What fits the sunshine will not fit the storm—  
What blends with twilight jars with noon of day.

Again, when all things seem our wish to serve,  
Full opportunity may strike us dumb—  
May sink our precious thoughts in deep reserve,  
And to the surface bid the lightest come.

And often ere our friend is out of sight,  
We start: the thing can scarce be credited—  
We have been silent, or our words been trite,  
And here's the dearest thing of all unsaid!

BASHFUL PAUL;

OR,

HOW SHE WON HIM.

A HINT FOR THE LADIES.

The neighbors called Paul Manchester an old bachelor.  
Indignant spinsters called him "old" with emphasis.  
And as an unmarried man, perhaps he was old.

Yet, reckoning upon the basis of real, vimmy manhood, he was younger by far than many who were called youthful.  
He was forty-five; strong, stalwart and ruddy;

not a gray hair upon his head nor in his beard; and as kind and genial of disposition—down in his heart—as man can be.

Once, when quite young, Paul Manchester had been disappointed; but he had never been jilted.

In those earlier years he had loved, and had evidently been loved in return; but his surpassing bashfulness had swamped him.

He had not been able to speak the magic word—his tongue had paralyzed as often as he had essayed it; he had finally gone away on business for an indefinite period, and during his absence Clara Seymour, thinking him no true lover, accepted the proposal and the hand of a bolder man.

And now Paul Manchester was five-and-forty. Most of his manhood's life had been spent abroad, and he had returned to the home of his youth, possessed of an ample fortune, thinking to settle down and find peace and comfort amid the scenes of the other and brighter years.

But he was not so happy as he had hoped to be.

There was a lack in his life. His great heart, at this rate, would wear itself out with its own yearnings.

One day Jack Phillips hit Uncle Paul between wind and water.

Jack was his nephew—a son of his only sister—a sister dead these ten years, who had left her son in charge of her dear brother.

Paul had been faithful and true in the discharge of his duties as guardian, and now that his nephew had grown to manhood—for Jack was twenty-two—he treated him as a brother, and for a season felt young again in the boy's companionship.

But by and by Jack fell in love, and gave more of his time to a certain Lucy Hanscomb than he did to his uncle, and his uncle grew fretful and morose.

Paul Manchester was on this day repeating, for the thousand and first time, his determination to go abroad again. He did not find "this quiet sort of humdrum life" suited to him.

"Uncle Paul," broke in Jack, boldly, "you're a fraud and a cheat."

Paul stopped in his walk, and faced his nephew aghast.

"Jack!—what d'ye mean?"

"I mean just what I say. You are defrauding and cheating yourself. You've always defrauded and cheated yourself."

"Jack!"

"Didn't you once love Clara Seymour?"

"What do you know of Clara Seymour? She died while you were a boy."

"And yet I remember her very well as one of the kindest and best of women. Now tell me, Uncle Paul—didn't you cheat yourself out of that precious prize just by your own stupid bashfulness and timidity?"

Paul Manchester sat down by his reading table and rested his head upon his hand.

"And," continued Jack, after a pause, "aren't you now doing the same thing over again?"

"Eh? You young rascal! what do you mean?"

"I mean this: Mary Hanscomb—she that was Mary Seymour, and sister of Clara—is as true, and handsome and noble a woman as lives; and I know that you love her."

"Silence!"

"But don't I speak the truth?"

"None of your business. And it's none of nobody's business. What have I to do with the Widow Hanscomb?"

"Don't call her so. Call her plain Mary. You know she married to please her parents."

"I don't know anything about it."

"Then I can tell you. She married, when only nineteen, to please her falling father. Her husband lived only a year after that, and she was for most of the time his nurse. Since then she has received many offers, but has rejected them all."

"Bah! I am old enough to be her father."

"Not quite, Uncle Paul. You are thinking of her as the little girl who used to climb upon your knee when you were in the habit of visiting her sister Clara. She is thirty-eight now."

"How do you know that she used to climb upon my knee?"

"She has told me so herself. She loved you then; and if she don't love you now, then I am no judge of woman."

"You are a fool!—that's what you are, Jack Phillips!"

"And you are another, Paul Manchester, if you don't go in and secure this blessing. What a home you might have—what comfort and happiness—with such a wife! There are hundreds who would jump at the chance of becoming mistress of this mansion, and not one of them so worthy as she. And, moreover, you know she cannot seek your fortune, for she is wealthy already in this world's goods."

"Jack Phillips, I will hear no more. You are a presumptuous rascal. I tell you I am going back to California."

"And while you are about it, Uncle Paul, you may secure passage for two. When you go I will go with you."

"And leave Lucy Hanscomb behind?"

"I shall leave her in good hands—with her Aunt Mary."

"Get out of this! You won't go to California. I won't have it. Be off,—I have writing to do."

Jack arose and left the library, but Paul Manchester did not go at any writing. On the contrary, he went into a fit of musing which lasted until the shadows of evening had settled upon all about him.

Meanwhile Jack Phillips made his way to the residence of Mrs. Hanscomb. He was a

frequent visitor beneath that roof, for there lived the girl who had promised to be his wife. But "Aunt Mary" was the person he now sought, and he held a long and earnest conference with her.

Mary Hanscomb was all that Jack had represented her. Her eight and thirty years of life had developed in her a perfect woman. She was not queenly, nor was she imposing. She was lovely and loving, and unconscious of her chief charms. In short, she was good and true. Her goodness was of the heart, flowing out as naturally as the stream flows from its parent fountain.

"Aunt Mary, if you love me—if you love Lucy," cried Jack, at the end of half an hour's conversation, "you will make the attack. You love Uncle Paul—you love him dearly; and I know he loves you; but he will not speak. He is a coward. He will die before he will dare to ask for the joy which you alone can give him. I know whereof I speak. I have touched him—touched him carefully for your sake—upon that spot many times, and have found it as tender as the heart of a girl."

"Jack, I dare not," said the woman, trembling perceptibly. "I cannot,—O, I cannot."

"But, Aunt Mary, you must do it. This is Leap-year. Exercise for once the right of your sex. If you do not find some way to exert your influence, Uncle Paul will leave us, and this time it will be forever. Will you see him go, and not raise a hand to save him?"

"Jack, if I thought—if I knew—"

"I tell you, I know all about it. And so do you. You know he loves you. Only last Sunday I found your picture in his old Bible—the Bible that he has carried around the world with him."

"My picture, Jack? I never gave him one."

"Because he never dared to ask you for it. But he begged it of the photographer."

Mary Hanscomb rested her head upon her hand, and when Jack saw that a fugitive tear was stealing down between her fingers, he slipped away to find Lucy.

It was evening again, and Paul Manchester was alone in his library. A servant announced that a lady wished to see him. With a grunt and a growl he directed that she be admitted to his presence.

The lady entered, and throwing aside her veil, revealed the sweet, blushing face of Mary Hanscomb. Paul was surprised—confounded. His heart thumped and his face flushed. But only for a moment. Directly he took the visitor cordially by the hand, and having bade her welcome, he presented a seat. As he resumed his own seat he flushed again. Upon his table lay a photograph. He caught it up and hid it away in a book—not, however, until the visitor's quick glance had detected it.

For a little time Mary Hanscomb was confused. She had flushed, and she had paled; and when she had seen that picture she had flushed again. Paul Manchester was not an old bachelor to her. She had him in mind as he was in the other years, when her heart had gone out to him in reverent love and respect. She bore him in her thoughts as she had borne him after her older sister had married, and she had sorrowed because she had thus become separated from the man she would have so loved to call brother.

And she drew him in thought still nearer—as, when her father had prevailed upon her to give her hand to John Hanscomb, she had said to herself—"O, if it were only Paul Manchester come back to claim me in place of Clara!" To her Paul was still the same, and she loved him with a love that was deep and strong and true.

For a little time she was confused, but with a mighty effort she summoned her strength, and brought a smile to her face!

"I hope I have not disturbed you in the midst of important business, Mr. Manchester?" What music there was in that voice!

"O, no, madam. I was only reading."

"You were interested?"

"Yes. It was an interesting work."

"I have a curiosity to know what kind of literature claims your interest. Am I too presuming?"

"Not at all." He laid his hand upon the nearest book—a new one—"Census Re"—Pshaw! that's not the one. Ah—here I laid it,—Webster's Unabridged," and threw the book down with a thump that might have passed for an oath.

Mrs. Hanscomb laughed a merry, tinkling laugh, and then led on to other matters. At length she grew solemn and serious.

"Mr. Manchester," she said, with an appealing look that cut straight to the bachelor's great heart, "I am going to trust you as I would trust no other living man. I need not call to your mind why you are as a brother to me—the only brother I ever had—in fact, the only strong, true man on the earth to whom I could dare look for counsel and sympathy."

How Paul Manchester's heart swelled and thumped. Had he stood at the very gates of Paradise, with peris singing him a song of welcome, he could not have been more deeply moved with rapture.

"I have called," she went on, "to consult you in an important matter—a matter to me of almost important moment—I know I may speak plainly to you?"

"Speak anything, madam."

"I am, even now, comparatively alone in the world; and when Lucy leaves me, as she soon may do, I shall be alone entirely. The temptation has been offered—no, I cannot call it a temptation—the opportunity has been offered

me for companionship; but I do not wish to go blindly into trouble. You are acquainted with Mr. James Oakman?"

"I know him," answered Paul in surprise.

"And do you not think he would make a good, true husband?"

"A—what?—who—Oakman?"

"Yes,—I speak of James Oakman. Do not allow sympathy for your friend to mislead your tongue."

"My friend?—Who do you call my friend?"

"Mr. Oakman."

"The —! Ma'am, he's no friend of mine. He's a fellow! He's a fraud! He's a villain! I bought him for seventy-five dollars—lent him that amount, and haven't seen him since,—and I think I bought him off cheap!"

"Alas! so drop the stars from our firmament. It will be dark by and by. I thank you for your frankness, sir. I think the man looked more to my bank account than to me. But he is not alone. He drops where other paining, worthless lights have dropped before him." She arose, and extended both her hands as she continued:

"Pardon me for interrupting you, Paul. You don't blame me?"

"Blame—"

"You don't blame me? I have not presumed too much upon the old friendship?"

He held both her hands, as she had extended them, and his heart was almost bursting.

"You'll let me feel that you are my friend,—you will be my brother, Paul?"

"I'm blamed if I will!" cried Paul Manchester, his whole face blazing and frame quivering, "I'll be your husband, or I'll never be anything!" And he caught her in his strong embrace, and held her to his bosom with a strain in which his whole great heart found utterance.

"The truth's out at last, Molly. Will you be my wife?"

"Yes."

"And you'll love me?"

"I don't think I ever truly loved any other man, Paul. When I was a little girl I almost worshipped you;—afterwards I—"

"Loved me?"

"Yes."

"Hallelujah! Let the herald angels sing!"

Later—an hour later—Paul Manchester gave his arm to Mary Hanscomb, and waited upon her home. The years had rolled backward, and he was young again. No boy was ever happier, or more reckless of jubilation. He not only held Molly's arm, but he clasped her hand, as he walked onward.

When they arrived at Greenlawn Cottage it was ten o'clock, and they found Jack and Lucy in the drawing-room. Jack gave one look into his uncle's face, and he knew what the result had been—knew it as well as though he had witnessed the whole proceeding. He had never before seen that grand, handsome face look so bright and joyous. Joy was fairly bursting from every feature.

"Dear Uncle Paul," he said, slipping up and tapping his guardian on the arm, "I give you joy. They've put on a new line of steamers for the Isthmus, and the fare to San Francisco is reduced one-third. You'll secure a passage for me when you buy your own ticket, won't you?"

"Get out, you rascal! I'll give you a ticket to Jericho if you don't behave yourself!"

How SHE SAWS WOOD.—Did you ever see a woman undertake to saw wood? It is always a little while before dinner, when the pies won't bake, and the potatoes absolutely refuse to come to the boiling point, and the only stick of wood is exactly three inches too long. After vain attempts to prove the elasticity of matter by putting a two-foot three-inch stick into a two-foot stove, she goes out to the saw horse, puts her knee on the refractory stick the very way she has seen some men do. But the edges of the wood are sharp, and she takes it down again with an ejaculation, and with a growing disregard for appearances, puts her foot on it instead. Her hair never fails to come down at this juncture, and she has to stop and twist it into a tight knot behind before beginning to saw. Here the saw commences a frantic skipping and jumping on its own account, and the whole feminine mind being concentrated upon keeping up the foot that is up, and down the foot that should be down, until, in an unlucky moment, the centre of gravity is lost, the stick flies up, and launches a blow at her nose just as somebody is going by. She stops and pretends to be looking for something, while dark thoughts of divorce and separation flash through her mind, and she vows in her innocent soul that she will never attempt to saw wood again if there never is any dinner. But her pride and her dinner are at stake, and all her native obstinacy comes to the surface; she will conquer that stick or die. Fired by a new fury, she succeeds in sawing two-thirds of the way through and breaking off the rest of it—it is a rotten rail—she goes into the house to find the potatoes boiled dry, and the pie in a state of sodden uncertainty. The children come home from school, and the husband from the shop, and find a kind of hushed solemnity in the air and no pie for dinner. The meridian meal is eaten in silence and bitterness of heart, and then the wife of his bosom inquires if she is expected to take care of the stable and feed the pigs, as well as saw the wood. The man says, "Hang it all, I forgot;" and the woman drops her sarcasm and breaks down in the declaration that she n-e-v-e-r w-i-l-l d-o i-t a-g-a-i-n, never; but she will; she will do it to-morrow and the next day, and the day after; for one of the things women never will learn is that she cannot saw wood.