

THE IRISH EMIGRANTS LOVE.

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL CHAVES.

In pensive thought she passed the church,
And up the sunny woodland came,
Until she found the silver birch
Where long ago he carved her name.

"Return! Columbia's realm afar,
While year by year your foot delay,
We cannot match for sun and star,
By silver night or golden day;

"Her birds are brighter far of wing,
A richer lustre lights her flowers;
But still they say no bird can sing,
Or blossom breathe, as sweet as ours.

THE BITER BIT.

A pleasant place in the cool winter days of
early June is the Rua Direita at Rio Janeiro —
now re-christened, "Rua do I. da Marco," in
memory of the last days of Paraguayan Lopez,

Such is the panorama which I survey from
the steps of the Nova York Hotel, on a fine
morning in the beginning of June. An hour ago,

"Senhor, can you kindly tell me the way to
the Passport Office?"
The speaker's Portuguese is sufficiently gram-
matical, but his accent is unmistakably foreign,

ago: "The future of Germany is the future of
Europe," and inwardly wish that he were here
to look upon these choice specimens of his
well-beloved people.

"Are you long from home, my friend?" asked
I in German.
"Ah, mein Herr! you speak German!"

"But now, thank God? we are going home to
our own country and our own people," chimed
in his wife, holding up her koloie Wilhelm for

"You're very kind, mein Herr," says the man,
visibly relieved by the offer. "Lisbeth, my
pet, come along; the Herr is so good as to show
us the way."

The little woman thanks me with a bright
smile, and away we trudge along a road which
I have traversed once too often already.

"Now, then," suggests, as we debouch again
upon the Rua Direita, "let us have a cup of
coffee together on the strength of having got
everything settled."

"Meln Iselber Herr," says he to me, "you've
been very kind to me, and I should like to show
you that I'm not ungrateful. I know that you
English are fond of queer stories, and, if you
like, I'll tell you some that you've seldom heard
the like of."

"This thing that I'm going to tell you about,
mein Herr, happened when we were a long way
up the country, on a tributary of the Parana. It
was rough work, especially for Lisbeth here (as
for me, I got used to that sort of thing when I
served in the Landwehr at home). Just a little
hut, you know, big enough to put the bowl of
one's pipe in—virgin forest all round, thick and
tangled enough to hamper an elephant, or make
an ant lose his way—the sun roasting you black
by day, and the damp turning you yellow at
night—nothing to eat but jerked beef, and that
so tough that you might have hanged yourself
with a thin slice of it. Ach! Himmel! how I
used to long for a bit of good old German sausage
and a can of beer! But, as the saying is,

"I daresay you'll wonder, mein Herr, what
the mischief possessed me to settle in such a
place; but I wasn't such a fool as I looked, after
all. You see, I had made the acquaintance of a
Paraguayan fellow down in Rosario, who had
got drunk one night when I was with him, and
blabbed out some story of a placer (a gold de-
posit, you know) in a certain spot upon this
river, a little above where it ran into the Parana.
Well, the next morning, when he found he'd
betrayed the secret, he was in a terrible taking,
and the only way he could think of to mend
matters was to get me for his partner, and go
halves in whatever we found. He might have
done worse, too, for it was a tough job, and I
can do a good day's work when I like." And
Friedrich, with pardonable complacency, lays

on the table a broad, brown snowy hand,
equally fit to handle spade or musket. "So
away we went to the placer, and were as busy
as bees for weeks together, shovelling, washing,
sifting, cradling, and racking all day long, till
by evening I'd be as stiff and sore as if I were
back again at school in the Friedrich-Strasse at
Frankfort-on-the-Oder, with old Martin Spreng-
er flogging me every day for bad grammar.

"Well, one evening I was sitting smoking my
pipe under a big palm-royal that grew close to
the hut, and enjoying my rest after the hard
day's work I had had. Lisbeth was indoors,
getting supper ready, and my partner was
out somewhere or other—so I had it all to my-
self. It was bright moonlight, and I was just
wondering how the old Friedrich-Strasse would
be looking just about that time, when suddenly
I heard a crashing and snapping among the
bushes, and a man burst out of the thicket close
to where I sat, running at full speed, with an-
other man close upon his heels. Just as he
passed me, the foremost fellow (whom I saw to
be a negro) tripped over a root, and came smash
down on his face; and before he could get to his
feet again, the other man was upon him. There
was a glitter in the moonlight, and then a stifled
cry. The hound had stabbed him; but he
didn't get much by it either, for my revolver
was out already (you soon learn to be smart
with your weapons in these parts), and I shot
him dead as old Vater Fritz."

Frau Haussmann gives a slight shudder, but
her husband proceeds with the unimpaird
complacency of a man who has fully discharged
his duties.

"Now this was just what I didn't want; and
when I saw it, it rather set me a-thinking.
Diamonds don't grow on every tree down Para-
guay; and I know well enough that if I were
ever suspected of having a jewel like that about
me my life would be about as safe as a goose's
neck between the teeth of a fox. So what was
to be done? I walked slowly back to the hut;
and when I got there who should I see but my
partner, sitting by the fire, and looking as good
as if he were in church. But just as I came in
he threw a sharp, searching kind of look at
me, just like a custom-house officer opening a
big box; and then I felt sure that he knew all
about it.

"Lisbeth looked at me across the table with
a look that said plainly enough: 'How can you
be such a fool?' Manoel gave a wicked grin
like a wolf over a dead horse; I saw that he
thought me so uplifted by this adventure that I
couldn't keep my own secret.

"Well," says he, "this is all very well; but
what are we to do with it? If anybody gets
scent of the thing our lives are not worth that!"
"Never you fear about that," answered I,
"I'll put it where it won't be found in a hurry.
Just you wait a minute;" and I went into the
inner room and brought out a little steel match-
box, shutting with a spring, and the chain on
which I carried my clasp-knife; and I unrolled
the bag in which the diamond was, and rolled it
up again tighter and gave it him to hold while I
fixed the box on the chain. I saw him give it a
pinch to make sure that the diamond was still
inside, and although he tried to look very inno-
cent, there was a twinkle in his eye which
showed what he was thinking of. Well, I
stowed it in the box, and put the chain round
my neck, and Manoel got up and went out,
saying that he would go to his hut and bring
over a flask of aguardiente, and we'd have a
jubilation in honor of this lucky find. The
minute he was gone, I said to my wife: "Now
Lisbeth my pet, just you slip away to bed, and
leave him and me to ourselves; there's not the
least danger, believe me." She looked up in
my face very long and wistfully, as if to ask
whether I was not deceiving her; but seeing
me begin to smile, she made sure it was all
right, and she kissed me, and went off as quiet
as a lamb.

"Well, back came Manoel with the liquor,
and we fell to drinking. I know well enough
what he was at, and presently I pretended to
have had too much, and began nodding and
rolling about, as if I were fairly drooping off to
sleep. At last I slipped right off my seat on
the floor, and lay like a log. For a good quarter
of an hour (a very long one to me) he sat watch-
ing me; and then I heard him steal over to the
inner door, to listen if Lisbeth was asleep. He

nodded, as much as to say: "All right!" and
then came and stooped down beside me. I felt
his hot breath on my face, and one hand softly
drawing out the chain (what was in this other
hand I could easily guess), and I tell you mein
Herr, it seemed a century before that chain
came off. At last he rose to his feet, and stole
out. I lay for at least half an hour before I
ventured to rise; but he was gone, safe enough.
So the next morning, when we saw that he had
really left the place, Lisbeth and I dug up our
share of the gold, and started down the river to
Buenos Ayres, where we sold the diamond and
the gold-just for twenty thousand Prussian
thalers, with which we are now going home."

"And what on earth was it that he stole,
then?" asked I in amazement.
"Nothing very valuable. When I un-
rolled the rag, I was holding between two of my
fingers an imitation stone which I had taken
out of my ring, and, you see, I had waxed the
end of my thumb, so as to be able to take up the
diamond while I dropped the other stone into
its place—just a little sleight of hand, nothing
more. But I don't think Manoel will call a
German stupid again. Walter, another glass of
beer!"

ON THE BRINK.

"What! promise to marry you, and then
have it boasted all over the place that you have
conquered the heart of Belle Edgewood? No,
indeed, Mr. Winsted, I don't aspire to that notori-
ety."

And the girl's beautiful lip curled haughtily.
"But, Belle, I tell you this has been no mere
flirtation on my part. I love you madly, truly,
and if you refuse me, I'll—I'll—"

"Do nothing desperate, I hope. Ha! ha!
what an actor you would make, Mr. Winsted!
Really you have mistaken your calling, and
should exchange your lawyer's briefs for the
socks and buskin," cried Belle merrily.

"Belle!" and Paul Winsted's voice had a
touch of sternness in it, despite his lover-like
attitude—"Belle, you are cruel to mock me
thus, and crueler still to keep me in suspense.
I love you, provoking girl; and now answer me.
Will you be my wife?"

"Well, then, my answer is No, Mr. Winsted,
I will not consent to marry you. I have heard
too much of your manifold flirtations; and even
if I loved you, I would not marry a man who is
so notorious for his numerous lady-loves, and—
for nothing else."

"Ha!" and his face flushed; "then your ideal
of a husband is a hero?"
"Precisely, Mr. Winsted; but perhaps you do
not understand the word as I mean it. I do not
mean a melodramatic braggart, who boasts of
what he has done and can do, but a man—
honest, upright, noble—doing and daring all
things for the right."

"Then, Miss Belle," and Paul Winsted straight-
ened his stalwart form, and spoke in a cool, dis-
tant tone, "judging from your present opinion of
me, I fear I shall never reach your high stan-
dard of perfection. Therefore, as I have heard
your answer, I will go. Farewell;" and seizing
his hat, he hastily left the room.

But oh, noble woman!
Hardly had the door closed behind his re-
treating form when Belle Edgewood, the
haughty reigning beauty of the place, sprang to
her feet, crying—

"Mr. Winsted! Paul, I did not—Gracious
Heaven! what have I done? He is gone—and
I—oh, I have lost him for ever—wicked, hate-
ful girl! that I am!"

And she sank back upon the sofa with a burst
of tears.

"Why, Paul Winsted, you look as glum as a
basket of chips. What ails you, man?" cried
Phil Denham, as he encountered the former.

"Well, Phil, I own I am feeling rather out of
sorts. The fact is—between you and me, re-
member—I've been jilted."

"Whow!"
And Phil gave a low, incredulous whistle.

"Paul Winsted the invincible jilted by mor-
tal woman! What will happen next, I wonder?"
But come, old fellow, out with it. I'm all
curiosity."

"Then, unfortunately for your peace of
mind, you'll have to remain in that anxious
state, for I assure you I have not the slightest
idea of indulging you with a history of my
woes."

And despite his own irritation, he laughed at
his friend's look of blank disgust.
"WHAT! not even tell me the fair one's
name?" exclaimed Phil, at last, with some in-
dignation.

"No, sir, not even the lady's name."
"Well, then," continued the irrefragable
Phil, after a moment's pause, "if you won't
take a fellow into your confidence, perhaps
your august highness will condescend to go
a-fishing. What say?"

Say! why, I say I'm with you, and the
sooner we start the better. 'Twill 'drive dull
care away,' at all events; and besides, I know
of a lovely, quiet little spot a short distance
from here where we can spend a pleasant
morning, I think."

"All right," replied Phil; "get on your fish-
ing rig, and I'll attend to the tackle. Hurry,
for it's getting rather late, and we shall not, as
it is, reach our fishing ground for more than an
hour."

"Well, Paul, what success?" interrogated.