

I WEEP WHEN I REMEMBER THEE.

I weep when I remember thee,
My mother fond and true,
When fancy brings thy gentle face
Once more before my view.

I weep when I remember thee,
So patient and so mild;
So gentle with the stubborn will
Of me, thy wayward child.

Oh! many a look of petulance
That knit thy youthful brow,
Many a thought, unheeded then,
Comes back upon me now—

Comes back, altho' long years have past
Long, busy, anxious years,
Since we upon thee looked our last,
And wept our parting tears.

Oh, mother, when I think on thee
And thy sweet quiet brow,
I know I must have loved thee then,
And feel I worship now.

I weep when I remember thee,
Upon thy dying bed,
When death, with slow but steady aim,
Advanced with noiseless tread.

We saw thy fixed unconscious gaze,
We felt ourselves unknown,
Near thee, and yet how far removed,
With thee, yet so alone.

Oh! mother dear, 'twould be a sin
To wish thee back to me;
Yet, oft I think how I should feel,
If such a thing could be.

Oh! it would seem so dear a boon,
A bliss so near divine;
Nought but a life's idolatry
Could show a love like mine.

HER RIVAL.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"I have written to Muriel Lennox to come and pay me a visit."

"Again!" Jack Forrester looked up quickly, and set down the coffee-cup he had half raised to his mouth.

"Yes. If you can have your friends here, I certainly may be allowed the privilege of having mine."

"Oh, of course."

Jack went on with his breakfast, apparently having nothing more to say; but his wife was not content to drop the subject so easily. She was a woman who possessed a most peculiar temper, as Jack had found out to his cost. The truth of the old adage, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," had been fully exemplified in his case.

"Your dislike to Muriel seems very extraordinary to me," said Mrs. Forrester, trifling with the spoon in her cup of chocolate, "since it was through her that you made my acquaintance."

"I never said I disliked her."

"Your actions speak for you. Every time I have suggested her coming you have made some sort of trouble about it; while you may invite Mildred Darrell as often as you please, and I must not say a word."

"You know very well that I always have Stacy down here in the Fall."

"Yes, because you like his wife."

"I confess it," cried Jack, with some heat. "She's pretty, pleasant and clever, and my own cousin into the bargain. However great your antipathy to her, I couldn't very well ask her husband down here without including her in the invitation."

"I think the correct reading of that would be that you wanted Mildred, and didn't care whether her husband came or not."

"As you please," said Jack, now thoroughly irritated. "Your opinion does not alter the facts of the case in the least."

"If she had any delicacy whatever she would decline to accept an invitation which was not seconded by the mistress of the house."

"She is so utterly free from all jealousy and ill-temper herself, that she does not suspect it in others," said Jack, rising from the table with a clouded brow, and leaving the room before his wife could speak again.

He sauntered out upon the lawn, where Hester Hayward, the governess, was walking with his two children, aged respectively six and eight years.

Jack Forrester was a general favorite with men and women alike, and his handsome face and fine figure made him admired as well as beloved. Of unusual height and muscular build, he possessed one of those fair, frank faces which is the guarantee of a kind and generous heart. He had always a pleasant word for every one, and now, as he overtook the governess, he stopped and spoke to her a moment, laughing heartily at something she said in reply, unconscious that his wife's eyes were jealously watching him from the window of the breakfast-room. She could not hear what he said, but she could see the smiles which brightened his face, and the apparent interest with which he listened to Hester.

The wife's heart was filled with rage and bitterness.

"To every other woman he is pleasant enough," she muttered. "He saves his exhibitions of temper for me."

Mr. and Mrs. Darrell arrived the next day. He was a fine-looking young man, good-tempered, and very fond of his wife; while she was a decided beauty, a blonde, with vivid coloring, plump, white shoulders and flashing dark-blue

eyes. She was unaffectedly glad to see her cousin, and, much to Mrs. Forrester's disgust, permitted him to kiss her on both cheeks, and to hold her hands rather longer than required for an ordinary welcome. But Mr. Darrell did not, apparently, see anything wrong in it, and Regina did not dare remark upon it.

The evening was spent in card-playing and music, and Hester Hayward thought the master of the house seemed brighter than for weeks past. He sang duet after duet with his cousin, standing by her side at the piano, with an air of the greatest enjoyment.

Mrs. Forrester sat apart, her hands employed in some fancy-work, at which she made but little progress, for her eyes were ever fixed upon her husband and Mildred, and not a glance passed between them that escaped her. Their utter unconsciousness of her keen interest irritated her, and she was glad when the time came for retiring. She bade Mildred good-night very coldly; but Jack was exceedingly demonstrative.

"You make me feel young again, Mildred," he said. "I have thoroughly enjoyed the evening. I think I must persuade Stacy to buy a home somewhere near here."

"Don't," said Mildred, laughing. "I should lose all my vivacity and become as blue as a whetstone if I were thrown upon his sole society all the year round," and she cast a roguish glance upon her husband, who smiled good-naturedly.

"You'd have mine, too," said Jack.

"Well, that might temper the wind to the shorn lamb, perhaps; but it would be a dangerous experiment, nevertheless. I shan't let Stacy try it."

"It is late," said Regina, who was standing at the foot of the stairs, candle in hand, and a very disagreeable expression upon her face. "Perhaps you will be willing to defer your discussion until to-morrow."

"Certainly," said Mildred, pleasantly; and she snatched her candle from Jack's hand and ran gayly up the stairs, humming a tune; but as soon as she was safely within her own room, the door closed behind her, she turned to her husband with a very grave expression of countenance.

"Stacy," she said, "that woman is a perfect shrew!"

"I agree with you, my dear," said Mr. Darrell. "Poor Jack! I think I'll go down and keep him company in the smoking-room for a little while."

"I hope he is able to smoke away his unpleasant thoughts," said Mildred. "He must have plenty of them."

"Not a doubt of it," said Stacy, as he left the room.

Three days later Muriel Lennox came, much to Regina Forrester's delight. She was a pale, delicate looking little woman, with very insignificant features. Her large, dark, melancholy eyes alone redeemed her from positive plainness. She dressed very soberly, in dark colors, and wore no ornaments whatever. She was certainly not the style of woman to cause any one a headache, and Regina Forrester's affection for her was a matter of wonder to Mildred Darrell, who looked upon Muriel as a good, quiet, harmless little thing, who was too shy and too stupid to ever do anything calculated to shock, surprise, or interest anybody.

Jack was in the hall when the carriage containing his wife's friend drove up to the door, and he went down the steps and helped her out, saying something in a low tone, to which she made no reply. She dropped his hand as she stepped upon the ground, and the next moment was in Regina's arms.

Regina gave her a very different welcome from that she had bestowed upon Mildred. She kissed her repeatedly, saying over and over again how glad she was to see her, and then hurried her away to the pleasant room which had been prepared for her reception.

Mrs. Lennox was not the only visitor who arrived at Glen Haven that day. The dinner was interrupted by the announcement that Regina's aunt, a Mrs. Markleby, whom she had not seen for years, had just driven up in a fly she had hired at the station.

Mrs. Markleby was an elderly woman of severe aspect and large and bony figure. She had for many years been obliged to make her home out of England on account of her husband's health, and had returned now only that she might attend to some business which required her personal supervision. She had felt that she ought not to leave England again without seeing her niece, and had, therefore, run down to Glen Haven for a few days.

Regina was unaffectedly glad to see her, and as soon as dinner was concluded drew her into a secluded corner of the drawing-room, and began to talk over the events of the past few years. But suddenly her aunt interrupted her.

"Who is that person to whom your husband is now talking?" she asked.

"That is my friend, Muriel Lennox," answered Regina. "Such a dear little woman, Aunt Charity, as I am sure, you will say when you know her. Jack doesn't like her, and seldom takes the trouble to be even civil to her."

"I should say she was scarcely civil to him," said Mrs. Markleby. "She hasn't so much as looked at him since he began to talk to her."

"I don't wonder she snubs him, and I can't blame her," said Regina. "He makes his dislike to her so very apparent, that, though she has never said so, I am sure she has noticed it."

"Where is her husband?" asked Mrs. Mark-

leby. "It seems to me he ought to be here, too."

"He seldom, I might almost say never, makes a visit," answered Regina. "He is devoted to science, and spends all his time poring over dull books, and sorting stones and mosses."

"Leaving his wife meanwhile to eat her heart out," said Mrs. Markleby.

"Oh, no aunt! Muriel is quite devoted to him, and though she would like to have him here with her, of course, would not be so selfish as to take him away from his pet pursuit."

"She isn't pretty, and she dresses badly," said Mrs. Markleby. "She affords a great contrast to your other guest—what did you say her name was?"

"Mildred Darrell. She is Jack's cousin. I think she dresses entirely too much, and is too anxious to show her shoulders. The idea of wearing that low-necked black satin at a quiet, home evening!"

"You're jealous, perhaps," said Mrs. Markleby, bluntly.

Regina's face flamed.

"I am not in the least jealous," she said, with a short, contemptuous laugh. "But I don't like her. I confess it frankly. She is not here on my invitation. It is Jack who always asks her. She is a flirt—always angling for the attentions and admiration of every man within her reach. See her now with Jack! It is simply disgusting."

Jack had left Mrs. Lennox, and was leaning over the back of the chair in which his cousin sat, and Mildred was smiling up at him, her eyes sparkling, her rich color coming and going. She looked more than usually beautiful, and admiration could be plainly read in Jack's candid eyes.

Not far from them sat the governess, engaged upon some crevel work, from which she glanced up occasionally to look at Muriel Lennox, who seemed, in some way, to excite her curiosity.

Jack's colloquy with his cousin ended in an adjournment to the piano, where they sang duets until Mildred declared her throat was sore, and began to play a waltz.

Jack hesitated a moment, and then, going over to where the governess sat, asked her to dance with him.

Hester glanced at Mrs. Forrester as she rose to comply with the request; but that lady's eyes were bent on the carpet, and her face betrayed nothing.

"Do you think I ought?" asked Hester, in a low tone.

"Certainly; would I ask you if I did not think so?"

Another moment and his arm was about her waist, and they were gyrating round to the strains of the "Blue Danube."

"Do you permit that?" asked Mrs. Markleby, keenly regarding the pallid face of her niece.

Regina made no reply; but rising abruptly, crossed the room to where Muriel Lennox sat.

"I hope you don't think I have neglected you, dear," she said. "I felt obliged to talk to my aunt."

Muriel, with an evident effort, roused herself to answer.

"Not at all," she said. "I have spent a very pleasant evening; but my head aches, and I think, if you will excuse me, Regina, I will retire."

"Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing whatever. A good night's sleep will set me all right again," and she left the room without further remark.

Her departure was the signal for a general break-up, and soon the house was dark and still.

Mrs. Markleby was an early riser, and it was only eight o'clock when she came out of her room the following morning, and took her way down-stairs. She intended sitting in the library until breakfast-time; but not being familiar with the house, she made a mistake, and opened the door of Jack's study, instead of that of the library, which adjoined it.

There was a sudden exclamation, the rustle of a woman's dress, and the sound of the violent closing of a door; but when Mrs. Markleby entered she found the master of the house alone, a gun in his hand, over the lock of which he seemed exceedingly busy. The face he raised as his wife's aunt came in was flushed—with bending over, probably.

"Oh, I thought this was the door of the library," said Mrs. Markleby, in some confusion.

"I'm afraid I interrupted you."

"Not at all," said Jack, as he snapped the lock again and again. "Only too glad to have you give me a call. I'm getting ready for to-day's sport, you see."

"Are you going out to hunt?"

"Yes; Stacy and I expect to bring in game enough to last a week," was the answer.

"Was that Regina who just went out?"

"Regina! No, she is never down until ten, and she isn't feeling at all well this morning. She's caught cold, I believe."

"I thought I heard some one go out as I came in."

"No, I fancy not," said Jack, pulling open the drawer of the table, and beginning a violent search for something.

"I will go up and see Regina at once," said Mrs. Markleby, as, with compressed lips and a face which spoke volumes, she went out, closing the door behind her.

The door of the library closed simultaneously, and, to her surprise, Mrs. Markleby found herself face to face with Muriel Lennox.

"You are up early," said the elder woman, grimly.

"Yes, I could not sleep," was the reply, in a voice which shook strangely. "I have been looking for a book I left in the library last evening."

"Perhaps you will find it in Mr. Forrester's study," said Aunt Charity, with peculiar emphasis, as she moved away in the direction of the staircase.

Muriel made no reply, but her pale face grew paler still, and she pressed her hands with a quick motion to her heart. Then, with a long sigh, she walked towards the breakfast-room.

Regina did not appear at breakfast. She complained of a pain in her chest, and great difficulty in breathing. But she would not listen to her aunt's proposal to send for a doctor.

"It is only a cold, and will wear off in a day or two," she said, fretfully. "Please don't worry me about it, and don't give any one the idea that I am sick."

But, as the day wore on, she appeared to grow worse instead of better, and her aunt waited with impatience for Jack's return.

He came in with Stacy Darrell about four o'clock. Both seemed agitated, and in Jack's hand was an ominous yellow envelope which had been handed him at the lodge by a messenger who had ridden hot haste from the station.

"Where is Mrs. Lennox?" he asked.

Muriel came out from behind the heavy curtains which hung before the window which overlooked the avenue to the lodge. Her face was perfectly ashen, and she was shaking as if with a chill.

"Something terrible has happened," she said, in a low, faltering voice. "Don't keep me in suspense—tell me at once!"

He handed her the telegram without a word. She opened and read it, a strange, rigid look on her face. Then, without speaking, without even a look at the anxious countenances about her, she turned away and walked out of the room.

"Her husband is dead," explained Jack, as the door closed behind her. "Died of heart disease this morning."

His voice sounded hoarse and unnatural. He seemed utterly overcome by the blow which had fallen upon the poor, plain little woman whom his wife had so often accused him of hating.

Regina was horrified at the sorrow which had come so suddenly upon her friend. She would have gone to her, but found herself unable to move without the most intense suffering.

"Do go and comfort her, Aunt Charity," she begged. "She was devoted to the poor professor."

"Humph!" said Aunt Charity, in a tone of incredulity. "I fancy she'll survive the affliction. She don't want me, anyway."

"You haven't taken a dislike to her, surely," said Regina, fretfully. "If you have, it's Jack's fault. I daresay he has been prejudicing you against her already."

"I've done nothing of the sort," said Jack, hotly, as he turned from the window, where he had been standing for some time looking out on the bare fields.

"Then why won't you go yourself and say something to comfort her?"

"What could I say?" gloomily.

"Say you feel for her, and will do anything you can to help her. Say—oh, you'd find plenty to say if it was Milly Darrell who was in trouble!"

"Perhaps so," said Jack.

"You didn't want her to come here," went on Regina, peevishly, "and you are not generous enough to even feel sorry for her now."

"No, I didn't want her to come here. I wish to heaven she never had!" said Jack, as he stalked out of the room.

"You hear him, aunt! Isn't he utterly heartless! He has no more feeling than a stone!"

"In my opinion he has far too much," said Mrs. Markleby; but she refused to give any explanation of her words.

"I hate mystery," said poor Regina. "Now that Muriel is feeling too wretched to come to me, I have no one who will talk pleasantly to me."

"Perhaps I'd better leave you alone a little while," said her aunt.

"I wish you would. I might fall asleep," was the response.

As Mrs. Markleby left her niece's room she was surprised to see Mrs. Lennox standing at the head of the stairs, listening intently to what was going on below. She looked wild and strange in the fast gathering dusk. Her hair was unbound and hung like an inky cloud about her, and she wore a loose black wrapper which trailed on the floor behind her.

She started as she saw Mrs. Markleby, and before the latter could utter a word, slipped back into her room, which was close at hand, and quickly closed and bolted the door.

"I hate mystery, too," muttered Aunt Charity, as she descended the stairs, "and there's plenty of it in this house, that's certain."

There was no sound of mirth in the drawing-room that evening. Ordinary occupations seemed forbidden, and no one could talk apparently on any subject, save that of the blow which had fallen on Mrs. Lennox, who was to leave for her home the following day. And to add to the gloom, Regina was decidedly worse. The physician for whom Jack had sent had pronounced her condition one of great danger, and