

BY THE RIVER.

O, ever-changing river  
That seeks the changeless sea,  
Where are the forms and the faces  
The years have shown to thee!

Glimmer of golden hauberk,  
And silver of swining sword,  
Down by the shallow scurry,  
And over the darkling ford.

And here in this ferny corner,  
Where the shadows fall on the spray,  
A vision of weeping woman's eyes,  
As her true love gallops away.

Say, didst thou note them, O river,  
And gather them up, and flee  
To wait them away and to hide them  
In the soundless depths of the sea?

Sheen of a prince's armour,  
And glint of a trusty sword,  
And blood stained faces of fearless men  
Dying to save their lord.

Soldiers and statesmen and courtiers  
And cold-eyed priests, and a group  
Of dainty, delicate maidens  
In powder and patch and hoop.

Say, didst thou note them, O river,  
And garner their smiles and tears?  
Did their hearts beat high and falter  
With old-world hopes and fears?

Did they look on thy deep, dark water  
Where it mirrors the diamond spray,  
And love and struggle and suffer  
As we of this latter day?

Across the gulfs of the ages,  
Where the secrets of silence sleep,  
Comes a voice—"Ye are sisters and brothers,  
Who love and suffer and weep."

For the day goes by, and the morrow  
Comes back as it did of yore,  
And the love is the same, and the sorrow  
Is the sorrow our fathers bore.

As the burden has been, so it shall be  
Till the King God bears us free  
Down the stormy waves of the river  
To the calm of the infinite sea.

NINA WALLINGFORD.

"Who is that little girl, Walter?" I said, carelessly, little thinking the important rôle that little girl was to play in my life drama. She came from Zimmer No. 9, of the Conservatorium for Music at S—, and her face was flushed with an indignant, half-pitiful look in her proud eyes which attracted my attention.

Room No. 9, I thought, as leaving Walter Griffith, my chum, I sauntered off to my lesson. That's where old Professor Z., a high cockalorum among teachers, tortures his pupils; he is little better than a ruffian, if he has such a reputation in his profession; and they say he thumps the ugly girls with his *baton* and kisses the pretty ones in what he calls musical enthusiasm. Why was it that the thought of that pretty girl being kissed by the untidy old wretch caused in me a strong inclination to kick over an unoffending music-stand? However, the arrival of my teacher put an end to reflection of any kind and we were soon deep in a *sonata* which I had prepared by hours of steady work.

I was a young and enthusiastic student of both the piano and organ, and my future fortune and career depended entirely upon my own industry. I was struggling with all my heart and soul, and although I met any number of nice girls and gilded women at the different clubs and *societies* which I frequented for the sake of the good music, I had given a second thought to none of them. Now a chance meeting with Professor Z., brought that look of the little girl back to my mind and my heart gave a most unaccountable throb.

That evening I drummed like an automaton over the *fugue* that had been the centre of all my highest hopes and aspirations for weeks. Scales and exercises refused to be played, and I strayed off into tender little German love songs, until, disgusted with myself, I stumbled into bed. There I took myself sternly to task, and reflected that a poor art student, with only just enough money to live without begging until time should bring the success he must work hard for—that, in fact, just such a man as I was the biggest fool in Christendom to look at, or think twice of, anybody or anything but a long-haired professor or a music score. With these wise reflections I finally fell asleep; but for two or three days after a pair of eyes peeped from behind the key-board, and those eyes were not adorned with spectacles; or the thought of a flushed cheek lured me for a moment from that deep consideration of the harmony-book that should have been my most edifying mental food, and that flushed cheek was not graced by an unshorn beard. Still I worked on with only a scant word of encouragement from my taciturn professor for some months, till the Spring sun on a certain saint's day tempted me to take a much-needed holiday, and I strayed at random out into the woods, climbed a ruined tower and lazily took in the landscape about me. I wondered if the little stone cell on an island in the lake that lay below had sheltered the immortal hermit whose memory had blessed us pupils with a day's rest. I wondered if he was hollow-eyed, dirty-fingered and toothless; if, in his youth, he too had loved and been loved—and seeing at that moment a little boat at the foot of the Schlossberg, I ran down, and, taking possession of it, brought myself shortly to the island, and forthwith entered the hermit's deserted cell.

On a rock near the entrance lay a dainty, lacetrimmed parasol, a pair of gloves, some wild flowers and a sketch-book—queer things for a

hermit to leave behind him, indeed; and, as I stood smiling at the odd contrasting ideas called up, a cry for help reached me on the breeze.

"Please sir, could you come to me! I have lost my oar," repeated the voice, as I emerged, and at a distance in a boat sat a little girl I recognized at once.

She was drifting slowly further and further off into the lake, and her situation, although by no means dangerous, was embarrassing enough.

"I am quite ashamed of myself," she said, as my last stroke brought me near her. "It was very stupid of me to lose my oar, and the thought of drifting about in this lonely place all night was not a cheerful one."

"You might have drifted for weeks as this is an out-of-the-way place, and I am very glad to have been the fortunate person who spared you a great deal of possible discomfort."

"And I am glad," she replied, "that it has been you who rescued me."

The slight and graceful accent on the you was indescribably pleasing to me. Our chat that day was but the beginning of a friendship that quickly ripened; circumstances favoured it. We were both Americans in a foreign land, both interested in the same studies, and our pursuits threw us constantly together. It was not long before I acknowledged myself to be deeply in love with Nina Wallingford. How much brighter the world looked to me at that time! My every-day occupations seemed one round of delight, and study was play; even my reticent teacher complimented me often on my progress. I made great strides in a *concerto* I was composing, and when it was finished and played before the arbiters of the conservatory, a prize was unanimously awarded me.

A glare of shimmering lights, perfume of flowers, the gleam of statues from their leafy bowers. In honor of the birthday of her Majesty, the Queen, a special musical performance was being conducted, and my *concerto* was the original feature of the evening. I felt pale from suspense while each familiar note sounded through the hall, and at last it was over. Royalty itself condescended to applaud warmly. *Connoisseurs* shook me by the hand, and, giddy from triumph, I went out into the night to take deep draughts of the calming air. Everything seemed possible to me in this the first flush of my youthful success—and Nina Wallingford had looked down from her box at me and smiled! To-morrow I would go to her and tell her that my triumph was nothing without her love.

Walter Griffith's friendly voice almost jarred upon me.

"Hallo! old fellow!" he called out linking his arm in mine. "You are ahead of us all! By Jove, I am proud of you! How I used to deride all our dreams of ambition when you and I and poor Harry talked of the future; all the poor old chap prophesied of you has come true. Do you remember he always said you would be a great success? How thoroughly the dear boy believed in you?"

"Yes," I replied, "I would give a fair share of to-night's triumph to bring Archer back again." And we talked of him as we sauntered homewards. He had been almost a brother to me, and the thought of his generous, trusting nature, and the loss he had been to us, brought tears to my eyes. He had had genius, but an erratic and unstable will; he worked only by fits and starts, and seemed at the last to have some deep trouble that took all ambition from him. Busy myself, I have often reproached myself since that I did not urge him to speak openly to me about it. Then one day I found him in an *allee* of the royal park with the cruel sun glaring down on his dead face. He had shot himself, and I never knew the secret of his terrible death. I had been his sole mourner, and he lay in the little English cemetery among strangers.

He had had great faith in me, and had cheered many a lagging moment in my musical career.

"Yes," I said, "Archer would have rejoiced at all to-night."

"As usual," said Walter, lightly, "a woman was at the bottom of his destruction."

"A woman!" I said. "Curse her! But Walter how did you know of this?"

"Why, Archer wrote it to me when I was in Leipzig—wrote me of his despair when the girl he had loved so long jilted him. To tell the truth, old friend, I have often wondered at your intimacy with that girl. Can it be possible you are trying to avenge Archer?"

"Walter Griffith, what in heaven's name do you mean?" my agitation mastering me—"of whom are you speaking?"

"Nina Wallingford," was the fatal answer.

"Good night," I said, abruptly, and turning up a dark side street, stumbled on and on, I never knew where or how long. I only remember to have reached the country and to have felt the cold dawn creeping over a hazy earth, and the smell of grass and trees and the sounds of morning.

I fell asleep from sheer weariness of the flesh, and awoke late in the day stiff and wretched. When I had dragged myself back to my rooms, the familiar sights brought all my grief more keenly to my mind; there lay Nina Wallingford's photograph, and on the wall above it hung Harry Archer's dainty, embroidered student's cap; a pair of Nina's gloves, the very pair I had seen in the hermit's cell and had stolen as a *souvenir* of our first meeting, the pistol Harry's trembling hand had raised to the true, loving heart, lay side by side in my cabinet.

There must be some terrible mistake, some

explanation that Nina could give; I determined to ask, and as soon as I could collect my thoughts, I went to her.

She met me with frank congratulations on the success my *concerto* had met with. "I heard every note and chord," she said; and what would have made me happy to intoxication before, fell now upon my ear like blows on a naked nerve.

"You are quite pale," she said, looking at me wistfully, and the tone for a moment tempted me to forget all I had heard, but Harry's face, as it lay that day in the sunlight, came up to check my hot words.

"Miss Wallingford," I said, "I have come—but how to ask her! It seemed such an insult to speak of di-honor while that calm, steady glance rested on me." "Did you?"—I stammered, "did you know poor Harry Archer?"

The girl's face blanched with a look of horror that went, alas! far to convince me of the truth of Walter's story. "I was his dearest friend, and I loved him," I added, with what must have seemed wanton cruelty; but Nina's face flushed, and, seeming like a flash to divine my thoughts, she said, with a proud glance of contempt at me:

"May I ask why you wish to learn the fact of my having known your friend?" she said.

"Oh Nina!" I cried, "tell me it is all a horrible, torturing mistake!"

"I am at a loss to understand you," she replied, rising. "I knew your friend Harry Archer; and having now answered your only lucid remark, you will, no doubt, excuse me if I retire."

With a stately bow and steady step she left me, while I reeled drunk with despair to my rooms.

For several days I was ill; a low, obstinate sort of fever kept me, after the reaction of so much excitement, weak and depressed. Then after hasty preparations, I sailed for home.

That time I had so often looked forward to, that day that was to bring me back with a record of work done and reputation established, brought me no happiness. More work I sighed for, and it alone gave me rest. I slaved and spared no nerve or muscle. A penalty must be paid sooner or later for such overtaxing of brain and body. I fell ill, and all was blank.

A placid, kindly old face, in a Quaker cap, looked at me when I awoke from a long feverish dream; of course I tried to speak, but my voice failed me, and the lady laid her plump hands on my head and said, "Wait a little, you will grow stronger, and then we will do a vast amount of gossiping."

I let myself be petted and soothed like a baby, and before many days I could ask how I happened to be in what seemed to be a hospital.

"This is not quite like a hospital," the kindly old lady said, "but a house to which Doctor S—, who was called in to you when you fell so very ill, sends his patients. An Order of Protestant Sisters has the charge of it."

"But you are not a hired nurse, I am sure."

"No, answered the lady, smiling. "I am Mrs. Pentwick, an idle old body who amuses herself by looking in now and then on the sick people. I can help them a little, too, occasionally; I have brought you these flowers, and can write for you, if you wish, to your friends, when the doctor allows you to dictate."

"There is no one who would care particularly to hear of my welfare," I said, sadly, "although, since fortune has favored me a little, there are many who call themselves by that much abused title of friend."

"Good Mrs. Pentwick seemed to set herself from this time to the task of cheering me. "When you are able," she said, "I will take you for a little jaunt to my quiet old house in the country. I have taken a fancy to you, so don't protest; I am able, thank God, to do a good turn now and then to my fellow-creatures. I have inquired about you—you will neither steal my spoons nor run away with the pretty girl who is now my one guest. Here is your beef-tea; drink every drop of it, and get strong as soon as you can."

I began to take pleasure in seeing the wrinkled face which so often bent over me, looking pleased at my improvement; and, when we went by slow stages to Pentwick Cottage, I found myself beginning to hope and long for the battle of life again.

The second day, after a *sicata* in a cozy, chintz-hung room, I went, leaning on Mrs. Pentwick's arm, to be presented to the guest whom she spoke of as "my daughter," but was really only a much-loved friend.

"My daughter" arose from a dim corner, came into the light, and Nina Wallingford was before me!

I was still so weak that the surprise overcame me, and I sank back in a chair, for a moment unable to speak, and I dare say looking half dead. Nina thought so, and the mistake was for me the happiest one in the world. She sprang to my side with tears rolling down her cheeks, and I miraculously recovered myself sufficiently to catch her hands and cover them with kisses.

"Oh, Nina!" I cried, "I have often been convinced that you could explain away any despicable doubts of you."

"Yes," she answered. "My still more despicable pride prevented my telling you of the one sad mistake I have made in my life; but my punishment has been surely out of all proportion to my fault. Your lack of trust in me that day wounded me all the more that I had brooded

over the affair and grown morbidly sensitive but I will tell you all about it now. Harry Archer loved me when I was quite young—too young to know if the feeling that prompted me to accept him was love or gratified vanity. He was, you know, of so peculiar a temperament that by degrees I found myself utterly disenchanted; at times unreasonably jealous of me, and—but I will not say more of this, for he is dead. He would not listen to my doubts of the wisdom of our engagement, and gave me no peace because I postponed from time to time the wedding day. I know I was weak, but I was young and all alone; my one friend, Mrs. Pentwick, was ill. When she was sufficiently recovered to allow of it, I wrote to her, confiding all my great wretchedness, of the certainty that, if I ever had, I no longer loved Harry Archer."

"Poor child! What a dilemma it was for you!"

"At the same time I wrote in reply to a reproachful letter from Archie a friendly but non-committal one, I so foolishly hoped something would interveve to induce him to forget me. Fate would have it that I misdirected each letter, and Harry learned the true state of my feelings. You know the rest. Of course I was mis-judged, and my weakness brought, God knows, a bitter fruit. That you, too, believed the current opinion hurt me deeply. Can you ever forgive me?"

But my head was already leaning very close to a rosy cheek when Mrs. Pentwick, who had gone in search of a physician, entered the room. The good dame's face was so utterly ridiculous in its bewilderment, that we were both fain to laugh and relieve our overstrained feelings.

Later, as we all sat on the vine-covered veranda, a happy family picture, for Mrs. Pentwick adopted me at once, she said, laughingly:

"I have been mistaken in you. You are going to run away with my daughter; you shall have the spoons as well for a wedding present."

THE GLEANER.

Sir Charles Dilke's reported intention of visiting M. Gambetta has been freely commented upon in Berlin.

A curious rumour is afloat in Vienna, to which, however, faint credence ought to be given, that during the autumn Mr. Gladstone will meet with Prince Gortschakoff and M. Gambetta at Nice.

The potato crops in Ireland have turned out wonderfully well. There is a plentiful supply and a very cheap one, particularly in the neighbourhood of Londonderry, where potatoes of remarkably fine quality are purchased at 2½ the stone.

An American manufacturer is at present in Belfast searching for a site on which to erect a manufactory for glass. The materials for the industry exist, it appears, in the vicinity of Belfast.

KYMOUS, full of tongues, whispers that Mr. O'Connor Power and Mr. Parnell are engaged in a rivalry not so avowed as, but hardly less deadly, than that between Mr. O'Donnell and the leader he once loved so well, but has lately repudiated so energetically.

CAROLUS DURAND, the eminent portrait painter, has just performed an extraordinary feat. On a visit at Ghent, he wagered he would execute the portrait of his host within an hour. Colours, brushes, &c., were at once obtained, and a gentleman appointed to mark time. At the expiration of three-quarters of an hour, Durand appeared with the finished *toile*, a splendid likeness, and signed, "to M. Van der Haeghen, from his friend C. Durand." Ordinarily Durand's fee is 25 to 50,000 francs a portrait. Rothschild could not turn an honest penny so rapidly as that.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A WOMAN who has four sons, all sailors, compares herself with a year, because she has four sea sons.

YOUNG women often keep their lovers by tears. "Yes," says Grimwig; "love, like beef, is preserved by brine."

HUSBAND: "Mary, my love, this apple dumpling is not half done." Wife: "Well, fish it then, my dear."

WHAT a beautiful thing is a rosy cheek! How great the contrast when the flush settles on the nose.

A YOUNG lady resembles ammunition because the powder is needed before the ball.

"SARATOGA is a paradise of old maids," says an exchange, which must have a queer idea of paradise.

A LADY in Jericho, Vt., hearing a great deal about "preserving autumn leaves," put up some, but afterward told a neighbour that they were not fit to eat.

A GEORGIA young man asked his sweetheart whether she had ever read "Romeo and Juliet!" She replied that she had read Romeo, but she did not think she had ever read Juliet.

"DON'T you think the weather is very humid?" said Miss Mizjoy, as she leaned on Mr. Toplofty's arm. "Weally, I can not say. I always, aw, go in when it rains, aw." "Then he does know that much," said she, in a very low voice, aside.

"OH, pshaw!" petulantly exclaimed Miss Lydia Languish, looking up from the last new novel in response to a summons from her mother to come and assist in preparing dinner; "Oh, pshaw! I am just where Edward de Courcy Montalbert is about to propose to the Lady Ethelinda Adele St. Claire, and I wish dinner had never been invented!" And the look of supreme disgust that flashed from her eyes showed that she meant it.