A SUMMER DAY

[illegible]

PERFECT LOVE IS SIMPLE FAITH

[illegible]

this is no place for you.'

Harold and she had not heard the footsteps. It was Blanchard and her brother who had approached unnoticed.

'And no place for you, either,' said White to Blanchard.

'Bunk,' replied the worthy, 'I have no words to waste on such as you, sir. I am here to perform a duty.'

'Scoundrel!' Harold began, at the same time raising his hand. She touched him, and he was still.

'Sir,' said she, 'I am mistress of my own actions. If I choose to accompany my brother, it is because I choose.' Harold, good by.' 'Come what may, my faith will not falter, my love never change.'

The last four words were murmured. As she shaped them she reached forward and kissed him before her brother, whose surprise at her defiant attitude was unspeakable.

They parted and went their separate ways.

The charge against Harold White of embezzlement, and the result of it, produced a wonder that lasted much longer than the proverbial nine days. His departure, the day after the hearing, no one knew whither, had had the effect of increasing the number and sympathy of his friends. It was generally admitted that his defense had been weak. But who knew? he might have had his own invincible reasons for not making it stronger. Why had the brother of his affianced (for she was his affianced in all but an open declaration of the fact) broken with him so suddenly? Until Blanchard appeared on the scene they were inseparable. Depend upon it, the West Indian was at the bottom of it. In this fashion the gossips of Singlebridge discussed the events of Harold White's downfall and departure.

Three months had elapsed, and not a word had been heard of or from Harold White, unless the female gossips suggested, he had written to Miss Westbrook, which, considering the circumstances which preceded his departure, he was hardly likely to have done. For once, however, they were out in their calculations. He had written her a letter in which these words occurred:

'If I thought, darling, that you would be happier to be rid of me for good and all, our bond should be dissolved. It is your love for and faith in me that sweetens my life, and keeps me steadfast in my determination to undo the mischief wrong from which I suffer. They shall right me yet.

'I have borrowed, for the present, another name (my mother's) before my marriage, but the people with whom I am know that I am Harold White, and are acquainted with my history. I must try, dear, to rub on without the consolation which your letters would bestow. It is better that we should seem to have parted forever. In the good time we shall meet, and then.'

It puzzled well informed Singlebridge to hear Fanny Westbrook's cheerful words, to note her placid brow and bright manner. She never could have thought much of Harold White, you know, or she would have manifested some regret at his misfortunes.

Blanchard, too, was mystified at her. What did it portend? Had she crushed all hopes of becoming married to the lover whom he had so effectually helped to disgrace and banish? He would see. His amorous love for the sunny haired, hazel-eyed girl, a love which sprung into existence the moment they met, had grown mightily since the going of White. He would put an end to this uncertainty. He could face his fate.

'An interview with me?' replied Fanny to his blandly proffered request, 'certainly, Mr. Blanchard.' Her tone was provokingly even. 'And, if you please, let it take place now. Pray be seated.'

If she had only been embarrassed. Miss Westbrook, I fear that the impression which I made upon you the day of that unfortunate encounter by the riverside was not favorable.'

'Pray proceed, sir,' she remarked in icy tones.

'Well, then, allow me you can not surely have remained firm in the resolution you then expressed to persevere.'

'Mr. Blanchard, I will assist you. You apparently wish to say that I must have ceased to love Harold White. Is that so?'

'Miss Westbrook, Fanny, pardon me. I do. He is all unworthy of you. Oh, if you did but know the depth of my love for you.'

'Stop, Mr. Blanchard,' said she, rising from her chair, and moving slowly toward the door. 'Let us understand each other. Whether or not Harold White holds the place in my heart which he once did concerning me, and me only. The honor you have done me, Mr. Blanchard, fell in by what latter name you please.'

'I despise Mr. Blanchard, I know you!'

'Stop, Miss Westbrook!' he exclaimed, making one step forward, and barring her way to the door, 'and hearken to me. You have thrown the gage. Very well, I accept it. It was I who drove Harold White from Singlebridge. Ah, you can be impressed, I see. It is I who can *compel* your consent to my demands. Now, Miss Westbrook, *know me!*'

Her face was very white as she swept proudly past the West Indian, but it was not the whiteness of fear. They measured swords with their eyes:

how clear and searching hers were!

and parted.

Next day Fanny Westbrook was missing from Singlebridge.

For twelve months Miss Westbrook has been daughterless. Fanny was sought for far and near, but without avail. Augustus had, to quote the idiomatic expression of that congenial companion already referred to, "gone clear to the bad." Of all his former chums, Blanchard was the sole possessor of a knowledge of the young scapegrace's whereabouts. As for the West Indian, he seemed to have entirely relinquished all intention of returning to Jamaica. However, we must for the present leave Singlebridge, and make our way to the Theater Royal, Southampton. The house is crowded by the admirers of the leading lady, whose benefit night it is.

Old Plumpton, the stage door keeper, is at this moment in a state of mind bordering on despair. He dare not, for the life of him leave his post, and he has just learned that a stranger has succeeded in reaching the stage under the convoy of an unbecoming paper. If that should come to the knowledge of Mr. Somerset Beauchamp, the manager, he (Plumpton) will to a certainty be dismissed on the spot.

'Take a note to Miss Harebell, sir? I could not do it. It's against orders, sir.'

The speaker is the call-boy. His tempter is Mr. Blanchard.

'Very well, sir, I'll risk it. If you are an old friend, I suppose it will be all right.'

Induced to commit a breach of discipline by the bestowal of a rather potent bribe, the call boy disappears behind a pile of scenery, and is presently heard in altercation with Miss Harebell's dresser.

'What do you want?' Miss Harebell is not a beginner.' She is not on until the second scene.'

'I know that, Mrs. Cummins. I want to speak to you. Open the door.'

Blanchard heard no more. A whispered conversation between the leading lady's dresser and the call boy was immediately succeeded by the reappearance of that precocious youth, who said: 'Miss Harebell will meet you after the performance, at her hotel, the George. She has apartments there. All you have to do is to send in your name. And now, sir, do clear out of this. How you got in, I don't know. If Mr. Bowshang was to stag you, wouldn't there be a shine neither?'

Meantime his note had produced a startling effect on Miss Harebell. It ran thus:

'At last I find you. In Miss Harebell I have recognized Fanny Westbrook. At the peril of those nearest and dearest to you, see me to night. I am desperate.

'Cumming,' gasped she, 'look that door. You did it for the best to get rid of him. It is always convenient to decline receiving a visitor at one's hotel, but I will see him. Finish my hair and then find Mr. Beauchamp. I would speak with him before I go on.'

Blanchard had again curiously underrated the strength of his lovely opponent.

She saw the manager and exchanged with him a few whispered words. He grasped her hand warmly by way of emphasizing his chivalric intentions in her cause.

Since the day, more than twelve months previously, that Miss Westbrook had merged her identity in that of the now talented actress, Miss Harebell, Fanny had played many parts both off and on the stage. On this particular night she excelled herself. The applause of her crowds of admirers was what would have been termed in stage parlance "terrific." Such was the electric force of her acting it carried all before it. Was she playing up defiantly to Blanchard? Perhaps.

On the conclusion of the play, she, laden with bouquets, retired to her dressing room, and in a few minutes had resumed, with the aid of attentive Mrs. Cummins, the attire of ordinary life.

In the space of a very few minutes Miss Harebell was proceeding unnoticed, save by a group of her youthful admirers who surrounded the pit door, under the convoy of Mr. Beauchamp, to her apartments at the George.

Before ascending the staircase which led to her rooms she informed the maid servant that probably a gentleman would call upon her. If he did she was to show him up, after having privately informed Mr. Beauchamp, who would wait for the news in the bar parlour, of her visitor's arrival.

Mr. Beauchamp, whose face beamed with complacent delight, nodded his approval of this arrangement. Observed Fanny to him:

'Now, Mr. Beauchamp, I shall leave you to your own devices' here she imbibed in the tiniest ripple of laughter 'your devices, mind.'

'Very well, my dear, they shall be ready if wanted.'

'And he.'

'Everything is ready, Miss Harebell, and everybody. Let that suffice you.'

Seated in her snug little room, Fanny dreamily awaited the coming of her ancient persecutor. She had not to wait long.

'Mr. Blanchard, 'm,' announced the maid servant, and thereupon ushered that gentleman in.

Miss Westbrook rose, and acknowledged his elaborate bow with a silence that was full of scornful eloquence. She then resumed her seat.

'Miss Westbrook, can you divine why I am here?'

'Yes.'

'Oh, you can? You are frank. After all, why should you not be? We can spare each other the recital of a long preface of dull retrospection. After a long and painful search I have found you no matter how.'

'I know how,' she calmly interposed.

'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'perhaps you would not mind enlightening me.' His tones were sneering. Her perfect equanimity put him about.

'Not at all. You got the information from my brother.'

'Even so. And your brother? Has he informed you also that he is just as completely in my power as was another person of our acquaintance more than a year since? Did he tell you that there is that in this bundle of papers which would give him penal servitude if I chose to put the law in operation. Did he?'

'No, Mr. Blanchard, he did not.' A tear had stolen down her cheek at the mention of Harold's name; but now that she confronted the West Indian her eyes blazed with defiance upon him. 'He did not. Remove the mask. I can read the rascal underneath it. So, then, my hand bestowed on you is to be the price of your silence concerning my brother's crime, if crime it be. But you have shown your claws too soon, sir; see that they are not clipped.'

'And who is to clip them?'

'I!' exclaimed a voice that came from behind the chair near which Blanchard stood, while at the same time his arms were seized in a grip of iron and wrenched violently back. 'I Harold White! Fan, take possession of those papers.'

'So you think to trap me, do you?' growled Blanchard, actually foaming with rage; 'but you are mistaken.'

'Not a bit of it,' observed obliging Mr. Beauchamp, at this moment entering by the door on the landing. Coolly turning the key and placing it in his pocket, the manager of the Southampton Theatre continued: 'Now look here, Mr. Blanchard, I have stage managed too many little things of this kind not to know what's required to strengthen the situation. I have two of my fellows handy on the stairs. My property man is on the other side of those folding doors. My friend here and myself reckon for something, to say nothing of Mrs. Harold White—'

'Mrs. Harold White!' gasped Blanchard.

'Yes, Mr. Blanchard,' releasing him and approaching her, 'my wife. She always believed in my perfect innocence of the charge you helped to fasten on me, and when poor, miserable Gus confessed the part which he had played in the conspiracy we got married.'

'Confessed conspiracy!' sneeringly exclaimed Blanchard; 'where are your proofs?'

'Here!' replied Harold, pointing to the papers; 'and here they remain until—'

'Until what?'

'Until the father of my dear wife has perused them line by line, and the magistrates of Singlebridge have made my innocence as public as a year since they proclaimed my guilt.'

'Then I may go,' said Blanchard, after a pause, and, taking for granted the consent of his temporary custodian, he stepped toward the door, which was under the janitorship of Mr. Beauchamp. That gentleman gracefully waved him back.

'You may go on one condition, sir—pardon me, and it is this: that you leave for Jamaica by a certain steamer which leaves this port to morrow. I have to night bespoken your berth. Pardon me if you decline, take the consequences, one of which will be the temporary occupation by yourself of a neat and commodious apartment within the precincts of Southampton jail.'

'Open the door.' Not another word did he utter, but taking his hat and looking straight before him, he left the hotel and proceeded—not unattended in the direction of the Jamaica boat.

It was a pleasant hour or so which Mr. and Mrs. Harold White and their friend Beauchamp spent together that night. It was more than a pleasant meeting that took place a few days after in Singlebridge. Silas Westbrook's happiness was unspeakable. There was a streak of sorrow in it, though, when he thought of his absent son, and prayed that the lad had turned over a new leaf at the other end of the world.—*London Society.*

THE STORY OF BARTLETT'S LOST CHILDREN.

Thomas Bartlett, shoemaker, lives in a neat house, on what is known about Burlington, N. J., as Gallows Hill. The house stands high above the public road, and is backed by several acres of vegetable garden. It commands a good view of Burling City, one mile away. Bartlett's reputation, amongst those that know him, is that of an honest and industrious man. He divides his time between his trade and his garden. He has been twice married. His first wife died in 1859. She had bosne him two children—a daughter, Lizzie, and a son, Edward. At the time of their mother's death, Lizzie was in her tenth year, and Edward was five years old.

In January, 1861, Bartlett married his second wife. On the 16th of September, in that year, he enlisted in the Fifty-seventh New York Volunteers, then commanded by Col. Sam. K. Kook. The two children were left in the care of his new wife.

Bartlett did his duty as a soldier without any serious mishap until June 1, 1862. On that day the battle of Fair Oaks was fought. An officer's horse near Bartlett was struck, and, rearing, it plunged and fell dead upon Bartlett, breaking his right arm and crushing him nearly to death. In fact, he was supposed to be dead, and among those reported in the New York and Philadelphia papers as killed was the name of "Thos. Bartlett, Fifty-seventh New York Volunteers."

Almost the next place where he found himself was in hospital in the fort on Bedloe's Island in New York harbour. One year and seven days after his enlistment, he was discharged from the hospital, sound in all respects but his right arm, which he cannot straighten. This disqualification is his claim for the pension he receives.

Bartlett returned to Burlington in a few days after his discharge to find a glad welcome from his young wife and a fine baby boy, Harry, since grown up into a manly young fellow, now his father's "right arm." But nowhere could Bartlett find a trace of either Lizzie or Edward. Bartlett says that his second marriage aroused "bad blood" in the family of his first wife, the mother of his two children. He avers that the stepmother was nearly as good and kind to them as their own could have been. But their maternal grandmother had vowed that no stepmother should ever rule over her daughter's children.

While Bartlett was at home with these children, he had no fears for safety; but soon after going to the front their grandmother found means to take the girl, Lizzie, away from another relative's family near Bordentown, where the child had been staying for a few weeks. Not long afterward the little five-year-old boy also disappeared.

Young Mrs. Bartlett's means of support were slender, and, although she yearned for the lost children, she had a baby of her own to care for, and her efforts for their recovery could at most be of slight avail. Among the neighbours their disappearance was only a nine days' wonder, for the women had their own absent husbands to think about, or dead ones to mourn for.

When Thomas Bartlett on his return learned of the children's disappearance, he sought them in every place where he could imagine they would be hidden. The grandmother was, naturally, the first to whom movements his attention was directed. Here, however, he was baffled at the outset. Her occupation, until age began to disqualify her for it, was that of nurse. She had no home, because bring fortunately in favour with several leading physicians her services were always in request, and she utilized her opportunities. The watch kept now and then for a short time upon the other members of her family was equally unavailing. To add to Bartlett's bitterness, he, some time after his return, received an anonymous letter, dated Philadelphia, and saying that "he would never again see his daughter alive." Soon after this came another letter, also unsigned, telling him in so many words that "Edward was dead."

Although thus baffled at every point, Bartlett still kept up at intervals that apparently hopeless and disheartening search, until he finally gave up his children, as he says, "as dead and gone forever."

Ten years ago a patent fire extinguisher was exhibited in Burlington, and everybody was invited to Burlington Commons to see an otherwise inextinguishable fire summarily put out. The townspeople were there in force, and Bartlett was among them. Citizen Jacob Van Seyver was also present, and, meeting Bartlett in the throng, Mr. Van Seyver said:

"I say, Tom, have you seen your daughter yet?"

It should be explained that since his discharge from the army Bartlett had had other children born to him, and among them two girls.

"No," answered Bartlett, "can it be possible that she, too, has run away from home and come to see the fire?"

"I do not mean her," replied Van Seyver. "I mean your daughter by your first wife; it is not twenty-four hours since I saw her in Philadelphia."

Van Seyver then explained that he had called to see some friends in West Philadelphia, that while there a girl employed in a neighboring family chanced to come in; that he, in the course of the talk, mentioned Burlington, who upon the girl said that her name was Bartlett, and that she was born in Burlington. She then gave the names of some well-known citizens of Burlington, and added that her mother was dead, and that her father had been killed at the battle of Fair Oaks.

Bartlett, overjoyed, although still incredulous, hurried next morning to Philadelphia, found the house indicated by Van Seyver, and there met the daughter whom for six years he had supposed to be dead. It is enough to say that to day Lizzie lives in a pleasant home not a rifle shot away from her father's, happily married, and the mother of four interesting children.

The story of the finding of the boy, Edward, is even more remarkable. He had been left, it seems, according to his own account, by his grandmother with one of her distant relatives. Here he remained for a few years, at times going to the public schools, and growing up indifferently cared for, until he thinks, about his twelfth year he found himself employed in a store as sweeper and errand boy. Like his sister, he was led to believe that all of his father's family were dead. He was alone in the world, he thought, and he struck out for himself. About four years ago he secured a situation in the drug store of Newbold Brothers, 1,050 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. There he made himself useful, and his employers liked him so well that they sent him to the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy that he might thoroughly qualify himself for his profession. He is to be graduated at the close of the coming term. Last Thursday, July 4, he happened to be rummaging among some second-hand bottles. One of them caught his attention. It bore the label:

Addie Hays,
Druggist,
Burlington, N. J.

He knows not what mysterious impulse led him to write to Addie Hays and enquire whether any of his (Bartlett's) name were living in Burlington, but he did so at once, signing himself W. E. Bartlett. Mr. Hays received the letter on Friday. There are many Bartlettis in and around Burlington. Strangely enough, Mr. Hays at once thought of Tom Bartlett. That evening Harry Bartlett dropped in at Hays' drug store. Mr. Hays told him of the letter, and desired him to repeat its contents to his (Harry's) father. The next morning the latter came to see Mr. Hays. He read the letter and started on the next train for Philadelphia, taking the letter with him. One thing puzzled him. His son's name was Edward, with no additional front name, such as the W. in the letter indicated. He found the store of Newbold Bros., and presented the letter, and asked if they knew the writer. "Why, yes," said Mr. Newbold, "that's 'our Edward.'" Then he called Edward from the laboratory. Bartlett, with ill-concealed anxiety, questioned the young man. The latter explained how he came to write to Hays—in the hope that some of his father's name might yet be living in Burlington. As for his father himself, he said, he was dead long ago—killed at Fair Oaks. His grandmother and others had always told him so. As to the "W.," they had tried to call him Walter and Willie, but he had insisted that Edward was his right name, and so he had the two initials.

Bartlett, with great emotion, told who he was. The meeting of father and son was a joyous one. Their resemblance to each other is striking. Sunday was not Edward's Sunday off, but the firm insisted that it should be made such, and that he should go to Burlington and meet, for the first time, the six brothers and two sisters whom he had never seen or heard of, and that other sister, whom he had supposed to be dead.

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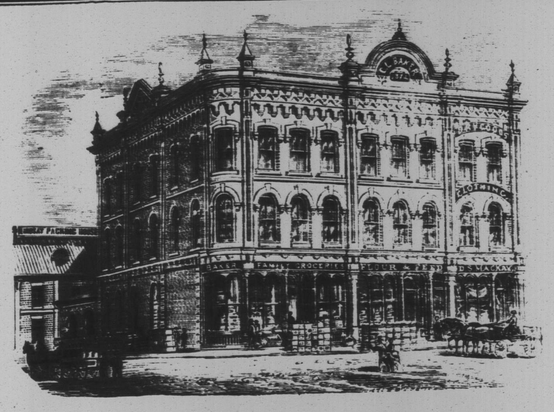

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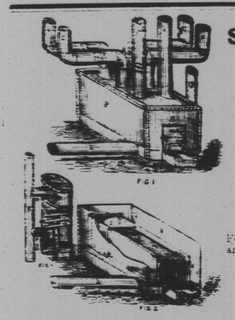

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