THREAD

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XVIII. - COMPLICATIONS.

Elsie spent a full fortnight, or even more, at Lowestoft; and before she vacated her hospitable quarters in the Relfs' rooms, it was quite understood between them all taat she was to follow out the simple plan of action so hastily sketched by Edie to Warren. Elsie's one desire now was to escape observa tion. Eyes seemed to peer at her from every corner. She wanted to fly for ever from Hugh-from that Hugh who had at last so unconscicusly revealed to her the inmost depths of his own abject and self-centred nature; and she wanted to be saved the hideous necessity for explaining to others what only the three Relfs at present knew-the way she had come to leave Whitestrand. Hungering for sympathy, as women will hunger in a great sorrow, she had opened to Edie, bit by bit, the floodgates of her grief, and pitiable story. In her own mind, Elsie self-murder; and Elie and Mrs Relf accepted in good faith the poor heart-broken girl's account of her adventure; but she could never hope that the outer world could be induced to believe in her asserted innocence-She dreaded the nods and hints and suspicions and innuendoes of our bitter society ; she shrank from exposing herself to its sneers or its sympathy, each almost equally distasteful to her delicate nature. She was threatened with the pillory of a newspaper paragraph. Hugh Massinger's the deep water; for that night on the lie afforded her now an easy chance of escape. She accepted it willingly, with out afterthought. All she wanted in her trouble was to hide her poor head where none would find it; and Edie Relf's plan enabled her to do this in . the surest and He was not curious, but he couldn't help safest possible manner.

Besider, she didn't wish to make Winifred unhappy. Winifred loved her cousin Hugh. She saw that now; she recognised, it displainly long before, Winifred had often been so full of Hugh; had asked so many questions had seemed so deeply interested in all that concerned him. And Hugh had offered his heart to Winifred-be the same more or less, he had at least offered it. Why should she wish to wreck Winifred's life, as that cruel, selfish, ambitious man had wrecked her own? She couldn't tell the whole truth now without exposing Hugh. And for Winifreo's sake at least she would not expose him, and blight Winifred's dream at the very moment of its first tull ecstacy.

For Winifred's sake? Nay, rather for his own. For in spite of everything, she still loved him. She could never forgive him. Or if she didn't love the Hugh that really her. was, she loved at least the memory of the Hugh that was not and that never had been. For his dear sake she could never expose that other base creature that bore his ing bitterly, and she cried till night, like able. name and wore his features. For her own love's sake, she could never betray him. For | chi dren. They were all she had left of her womanly consistency, for her sense of identity, she couldn't turn round and tell exactly what she had done, but avoided the ten on their foreheads, as if they were ves. the truth about him. To acquiesce in a lie was wrong perhaps; but to tell the truth would have been more than human.

"I could go away and hide myself for ever in Canada or Australia or somewhere like her in mute sisterly sympathy. that-where he would never know I was really living."

a gentle hand; she had views of her own al. ing nothing further directly or indirectly, slowly, after a long pause. "Taint likely, ready, had Edie. "It's a far cry to Loch as to Elsie's fate, set out one morning in if there was any jewelry on a corpse, he'd Awe, darling," she nurmured softly. "Better a dogcart from Whitestrand, and drove leave it about her for the coroner to claim, come with mother and me to San Remo."

San Remo?" had just gone off, in the nick of time, to get married to her faithful bank clerk at Brixso minded, she would be doing Mrs. Relf an | unclaimed body; for to rouse suspicion could reasonably have expected to obtain | moments. at San Remo. But none the less the offer she went; trouble, however deep, has al. | the ardour of young love with that girl ery." ways that special aggravation and that Winifred. He had had to imitate with hate- He laughed low to himself at his own special consolation for penniless people; ful skill the wantonness of youth and the grim wit; and Hugh, unable to conceal his and in no other house could she possibly ecstasy of the happily betrothed lover. He disgust, walked off alone, as if idly strolling have earned it without a reference or testi. had to wear a mask of pleasure on his pinch- in a solitary mood, towards the desolate monial from her last employers. The Relfs ed face while his heart within was full of graveyard. The lighthouse man went back, needed no such awkward introduction. bitterness, as he cried to himself more than rolling a quid in his bulged cheek, to his worth. That's about the long an' short of This arrangement suited both parties ad- once in his reckless agony. After such un monotonous avocations. Hugh stumbled mirably; and poor heart broken Elsie, in natural restraint, reaction was inevitable. over the sand with blinded eyes and tother present shattered condition of nerves, It became a delight to him to get away for tering feet till he reached the plot with its was glad enough to accept her new friends' once from that grim comedy, in which he little group of rude mounds. There was kind hospitality at Lowestoft for the pre- acted his part with so much apparent ease, mound far newer and fresher than all the sent, till she could fly with them at last, and to face the genuine tragedy of his miser rest, and a wooden label stood at its head early in October, from this desecrated Eng. able life, alone and undisturbed with his own with a number roughly scrawled on it in wet land and from the chance of running up remorseful thoughts for a few short hours or paint-" 240." His heart failed and sank against Hugh Massinger.

never again discover she was living.

he could not wholly deny himself either the | and sigh and be as sad as night, no man hinly so much as caught a glimpse of Elsie vour.

ever, the depth of her distress to dream of pressing even his sympathy upon her at so inopportune a moment. If ever the right time for him came at all, it could come, he knew, only in the remote future.

At the end of the pier, Elsie halted the chair, and made the chairman wheel it as she directed, exactly opposite one of the open gaps in the barrier of woodwork that ran round it. Then she raised herself up with difficulty from her seat. She was holding something tight in her small right hand; she had drawn it that moment from the folds of her bosom. It was a packet of papers, tied carefully in a knot with some heavy object. Warren Relf, observing cau tiously from behind, felt sure in his own mind it was a heavy object by the curve it described as it wheeled through the air when Elsie threw it. For Elsie had risen and told piecemeal the whole of her painful I now, pale and red by turns, and was flinging it out with feverish energy in a sweep was tree from the reproach of an attempt at | ing arch far, far into the water. It struck the surface with a dull thud—the heavy thud of a stone or a metallic body. In a second it had sunk like lead to the bottom, and Elsie, bursting into a silent flood of tears, had ordered the chairman to take her home again.

Warren Relf, skulking hastily down the steps behind that lead to the tidal platform under the pier, had no doubt at all in his own mind what the object was that Eisie had flung with such flery force into Mud-Turtle as he tried to restore the insensible girl to a passing gleam of life and consciousness, two distinct articles had fallen, one by one, in the hurry of the moment, out of her loose and dripping bosom. of water-logged letters in a hand which it was impossible for him not to recognise. The second was a pretty little lady's watch, tinctly. She wondered she hadn't seen it in gold and enamel, with a neat inscription engraved on a shield on the back, "E. C. from H. M," in Lombardic letters. It wasn't Warren Relf's fault it he knew then who H. M. was; and it wasn't his fault if he knew now that Elsie Challoner had formally renounced Hugh Massinger's love, by flinging his letters and presents bodily into the deep sea, where no one could ever pessibly recover them.

They had burnt into her flesh, lying there in her bosom. She could carry them about longer. And now on this very first day found one only a week or two ago, as it that she had ventured out, she buried her love and all that belonged to it in that deep | the groyne, to windward." where Hugh Massinger himself had sent

But even so, it cost her hard. They were Hugh's letters-those precious much-loved asked eagerly, yet suppressing his eagerletters. She went home that morning cry. ness in his face and voice as well as he was one who mourns her lost husband or her Hugh and of her day-dream. Edie knew don't carry their names an' addresses writvain effort to comfort or console her. "Com. sels. Lowestoft, Whitestrand, Southwold, fort—comfort acorned of devils!" Edie Aldeburgh—might 'a been any on 'em." was woman enough to know she could do

It was about a week later that Hugh Massinger, goaded by remorse, and unable along the coast with his own thoughts. in a | till he'd brought her up here, is it?" "San Remo;" Elsie echoed. "Why blazing sunlight, as far as Aldeburgh. There the road abruptly stops. No highway spans And then Edie explained to her in brief | the ridge of beach beyond : the remainder tendency, partly to educate, but more still sea and river, untrodden and trackless, one nervously. to escape the bitter English Christmas. | bare plank waste of sand and shingle. The dent governess to accompany them. But as tary tramp along that uneven road at the The more usual course is to sail by sea; and Hugh might indeed have hired a boat at ton; so here was an opporunity for mutual | Slaughden Quay if he dared; but he feared accommodation. As Edie out the thing, to be recognized as having come from

so. He looked upon that fierce tramp in the within him. So this was her grave !-Her whole existence summed itself up now eye of the sun, trudging ever on over those Elsie's grave! Elsie, Elsie, poor desoin the one wish to escape Hugh. He thought baking stones, and through that barren spit late, abandoned, heart broken Elsie. - He her dead. She hoped in her heart he might | of sand and shingle, to some extent in the took off his hat in reverent remorse as light of a self-imposed penance-a penance, he stood by its side. O heaven, how he On the very first day when she dared to and yet a splendid indulgence as well; for longed to be dead there with her! Should venture out in a Bath-chair muffled and here there was no one to watch or observe he fling himself off the top of the lighthouse veiled, and in a new black dress-lest any him. Here he could let the tears trickle now? Should he cut his throat beside her one perchance should happen to recogniz; down his face unreproved, and no longer nameless grave? Should he drown himself her-She asked to be wheeled to the Lowes pretend to believe himself happy. Here with Elsie on that hopeless stretchof wild toft pier, and Edie, who accompanied her there was no Winifred to tease him coast? Or should he live on still, a miserout on that sad first ride, walked slowly with her love. He had sold his own soul able, wretch ed, self-condemned coward, by her side in sympathetic silence. War- for a few wretched acres of stagnant salt to pay the penalty of his cruelty and his baseren Relf followed her too, but at a safe dis- marsh : he could gloat now at his ease over ness through years of agony? tance; he could not think of obtruding as his hateful bargain; he could call himself yet upon her shame and grief; but still 'Fool'at the top of his voice; he could groan was really Elsie's! He wished he could. In of the moon and two partial eclipses of the modest pleasure of watching her from afar | dering him. It was an orgy of remorse, and | headstone with just her initials—these sacred | 28 and July 22 respectively, and were both

Elsie's gentleness and the profundity of her stumbling wearily over that endless shingle, not buried whole shiploads together, as the will plunge into a meteoric zone, and "fallsorrow had touched him deeply. He began thirsty and footsore, mile after mile, yet indeed to suspect he was really in love with glad to be relieved for a while from the tempest? her; and perhaps his suspicion was not entirely baseless. He knew too well, how tears flow easily and naturally one after the sun. His remorse was gnawing the very of the 10th.

other down his parched cheek. Truly he life but of him. He was rooted to the spot. walked in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity. The iron was entering into his own soul; and yet he hugged it. The gloom of that barren stretch of water-worn pebbles, the weird and widespread desola tion of the landscape, the fierce glare of the mid-day sun that poured down mercilessly on his aching head, all chimed in congeniatly with his present brooding and melancholy humonr, and gave strength to the poig alongside by the groyne over yonder. Tide nancy of his remorse and regree. He could torture himself to the bone in these small matters, for dear Elsie's sake; he Current sweeps 'em right slong the coast could do penance, but not restitution. couldn't even so tell out the truth before up by the groyne as reg lar as one o'clock. the whole world, or right the two women he had cruelly wronged, by an open confession.

At last, after mile upon mile of weary | was rousing suspicion; yet he couldn't restaggering, he reached the Low Light, and sat down, exhausted, on the bare shingle just outside the lighthouse keeper's quar ters. Strangers are rare at Ofordness; and a morose-looking man, sourced by solitude, as he longed to learn, but he wandered away soon presented himself at the door to stare | slowly, step after step, to the side of the at the new-comer.

inquiring glance along the shingle beach.

"Yes, tramped it," Hugh answered with a weary sigh, and relapsed into silence, too utterly tired to think of how he had best set about the prosecution of his delicate inquiry, now that he had got there.

The man stood with his hand on his hip, and watched the stranger long and close, with frank mute curiosity, as one watches a wild beast in its cage at a menagerie. At last he broke the solemn silence once more Elsie's watch! Elsie's! Elsie's! The watch with the one inquisitive word, " Why?"

the man's laconic mannor to the echo. For twenty minutes they talked on in this Then Elsie was dead ! He was sure of it them, till at last Hugh touched as if by accident, but with supreme skill, upon the

abstract question of provisioning lighthouses. "Trinity House steam-cutter," the man observing them. The first was a bundle replied to his short suggested query, with sidelong jerk of his head to southward. "Twice a month. Very fair grub. Biscuit an' pork an' tinned meats an' sich like."

"Queer employment, the cutter's men," Hugh interposed quietly, "Must see a deal of life in their way sometimes."

The man nodded. "An' death, too," he assented with uncompromising brevity.

" Wrecks?" "An' corpses."

" Corpses ?" "Ah, corpses, I believe you. Drownded. Heaps of 'em." " Here ?"

"Well, sometimes. On the north side, next her bruised and wounded heart no mostly. Drift with the tide. Cutter's man might be Saturday. Right over yonder, hy

> "Sailor ?" "Not this time-gal-young woman." "Where did she come from?" Hugh

"How should I know?" the man answered with something very like a shrug. "They

Hugh continued his inquiries with breath-"I wish," she cried in her agony to Edie, nothing. She only held her new friend's less interest a few minutes longer; then he hand tight clasped in hers, and cried beside asked again in a trembling voice: "Any yours?" jewelry on her?"

The man eyed him suspiciously askance. Detective in disguise, or what? he wonder-Edie stroked her smooth black hair with any longer to endure the suspense of hear- ed. "Ask the cutter's man," he drawled out

The answer cast an unexpected flood of light on the seafaring view of the treasure-trove of corpses, for which Hugh had hardly before outline that she and her mother went every of the distance to the Low Light at Orford- been prepared in his own mind. That would should there be, neither? That's 'ow I put winter to the Riviera, taking with them a ness must be accomplished on foot, along a account for her not being recognised. 'Did it. 'Tain't a nob's. Turns out she warn't few delicate English girls of consumptive flat bank that stretches for miles between they hold an inquest?' he ventured to ask

They hired a villa-the same every year- ruthless sun was pouring down upon it in the good?-no evidence, he continued. 'Not on a slope of the hills, and engaged a resi. full force as Hugh Massinger began his soli- identified. They mostly ain't, these here drownded bodies. Jury brought it in chance would have it, their last governess | Martello Tower, just south of Aldeburgh. | " Found drownded." Convenient vardictsaves a sight of trouble."

"Where do you bury them ?" Hugh asked hardly able to control his emotion.

The man waved his hand with a careless Elsie might almost have supposed, were she Whitestrand to make inquiries about the dash towards a sandy patch just beyond the High Light. "Over yonder," he answered, exceptional favour by accepting the post would be doubly unwise: he felt like a mur. There's shiploads of 'em yonder. Easy gal, by the mere look o' 'er, 'an there's and accompanying them to Italy. And to derer, and he considered himself one by im- digging-easier 'an the shingle. We plantsay the truth, a Girton graduate who had plication already. If other people grew to ed the crew of a Hamburg brigantine taken high honours at Cambridge was cer. suspect that Elsie was drowned, it would there in a lump last winter. Went ashore tainly a degree or two better than anything go hard but they would think as ill of him on the Oaze Sands. All hands drowndedthe delicate girls of consumptive tendency as he thought of himself in his bitterest about a baker's dozen of 'em. Coroner comes over by boat from Orford an' sits upon' em For, herrible to relate, all this time, with here on the spot, so you may term it. was a generous one, kindly meant; that burden of agony and anguish and sus. That' consecrated ground. Bishop ran and Elsie accepted it just as it was intended. pense weighing down his soul like a mass down and said his prayers over it. A corpse It was a fair exchange of mutual services. of lead, he had had to play as best he couldn't lie better or more confortabler, if it She must earn her own livelihood wherever might, every night and morning, at comes to that, in Kensal Green Simmet-

Elsie held him spellbound. At length he roused himself, and with a terrible effort returned to the lighthouse. "Where did you say this last body came up?" he asked the man in as careless a voice as he could easily

The man eyed him sharp and hard. "You seen precious anxious about that there young woman," he answered coldly. "She floated throwed her up. That's where they mostly come ashore from Lowestofs or Whitestrand. till they reach the ness; then it throws 'em There's a cross current there; it's that as makes the point and the sandbank."

Hught altered. He knew full well he frain for all that from gratifying his eager and burning desire to know all he could about poor martyred Elsie. He dared not ask what had become of the clothes, much groyne. Its further face was sheltered by "Tramped it ?" he asked curtly with an heaped-up shingle from the lighthouse man's eye. Hugh sat down in the shade, close under the timber balks, and looked around him along the beach where E'sie had been washed ashore, a lifeless burd burden. Something yellow glittered on the sands hard by. As the sun caught it, it attracted for a second his casual attention by its golden shimmering. His heart come up with a bound into his mouth. He knew it -he knew it-he knew it in a flash. It was he himself had given -years and years ago "Amusement," Hugh answered, catching | -no; six weeks since only-as a birthday present-to poor dear dead Elsie.

brief disjointed Spartan fashion, with quest now. No need for further dangerous quest tion and answer as to the life at Orfordness | tioning. It was by Elsie's grave indeed he tossed to and fro like a quick ball between had just been standing. E'sie lay buried there beyond the shadow of a doubt, unknown and dishonoured. It was Elsie's grave and Elsie's watch. What room for hope or for fear any longer?

It was Elie's watch, but rolled by the cur rent from Lowestoft pier, as the lighthouse. man had rightly told him was usual, and cast ashore, as everything else was always cast, by the side of the groyne where the stream in the sea turned sharply outward at the extreme eastern most point of Suffoik.

He picked it up with tremulous fingers an klased it tenderly; then he slipped it unobserved into his breast-pocket, close to his heart—Elsie's watch !—and began his return journey with an aching bosom, over those hot bare stones, away back to Aldeburgh. The beach seemed longer and drearier than before. The orgy of remorse had passed away now , and the coolness of utter despair had come over him instead of it. Half-way on, he sat down at last, wearier than ever, on the long pebble ridge, and gazed once (Bass) We are keeping jubilee, we are keeping jubimore with swimming eyes at that visible token of Elsie's doom. Hope was dead in his heart now. Horror and agony brooded over his soul. The world without was dull and dreary; the world within was a tempest of passion. He would freely have given all he possessed that moment to be dead and buried in one grave with Elsie.

At that same instant at the Low Light the cutter's man, come across in an open boat from Orford, was talking carelessly to the underling at the lighthouse.

"How's things with you?" he asked with "Pretty much alike, and that stodgy,"

the other answered grimly.

"Well, we've tracked down that there body," the Trinity-House-man said casually; "the gal's, I mean, as I picked up on the ness: an' after all my trouble, Tom, you woul in't believe it, but, hang it all, there ain't never a penny on it."

"No?" the lighthouse-man murmured interrogatively.

"No, not a farden," the fellow Bill res-

ponded in a disconsolate voice. "Wy nobody, after all, but one, o' these 'ere light o' loves down yonder at Lowestoft. The lighthouse-man nodded. 'But what's Must 'a been a sailor's Poll, I take it. Throwed 'erself in off Lowestoft pier one dark night, might be three weeks gone or might be a fortnight, on account of a altercation she'd 'a bin 'avin with a young man as she was keepin' company with -Never seen a more promisin' nor a more disappintin' corpse in my born days. Wen I picked 'er up, says I to Jim-"Jim," says I, as confident as a churchwarding, "you may take your davy on it she's a nob, this money on the body."-Wy, 'er dress alone would 'a made anyone take 'er for a genu-wine lady. An' 'ow does it turn out ? A bad lot! Just the parish pay for 'er, an' that in Suffolk. If it 'adn't bin for a article or two in the way of rings as fell off 'er fingers, in the manner o' speakin', an' dropped as I may say into a 'onest man's pocket as 'e was a a carryin' 'er in to take 'er to the mortuary-wy,it do seem probable, it's my belief as that there 'onest man might 'a bin out a shillin' or so in 'is private accounts through the interest he'd 'a took in that there worthless an' unprincipled young woman,-Corpses may look out for theirselves in future as far as I'm concerned. I've 'ad too much of them; they're more bother'n they're

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

News from the Skeena river relates that the troubles there are not so bad as it was feared they would be. The constable who shot the Indian is to be tried for manslaughter, and as a result the hostiles are said to be satisfied. While this information is brought down by a trader, the special constables are working their way up the river and "C" Battery is encamped at Fort Simpson awaiting orders to proceed. It is to be hoped that the affair may prove nothing but a scare. When over, it will be well for the Government to relieve the Indians of any grievance they may be labouring under.

This is a great year for eclipses. Four have already taken place, and another one -a partial eclipse of the sun invisible in America -is due on Wednesday next. Of Elsie's grave! If only he could be sure it | those that are past, two were total eclipses time, then, he might venture to put up a sun. The former took place on January unseen and unsuspected. Warren had hard- he gave way to it with wild orginatic fer- initials. But no; he dared not. And per- visible here; the latter took place February haps after all, it might not be Elsie. Corpses | 11 and July 9 respectively, and were both since that night on the Mud Turtle; but | He plodded, plodded, ever on, came up here often and often. Had they invisible here. On the 9th inst. the earth

Fletcher of Saltoun.

The celebrated Fietcher of Saltoun, who distinguished himself so remarkably by his political hostility to the tyranny of the last two princes of the house of Stuart, by his zeal for the Revolution under King William, and by his opposition to the legislative union between England and Scotland, by which the separate importance of the latter was for ever lost, and its prosperity, notwithstanding, wonderfully promoted, was the principal proprietor of a large district in Haddingtonshire, in which are situated the villages of Saltoun, East and West. When Mr Fletcher saw the union fully established, and his own political career at a close, he appears to have directed his active spirit to the improvement of his country in the useful arts. Accordingly the Scotch owe to him the fanners and the mill for making pot or hulled barley. Having resided a considerable time in Holland, along with other British malcontents, before the Revolution, he had obtained there the two instruments already mentioned; and at a future period of his life he contrived to import them to his own native country. With this view, in 1710 he took James Meikle, a millwright in his neighbourhood, to Holland. Mr Meikle went to Amsterdam, and Mr Fletcher took up his residence at the Hague. The correspondence between them is said to be still in existence; and from thence it appears that the iron work of the barley mill was purchased in Holland. As the Dutch were always extremely jealcus of the exportation or introduction to foreign countries of any of their manufectures or instruments, Mr Meikle is said to have been under the necessity of disguising him as a menial servant of his employer's lady, and in that character obtained permission to see the instruments which he wished to imitate by attending the lady on pretended visits of curiosity. Mr Meikle, on his return to Saltoun, erected a barley-mill there, and made and sold the instrument called the fanners. The barleymill had constant employment, and Saltoun barley was written upon almost every petty shop in the Scottish villages.

A Boating Song.

Written at Lake St. Francis, July 1888. Music:-"Sailing o'er the Sea."

BY L. A, MORRISON, TORONTO.

When the vernal days are done And the sultry summer oun, Its languor over nature brings,-Then some shady cool retreat From the City's glare and heat, Hath health and healing in its wings.

Chorus :-

(Treble) We are sailing glad and free, We are sailing glad and free. We are sailing alad and free. We are sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing, sail-

Oh 'tis not the burden'd brain,-In its dull methodic strain-Can flash the thoughts that breathe and burn ; Weary hands and feeble will Can with but imperfect skill Earth's wondrous gifts to profit turn.

So, where I ake St. Francis lies, -Overarched by jewel'd skies-In a cosy cottage on its banks, 'Neath the spreading maple trees,-Fan'd by cool refreshing breeze-We join with the linnets in our thanks.

Here "St. Lawrence" limpid green Blends with "Fraser's" murky sheen, While away through "The Cedars" it descends,-Where it joins " U-ta-wa's" tide And Mont-Royale's Isles divide, Till "Vercheres" make them undivided friends.

Here—in fateful days of old— Dire Rebellion wrathful roll'd, -Loyal sons conserved the Nation's fate, And upreared "Glengarry's Cairn' -On the "White-winged Dove's" return-To express their devotion to the state.

So-refreshed-our nature sings, Till. with songs, the welkin rings, And the Lake-embowered in its green-Gives--fer body, mind and heart-Added strength to do life's part, From the sweet enchantments of the scene.

[Note :- Each line in the chorus is repeated four times, and if a number of voices can join in, the beauty of the chorus can be heightene i by each part varying the wording.]

A Sweet Story.

LEIGH STURGEON Once I thought her looks were haughty, And her love was growing cold, And her smiles were faint and weary ; And her faith was losing hold.

Then I slighted her on purpose, And I treated her unkind: And I so: rned all her sorrows, Till she faded, droop'd and pin'd.

We would always snarl together. And then go with aching heart Sighing sore for one another, To some solitude apart.

Till a nobler love came o'er me, And I sought her lone retreat; Where our wild impassion'd story, Ended most divinely sweet.

Boy-Like.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

From early dawn he roamed about With glances inquisitorial, And in the house, likewise without, He left some sad memorial.

No one could tell, from those mild eyes, What his remote intention was : He loved to waylay and surpri e, And startling his invention was.

A violin he broke, in fun, And afterward its brother flute : To see what made the tune in one, And also what made the other toot. The sawdust in the dolly packed

For him a wild attraction had ; A watch he could not leave intact : From this great satisfaction had. He dug, to see how grasses grew, A bicycle he took apart:

Folks locked up all their books-they knew He loved to take a book apart. A drum had wondrous charms for him To see just where the noise came out:

With him around, the chance was slim That unbroke any to; s came out. But as he prowled about one day, With hungry curiosity,

And near the cradle chanced to stray, He shook it with velocity.

Packed off to bed ere he could sup, His lip a gentle sigh came from ; Because he stirred the baby up To find out where the cry came from !

"You must lead quite a pastoral life," said the woman to the tramp, "roaming over the country in this beautiful weather. than usual. The most brilliant part of the "Rather more of a pasture al life, madam," He stood there long, bareheaded in the display will probably occur on the evening replied the tramp, sadly; "I slept in the open air with eight cows last night."