

# THE THREAD OF LIFE

OR  
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 that she was to follow out the simple plan of action so hastily sketched by Edie and Warren. Elsie's one desire now was to escape observation. 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 unconsciously 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 Whitstrand. 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 told piecemeal the whole of her painful and pitiable story. In her own mind, Elsie was free from the reproach of an attempt at self-murder; and Edie 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 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 safest possible manner.

Besides, she didn't wish to make Winifred unhappy. Winifred loved her cousin Hugh. She saw that now; she recognised it distinctly. She wondered she hadn't seen it plainly 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 Winifred's sake at least she would not expose him, and blight Winifred's dream at the very moment of its first full ecstasy.

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 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 name and wore his features. For her own love's sake, she could never betray him. For her womanly consistency, for her sense of identity, she couldn't turn round and tell the truth about him. To acquiesce in a lie was wrong perhaps; but to tell the truth would have been more than human.

"I wish," she cried in her agony to Edie, "I could go away and hide myself for ever in Canada or Australia or somewhere like that—where he would never know I was really living."

Edie stroked her smooth black hair with a gentle hand; she had views of her own already, had Edie. "It's a far cry to Loch Awe, darling," she murmured softly. "Better come with mother and me to San Remo."

"San Remo?" Elsie echoed. "Why San Remo?"

And then Edie explained to her in brief outline that she and her mother went every winter to the Riviera, taking with them a few delicate English girls of consumptive tendency, partly to educate, but more still to escape the bitter English Christmas. They hired a villa—the same every year—on a slope of the hills, and engaged a resident governess to accompany them. But as chance would have it, their last governess had just gone off, in the nick of time, to get married to her faithful bank clerk at Brixton; so here was an opportunity for mutual accommodation. As Edie put the thing, Elsie might almost have supposed, were she so minded, she would be doing Mrs. Relf an exceptional favour by accepting the post and accompanying them to Italy. And to say the truth, a Girton graduate who had taken high honours at Cambridge was certainly a degree or two better than anything the delicate girls of consumptive tendency could reasonably have expected to obtain at San Remo. But none the less the offer was a generous one, kindly meant; and Elsie accepted it just as it was intended. It was a fair exchange of mutual services. She must earn her own livelihood wherever she went; trouble, however deep, has always that special aggravation and that special consolation for penniless people; and in no other house could she possibly have earned it without a reference or testimonial from her last employers. The Relfs needed no such awkward introduction. This arrangement suited both parties admirably; and poor heart-broken Elsie, in her present shattered condition of nerves, was glad enough to accept her new friends' kind hospitality at Lowestoft for the present, till she could fly with them at last, early in October, from this desecrated England and from the chance of running up against Hugh Massinger.

Her whole existence summed itself up now in the one wish to escape Hugh. He thought her dead. She hoped in her heart he might never again discover she was living.

On the very first day when she dared to venture out in a Bath-chair muffled and veiled, and in a new black dress—lest any one perchance should happen to recognise her—She asked to be wheeled to the Lowestoft pier, and Edie, who accompanied her out on that sad first ride, walked slowly by her side in sympathetic silence. Warren Relf followed her too, but at a safe distance; he could not think of obtruding as yet upon her shame and grief; but still he could not wholly deny himself either the modest pleasure of watching her from afar unseen and unsuspected. Warren had hardly so much as caught a glimpse of Elsie since that night on the *Mud-Turtle*; but Elsie's gentleness and the profundity of her sorrow had touched him deeply. He began indeed to suspect he was really in love with her; and perhaps his suspicion was not entirely baseless. He knew too well, how-

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 cautiously 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 now, pale and red by turns, and was flinging it out with feverish energy in a sweeping 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 Elsie had flung with such fiery force into the deep water; for that night on the *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. He was not curious, but he couldn't help observing them. The first was a bundle 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, in gold and enamel, with a neat inscription engraved on a shield on the back, "E. C. from H. M." in Lombard letters. It wasn't Warren Relf's fault if he knew then who H. M. was; and it wasn't his fault if he knew now that Elsie Chaloner had formally renounced Hugh Massinger's love, by flinging his letters and presents bodily into the deep sea, where no one could ever possibly recover them.

They had burnt into her flesh, lying there in her bosom. She could carry them about next her bruised and wounded heart no longer. And now on this very first day that she had ventured out, she buried her love and all that belonged to it in that deep where Hugh Massinger himself had sent her.

But even so, it cost her hard. They were Hugh's letters—those precious much-loved letters. She went home that morning crying bitterly, and she cried till night, like one who mourns her lost husband or her child. They were all she had left of Hugh and of her day-dream. Edie knew exactly what she had done, but avoided the vain effort to comfort or console her. "Comfort—comfort scorned of devils!" Edie was woman enough to know she could do nothing. She only held her new friend's hand tight clasped in hers, and cried beside her in mute sisterly sympathy.

It was about a week later that Hugh Massinger, goaded by remorse, and unable any longer to endure the suspense of hearing nothing further directly or indirectly, as to Elsie's fate, set out one morning in a dogcart from Whitstrand, and drove along the coast with his own thoughts, in a blazing sunlight, as far as Aldeburgh. There the road abruptly stops. No highway spans the ridge of beach beyond; the remainder of the distance to the Low Light at Orfordness must be accomplished on foot, along a flat bank that stretches for miles between sea and river, untrodden and trackless, one bare plank waste of sand and shingle. The ruthless sun was pouring down upon it in full force as Hugh Massinger began his solitary tramp along that uneven road at the Martello Tower, just south of Aldeburgh. The more usual course is to sail by sea; and Hugh might indeed have hired a boat at Slaughden Quay if he dared; but he feared to be recognized as having come from Whitstrand to make inquiries about the unclaimed body; for to rouse suspicion would be doubly unwise: he felt like a murderer, and he considered himself one by implication already. If other people grew to suspect that Elsie was drowned, it would go hard but they would think as ill of him as he thought of himself in his bitterest moments.

For, horrible to relate, all this time, with that burden of agony and anguish and suspense weighing down his soul like a mass of lead, he had had to play as best he might, every night and morning, at the arduous of young love with that girl Winifred. He had had to imitate with hateful skill the wantonness of youth and the ecstasy of the happily betrothed lover. He had to wear a mask of pleasure on his pinched face while his heart within was full of bitterness, as he tried to himself more than once in his reckless agony. After such unnatural restraint, reaction was inevitable. It became a delight to him to get away for once from that grim comedy, in which he acted his part with so much apparent ease, and to face the genuine tragedy of his miserable life, alone and undisturbed with his own remorseful thoughts for a few short hours or so. He looked upon that fierce tramp in the eye of the sun, trudging ever on over those baking stones, and through that barren spit of sand and shingle, to some extent in the light of a self-imposed penance—a penance, and yet a splendid indulgence as well; for here there was no one to watch or observe him. Here he could let the tears trickle down his face unreprieved, and no longer pretend to believe himself happy. Here there was no Winifred to tease him with her love. He had sold his own soul for a few wretched acres of stagnant salt marsh: he could gloat now at his ease over his hateful bargain; he could call himself 'Foil' at the top of his voice; he could groan and sigh and be as sad as night, no man hindering him. It was an orgy of remorse, and he gave way to it with wild orgiastic fervour.

He plodded, plodded, plodded, ever on, stumbling wearily over that endless shingle, thirsty and footsore, mile after mile, yet glad to be relieved for a while from the strain of his long hypocrisy, and to let the tears flow easily and naturally one after the

other down his parched cheek. Truly he 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 desolation of the landscape, the fierce glare of the mid-day sun that poured down mercilessly on his aching head, all chimed in congenially with his present brooding and melancholy humor, and gave strength to the poignancy of his remorse and regret. He could torture himself to the bone in these small matters, for dear Elsie's sake; he could do penance, but not restitution. He couldn't even so tell out the truth before the whole world, or right the two women he had cruelly wronged, by an open confession.

At last, after mile upon mile of weary staggering, he reached the Low Light, and sat down, exhausted, on the bare shingle just outside the lighthouse-keeper's quarters. Strangers are rare at Orfordness; and a morose-looking man, sourced by solitude, soon presented himself at the door to stare at the new comer.

"Tramped it?" he asked curtly with an 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 with the one inquisitive word, "Why?"

"Amusement," Hugh answered, catching the man's laconic manner to the echo.

For twenty minutes they talked on in this brief disjointed Spartan fashion, with question and answer as to the life at Orfordness tossed to and fro like a quick ball between 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 replied to his short suggested query, with a sidelong jerk of his head to southward.

"Twice a month. Very fair grub. Biscuit an' pork an' tinned meats an' such 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. Drowned. Heaps of 'em."

"Here?"

"Well, sometimes. On the north side, mostly. Drift with the tide. Cutter's men found one only a week or two ago, as it might be Saturday. Right over yonder, by the groyne, to windward."

"Sailor?"

"Not this time—gal—young woman."

"Where did she come from?" Hugh asked eagerly, yet suppressing his eagerness in his face and voice as well as he was able.

"How should I know?" the man answered with something very like a shrug. "They don't carry their names an' addresses written on their foreheads, as if they were vessels. Lowestoft, Whitstrand, Southwold, Aldeburgh—might 'a been any 'em."

Hugh continued his inquiries with breathless interest a few minutes longer; then he asked again in a trembling voice: "Any jewelry on her?"

The man eyed him suspiciously askance. Detective in disguise, or what? he wondered. "Ask the cutter's man," he drawled out slowly, after a long pause. "Taint likely, if there was any jewelry on a corpse, he'd leave it about her for the coroner to claim, till he'd brought her up here, is it?"

The answer cast an unexpected flood of light on the seafaring view of the treasure-trove of corpses, for which Hugh had hardly before been prepared in his own mind. That would account for her not being recognised. "Did they hold an inquest?" he ventured to ask nervously.

The lighthouse-man nodded. "But what's the good?—no evidence," he continued. "Not identified. They mostly ain't, these here drowned bodies. Jury brought it in 'Found drowned.' Convenient verdict—saves 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 dash towards a sandy patch just beyond the High Light. "Over yonder," he answered, "There's shiploads of 'em yonder. Easy digging—easier 'an the shingle. We planted the crew of a Hamburg brigantine there in a lump last winter. Went ashore on the Ooze Sands. All hands drowned—about a baker's dozen of 'em. Coroner comes over by boat from Orford an' sits upon 'em here on the spot, so you may term it. That's consecrated ground. Bishop ran down and said his prayers over it. A corpse couldn't lie better or more comfortable, if it comes to that, in Kensal Green Simmetry."

He laughed low to himself at his own grim wit; and Hugh, unable to conceal his disgust, walked off alone, as if idly strolling in a solitary mood, towards the desolate graveyard. The lighthouse-man went back, rolling a quid in his bulged cheek, to his monotonous avocations. Hugh stumbled over the sand with blinded eyes and tottering feet till he reached the plot with its little group of rude mounds. There was mound far newer and fresher than all the rest, and a wooden label stood at its head with a number roughly scrawled on it in wet paint—"240." His heart failed and sank within him. So this was *her* grave! Elsie's grave! Elsie, Elsie, poor desolate, abandoned, heart-broken Elsie.—He took off his hat in reverent remorse as he stood by its side. O heaven, how he longed to be dead there with her! Should he fling himself off the top of the lighthouse now? Should he cut his throat beside her nameless grave? Should he drown himself with Elsie on that hopeless stretch of wild coast? Or should he live on still, a miserable, wretch ed, self-condemned coward, to pay the penalty of his cruelty and his baseness through years of agony?

Elsie's grave! If only he could be sure it was really Elsie's! He wished he could. In time, then, he might venture to put up a headstone with just her initials—these sacred initials. But no; he dared not. And perhaps after all, it might not be Elsie. Corpses came up here often and often. Had they not buried whole shiploads together, as the lighthouse-man assured him, after a terrible tempest?

He stood there long, bareheaded in the sun. His remorse was gnawing the very

life but of him. He was rooted to the spot. 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 a careless voice as he could easily master.

The man eyed him sharp and hard. "You seen precious anxious about that there young woman," he answered coldly. "She floated alongside by the groyne over yonder. Tide throwed her up. That's where they mostly come ashore from Lowestoft or Whitstrand. Current sweeps 'em right along the coast till they reach the ness; then it throws 'em up by the groyne as regular as one o'clock. There's a cross current there; it's that as makes the point and the sandbank."

Hugh altered. He knew full well he was rousing suspicion; yet he couldn't refrain 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 as he longed to learn, but he wandered away slowly, step after step, to the side of the groyne. Its further face was sheltered by 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 Elsie had been washed ashore, a lifeless 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 came up with a bound into his mouth. He knew it—he knew it—he knew it in a flash. It was Elsie's watch! Elsie's! Elsie's! The watch he himself had given—years and years ago—no; six weeks since only—as a birthday present—to poor dear dead Elsie.

Then Elsie was dead! He was sure of it now. No need for further dangerous questioning. It was by Elsie's grave indeed he had just been standing. Elsie 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 Elsie's watch, but rolled by the current 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 Suffolk.

He picked it up with tremulous fingers and kissed 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 more 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 a laugh.

"Pretty much alike, and that stodgy," the other answered grimly. "How's yours?"

"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 wouldn'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 responded in a disconsolate voice. "Wy should there be, neither? That's 'ow I put it. Taint a nob's. Turns out she warn't nobody, after all, but one, o' these 'ere light-o'-loves down yonder at Lowestoft. Must 'a been a sailor's Poll, I take it. Threwed 'erself in off Lowestoft pier one dark night, might be three weeks gone or might be a fortnight, on account of an altercation she'd 'a bin 'avin with a young man as she was keepin' company with.—Never seen a more promisin' nor a more disappointin' coo-pse in my born days. Wen I picked 'er up, says I to Jim—"Jim," says I, as confident as a churchwarden, "you may take your davy on it she's a nob, this gal, by the mere look o' 'er, an' there's 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 an 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 'one man's pocket as 'e was 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 worth. That's about the long an' short of it."

(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 those that are past, two were total eclipses of the moon and two partial eclipses of the sun. The former took place on January 28 and July 22 respectively, and were both visible here; the latter took place February 11 and July 9 respectively, and were both invisible here. On the 9th inst. the earth will plunge into a meteoric zone, and "falling stars" ought to be more numerous than usual. The most brilliant part of the display will probably occur on the evening of the 10th.

## Fletcher of Saltoun.

The celebrated Fletcher 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 jealous of the exportation or introduction to foreign countries of any of their manufactures 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 barley-mill 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 lal days are done  
And the sultry summer sun,  
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:—  
(Trebles) We are sailing glad and free,  
(Alto) We are sailing glad and free. We are sailing  
glad and free.  
(Tenors) We are sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing,  
sailing glad and free,  
(Basses) We are keeping jubilee, we are keeping jubilee.

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 Lake St. Francis lies,  
—Overarched by jeweled skies—  
In a cosy cottage on its banks,  
'Neath the spreading maple trees,—  
Fanned by cool refreshing breezes—  
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 "The Assiniboia" tide  
And Mont-Boyal's Isles divide,  
Till "Verchères" make them undivided friends.

Here in fateful days of old—  
Dire Rebellion wrathful roll'd,—  
Loyal sons conserved the Nation's fate,  
And unsundered "Glenarry'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—on its green—  
Gives—for 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 heightened by each part varying the words.)

## A Sweet Story.

LEIGH STURGEON

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

Then I slighted her on purpose,  
And I treat'd her unkind;  
And I scorn'd 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 surprise,  
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 saddest 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 looked 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 from;  
With him around, the chance was slim  
That unbroken any toy's came out.

But as he prowled about one day,  
With hungry curiosity,  
And near the cradle chanced to stray,  
His shock it had with velocity.

Packed off to bed ere he could sup,  
His lips 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." "Rather more of a pasture life, madam," replied the tramp, slyly; "I slept in the open air with eight cows last night."