

THE LAST GOOD-BY.

How shall we know it is the last good-bye?
The skies will not be darkened in that hour,
No single bird will fall on leaf or flower,
No single bird will hush its careless cry,
And you will hold my hands, and smile or sigh
Just as before. Perchance the sudden tears
In your dear eyes will answer to my fears;
But there will come no voice of prophecy—
No voice to whisper: "Now, and not again,
Space for just words, last kisses and last
prayer."
For all the wild, unmitigated pain
Of those who, parting, clasp hands with
despair,
"Who knows?" we say, but doubt and fear
remain;
Would any chose to part thus unaware?
—Louise C. Moulton.

A PRETTY GIRL'S WHIM.

IT WAS a beautiful garden—a garden in which one might almost lose one's self among the heavy sweetness of the blossoming syringa bushes and the avenues of pink wiggles that wound irregularly here and there.

It was a July day. A girl lay idly in a wide luxurious hammock, her bright head on the soft tinted cushions, her deep brown eyes upraised to the whispering leaves above.

She looked the ideal of happy content as she lay there in pretty laziness, one slim hand drooping over the hammock's edge. A great Newfoundland dog lay on the grass beside her as she swayed gently to and fro, toying affectionately with the dog's great, noble head.

Sometimes he would open his almost human eyes and look up at her silently, with a happy content that matched her own.

It was very pleasant there. The book she had been reading had dropped upon the grass and lay with crumpled leaves. A rosebud marked the place.

Wilma Pierce, whose summers were spent at her grandmother's quaint old country home, had come here a few days since, tired out in body and brain as only a young, hard working teacher can be.

Already the soothing quiet of the lovely place had done her good, and the brightness of complexion and the liveness of form, which had been impaired by the last year's hard work, were returning to her.

A silvery haired, sweet faced old lady came out of the wide hall door with a light wrap in her hand. She approached the hammock with anxious solicitude in her kind, old face.

"Child, it is cool for thee here, thee must be more prudent with thyself." She wrapped the soft, gray shawl about the girl's shoulders with loving, motherly hands. Wilma looked up and smiled protestingly.

"It isn't chilly, grandmamma, dear—but I submit."

She took the wrinkled old hand in hers and held it gently against her warm cheek.

The old Quakeress bent her stately form and left a soft, swift kiss upon the girl's forehead.

"I must go in, dear heart; thee had best fall asleep for a little if thee can."

The soft, gray gown swept away across the grass, and the wearer stopped beside the door to pull a sweet, white rose that stretched temptingly toward her.

She went in, and the girl and her dumb companion were again alone.

By and by she fell asleep. The roses at her bare, white throat rose and fell with a gentle regularity as her breath came and went. It was a pretty picture. Ronald Mitchell, coming across the garden, thought so as he caught sight of it, and paused involuntarily.

The dog raised his great, shaggy head and looked a silent welcome from his brown eyes. They were old friends—Ronald the young farmer, and Rebecca Northfield's dog Don.

The young man stood breathless a moment looking at the sleeper, then with a softer light in his blue eyes and a warmer tinge on his smooth shaven cheek he went toward the house. He entered with the familiarity of a well known and welcome friend, and sat down easily in a big, antiquated rocking chair.

Rebecca Northfield came into the room, her old face alight with welcome.

She came and laid her small hand on Ronald's shoulder. "Ronald," she said, "my grandchild, Wilma Pierce, is come. Perhaps it is not news to thee? She is a good child, Wilma is, but I fear she loves the world too well. There is little of the Quaker about her, Ronald."

He smiled. "I saw her when I came through the garden just now. She is unlike you in her dress, but her face has a likeness to yours."

They sat together in the quiet room and talked a little while. All at once a shadow fell across the bare, white floor, and they both looked up. Wilma stood in the wide doorway, her face a little flushed with sleep, her eyes dewy like a child's after a refreshing slumber. She held a yellow rose in her hand.

Grandmamma," she said, all unconscious of a stranger's presence, as she looked half sleepily at the flower, "grandmamma, what a lovely rose! Just see how—"

"Wilma," the calm, sweet voice interrupted her, "come here. This is

Ronald Mitchell, the son of my old friend and schoolmate, Eunice Sand." Wilma advanced a little and held out her hand frankly, but when she met the intense gaze of the clear blue eyes above her a shy look came into her own and she withdrew her hand.

Ronald, watching her wondered if her grandmother's remark about her had implied that she was a bit of a coquette.

She leaned over the old lady's high backed chair and fastened the rich rose in the silvery white waves of her beautiful hair. And then she went away, with a murmured word of excuse, leaving behind her a scent of roses and a remembrance of a fair, fresh young face rising flowerlike above her pale blue gown.

That was their first meeting. All summer the young farmer came and went at his own will and helped to make the old place pleasant.

They sang together in the garden. There was no musical instrument in the primitive Quaker household, but Wilma had brought her guitar with her. They read together in the old summer house through long, lovely afternoons, while grandmamma sat near with her homely knitting work.

They walked together in the great old fashioned garden and along the murmuring creeks, and sat idly on the rustic bridge, watching the rhythmic flow of the waters and the minnows darting in the cool, dark depths below. It was an idyllic summer. Both were happy. One knew why it was; the other only half guessed it.

Ronald Mitchell at 30 years had for the first time felt his inmost heart stirred and thrilled by a woman's presence. He loved her with all the unwasted strength of his perfect manhood, with all the tenderness of a true man's first love.

One evening he told her. They were sitting together on a mossy log beside the creek.

Wilma had thrown off her wide garden hat, and the late rose in her dark hair gleamed whitely like a soft star in the dusk.

What caprice seized the girl? She listened to his eager words with averted face turned toward the dying sunset light.

When he had finished she did not answer.

"He takes too much for granted," she thought; "he is too masterful; he asks as though my heart was some light thing to which he had a right. I will teach him it is not."

She rose and turned to go. He caught her hands and detained her.

"Wilma, are you not going to say a word? Are you then the coquette I always thought you that first day?"

His words stung her. She tried to free herself, and the rose fell from her hair. He picked it up.

"If you won't say anything, Wilma, give me this rose. Let it be a symbol of hope to me."

She snatched it from his hand.

"When I am ready to answer you," she said, "I will send it to you," and then she slipped away and hurried toward the house. A spice of romance had always been part of her nature. Now as she flitted away she touched the senseless flower with lips that trembled.

"I do love him—I do love him," she whispered as she sped along the shadowy path through the garden.

But the girl's willful heart was slow to yield. A week passed.

Ronald Mitchell came not once to the farmhouse. Rebecca Northfield wondered at his absence, and looked searchingly at the quiet faced girl.

One evening she came into the quaint old room, with its sloping roof and lattice window, where Wilma sat reading.

"I thought I'd tell thee, Wilma, that Ronald is going away to-morrow. He is tired, he said when I met him to-day, and needs a change. He does look worn, I wonder why he keeps away from us."

She looked keenly through her gold rimmed glasses at the girl.

"I don't know grandmamma, I'm sure. He does act strangely of late. Will he stay away long do you think?"

"A month, he said," she answered. The girl drew a quick breath. "A month," she thought. "In a month, I shall be back at school."

Her heart beat quickly. After a while she took a little box from her bureau, and went down stairs and out into the garden.

She called to Don and wandered down to the mossy log beside the creek. She had been here every day since that time a week ago.

She sat down on the log, and Don sat down beside her, looking gravely at the running stream.

She drew a little folded note from the box in her hand and opened it.

"Come to me," it said, and then in delicate tracery her name, "Wilma."

That was all.

The girl's eyes shone half mischievously as she fastened the tiny box to Don's silver collar with a bit of ribbon, and a bright color glowed in her cheeks.

Then she folded her small hands together and looked seriously into the dog's great, noble eyes.

"Good old Don," she said, "take it to Ronald—to Ronald—do you understand?"

He looked up intelligently into her face and trotted off sedately.

Ronald Mitchell was in his room alone. One by one such articles as were necessary were being packed into his traveling bag.

A sudden patter on the stairs arrested his attention, and the next moment a familiar black head was thrust through the half opened doorway.

"Why, Don, old fellow! Come to say good-bye? What's this?" He unfastened the little box and

opened it. When he had unfolded the slip of paper and found the withered white rose he sprang to his feet. Then to Don's amazement, he bounded down the stairs and out into the summer twilight, the grave dog following at his heels.

He found her on a mossy log beside the creek, looking expectantly toward him with her shy, sweet glow of love in her dark eyes and on her face.

Only Don was the witness of that meeting, but when a little later the happy lovers wandered up the sweetly scented garden, cool and shadowy in the gloaming, and grandmamma came to meet them with a glad surprise and a light of calm contentment in her serene face, all thoughts of the projected visit were banished, and the half packed traveling bag lay forgotten on the floor at home.

—Harriet Francene Crooker in New York Ledger.

Count Leo Tolstoi.

Max O'Rell, in Washington Star.

Tolstoi is late in making his discovery that love is the curse of the world and marriage is wrong and unchristian. This husband of a good wife and father of half a score of children reminds me a little of Solomon, who, after monopolizing a fabulous number of the fair sex during the best years of his life, was afterward ungracious enough to write slightlying of the bulk of them. The peculiar views which the count has advanced in his latest novel, "The Kreutzer Sonata," have called forth such a storm of dissent from readers he has had to further explain them. This explanation, which appeared in a syndicate of newspapers, is not cheering. Count Tolstoi is a wonderful genius, but he is certainly depressing. Some one long ago recommended him as capital reading for any one suffering from a plethora of high spirits. His latest utterance have distinctly added to his reputation in this line. What, take away out of life the little poetry that it possesses! We have all felt first or last that it is a pity that there should be but one name for the highest devotion of an Adam Bede and the sensual passion of Tito Melema; but it is dismal to hear both lumped together and to be told that love and all the states that accompany and follow it, no matter what the poets may say, never do and never can facilitate the attainment of an aim worthy of men, but always make it more difficult.

The Advantage of the Moral Effect.

"I'd like you to come over to that house with me," said a canvasser to a policeman on Napoleon street a day or two ago.

"What for?"

"The woman bought a clock of me on the installment plan. She still owes \$2, and will neither pay nor give up the clock."

"But why don't you go to the court?"

"I'll have to, perhaps, but I thought I'd make one more attempt. I want you to stand in front of the house for the moral effect it will have on her."

"The officer went with him and assumed a sort of heroic pose at the gate, while the canvasser went to the side door. It was promptly opened at his knock, and still more promptly a pail of water deluged him from head to foot and run him out of the yard."

"Well, the moral effect of my presence didn't seem to count," remarked the officer.

"Yes it did!" gasped the other as he shook himself. "She had a hoe handle, two dogs and her two big boys in there, and if you hadn't been here where'd I be about this time?"—Chicago Herald.

A Kite Story.

Some fishermen engaged in Belfast Lough recently picked up a very large seagull, which was seen approaching the boat with wings outspread floating on the water, but quite dead. The men were puzzled to account for the progress it made through the water, as it went faster than the boat; but as it came near it was found that, wound securely round the body and under the wings, was a string of cordage, which, on closer examination, they discovered was attached to a large paper kite then flying above them at a considerable height. The kite furnished propelling power. The bird had evidently, while flying at Belfast, got entangled in the string of a boy's kite, had been unable to extricate itself, and, taking to the sea, had been drowned in its efforts to obtain freedom.

Rampant White Caps.

The White Caps of New Mexico continue so audacious that Governor Prince has issued a proclamation calling upon them to disband. He declares that if they do so he will order out the territorial militia, and if necessary call upon the United States troops. This band of regulators style themselves knights of labor, and have organized lodges throughout the San Miguel country, until they now have a membership of 1,500. They have without any legal cause destroyed hundreds of miles of fences, turned herds of cattle loose, burned thousands of tons of hay and destroyed other property while several men who have opposed them have been seriously wounded by some unseen assassin or have mysteriously disappeared.—Chicago Herald.

IN GLAD WEATHER.

I do not know what skies there were,
Nor if the wind was high or low;
I think I heard the branches stir
A little when we turned to go:
I think I saw the grasses sway
As if they tried to kiss your feet—
And yet, it seems like yesterday,
That day together, sweet!

Think it must have been in May;
I think the sunlight must have shone;
I know a scent of springtime lay
Across the fields: we were alone.
We went together, you and I:
How could I look beyond your eyes?
If you were only standing by
I did not miss the skies!

I could not tell if evening glowed,
Or noontide heat lay white and still
Beyond the shadows of the road:
I only watched your face, and still
I knew it was the gladdest day.
The sweetest day that summer knew—
The time when we two stole away
And I saw only you!

—Charles B. Going.

AT THE MASQUERADE.

IT WAS at the masquerade ball. He had come Ingomar, she as Parthenia. He had graduated from Harvard only the June previous, and as he was accustomed to spend his vacation with his family in Europe or on the seaboard, he had scarcely been home for four years. This was the first event of his homecoming, so not only was he a comparative stranger, but the few recognizable faces were masked from view. The accident of their costumes had assured him his first dance with Parthenia, and fortune had given him the rest.

He did not know her and scarcely cared to. She danced well and seemed satisfied to give him as many numbers as he chose. She talked pleasantly and not too much. He was pleased with the simplicity of her manner.

As they danced together it was as if they were moving in a dream. In the gay eddies of bright costumes, in the strange jumbling of the garments of all ages and climes, they too seemed fated to cling together, and thus to be alone. In the mystery of her presence he forgot himself and his isolation, content with the thought that for the moment there was harmony between them. Often utter strangers are attached by subtle ties of sympathy, and in the first hour of intercourse are induced to touch on heart secrets that years of friendship could not elicit.

Once she seemed to question who he was.

"You have come to college—to Harvard?" she said, as they were dancing a quadrille.

He looked at her inquiringly. For a moment he fancied he recognized her voice.

"No," he answered, as he took her hand in the grand right-and-left. Then, regretting even a masquerade falsehood, or perhaps, with his vanity aroused to know why she had thought him a college man, he waited until they were together again and asked the reason for the question.

"Nothing," she replied softly. "Only I once had a friend at Harvard, a very dear friend."

"That is such a distinctive misfortune," he remarked, with a touch of smiling irony.

She seemed sadder and more thoughtful and did not reply. His curiosity was aroused; possibly he was touched with the dreamy regret of her voice.

"I once lived in Cambridge," he said tentatively, "and knew many college men."

She shook her head and was silent.

"I knew Ethelbert Perry and Earle Marvin."

She was startled.

"Yes," she replied, after a moment's hesitation. "Mr. Perry is engaged to a Miss Craig and Mr. Marvin is now in Europe."

He bit his lips in perplexity. Yet why need he seek to discover who she was?

However she seemed dissatisfied. "You know Mr. Marvin?" she asked.

He laughed consciously. "Yes, I have heard of him. He was a wild, harum-scarum fellow, well-known in his class, but a great prig."

"He had many friends?" she asked wistfully.

"At first sight people liked him." Then he demanded abruptly, "Do you know him?"

"No," he answered after a slight hesitation. Then she added, "I have heard he was very popular."

"Pshaw!" he replied with a nervous laugh. "Oh, well, yes, at first sight, as I said, but he got many rebuffs. Did you ever hear the story his conquest with Miss Boardman?" She was an opera singer who was so fascinated with the way he played football that she paid him much attention. He went to her reception in the green room the night of the victory, proud of the honor. When he got there, however, O'Leary, pitcher of the Boston nine, was ahead of him and she turned him over to one of her chorus girls to be entertained. He never heard the last of it from the fellows, and in future confined himself to Cambridge society. That is the way it always was. He was a good deal of a funkey."

He caught his breath as if to assure himself that he had not said too much. They were standing on the outskirts of the dance and he made haste to take her hand and break into the waltz. He was sorry that he had mentioned the subject at all, and did his best to efface the impression.

She danced very well. As often happens with girls of her restrained disposition she became strangely impulsive with the excitement of motion. When they ceased and went together into the conservatory she was beaming with gladness.

"How pleasant," she exclaimed. "Oh, it makes me feel as if I were a girl again and thought of nothing but friendship and flowers!"

He was amused at her assumption of maturity.

"Really," he said with a sly irony. "You bear your age wonderfully; you are remarkably well preserved."

She laughed at the odd banter of his tone. "Do you really think me so young?" She asked a little piqued.

"Ah," he said, with a languishing look. "You are as young as the unfolding lily, as young as the rosebud at dawn."

"That is true," she said demurely. "My mother has often told me that I was born young."

Very soon she relapsed into her mood of silence. After all he liked her better thus. As she clung to his arm she brought him dreams of his boyhood, when he had cared for one as lovely as she, perhaps, but now so long forgotten. They walked out into the ball and ascended the central stairway where they could overlook the dancers beneath. He leaned his head against the balustrade. She sat clasping her knee and gazing at him abstractedly. She was under the strangely imaginative influence of the masquerade. Perhaps it was just this very dream influence that pleased him so, for is not all friendship, all passion, a dream? Certain it was that as they sat together, strangers though they were, there was a perfect understanding between them, so perfect indeed, that for a long time neither spoke or wished to speak.

He had been watching the gay movements of the quadrille. The motley dancers in the parlors beneath wove in and out in a turmoil of movement and color. He felt peculiarly isolated among so much mirth and gaiety. A stranger in a strange land is not half so lonely as a stranger in the home of his people.

At last, as if recalling his fancies, he turned and said, fixing his gaze on her mask, "I am so glad that I came as Ingomar."

She was listening but did not mind his words. Perhaps it was the rich strength of his voice that caught her ear.

"Because, you see, my costume privileges me to devote myself to Parthenia."

She bowed her head for pleasure. He fancied he could see a heightening of color even beyond her velvet masque. However, she remained silent, and he went on:

"And yet there is a subtle feeling of sorrow in the thought that it is Ingomar and not myself that you have favored."

Her gaze still seemed to pass through him and beyond. She had the air of speaking from the shadow of a dream.

"No," she said quietly, "I have enjoyed our dances very much. You are like an old friend of mine." After a while she asked, "Do you ever fancy yourself different, do you ever feel as you used to in the years gone by? I have felt all the evening as if I were living my girlhood again."

"Yes, sometimes," he said, "as I used to feel when I was happiest and most light-hearted."

She seemed pleased at this and repeated, "I have enjoyed our dances very much."

"And I may have the waltz after the unmasking?" he said, smiling at the naivete of her remark. "Because you see as yet I have known only Parthenia. And I, too, have enjoyed our dances."

She shook her head softly. "No, I shall go home before the unmasking."

She arose and they descended to the hall. His heart was filled with delight at her presence. Already he had conceived a friendship for her. She was so simple and so graceful, that it seemed as if he had always known her. The thought of her going filled him with tender regret.

The quadrille had ended. It was but a moment before the unmasking.

"Come," he said, "You say you have really preferred myself to Ingomar; can't you give me just this one last dance? The rest you know were scarcely my own."

"No," she said, "the unmasking would spoil it all. Let us part unacquainted."

"Now what shall I believe?" he burst out with pretended pique. "It is I, not Ingomar, and yet the unmasking would spoil it all."

The waltz music began. The dancers thronged aside their masques. There was a burst of murmurs and laughter, the regret of disappointment and the surprise of recognition. In the confusion she drew nearer to him. He laughed for joy, seized her hand and broke into the dance.

"No, no!" she cried, tossing her head and struggling from his arm. "Oh, you must not! Do let me go!"

He laughed again. She was entrancing in her despair. However, he was forced reluctantly to loose his hold.

There was a quiver in her voice. "I am frank," she said, "I must go. It is neither you nor Ingomar. Your presence has been the spell of a long-lost friendship. It can last but an hour. I would not dispel it. You

cannot understand. Oh, leave me my dream!"

She was ravishing in her emotion. "Without this one favor," he pleaded, "your whole presence is a dream to me."

"No," she said, turning her face from him. "I must go."

An unmasked man in motley came up. It was Ethelbert Perry.

"Masks off," he shouted, and seizing one in each hand tore them from their faces.

"Hello, Marvin!" he exclaimed in surprise. "When did you come home?" Then turning he said, "Why, May! why didn't you tell me?"

A moment Miss Craig gazed on Marvin's discovered features, then her face blanched and she leaned against the wall like one who sees a ghost.

"May, Miss Craig! Oh, I thought it must be you!" Marvin burst out in delight. "Now I demand the waltz, it must be mine."

But their masks were off and the witchery was gone.

Perry stood aghast, still holding the masks in his hands. He looked at Marvin in mute surprise and at Miss Craig in mute reproach. Marvin was dazed with the realization of what had passed. She was choking with emotion and her eyes were filled with tears.

"Good night, sir," she said at last. Marvin picked her handkerchief from the floor, and stood motionless watching them ascend the stairs.

The next morning he received a note. It read as follows:

"DEAR EARLE—It seems that we must have had some subtle intimation of each other's presence last night that brought back the thoughts of those old summer times. The generosity of our childish friendship has always been one of my pleasantest memories. Ethelbert and I have often regretted that your life has grown so far apart from ours. He dines with us to-morrow. Will you not come also, and let us talk over the pleasant old days together? Sincerely,
"MAY."

"I thought I had forgotten her long ago," mused Marvin, as he wrote his regrets to the invitation. "No doubt she thought too she had ceased to care for me. What simplicity, what delicacy, what tact! How strange that I could have lost her image for so long! And thus it ends."—John Corbin in the Harvard Advocate.

Doctors' Names.

Something might be said in favor of the primitive practice of naming men after they were grown up instead of while they were babies. Under the present system it often happens that a man's name is curiously out of keeping with his character or pursuits. The literary editor of the Doctor has lately been examining a new directory of physicians, and seems to have been greatly impressed by the singularity and inappropriateness of some of the names contained in it.

He thinks, for example, that Dr. Coffin might sound unpleasantly suggestive to a nervous patient, though less so, perhaps, than another name which follows it—Dr. Death. A timid person might object to Dr. Sexton also, and if one were very sick indeed it would certainly seem ominous if Dr. Death, Dr. Coffin and Dr. Sexton were to hold a consultation at his bedside.

Other names almost as bad as the foregoing are Dr. Butcher and Dr. Slaughter, though they occur several times each in the directory. There are two Dr. Cranks—fewer than might have been expected—and one Dr. Craze, who is perhaps in charge of an insane asylum.

Some of the names may be called inappropriately appropriate, such as Aiken, Carver, Cutter, Hash, Diet, Hurt, Mangle, Pellett, Pillmore, Tomb and Toothaker, Dr. Ague and Dr. Shivers might very well be partners, and if a third man were wanted they could hardly do better than to call in Dr. Sweat.

A Queer Industry.

For years many natives had made a snug living out of the hunting, and killing of cobras and other reptiles for which head money was offered. It was a perilous occupation and many men lost their lives at it. But now an easier and simpler plan has been adopted, which is also more profitable. This is nothing less than cobra farming. The cunning Hindoos caught a number of the snakes alive and imprisoned them in a carefully constructed pen, from which escape was impossible, but in which the cobras would feed entirely at home. There the snakes increased and multiplied at an amazing rate. From time to time the snake farmers would thin out their stock and get the bounties on a few dozen heads. The business was conducted just as systematically as poultry raising. About 200 cobras were kept as breeders, and the yield of marketable snake heads was large. But the government officials became suspicious because of the business-like way in which the heads were brought in, and their investigations soon exposed the whole scheme and broke up the enterprise.—Calcutta Correspondence New York Tribune.

Where Anarchy Lurks.

Chicago Herald.

A Springfield, O., sweet-girl graduate has patented a new method of cooking Saratoga chips, and is now supplying a single firm in Cincinnati with 600 pounds of chips a day.

When a young and energetic woman takes it into her head to be a useful member of society she generally succeeds. When some inventive genius finds a way of cooking tripe so that it will not taste like a fried liver-pat there will be less excuse for anarchy.