The Storm Bark.

Out of the mist and the purple dark
Of the sea, with its tempest-toss of spray,
Long ago there sailed a bark
Into New Amsterdam's gracious bay.
From strands of crystal her cordage seemed
To be spun, so gaily it sparkled and gleamed;
Her hull, and her masts of strange device,
Shone with the pallor of Arctic ice,
And her canvas, taut in the singing breeze,
Was white as the spindrift of wind-swept seas.

"Boom!" went the harbor's signal gun,
But never the sound of an answering hail,
Rose from decks that glowed in the sun;
While on, with no sign of a drooping sail,
The strange ship bore, with her spectral look,
Till she weathered the reaches of Grievous Hook,
And, writhlike, faded suddenly
Under the hills of the Tappan Zee,
With storm in her wake, as black to the sight
As she from the rail to the peak was white.

And now, at the dreaded dark o' the moon,
Though all the blue be ashine with stars,
And land and water seem keyed in tune,
If, showing a shimmer of ghostly spars,
That wierd bark ripples a sealike glass,
The river men cry to Saint Nicholas,
And put for port, for they know full well,
Ere the sun peer out from its orient cell,
The heaven will reel and the earth will quail
Under the stroke of the tempest flail.
—Clinton Scollard in New York Sun.

A MAN OF MEANS

By LAURA ACKROYD

I always think Cophetua was a lucky man to get the beggar maid for his wife, for it is not often that a royalty has the chance of marrying a woman who has not been clothed in fine linen and fed on the adulation of courtiers all her life.

For a king would sometimes like to be a man, too, and share in the common give-and-take of ordinary life. Therefore, I hope the beggar maid was stalwart and self-reliant, for this, doubtless, was his majesty's one chance in life.

The case of George Newbolt was something like Cophetua's. It is true that he wasn't a king, but an American stockbroker; while Aimee Ruet was not a beggar maid, but a painter.

Still, the man who can claim the title of millionaire has all the privileges of an emperor nowadays, while the enthusiastic devotee of art, who conscientiously copies the great masters, and only does pot-boiling under protest, is often as penniless as the prettiest barefooted mendicant who ever asked for alms at the roadside.

Forgot that he wanted to abdicate.

Newbolt had only entered into his kingdom ten years ago, but he was weary of it already, and far from desiring more worlds to conquer, he only wished to keep his name out of the papers and lead a quiet life.

When he met Aimee, however, he had not yet had the courage to struggle out of the maelstrom; and the construction of his private yacht, the value of his collection of patch-boxes, and the color of his favorite necktie were still matters which excited daily comment in the Morning Picador, or Mayfair Gazette.

He was just in that whimsical condition of mind when a man with too much grit in him to be debauched by luxury will join a missionary society, go into the East End to study the ways of the Hooligan, or start on an exploring expedition through Tibet, by way of giving zest to an existence which threatens to become savorless for want of variety.

Before he had decided which of these courses to adopt, however, he ran over to Paris for a few days to see some of his favorite masterpieces in the Louvre—for Newbolt had a by no means contemptible love for pictures—and there, in the Salle aux Primatifs, he saw Aimee Ruet, a little French artist with a pale complexion, lovable mouth and glorious eyes, soberly copying Corot's delightful "Paysage," which, with its silvery tints and indefinable atmosphere, seems doubly alluring when one comes to it jaded with trying to take in the glowing colors and sensational compositions of David, Ingres and Delacroix.

For a moment Newbolt forgot that he wanted to abdicate. He only thought that here was a poor person (the child had so carefully darned the hole in her blue artist's pinafore!) reproducing a picture he would give worlds to possess, and that he had enough money to buy the copy over and over again.

He spoke humbly, but not too humbly, to Aimee, expressing his admiration of the Corot, and offering to pay whatever price she liked to ask for the replica; but the color flew into the girl's softly-rounded cheeks as she firmly replied that, whatever monsieur was prepared to give, she could not sell the picture.

"I am not painting it for sale," went on the little French artist. "It is to be a present to a lifelong lover of Corot."

"But are you so rich that you can afford to give such valuable gifts to your friends?" asked Newbolt, staring at the canvas as if he would get its cool, vaporing coloring by heart.

"Ah, monsieur!" she said gently, "it is the poor who do not count the cost of what they bestow on those they love!"

Newbolt turned to look at her, and his eyes rested curiously on the girl's charming face, as she steadily continued her work, without so much as a glance in his direction.

"Will it disturb you if I watch you, mademoiselle?" he asked, abruptly.

"Not at all. I am used to being stared at while I paint," and she looked up with a frank smile.

It was a strange beginning for the friendship which subsequently sprang up between these two, but it was infinitely more original than a formal introduction in a crowded drawing-room, just as their conversations later on were far more unstudied, than those which are carried on under the eyes and within earshot of a sleepless chaperone.

At all events, Newbolt postponed his flight to Timbuctoo (or whatever other erratic form of "putting in time" he had been contemplating), and staid in Paris for six weeks, during which he was a regular visitor at the Louvre and a constant attendant on Aimee Ruet. She, with all the zest of an unspoilt child-like nature, put her whole heart into her friendship for Newbolt; but her frank attitude of camaraderie rather exasperated him sometimes, when he would have preferred to see her eyes downcast and her cheeks a little more rosy under his lover-like glances.

For it had come to that—Newbolt was hopelessly in love with Aimee, while she, at present, was in love with art, to the exclusion of any emotion of a more agitating character for any male suitor, rich or poor.

He tried to tell her one day, when she had consented to go with him on the steam tramway to St. Germain-en-laye, but the girl would not allow him to go on.

"O, I have heard the same thing from many men, although I seem so young," she said, naively, "and always think it's such a pity! You see, how you spoil our friendship—and just when it was becoming almost perfect!"

"Aimee, are you a cold and cruel woman, or only a wilful, careless child?" said Newbolt, catching the little hand that was full of violets she had gathered in the forest.

She shook her head and tears came into those beautiful eyes which so often played havoc with Newbolt's resolutions.

"Neither, but a hard-working artist—a Bohemian, if you will—who loves her freedom and her ambition too well to give them up willingly—yet. Besides, there is Aunt Eustacie; no one can make omelettes for her as I can."

"Don't make Aunt Eustacie an excuse," he said, gently; "for she should never be parted from you, nor deprived of her omelets."

"You are good," replied Aimee, looking at him wistfully; "so good that I hate to give you pain; but," slowly, "I don't love you as I ought to love you, if—ah, mon ami, let us not speak about it! After all, we have so little in common when we are not talking of Corot; for you have lived so happily, free from care and anxiety, while I have toiled and faced disappointment, and suffered and 'seen life.' What could you do for me except buy me pretty frocks, house me sumptuously, and see that I never again wanted for material comforts? As for pretty frocks, I like them—what woman doesn't? But I cannot exist for these things alone."

"Every word you say makes me realize how much I lose in losing you!" said Newbolt, huskily. "But, Aimee, you have taught me, by the force of a living example what a selfish brute I am, and the old shackles have fallen from me. I shall never, I think, sink so low again. You don't love me, my child—why should you? But I shall try to win you yet. Some day," he added, with difficulty steadying his voice, "you will turn to me in a moment of loneliness and misery, and grow happier in the thought that one man in the world is living for his fellow-men because he loves you so well."

They were silent for a few minutes, then Newbolt said in his ordinary tones:

"And now that the 'Paysage' is finished, may I ask to whom you are going to present it?"

Her eyes widened.

"Haven't I told you? Oh, it's for Aunt Eustacie, to hang in her room, because she is bedridden with paralysis and can't stir. She once saw the painter when he was still a boy, living with his mother, who used to be a marchande de modes in the Quai Voltaire, and she is very fond of his pictures."

"Then I do not grudge your work to her. Happy Aunt Eustacie—and happy Aimee to be possessed of such a brave, unselfish heart."

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Newbolt had been out of the world for three years, and this was his first appearance in society since he had risen to the surface of that whirlpool of suffering humanity in which he had submerged himself.

The soft chatter of well-bred women and the rustle of dainty skirts sounded pleasantly in his ears after the rasping accent of flower girls and costers; but he smiled a litle sadly as he glanced over the crowded room, taking "the measure" of his well-groomed fellow men as they assiduously handed muffins and talked small talk to the smiling sirens whose very garments were redolent of the exotic atmosphere in which they had been nurtured.

He put down his teacup and stepped, unnoticed into the little balcony, bright with scarlet geraniums, which ran along the window behind him. In a low wicker chair under the awning sat a girl who wore a lilac muslin gown, pressing her hand to her eyes.

"Oh, Major Grant, how quick you have been!" she said, as he came to the balcony. "Lady Gifford evidently keeps her eau de Cologne handy."

The girl raised her eyes with a grateful smile, but their expression changed as they met those of Newbolt and a deep flush dyed her pale face in an instant.

"Oh, it can't be—yes, it is!" and she sprang from her chair, holding out her hands with the impulsive gesture of a glad child—the characteristic gesture of Aimee Ruet. "That we should meet here—how strange it seems."

Womanlike, she was the first to regain her self-possession, and in a few

"I said what was not true."

minutes they were comparing notes on the events of the past few years without any embarrassment.

"Yes," she said, presently, in answer to a question of his, "I suppose I am famous—in a way! People like my pictures, and make a fuss with me, and I have money to spend, and the world treats me well. But you see, Aunt Eustacie is dead, and there is no longer any one for whom I can make omelettes! Dear Aunt Eustacie! I wish I were back again in the little flat aux quatrieme, where we lived together so long! But you—are you not happy? I hear of your noble work among the poor, and I glow with pride to think that you are my friend."

"Is that so," he asked eagerly. "Is it true that, altnough you would not even write to me, you still counted me your friend? Aimee, you know that if I have done any good in the world it is through your influence. Therefore, if to love one's fellow men makes one happy, your life ought to be full of felicity! For myself, I have learned to believe in humankind, but there is still something wanting in my life—something for which I asked you that day at St. Germain-en-laye. Do you remember?"

"I have never forgotten it," she said, gently, her eyes averted. "I have had reason to remember that afternoon sadly enough many times since then. For—will you forgive me? —I said what was not true."

"You mean—"

"I mean that I loved you then, although I did not know it. I mean that I have missed you every hour of every day since—I mean that I am miserable and lonely—and—"

She drew away the hands which he had grasped, and sprang up hastily, as voices were heard near the window.

"Aimee," he said, his eyes fixed on her face, "before we are interrupted, promise me one thing—promise that you will be my wife."

And just as Major Grant appeared behind them, his florid face full of concern as he drew the stopper from a bottle of eau de cologne, she raised her eyes and said, "I promise."—Lady's Pictorial.