WAVERLAND.

A TALE OF OUR COMING LANDLORDS.

BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM.

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while with buffalo robes and winter coats we passed the night dreaming of "Greenland's icy mountains," and sundry expeditions to the north pole.

When morning came the Yankee editor with chattering teeth called us to "see the sunrise."

From the experience of the previous evening, we wrapped ourselves in robes for a sleigh-ride with the thermometer twenty below zero. We reached the regulation station just before the sun appeared. A white cloud lay on all the world below us until the sun that looked like a ball of fire coming from the uttermost rim of the universe burst forth in all its beauty, dispersing the misty cloud and rolling it away like the angry white caps on a stormy white sea. For a few moments we all stood in silence. Then exclamations of surprise, admiration and reverence gave vent to the intensity of our feeling.

"How grand! how glorious!" cried Stella, as we stood together in the frosty air, forgetful of the bodily pain at the grandeur of the sight.

"Tis worth all the trouble and all the labor to stand here above the earth, above all sounds of sin or sorrow, free from the petty cares of life and for one moment enjoy the grandeur of the new born day! How can anyone stand here in the presence of the king of day and not believe in God, who has created and sustained all these wonderful things!" I said, as we stood on the snow-clad summit of the mountain and viewed the great world that lay beneath us, gladdening into life under the rays of the rising sun.

"It seems almost a vision of Beulah land," said Lady Irving. "The sky is so bright above with its tints of red and gold blended with the heavenly blue; the earth so green below mingled with the tints of red and brown of the rocks and cliffs of the mountains!"

"Here we all see the colors that St. John saw in his vision of the New Jerusalem. From the red Jasper, typifying human passion, through all the colors to the sapphire purity of heaven!" said Stella, reverently.

"Where does the real cease and the ideal begin? What can be more real than this vast rocky fragment that crowns the summit of the peak?" said Melvorne. "Yet who ever thinks of broken rock or chilling air when enjoying a scene like this?"

"The imagination is the reader here. Hold fast the granite rock and all becomes mute and near sighted," I said, picking up a piece that lay at my feet. "But let it and all the rest of this grand sight be lit with imagination and we feel that it is but a symbol of something grander and nobler than the mind can conceive."

"You little fairy star of mountain wild," said Stella, as she gathered some of the delicate white flowers that grow wherever the granite rock has crumbled enough to cover their tiny rootlets. "Tell me the secret of your life!"

"I will tell you its secret," I said. "It is doing what it can; it brings one link of living nature to this bare, bleak and desolate mountain top, as you, my fairy star, brought a link of life and love to the bleak old house at Waverland. And as that tiny flower can charm us with its beauty and hold us prisoners by its fragrance, so you charmed me into an active thinking man and held my heart a prisoner by the purity and purpose of your life. But come, my darling, I see you shiver. You must not stay longer in this keen winter air."

When we reached the house we found the rest of the party there thawing their benumbed fingers, and drinking a cup of fragrant coffee, made by the signal officer who seasoned his hospitality with thrilling tales of former visitors, which made the party roar with laughter till the rafters re-echoed our glee.

"O, you should stay till noon and see the frail, tender daughters of the earth, who like the lilies of the field that "toil not neither do they spin," but think the earth and all that dwell therein were made for them and to do their will. Why, sometimes I am ordered to build fires, to make coffee and to fix comfortable lounging places for them as though they were queens and I their slave," he said in a mock tone of outraged dignity.

"Well coffee is a luxury," said Lollard, taking his second or third cup. "And the sergeant knows just how to make it."

After breakfast we all went out for one more look from the lofty place, before we left. The sun had been traveling at a rapid rate. The rosy hue of the morning light had disappeared, but the clear bright sunlight had revealed every visible object. With our field glasses we could distinguish Denver and Manitou; and the Platte and Arkansas rivers with their lines of green trees, and many beautiful parks among the mountains. The brilliant colors of the images in the garden of the gods were distinctly marked. To the west we imagined we could see Leadville like a black speck among the bristling peaks.

"Colorado, rare and beautiful Colorado!" exclaimed Lollard. "Yonder she rests her head of silver and gold pillowed on the Rocky Mountains; her feet nestling in the soft brown grasses of the boundless plains. She is set on a hill before the world, and the air of heaven is so clear that all may see her well! That expresses my idea of Colorado, standing here on this dizzy height viewing her from all points of compass!"

"Did you find that in your guide book?" asked Melvorne.

"Don't ask me that, as though I never had any idea of my own," he said turning away in seeming disgust.

With a last lingering look we left the peak and started on our downward journey. The twenty-four miles to and from the summit of the peak is a ride that will never be forgotten. The grandeur of the scene and the impression left in the mind that the world is great, and man is but a tiny object, is worth all the trouble and fatigue that it costs.

We reached the hotel just at sunset, in good condition for supper and rest.

CHAPTER XIX.—STELLA'S STORY.

For once, since our party had gathered from the opposite sides of the world, there were vacant places at the breakfast table, but we were all present when the dinner hour arrived.

"Where is the next point of interest?" I inquired of Mr. Lollard.

"Manitou," said he. "That is the Saratoga of the mountains, and one of the finest places in the world for a summer resort."

"So your guide book says," said Mrs. Lollard with a mischievous glance at her husband.

For a moment Mr. Lollard was tempted to be vexed, but changing his mind he replied:

"I have studied this guide book so faithfully to find the most interesting and picturesque places for our excursions that I have nearly learned it by heart. By the time I reach London I shall excel the immortal Ferguson who showed Mark Twain the wonders of the Orient, when he was 'abroad.'"

"That Mark is a cute one, I wish we might meet him," said Melvorne.

"Where are we going to stop?" asked Melvorne, as we came in sight of Manitou. "It seems built in careless ease along the hidden and bushy valleys among the mountains."

"Yes, it has a changing air of individuality about it," said Lollard. "We will go to the Beehive."

Very soon we were domiciled in the spacious rooms of that elegant and comfortable hotel. It is really wonderful to see such wealth of taste and comfort as we found nestled down in the valley at the foot of the everlasting hills, surrounded by the most beautiful scenery in America; amid the grandeur of the mountains and so near the gently rolling plains.

After a most delicious supper which was supplemented with "strawberries smothered in cream," we started out from the rear of the hotel on what is called the "Lover's Lane." It is a most romantic ramble. Very naturally we separated into

Finding one of those dainty rustic seats I drew Stella to my side.

couples, and finding one of those dainty rustic seats made just for two, I drew Stella to my side, saying:

"Now for the story you promised me when I first found you, darling. You can not tell how happy I have been since then. The world seems full of new beauty. Even rocks and glens have a language of love. It seems as though some fairy had wrought a magic spell over my life, until I almost fear that I shall wake and find it all a passing dream, sent to cheat me with its mockery."

"Yes, Loyd," she said, "I can realize your happiness by my own. I have been so free, so happy! no longing for the forbidden love. All my wishes have been more than realized. Where shall I begin my story?"

"When you were a child; remember I know nothing of your life except the few months at Waverland."

"Well, then, we will begin in the usual style. Once upon a time there was a little girl," she began in a theatrical tone. Then sober thoughts came, and she continued, "I was the only child of an English clergyman. We had a beautiful home while my dear mother lived. But when I was about ten years old she died. From that time my father seemed to think he must be everything to me. He devoted what time he could spare to my studies. When he was preparing his sermons he would assign me to some task, and as soon as the lesson was learned would hear me recite. Then he would talk with me about it until it became a part of myself. He was passionately fond of music. Under his patient instruction I learned to play on the piano, and on the organ in church for him. With pencil and brush he was good, but never could satisfy himself. He always insisted that my fingers were more deft than his, and encouraged me to copy some objects and pictures as I fancied. We had but one servant and I always helped her with the housework. My father said that he wanted me to be a woman and not a toy with merely a few accomplishments. One morning when I was helping the housekeeper as usual, she said; 'Your father has strange notions for an Edglish nobleman.' I was surprised, and said: 'My father is only a clergyman.' But she declared that he was the son of an English earl, and that because he married my dear mother his father had disowned him. I wanted to ask my father about it but she forbade me.

"Years passed by full of life and study. When my father made his visits through the parish, I was always by his side. When any one was sick he was often their physician as well as their spiritual comforter. With his little case of homeopathic remedies he gave ease to bodily pain, while with his genial manner and warm, kindly heart he cheered them with his words of counsel, or read to them from the holy Bible. One day I went into his room and found him asleep, as I thought. He had not been well for some time, so I moved about very quietly, fearing to disturb his slumbers. As I came near his chair something about his position attracted my attention. I placed my hand upon his head and everything grew dark. I fell and when I opened my eyes, I was in my own room. The old nurse and a doctor were standing over me. I asked for my father. The nurse tried to calm me. But I kept asking for him until the doctor said that he was dead. Again there was a blank. For weeks I lay in a semi-conscious state. The nurse, (who was our old housekeeper and my only friend,) watched and tended me faithfully. At last I took up the burden; all the joy had fled. I found fifty pounds safely stored away for me, and a few books, and the old piano. We sold them for what they would bring and paid our little debts."

Here Stella paused as though dreading to continue her sad story.

"My precious darling, how long was that before you came to Waverland?" I asked, bringing her nearer to me and pressing a loving kiss on her innocent lips.

"Father died about three months before I came to Waverland," she said. "But it was only a few days before that we sold our little furniture. I saw Annie Wren whom I had often met when I had been around with my father, and she told me of your mother wanting a governess for your little sister. She was very kind and secured the place for me. Our old housekeeper went to live with her brother. She had saved a little of her wages each year, and being quite old she decided not to go out to service any more. It was a sad day when I handed the keys of the place we had called home for so many years to a stranger. I visited my father's grave; then, with the fifty pounds and a few private papers, I started out to seek a place for myself in the world."

"At Waverland I know what you did," I said, with tenderness. "You taught me that a life worth living must be an active one. And you also taught me that my life was not worth the living unless I could win your love."

"At Waverland I also learned that there is a love that is deeper that the love for a parent. The hardest task I ever had was to leave Waverland without seeing you once more."

"I am glad to hear that," I said, in my selfishness. "But where did you go after you left there?"

"I visited the little school first, and then went to the depot."

"Yes, darling," I said, "I know all that. I followed you as far as I could."

"I found but little money in my purse."

"No," I interrupted, "I know that you paid the housekeeper's wages. I am in debt to you for fifty pounds. How much interest are you going to charge?" I asked playfully.

"How do you know that I advanced my own money?"

"I found the entry in your account book the morning after you left. But I found no account of a settlement with yourself."

"I never paid myself though I might have done so."

"But what made you pay Ingram?" I asked.

"Because she would not obey orders. I told her to leave and she said she would not stir one step until she was paid. She tauntingly told me there was not money enough in the Waverland mansion to pay her wages, I asked her how much it was and she said fifty pounds. I went to my room, took the money my father gave me and paid her, saying: Now, leave Waverland! She was astonished but finally left. I was relieved. She had defied my orders in everything, and was ruling your mother with a high hand."

"You were a brave girl," I said. "But where did you go from the depot?"

"To Dublin. In my hurry to leave Waverland I forgot to take the money from the funds I had in my possession, so I only had enough in my purse to take me there. When I left the train in that great city I was bewildered for a time. As I was walking along the street a little girl came running up to me and taking my hand said, 'come see my mamma, she is so still.' The child was a ragged, half starved little girl. She led me to an old hovel. There on a bed made of leaves and straw lay a woman, dead! I went into a house near by, and asked the woman who came to the door if she knew anything about the dead. She told me that the dead woman was a widow. She had tried to get work but failed, and she had probably starved to death. The child had a pinched and shrivelled look, but no doubt the mother had denied herself to save the child. The priest was sent for. I washed the poor woman's face and combed her hair. When the priest came he seemed surprised to see a stranger there. He asked who I was that I should take such an interest in this poor woman's death. I told him I was a stranger in Dublin but the child had led me to her mother. I also told him I was without money or friends, and would like to get a place somewhere as governess. He asked me to go with him to his sister's house until I could find some other home. I found his sister a kind, gentle woman of considerable culture and good common sense. Her whole aim and object in life was to be of use to her brother, who was her hero.

"They lived very plainly. Miss O'Hone said her brother would not allow himself any luxuries when there were so many that must suffer. Their food was of the simplest kind, but I was made welcome to share it with them. The little room that Father O'Hone used for his library was emptied of its books and made into a sleeping room for me. His books were piled on a box in one corner of the living room. This faithful woman never tired of telling how her brother would go through rain and mud in summer or winter if he could be of service to some poor suffering creature. Nothing could happen among his people but that he was called on to bear a part of their burdens. He was their pastor, doctor, lawyer and friend all in one. Father O'Hone was a large, powerful looking man. He had a pleasant face; was well educated; had a good share of common sense and a large heart full of sympathy. While I was staying with Miss O'Hone she tried earnestly to find me a position. I had about decided to advertise, when one day, Bishop Welch gave a public address. Miss O'Hone and I went to hear him. He told the people that the time for religious controversy had passed. Now they must unite and act in unison and Charles Stewart Parnell would lead them to victory. It was at that public meeting while I was standing on the walk that a closed carriage stopped near me. Lady Irving opened the door and called my name. I went to her surprised beyond measure at seeing her there, while she was equally surprised to see me. I sat with her in her carriage for a while giving her as much of my history as I deemed necessary. Then she offered me three hundred pounds a year to be her traveling companion. I can never forget the pleasure of that hour. Here was food and clothing and a chance to see the great world that I had so longed to see. Lady Irving handed me a gold coin to pay the kind hearted people who had so generously given me a home for nearly a month. When I went to bid Miss O'Hone good-bye I slipped the money into her hand. She smiled her thanks and with a hearty 'God bless you' bade me good-bye."

"I bless the kind Father for watching over my little friend," I said, with fervent heart. "What would you have done but for Lady Irving's timely visit?"

"I do not know, but some way would have been provided. My father taught me to do the best I could and trust the rest to God."

"Did you ever think of Waverland and feel sorry that you left?"

"I often thought of that place but was not sorry for leaving. Though I was nearly tempted to advertise and sign my own name, thinking if you wished to find me you would in that way be able to do so."

"I thought you might do that, and from the time you left Waverland until I found you in Denver, I never picked up a paper without looking through the list of advertisements. But I never found the name I longed to see."

"I have had a very happy time with Lady Irving. She has proved to be all that I anticipated on the first evening of our acquaintance."

"But did you still hope to see me again? Or give any thought to the lonely old home that you had deserted?"

"Yes, I thought of you and Waverland very often, but I always tried to crush the thought you were engaged to Annie Wren!"

"Annie! What made you think that!"

"Because you were fond of her, and then your mother said you were to marry her."

"And did you think that I could ever forget my little sunbeam who had filled my heart with warmth and gladness?"

"I did not know!"

"But you did know, or you would never have fled from Waverland. You know 'the wicked flee when no one pursueth.' That one act made me sure that you loved me. And the knowledge of that love gave

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