

## AN UNFORGOTTEN KISS.

The rain is rattling on the pain, the wind is sweeping by,  
Now with discordant shriek, anon with melancholy cry,  
A lonely man, I sit and read beside the dying fire  
The daily tale of love and crime, of greed and vain desire.

The letters blur and fade, the room grows dim and disappears,  
And in its stead old scenes come back across the waste of years;  
And set in the frame of golden hair a fair young face I see,  
Whose two soft eyes of deepest blue look wistfully on me.

Once, on a memorable eve, when heart and hope were young,  
Those luminous eyes upon my life a sudden glory flung;  
As she was then I see her now, my young, my only choice,  
The brightness on her sunny brow, the music in her voice.

One question, and but one I ask, then for an answer wait;  
My very heart is motionless, expectant of its fate!  
A wondrous light—the light of love—glows in the tender eyes—  
Her breath is warm upon my face—oh, sweetest of replies!

But bless my heart! The driving rain is coming in, I fear—  
Or is that shining little drop upon the page a tear?  
Well, who would think an old grayhead could be as soft as this,  
When more than thirty years have fled since that fond, foolish kiss?  
—Chambers' Journal.

## INNOCENT OFFENDER.

The doctor, being young and enthusiastic, had a theory which he believed he could illustrate and support by making observations of pupils and the methods of teaching them. Accordingly much of his spare time was spent at the public school opposite his office. There the neat, blonde doctor, his eye-glasses often falling and as often being replaced, would wander, silent and observant, from room to room, with note-book and pencil in hand.

The teachers allowed him to come and go without remark, and some few aided him intelligently in his work—in particular Miss Hinton, a teacher in the intermediate department. In her room he had spent sufficient time to become somewhat acquainted with the pupils, so that she, quite naturally, included him in the conversation which he found her holding, one midwinter day at recess, with a slender, sweet-faced visitor.

"Doctor," said Miss Hinton, "I must introduce you to Mrs. Hamilton. Mrs. Hamilton is Richard Hamilton's mother."

Now Richard was well known to the doctor as a very trying pupil.

"You will be interested, I know," continued small, quick, gray-haired, alert Miss Hinton, "you will be interested in what Mrs. Hamilton tells me. She is willing I shall tell you, I'm sure. Perhaps you can throw some light on the case, doctor; I confess I am puzzled. Mrs. Hamilton assures me that Richard, in preparing his lessons with her, shows both quickness and intelligence. He is her only child, and is her companion in her botanizing and in a course of history readings. And yet Richard is ranked among the lowest in the class because his recitations are vague and unsatisfactory. Besides that, he is daily marked down in department for inattention."

Mrs. Hamilton's fine, sensitive face flushed, and she spoke in a clear, bell-like voice: "I am quite sure it is not motherly blindness on my part. At home Richard is both quick in understanding and in learning his lessons. His father has been so mortified about the bad school reports that I always go over the next day's lessons with Richard, and he seldom fails in a recitation. And yet he tells me himself, for he is a very honest boy, that his recitations at school are all poor. He says, too, that he daily falls in department because of seeming inattention, though he tries to be attentive."

"That's queer," said the doctor. "Another thing" said Mrs. Hamilton. "I have noticed that when the lesson turns on any rule explained at school, his memory of it is always so faulty that we have to turn back to the rule and go over it together."

Miss Hinton showed much concern. "What he tells you of his class standing is true," she said, "yet he does not always seem wiffully inattentive. I have sometimes noticed him suddenly awake from his dreaminess, and give a reply that startles me by its clearness and accuracy. I cannot account for it."

"Perhaps it may be diffidence," said Mrs. Hamilton. "He has been so much alone with me—" But here the ringing of a bell interrupted.

"Ah! recess is over," said Miss Hinton. "Mrs. Hamilton, won't you stay during a recitation and judge for yourself?"

"Thank you, I think I will," said Mrs. Hamilton, whereupon the doctor nodded approval, and taking the third chair upon the platform, prepared himself to listen also.

As the class of boys filed in, rosy and breathless from play, Richard Hamilton, a slender little lad, with a sensitive mouth and worried brown eyes, gave a quick smile of recognition toward his mother, and his usually dreamy, absent face lighted up with positive animation.

"He is not diffident, anyway," thought the doctor, who had often noticed the conspicuousness and embarrassment displayed by children on the occasions of parental visits to their school.

Now Miss Hinton, in her quick, alert manner, called the class for a lesson in "The Five Senses." She talked as usual, rapidly, and her enunciation was clear and distinct, but she gave the

lesson with a humorous enthusiasm that inspired the pupils to pleasing attention.

For a while Richard Hamilton sat erect, with an air of attention so tense that it seemed strained, smiling in a forced, mirthless kind of fashion when the class smiled. But soon his mother and the doctor saw his erect form gradually relax. His eyes, while still fixed upon Miss Hinton's face, grew absent, his manner listless.

"And yet," continued Miss Hinton, briskly, "Cornwallis must have had a reason for his delay in crossing the Delaware when so much depended on it. What was it, Richard?"

As, raising her voice at the name, Miss Hinton uttered it with decided emphasis, the little fellow started, stumbled on his feet, and gave a dazed look around. Then, meeting his mother's anxious gaze, a burning flush spread over his face.

"I—I—" he stammered. "That blush shows sensitiveness," thought the doctor. "The boy is not stupid nor dishonest."

Now Mrs. Hamilton, turning impulsively to Miss Hinton, spoke out in her clear, sweet voice: "I am quite sure that he knows, Miss Hinton, if you will let him try again. Richard, I am sure you can tell Miss Hinton why it was that Cornwallis delayed in crossing the Delaware."

The harassed, worried little face instantly changed, and was lit up by beaming intelligence. He turned toward his teacher. "Why, yes, I beg your pardon, Miss Hinton. You see, our soldiers—Washington and his forces, I should say—had taken every boat they could find at Trenton, and had moved them up out of the water after crossing, and Cornwallis, instead of constructing others at Howe's suggestion, waited for the river to freeze, that his men might cross over on the ice. Meanwhile Washington—"

"Very good," said Miss Hinton, in her rapid way; "but why did you not answer me at first?"

Richard made no reply. His eyes were fixed on his mother's face, as if awaiting her glance of approval.

"Answer Miss Hinton, Richard," said his mother. "Did you not hear?" and she repeated the question.

The bell had failed, the hunted, harassed look, that promised shortly to change to sullen, returned. "I—I—did not know she was talking to me—I didn't quite seem—to—understand—" he faltered, with an appealing look.

The doctor, feeling for his dangling glasses, noticed his immaculate blonde head, and fancied he was beginning to understand. He listened attentively throughout the history lesson and the dictated lesson in spelling and sentences which followed.

After the written exercises were collected and brought up to the desk, the doctor was seeking Richard's, when the sound of the small boy's worried voice arrested him. The doctor, elevating his glasses, gazed at the hopeless little face anew.

"But I did not know you gave us any written work in grammar to prepare at home," the boy was explaining. "I knew you did in composition, and I heard you say, 'Study the next two pages in grammar—'"

The doctor, leaning toward Mrs. Hamilton, pointed to the column of words down Richard's paper. "The order as dictated here from the book," he explained, "was 'constrict, consist, constringe, constitute,' and he has just reversed their order here on his paper. Again here, below, where the words read were 'infallible, indelible, intelligible,' he has done the same thing again. He has written them from a memory of their order on the page, not from the dictation—"

A bell again interrupted, and Miss Hinton announced: "As this is the day for oral review by Professor Strong, no boy is to take his arithmetic with him." She tapped her bell for the class to pass out, then turned to Mrs. Hamilton and said:

"The principal, Professor Strong, assemblies all the pupils of each grade in the chapel several times a month to drill and review them in their work in numbers."

Richard was among the last in the line, and as he passed by the platform his arithmetic was plainly to be seen tucked under his arm. So Miss Hinton's voice rose stern: "Richard Hamilton, remain behind the class!"

The boy, turning a startled face toward the group on the platform, dropped out of the line.

"Why have you your book?" she continued; "did you not hear what I said?"

Richard nodded in a hopeless way. The doctor spoke up quickly: "What did she say?"

The child swallowed hard several times before answering, "I—I—heard her say—'Professor Strong and arithmetic,' and sometimes—some of us—forget to take them, and so—I—thought—she was—reminding us—" the sensitive mouth was trembling, the little chin quivering.

Hoping to help him recover himself, his mother laid her hand on his arm, but that gentle, sympathetic touch ended the child's forlorn effort at self-control. He turned and hid his face on his mother's shoulder and gave way to the pent-up emotions of months of failure, punishment and mortification.

With a nod toward mother and teacher, the doctor laid his finger on his lips, and drew out his watch. He stepped behind the boy as he grew quieter, and gradually advanced the watch nearer and nearer Richard's ear. Even when the ticking thing was almost touching the lobe of the ear, the child gave no sign of hearing it.

The doctor nodded toward Mrs. Hamilton and touched his own ear significantly. Then, as Richard's head moved restlessly, exposing the ear until now hidden against his mother's shoulder, the doctor, moving around, brought the watch gradually near that ear.

When it was at about eight inches

distance the boy raised his head hastily. "What are you doing that for?" he asked, turning.

"I am thinking," said the doctor, "that I shall have to take you over to my office and have a look at you. Get your overcoat, my boy,—provided Miss Hinton will permit."

"By all means—poor little boy," said Miss Hinton, sympathetically, and Richard went out to get his overcoat.

"Mrs. Hamilton, I am convinced your bright boy's hearing is defective," said the doctor, placing his glasses astride his nose. "He is partially deaf and perfectly unconscious that he hears less than those around him. He has been following just about one-half that you say, Miss Hinton, and guessing at the rest."

"But he hears me perfectly," said Mrs. Hamilton.

"Madam, your voice is peculiarly resonant and distinct. You also enunciate more slowly than Miss Hinton. And the difference in your estimates of the little fellow's abilities lies in the fact that he hears his mother perfectly and his teacher imperfectly."

"Why—this shocks me," said Miss Hinton. "I feel that I've been greatly to blame. I should have discovered this. Poor Richard—all his school life he has been contending against my seeming injustice as well as his own partial comprehension of his duties. No wonder he passed for backward and inattentive. Strange that he should not have known of his deafness."

"Well, perhaps so," said the doctor, "but such cases are not unusual. I think that a large number of the so-called dull and backward children are the victims of some unrecognized physical imperfection. I know of a girl who was thought backward, slow, fretful and peevish—she was always complaining of headache, but she turns out to have been near-sighted and no one suspected it. Fancy the nervous strain that child has been under all her school life, trying to see the blackboard, for instance. If you will permit me, Mrs. Hamilton, I will take Richard over to my office and have a look at his ears for my own satisfaction; but I advise you to take him to a first-class specialist at once."

"I will go with him," said Mrs. Hamilton, as Richard came in the door. "Are you ready, Richard?" asked the doctor, in a conversational tone. The lad paid no attention, but walked on to his desk to put his books away.

"Are you ready?" the doctor walked toward Richard as he spoke. No answer. "Ready, Richard?" at about three feet.

"Yes, sir," and the lad, looking up in quick response, smiled a good-by toward Miss Hinton, then joined the doctor and his mother, and the three went out together.

The doctor was right. Richard was found to be quite deaf, and yet from so simple a cause that a few weeks of treatment from a good aurist restored his hearing to a normal condition. After that the boy quickly recovered his cheerful, boyish spirit and fearless bearing.

Indeed, within a few weeks he was telling his father, whose displeasure had been one of his hardest trials:

"And, father, it is just wonderful how easy it all seems to me now, and how interesting school can be. I wonder why I did not know what the trouble was myself. I can follow every word Miss Hinton says now, and as for the lecture on 'The Five Senses' the doctor gave the school yesterday, I followed him so closely I believe I can almost repeat it for you. And, oh, mummy," with a rub of his cheek against his gentle mother's shoulder, "it's so good not to be groping in the dark, any more."

Now the pity of it is, there are children in our schools, everywhere, to-day, just as handicapped as Richard was. How is it with you—or yours?—George Madden Martin, in Youth's Companion.

### Vanity's Penalty.

In a well-known New York hostelry there is a certain clean-shaven waiter whose favorite recreation in leisure hours consists of promulgating the "Avenue," attired in as close an imitation of the prevailing fashion as his means and state of enlightenment permit. A cigar and a smart walking stick are indispensable adjuncts of his street toilette.

A guest of the hotel, having become possessed of a box of perhaps the most execrable cigars to which match was ever applied, bestowed them by way of a "tip" upon the delighted dandy.

A few days later, in response to the donor's friendly inquiry as to their merit, the colored dandy replied, with a dubious shrug:

"Well, sah, you see, sah, dey is pooty bad cigars—for a fac—but den, sah," he added more cheerfully, "I on'y smokes 'em in de street—day looks mighty swell an' I hopes dey ain't nobody but me spects just how bad dey is, sah!"

### The Very Reason.

Fuddy—So Kommuter wants to sell his place out in Switchville?  
Duddy—That cannot be. He is forever cracking it up and telling everybody what a beautiful place it is.  
Fuddy—Yes; that is the reason why I know he wants to dispose of it.—Boston Transcript.

### Fensible to the Last.

Nurse (preparing medicine for sick banker)—Will you take this draught, sir?  
Cashier (feebly)—H'm. Can you be identified?—Detroit Free Press.

Every one needs to be told the plain truth occasionally, regardless of the hurt, to save him from being ridiculous.

There are few men who can look impressed when their wives talk about their economy.

# THE FAMILY STORY

## THE CAPTAIN'S LOVE.

NO, I've never been shipwrecked, nor been in collision all the time I've been to sea—a matter of over forty years. But I've carried some queer passengers in my time. I'll tell you about two who exercised a powerful influence over me; but whether for good or evil you shall hear presently.

It was in the fall of 1872, just when on the eve of sailing, that an old gentleman stepped on board, and hurriedly approached me. He was a tall, spare man, with iron gray hair, and had a slight stoop at the shoulders.

"Good day, Captain," said he. "I only heard this morning that you were sailing for the United States, and I hurried down to ascertain if you could find accommodation for myself and daughter at so short notice."

"Certainly," I replied. "I shall be only too pleased to take you. As it happens there are only three passengers booked this trip, and they are second-class, so you can have the saloon pretty much to yourselves."

He thanked me effusively and disappeared into the saloon. I marveled at his precipitancy, and wondered where the daughter was to come from, as she was not visible anywhere.

I gave instructions to the apprentices to have their luggage conveyed on board, and myself superintended the stowing away of their trunks in the two best appointed cabins in the ship. While so engaged I heard a light footfall behind me, and, turning round, I beheld the fairest vision of loveliness that ever brightened my saloon.

"My daughter—Captain Harriott," said Mr. Brandon, introducing us.

I was so taken aback by her exceeding beauty that I awkwardly touched my cap, and, with the wind clean taken out of my sails, stammered:

"Glad to see you, Miss."

She placed her soft little white hand in my big, sun-browned paw, and, looking me squarely in the face out of her laughing blue eyes, said:

"I'm sure we shall be good friends, Captain, during the voyage."

She spoke with a charming colonial accent; from that moment I was her most devoted, humble servant, slave, anything you like. I went head over ears in love with her at first sight. You may smile, but recollect I was a comparatively young man then.

Leaving them to arrange their cabins to their own satisfaction, I ascended the companion steps and went on deck. It certainly occupied them a considerable time, for neither father nor daughter appeared on deck until the ship was well outside the "Heads," and the tug had returned to port.

That voyage I look back upon as the happiest and saddest I ever made. Miss Brandon was a splendid sailor. In fair weather or foul she'd be on deck, delighting me with the admiration she expressed for my handsome three-masted clipper, and the childlike naivete of her questions. I used to pace the quarter deck in the morning, impatient for her first appearance. On the duller or dirtiest day it was like a ray of sunshine suddenly bursting forth from a lowering sky to see her emerge from the companion hatch, looking as fresh as a daisy, and a thousand times more lovely.

Of course, it was only natural that my mates should fall in love with her also, but she treated them with marked indifference, if not absolute coldness. Her smiles were all reserved for me, and she lavished them upon me in no niggardly manner.

There was a piano in the saloon, and often in the long evenings she would sing and play for my sole delectation, while I would sit on a settee alongside and gaze rapturously into her pretty face. The song I liked best was "Tom Bowling," and she infused such an amount of pathos into her expression that the tears would sometimes trickle down my weather-beaten cheeks as she sang. Ah! those were happy days; it was heaven while it lasted.

I have scarcely mentioned her father yet. The fact is, I was so engrossed with his beautiful daughter that I didn't pay so much attention to him as perhaps I ought. At the best he was an unsoberable sort of person, who seemed to prefer his own company to other people's. When not in his own cabin, where he spent most of his time, he was walking with his hands clasped behind him, apparently deeply thoughtful, in the waist of the ship. Sometimes, when standing idly at the break of the poop, I have caught myself wondering if he had ever committed a crime, the remembrance of which was weighing on his conscience. I was destined soon to learn more about him.

One evening, when about nine weeks out, I was sitting in the charthouse alone with my idol. The second mate was stepping the planks outside, old Johnson was at the wheel away behind us, and the watch on deck was lounging about forward. Some days previous to this I had had the temerity to confess my love for her, and asked her to be my wife. She had made me inexpressibly happy by promising, subject to my obtaining her father's consent. This, after some demur, he had granted, and that night, the future appeared very bright for me.

We had been sitting silent for some time, too happy for words, gazing on the setting sun as it disappeared into a glowing mass of golden-rimmed clouds

on the horizon, when, to my infinite amazement, she suddenly burst into tears.

"Darling, what is the matter?" I exclaimed in an agony of apprehension.

"Oh, Alfred, I have just heard such a dreadful story from my father, I shall never be happy again. We can never be married now."

"Never be married!" I ejaculated, against. "Why?"

"Because my father is a—a criminal. Oh, I feel so miserable, I think I shall throw myself overboard."

"Allice, for heaven's sake don't talk like that, or you'll drive me mad. What has he done?"

"Something dreadful. Oh, don't speak to me any more," and she sobbed violently.

At that moment I was so mad I felt half inclined to go down and tear the old scarpcrow out of his berth by the scuff of his neck and demand what the deuce he had done to cause my darling such poignant grief. But I didn't. Instead, I drew her to my side and kissed her tears away.

"Tell me all about it," I said, soothingly.

"Well, my father, as you are aware, was an agent in one of the banks in Arlington, Victoria, and it seems he embezzled large sums of money belonging to the bank to speculate with. Of course, he meant to replace it before the audit, when the deficit would have been discovered. But he lost it all, and that it why he fled the country."

"Is that all?" said I, with a sigh of relief. "It's bad enough, certainly, but I fail to see that in itself it forms a sufficient barrier to our union."

"But that is not the worst. My father is convinced that the police may have traced him to Melbourne and to this ship. He declares he will be arrested on landing."

"Nothing more likely," I thought.



SHAM FUNERAL OF ANTHONY BRANDON.

But I asked: "Has he any plan to suggest?"

"Yes, oh, yes, if you will only assist him. But it seems too horrible to contemplate. He says it is his only chance to escape."

"What is it, then?"

"That he should die and be buried at sea!" she responded, with a perceptible shiver.

"I don't understand."

"He proposes to feign death. Then, after he had been sewed up for burial we must find the means to liberate him and substitute something else."

The daring audacity of the proposal fairly took my breath away. If discov-



"IN FAIR WEATHER OR FOUL SHE'D BE ON DECK."

ered, the consequences to me in aiding and abetting a felon to escape would be disastrous. I resolved to have nothing to do with such a criminal proceeding, but a look of entreaty from those tearful eyes made me falter in my resolution.

"For my sake," she murmured, pleadingly, placing her fair white hand on my arm. Her touch thrilled me. I hes-

itated no longer, but gave an unwilling consent. Ah, what folly will not a man commit when in love!

Next day it was reported that Brandon was seriously indisposed. I took out the medicine chest, as in duty bound, and ordered the cabin steward to attend him. Three days later Mr. Brandon was reported dead.

When I was informed of this I entered his cabin. He was lying on the under berth, pale and motionless as death. I felt the body; it was cold and rigid. If this were not death, he simulated it to perfection. I sent for the sailmaker, who sewed the body up in my presence. When his task was completed I dismissed him, and, securing the cabin door inside, with a sharp knife ripped open the stitches. My hand shook painfully. What if he were really dead?

I confess to experiencing a singular feeling of relief when the man opened his eyes, pale and motionless as death. I administered some brandy, which helped to revive him. Then he produced from an American trunk a dummy figure which he had previously prepared and weighted, and inclosed it in the shroud. This he sewed up with his own hands. Not a word was spoken by either of us. When all was completed I stepped out to reconnoiter.

In the first dog watch of the same afternoon the bell commenced to toll its solemn knell for the funeral of Anthony Brandon. Officers and men and passengers stood round me with heads uncovered as I read from the Book of Common Prayer the beautiful and impressive burial service.

After the funeral Brandon returned to his own cabin, which was kept constantly locked, and the key of which I retained in my possession. With my assistance, Alice smuggled food to him from day to day. Several weeks afterward, while proceeding up the Atlantic coast under all sail, we were hailed by a tug. Anticipating danger, I slipped down the companion way and conveyed Brandon to my own cabin for concealment. When I went on deck again I was just in time to see a stout, well-groomed party clambering over the vessel's side. Without any preliminaries he brusquely demanded:

"Got a passenger of the name of Brandon on board?"

"I had, stranger, I had."

He gazed at me inquiringly.

"Come below, sir," said I.

As we descended he explained that he was a detective sent in pursuit of Brandon, who had absconded from

Australia with a considerable sum of money and valuable negotiable securities. When he had produced his warrant, I ordered the mate to fetch the logbook. Under date of Jan. 15 he read this entry:

"Buried at sea in latitude 35 degrees 49 minutes north, longitude 33 degrees 16 minutes west, Anthony Brandon, cabin passenger. Cause of death unknown."

When we arrived at the docks at New York I smuggled Mr. Brandon ashore in one of his daughter's trunks after they had been searched by the customs officer. No one in the ship ever suspected the truth. Their secret remained alone with me.

It was arranged that Alice and I should be married quietly before setting out on my next voyage, and our honeymoon was to be spent on the bosom of the deep. When we parted that night she promised to communicate with me when her father had secured some quiet retreat in the country. She kept her promise. Here is the letter. I have preserved it all these years. It has neither superscription nor signature:

"Dear Old Captain—Many, many thanks for all your kindnesses. My husband and I—for Mr. Brandon is my husband, though it was not known in the Arlington—will never forget them. Pray forgive the deceit we found it expedient to practice on you in order to carry out our plans. We are in fairly affluent circumstances, for my husband did not lose the money in speculation, as I thought it necessary to tell you. Dear Captain, I know I can rely on you, for your own sake, not to inform the authorities about my husband. As he died at sea, we expect to live securely, unmolested by the bank officials or the police. Good-by forever."

And that was the end of my romance. No, I never heard anything more about them. Whether they lived to enjoy their ill-gotten gains or whether they didn't, I cannot tell. But this I do know, she was the first woman that ever fooled me, and, by heaven, she was the last. I never gave another the chance.