

## MY HERITAGE.

I into life so full of love was sent  
That all the shadows which fall in the way  
Of every human being could not stay,  
But fled before the light my spirit lent.

I saw the world through gold and crimson  
dyes;  
Men sighed, and said: "Those rosy hues  
will fade  
As you pass on into life's glare or shade."  
Still beautiful the way seems to mine eyes.

They said: "You are too jubilant and  
glad;  
The world is full of sorrow and of wrong;  
Full soon your lips shall breathe forth sighs,  
not song."  
The day wears on, and still I am not sad;  
They said: "You love too largely; and you  
must,  
Through wound on wound, grow bitter to  
your kind."  
Then were false prophets. Day by day I  
find  
More cause for love, and less cause for dis-  
trust.

They said: "Too free you give your soul's  
rare wine;  
The world will quaff, but it will not re-  
pay."  
Yet into the emptied flagons, day by day,  
True hearts pour back a nectar as divine.

Thy heritage! Is it not love's estate?  
Look to it then, and keep its soil well  
tilled.

I hold that my best wishes are fulfilled  
Because I love so much, and cannot hate.  
—[Ella Wheeler.

## MASQUERADING.

Mrs. Symes Symington was engaged in smoothing down the nap of her white velvet polonaise with her pretty witty, plump hand, on the fore finger of which sparkled a cluster diamond ring, on the third finger clung a plain, heavy wedding ring.

She was a plump, rosy little lady, not as tall by a head as the handsome young fellow who called her "mother," and in whom her whole heart's affections were centered, and to whom she was at this present time administering as severe a reproof as she ever had found occasion to do.

Naughty, headstrong Cleve listened very respectfully, as he leaned his head on his hand and his elbow on the mantle-piece, with an air that demonstrated the perfect uselessness of the arguments his lady mother advanced. Then when she paused in triumphant breathlessness—breathless because of her long sentences, and triumphant because she certainly accepted Cleve's silence as the consent she aspired to securing.

After this Cleve smiled—so sweetly, coolly, right in her face.

"But I shall marry little Birdie Lorne, mamma—that is, if she will have me. Now, don't frown so, you look so much prettier when you smile and blush, little mother. Tell me to propose to my pretty little sunny-haired girl and bring her here for the maternal blessing."

He leaned his handsome head toward Mrs. Symington and looked at her in such a proudly coaxing way that in her fond heart she wondered how any woman could resist him. Then she shook her head until the diamonds in her ears sent their brilliant coruscations both far and near.

"How can I, Cleve, when I am morally sure Miss Lorne wants your money only? A hundred thousand isn't to be secured every day; and to marry for money is too perfectly miserable. I married for money, Cleve, and you know the life I led until your father died. You are my only comfort. Don't pain me by bringing home a wife who will only endure us for the sake of what we can give her."

Evidently she had forgotten her mental decision that no girl with a human heart could resist her boy's handsome face. Certainly it was very unlike the proud, self-assured Mrs. Symes Symington to understand her own importance so tremendously, as she had just done.

But then even the richest, proudest and haughtiest people have their other side that only a few friends know; and this was Mrs. Symington's other side.

She watched Cleve's face anxiously, but there was no sign of change of views in the gay, debonaire face, with the contradicting eyes so grave and sternly decided.

"You mistake Birdie altogether, mother dear. How can it be possible she wants me for my money when lots of other fellows are after her? She is an heiress in her own right—forty or fifty thousand."

"Oh! is that the case? Well—"

Her altered tone, her hesitating words so delightfully emphasized were enough for Cleve. He caught her up in his arms, regardless of her elegant toilet, and kissed her until her face was as scarlet as a girl's.

"Cleve! Are you not ashamed of yourself? Put me down this minute, or—or—you shant marry Bird—"

He dropped her instantly.

"You're down, mother; and in just one hour prepare to see my little darling—all blushing, dimples, smiles and sweetness."

He went out hurriedly, caught up his hat from the rack and hailed a passing cab that would speed him on his mission.

Mrs. Symington watched him between the plumb-colored damask curtains, her eyes kindling with pleasurable, pardonable pride.

"The dear boy! he wants me to think I settled the matter he arranged long ago. Of course he would have married her, anyway, but just to think how splendidly he has behaved to me."

And something like the diamonds in her ears glittered in her fond mother eyes as she turned away.

A delightful little octagonal room, hung with the exact shade of dainty pink silk that was most becoming to Birdie Lorne's fair complexion. A pink carpet that covered the floor in an unbroken expanse of velvet. Chairs, ottomans and cushions upholstered in pink and ebony. With little lace tidies, and snowy, zephyr matts scattered gracefully around; with elegantly designed and executed afghans on the ottomans and sofas. Lace curtains and pink satin drapery, with the white walls hung with small, rare paintings, with statuettes on pedestals in every available nich. A charming, girlishly-ordered room, that opened from the drawing-room by one door and into the beautiful conservatory by another. A place where tears and trouble ought never to have come, and the sight of both of which uncanny visitants made Cleve Symington pause a second on the threshold as he caught a glimpse of a golden head buried in two tiny fair hands and heard the unmistakable sobs that shook the little white-robed figure crouching in a heap beside a low hassock. He only hesitated a second, then with a look of tenderest love, pity and sympathy, crossed the room to her side.

"Birdie, why crying so piteously? Can I sympathize, or do I intrude?" She sprang up in a sweet, shy surprise, her face all tear-flushed, her eyes as bright as dewdrops. She was one of those Heaven-favored mortals that weeping beautifies. She only looked fresher, fairer, and so pitiful, and Cleve's arms fairly ached to take her to his heart and kiss her tears away. And he would, he vowed rapturously, in another five minutes.

She took her handkerchief from her pocket—a little lace affair, white and fragrant—and essayed to smile as she wiped the tears from her lashes.

"I am afraid I appear very childish, Mr. Symington—but when I think—when it is all gone—"

Her exquisite lips quivered again, but she checked the rebellious tears bravely.

"I am as poor as a church-mouse—that is all. A letter from my guardian says everything was invested in a mining company, and the shares are not worth the paper they are printed on."

Cleve fairly worshipped her then, as she honestly explained her position, with the quiet, lady-like way so natural to her.

"It is a misfortune, I admit; and yet, Birdie, there will inevitably come some good of it—you will learn who are your real friends."

Somehow he said it so earnestly that Birdie glanced curiously at him, then drooped her eyes under the blue-veined, long-lashed lids.

Cleve was close by her side the next instant, with her hands imprisoned in his and his impassioned eyes fairly scorching her face.

"You surely understand me, darling? You will let me prove my friendship, my love, my adoration? Little girl, say you will be my own. Tell me you love me, and promise me the great privilege of caring for you forever, my little wife."

It was so sweet, this manly, honest, eager avowal, and coming as it did, on the very heels of her misfortune, and from the lips of the only lover she ever had prayed to hear the words from.

And yet—oh, woman's foolish pride!—all her perverse little heart rose in rebellion at accepting everything and giving nothing.

It never should be said of Birdie Lorne that she took the first offer she received after her misfortune simply because there was money in it.

So, while Cleve waited, smiling patiently at her bowed head, never doubting that his whole earthly happiness was just at hand, dreaming such rapid, blissful dreams of the future, Birdie deliberately made up her stubborn will, through horrid pangs of pain. Then she lifted her head in a quick, haughty way that it had often delighted in before.

"You are so kind, Mr. Symington, and I appreciate every word you say, and will remember you gratefully to my dying day. But I will marry no man to whom I would have to feel under such obligations as I would feel to you."

She spoke gently, but with a proud ring to her voice. Cleve reeled under the sharp, sudden blow. He clinched her hands so tightly that her rings cut in the tender flesh, but she only compressed her lips and made no sign of how he hurt her.

"But, Birdie,"—and there was such agony in his voice that her own heart quailed a second—"Birdie, don't speak of obligations to a man who loves you as I do; speak as if you knew you would grace a queen's throne, as you would. Birdie, Birdie, don't be so cruel to me."

Her lips quivered, and her eyes suddenly overflowed.

"You mean what you say, my dear friend, I know. Or, rather, you think you mean it, which is the same to me, since I cannot accept it. But you are only pitiful, kind, and sympathetic, and the sight of my tears and grief has touched your great heart. That is all."

She drew her hands away from his, softly.

"It is not all. I love you—"

Then something in her imperious face made him suddenly desist, and by the way she looked and acted Cleve Symington knew she was desperately in earnest; she would not marry him because she was so proud. And he went sadly away, feeling numb and stupefied as he walked home in a strange,

dazed way that his fond mother saw from her peeping place between the curtains; and her own face lost all its matronly bloom as Cleve came in, whiter than death itself, and threw himself on the sofa. Then, when he had told her, between spasms of pain that forced him to lie speechless, the rosy flush crept softly back and into the eyes fairly radiated a happy, hopeful light.

"Try to bear it, my dear boy," she said gently. "You have proved what a noble woman she is, if nothing more."

Then she went out, smiling to herself.

A plain, large room, on the second story that bore evidences of very recent furnishing in the new, cheap carpet on the floor, in the homely chairs and table. Before the small, mahogany-framed looking-glass that hung between the windows Mrs. Symington was tying her bonnet-strings—narrow black strings to a black straw bonnet, trimmed with Quaker plainness—that compared suitably with her black alpaca dress and dull plaid shawl. She smiled at her reflection and then glanced down at her unaccustomed toilet.

"I think I shall be successful—I will be successful for my boy's sake. The sight of his patient, pale face will inspire me to any degree, and if Miss Lorne is the woman I take her to be she will prove it before an hour passes over our heads. Since her descent into poverty—genteel, lady-like poverty—I learn she passes this house every day at twelve o'clock, and takes her dinner at the restaurant several doors below; so if I intend to meet her I had better be going."

She locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and went down the stairs into the street—exactly in time, for a slight, graceful figure, clad in gray twill, passed quietly by and into the restaurant. She knew it was Birdie Lorne as well as Cleve would have known it although she had never seen her before. She walked calmly into the restaurant and took a seat at the same table with the pretty, high-bred girl.

The place was nearly full, and Mrs. Symington was glad it was.

All at once, as if suddenly impressed with the idea, Mrs. Symington looked curiously at Birdie's face.

"I beg pardon, but are you not Miss Lorne? I am quite sure you must be the young lady my son speaks about so often."

"There was something so kindly genial in the air that Birdie did not resent it. "Your son? I certainly am Miss Lorne; but you certainly have the advantage of me."

"I am Cleve Symington's mother, dear. There, forgive me, but you see I know all about it. I am thankful to have met you quite providentially."

Birdie blushed now—as much in surprise as anything else; and involuntarily she glanced at the plain, unfashionable attire.

"You understand? We have been as unfortunate as yourself, Miss Lorne. Everything is gone and Cleve goes out—actually goes out every day."

"Poor fellow. Is—is he well?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly well, and as brave as a lion; only—forgive me, dear—only hopelessly cast down, on your account. I am his mother, and to you, the only girl he ever loved, I say he loves you with an affection that will never abate."

"And I love him, dear Mrs. Symington—I did then, only somehow I could not say so."

And Birdie poured out her whole heart, completely conquered, and wrote a letter to Cleve Symington. Then she kissed the mother.

"I am so thankful we met strangely, and I am glad you live in this poor, plain little place—I love you better for it, I know. And when my bills are all paid for the music I teach at the end of a quarter, why—why, if Cleve will want me so soon, we'll get pleasanter rooms and we'll be so happy."

"My darling, you don't regret marrying a poor man, and having to live in a suit of rooms? Look up, Birdie, and tell me, little wife."

She looked merrily up into his eyes, the wife of six hours, as the two sat in the sunny little room after they had been married, and where Birdie had lived since the shares failed her.

"Sorry? Oh, Cleve, when I think how thankful I am, and how nobly you have endured your sudden loss of fortune, and how happy we will be—why, where has mother gone?"

Cleve laughed as he drew her head to his shoulder and kissed her hair.

"I am inclined to be jealous of mother, who I think has gone to the—gone back home, to prepare a homely little dinner for us."

"Let us go now, dear. Don't scold because I ordered a carriage, will you? Mrs. Estler paid me in full this morning."

Cleve bit his lip to hide a laugh, then gravely escorted his bride down to the single-horsed vehicle in waiting. The man knew his route and dashed off rapidly, only stopping when he reached the curb in front of a large house. Cleve looked at Birdie in astonishment. She laughed nervously, then began to cry.

"You're not angry, dear? I didn't know until a month ago that it was all right. I only lost a thousand after all. Cleve, for your sake and mother's, I am so happy."

He kissed her almost solemnly as they sat in the little carriage.

"My own true, unselfish little darling!"

They entered, found a delicious little dinner in readiness, and no one to mar the sweetness of the surprise.

Late in the evening, towards ten o'clock, Birdie rung for her wraps.

"Mother will be waiting for us. Come, Cleve, let's go after her and bring her here, her home."

So they drove off through so many streets that Birdie wondered where in the world they were going to.

"Darling," Cleve said, abruptly, "shall I confess? Shall I tell you I have a surprise for you equal to your's? Look out!"

She looked out, as the carriage stopped at the Symington mansion. An awning was stretched from the door to the carriage mount, and a velvet carpet was spread for her feet. The joyous music of the band, the fitting of elegantly dressed ladies past the windows—it rushed over her like a flood. Cleve had been masquerading for very love of her.

"You forgive me?"

He looked at her with his splendid eyes all alight.

"Oh, Cleve, how could I help it? How you must have loved me!"

He escorted her in proudly; and Mrs. Symington in velvet and diamonds met them at the entrance.

"Birdie—daughter!"

And all went marry as a marriage bell.

## REUNION.

A Family Brought Together After a Separation of Twenty Years.

Chicago Tribune.

Quite an affecting scene was witnessed a few days ago at No. 91 South Halsted street, Chicago, where Henry Schoen resides and keeps a saloon, what took place there being the finale of a story dating back nearly twenty years. In 1866 a Hungarian named Henry Friedman came to this country with his two sons, Jacob, aged 15, and Joseph, aged 13. Two years later he returned to his wife in the old country, their daughter having died there, but left his boys with a friend in Chicago. They swore to him that they would always remain together, but this oath was forgotten as they grew older, and finally Joe went to Detroit and Jacob to Alabama. Then the former went west and wrote to his brother, advising him of the fact, but Jacob also changed his residence at that time, and the two brothers lost track of each other. Joe wandered over the west and ultimately located in Dakota, where he is in business now. Last week it occurred to him to visit Chicago in search of his brother, whom he had endeavored in vain to find by letter. He came and began a tour among the Hungarians, and a few nights ago found himself in Schoen's place. There he related his story, and Schoen's son promised to join in the search the following day. The two went to the theater during the evening, and while they were there a young man who had heard the story in the saloon posted off to a little candy-store on West Chicago avenue, and returned to Schoen's place with an aged couple who appeared to be anxiously expecting something. Then the young man sent to the theater for Friedman, and it was when the whole party had been gathered together that the affecting scene took place. Of course, the old couple were the parents of the wanderer from the west. They had long supposed him dead. The aged mother's joy so overcame her that she fainted then and there. The brother for whom Joseph searched is engaged as a traveling salesman for a Chicago jewelry house, and it was he who brought the old folks to America after the supposed death of Joseph.

## A Water-Fowl.

Atlantic Monthly.

I wish to describe a beautiful form of aquatic life lately seen upon one of our western rivers. To my eye, it was the most conspicuous object in sight; with its presence it honored and idealized the stream, and made the moment in which it was seen worthy of remembrance. A figure all curves and grace, as befits whatever lives in the suave communion of waters; pure white like a drift of new-fallen snow kept by enchantment from melting, it moved without starting a ripple or leaving the slightest wake, while itself and its mirrored image "floated double." I may have wished it would rise from the water, that I might see the spread of its wings and the manner of its flight, but in this I was not to be gratified. It had the appearance of sleep; and as neither head nor neck could be seen, these were, doubtless, folded under its wing. If it had come as a migrant from distant regions, it was now resting oblivious of its long voyage. Fancy suggested that the poetry of its motion be set to the music of a swan-song. To what island of rushes, or to what bare sandy margin, would it come at last to die,—to dissolve in the sun and the wind, leaving only a pinch of yellow-white dust, which the least breath might scatter away? Was I perhaps mistaken as to the species of this water-fowl? I looked again, and saw that it was one of the brood fledged in storm at the foot of the mill-dam. Air and water were its parents, and its whole substance but a drift of foam. A wild, white swan it was (such as no fowler ever snared or shot), sailing solitary and beautiful down the amber-colored river.

The Vatican gardens in their greatest extent are only 350 yards by 400, less than thirty acres, and are much smaller than that if reduced to a rectangular form. However, by doubling and twisting, the pope can get a drive out of these gardens, hidden away under the northern walls of St. Peter's and the western side of the Vatican.

## BLOODHOUNDS TO CATCH CONVICTS.

How They are Trained at a Texas Prison.

Houston Post.

"Yes, they are the famous bloodhounds—that is, as much bloodhounds as are found in Texas. They are simply foxhounds trained to hunt men."

"Do you keep them shut up all the time?"

"Yes; they would make it lively for the boys if they got out."

"How often do you have occasion to use them during the year?"

"Not more than two or three times. Convicts will not leave when they know good hounds are on hand to catch them."

"Could you not dispense with the hounds and depend upon your guns?"

"No, indeed; you cannot hold convicts with shotguns. It is the fear of the hounds which keeps them quiet. Desertion is useless when recapture is a moral certainty, as is the case when good hounds are employed."

"Do you have difficulty in properly training your hounds?"

"Oh, no; that is about the only sport there is. Here comes the puppies. We will give them a run and let you see how it is done."

A trusty was sent down the lane and over the fence, through a large field, on a run for dear life. When he had accomplished about half a mile, or half his circuit, the puppies, three six months old hounds, were put on his track, and they started, nosing the ground and yelping as they ran. On they kept, over fences and through stubbles and ditches, never ceasing their noise. Sometimes they would run over the trail where the trusty had made an abrupt turn, but soon they would return to the spot where they had lost the scent and cautiously feel their way until certain they had the trail, when they would be off again. The trusty was a long distance runner, but the soft ground made his impromptu track heavy, and he lagged as he approached the end of his run, evidently fatigued.

The dogs gained on him rapidly, and were yelping close upon him. He was ordered to run to a tree or fence and get out of their way, so that they would have to find him by the scent. He first tried to climb a high gate post, but the dogs, with their noses to the ground, were upon him almost, and forced him to take shelter in a wagon which was standing in the yard, where he hid himself in the bed just as the dogs came to the gate. They looked up the gate post and smelled around a little, then without delay followed the trail to the wagon and discovered their prey, lying panting like a tugboat. I looked at the perspiring convict, and my heart smote me for being the cause of his race, but I soon found out that it was a great privilege, enjoyed by but few, and giving the puppies a race was considered by them the very essence of pleasure. The convict took an old blanket in his hand and alighted on the ground, where the dogs fought him fiercely, making vicious springs for him. He repulsed them by buffeting them with the blanket, jumping away and thwarting them in any manner without hurting them. Finally one of the dogs fastened its teeth in the convict's coarse pants, and holding on with unyielding tenacity, was swung round and round with vigor until tired. The dogs were then taken by a guard, and the convict went away highly pleased with his sport.

## How Nebraska Stands.

Lincoln Journal.

Nebraska takes no back seat in the crop reports of 1883. She stands fifth in the list of great corn producing states in the union. Illinois comes first with 203,786,500 bushels. Then comes Iowa, Missouri and Kansas, pretty close together. Then Nebraska closes the column with 101,287,900 bushels, being half as much as was raised by the empire corn state of the west.

It has been generally supposed that Nebraska did not do much in the wheat line last year, so much of her energies being of late given to corn, hogs and cattle. But her farmers put in a few acres here and there, and the result is that we are according to an estimate going the rounds of the press, the fourth state in the union in the size of the wheat crop. California leads with thirty-six million bushels, Minnesota follows with thirty-three millions. Then comes Indiana and Nebraska, almost neck and neck, the former with twenty-eight millions four hundred and forty-seven thousand, and the latter with twenty-seven millions eight hundred forty one thousand bushels. According to this estimate we beat Iowa on wheat two hundred thousand bushels, and Kansas four hundred thousand.

But however flattering this wheat estimate is to our pride it is probably erroneous. The Journal figures from the data within its possession that the wheat crop in this state last year was about seventeen million bushels. We stand the tenth state in the union in production of the cereal. Considering the showing we made in corn while in our swaddling clothes, that is glory enough in one year.

Howard Owen, of Augusta, Me., will read a poem at the annual meeting of the Maine press association, entitled, "An Editor in Hell." Wouldn't it be better for Howard to leave Augusta and come up to Gorham?—Gorham Mountaineer.

The difference between men when despondent is that some take heart and some take whisky.