AN OLD LETTER.

Only a letter, Yellow and dim with age, Wistfully gazing. I hold the torn old page.

Only a token From one who loved me well; The faded writing Scarce the fond words tell.

Only a letter, Yet dearer far to me Than all else beside, Minding me, love, of thee

Only a letter. Yellow and old and torn; On my heart it lies Now I am old and worn.

Only a message, Tender and true and sweet The writer long dead-Never again we meet.

Only a letter, Hid in an oaken chest; Close, close to my heart, When I am laid at rest. - Chunters' Journal

Baby's Golden Curl.

John Challoner was feeling utterly miserable. He was a brown-bearded. sturdy-looking man, with every outward appearance of health and prosperity; but as he sat there in the corner of the railway carriage, with his hands thrust deeply into the capacious pockets of his fur-lined coat, and with his traveling cap pulled low over his eves. I doubt if there were so wretched a man in the whole of that London express.

There was a terrible storm on, for it was the Christmas eve of '78, and destined to be a memorable night in the annals of the weather almanacs; but as he sat there watching the snow being | ent that his companions had thrown hurled in compact masses against the windows, John Challoner felt a certain grim satisfaction that nature should be in accordance with his own tempestuous thoughts. He was not very sure of board, feeling his way laboriously in their present whereabouts, but as far the blinding snow, and shouting at the as he could judge, the train was already some hours late, and was progressing at a very slow rate indeed. Well, what did it matter, after all, whether or not •he was home in time for the Christmas Day? The big dreary house, that a girl's young presence had seemed to flood with sunshine, would appear even biger and drearier, now that that girl had left it forever. There would be Sarah, of course, the silent elder sister, who had watched over John's motherless boyhood, and who loved him with so jealous a devotion; but then-Sarah wasn't Madge, and it was Madge he wanted. Not that he would have ad- station at some forty yards distance. mitted as much for a moment; that would have been too rediculous; when it was only last night, after a somewhat prolonged visit to the Scottish metropolis, that he had been talking to a lawyer in Edinburgh, and giving him instructions about the drawing up of the paper which was to separate the husband and wife. John was to go his way, and Madge was to go hers. And this was the end of those four years of married life which had opened so brightly and well; this was the end of that first tiny quarrel, when Challoner had forgotten the promise to take his girlwife to an especial dance, and had spent the evening amongst the books which had been the sole companions of his hitherto solitary life. Whose actual fault was it that things had come to this pass? In what had the trouble consisted, that there had been such jarring in the home that they had ultimately decided to live their lives apart? The train went slower and slower; the freshly fallen snow lay in high banks on either side; but John Challoner's thoughts never wandered from the old sore subject. One by one he recalled the various landmarks of those four years. How bitterly Sarah had resented the advent of the young bride; how impossible he had found it to live a society life with Madge and yet get pen to the train and hurt you.' through the necessary literary work which meant his livelihood; how eagerly his young cousin, Charles Thorne, had volunteered to take her to dances and so on in his stead. Then he recalled their little daughter's birth, and the glad hopes that had sprung into you to be traveling to town? Why life as he took his tiny Christmas rose in his stalwart arms and tried to trace the mother-look in the baby features. But the baby had only lived to see her second birthday, and with her death "the rift winthin the lute" had slowly widened, and the faint music which still had echoed in their daily lives was get on to the station. Parker (this to turned into janging discord, "Madge the maid), "follow me closely, and try was fonder of young Thorne than of to walk in my footsteps. I shall car-John himself." Sarah had averied; and ry your mistress; the snow is too deep the poor fellow had been forced to for her.' acquiesce, when barely had the dead child been laid to rest, before her moth- ling g rl in his arms, and began slower had taken up the old whirl of dissipa- ly plodding along in the direction the tion, with Charlie Thorne in constant guard had indicated. Of course it was attendance. John Challoner felt so bitterly as this on it as anything else; but even while same apparent hard heartedness. It he was reminding himself that it was is not often that men care for very a terrible pity they had met-that young children, but this curly-headed their tempers were wholly incompatilittle daughter had been simply wor- ble-and that it would be misery to shiped by her father. The fact that he | live again through the last few months, was a poet both by nature and profes- he was still holding the girl very close sion may perhaps have helped him in | and tenderly, and wishing in spite of his love and comprehension of what himself that the distance could be Theodore Watts so beautifully calls doubled. "the music of human speech-the beloved babble of children:" but certain try station, they found it to be better it is that he had set high hopes upon provided with shelter than is usually this little one. The highest of all was that she would bind his beautiful wife closer to him; but the baby had died natured individual, who did his best and was under the snow, and the dead for the poor travelers thus thrown upon hopes were buried in the scrap of law- | his hands. Either the sight of Mage's yer's parchment which another week white child-like face, or the pleaswould see signed and attested. the hot water cans had been useless to open a little box of a room which long ago; and the windows were coat- appeared to be his special property and ed with frozen snow; but yet he never to motion to Challoner to enter. regretted having taken the journey.

person, but Challoner, jealous for his wife's reputation, had dreaded the matter being discussed by unnecessary tongues. The separation was purely s personal affair, and was being settled by the family solicitors without any further appeal to the law.

There were only two other passengers in his compartment, and to arouse himself from his gloomy abstraction, he began listening to their conversation. They were both young, rather sporting-looking men, and one had evidently been describing to the other the personal appearance of some unknown lady.

"She is a thorough little beauty, tell you, and I flatter myself I'm a good judge," was his enthusiastic conclusion. "Shouldn't mind traveling up to towr with her myself."

"Why don't you, then?" came in answer.

The first speaker laughed. "I daren't my boy. She has a gorgon of a maic with her, who is even more freezing than this beastly weather. Tell you what, though; at the next station T1 try to get her some tea or something and that'll pave the way to a chat." Challoner frowned involuntarily

Such talk was peculiarly distasteful to him; and for the first time it struck him that for the future his Madge would be open to any and every chance insult which men such as his fellowtravelers might choose to put upor her. The very thought of it made his blood boil. Madge was so pretty, so young, and in many ways so thought less, that even more than another, she might be made to feel her unprotected state; and whatever might happen he himself would be powerless to shield her. He became so absorbed in this new thought that he hardly noticed when the creeping train came to : stand-still; and it was only when : sudden blast of cold air made it appardown the window and were leaning out that he roused himself to inquire the cause. He was putting his head out of the window to look about him, when the guard came along the foottop of his voice that all passengers were to descend.

Instantly all was in confusion. "Cries of Why?" "What's the matter?" "Are we in danger?" and "Guard" guard!" resounded on all sides. Immediately the younger of his companions unfastened the door and ejaculating, "Now for that pretty girl!" jumped out; while the other more slowly collected his wraps, and observed that he "supposed the snow had been toc much for the engine."

This, indeed, proved to be the case: and after some pardonable grumbling, Challoner got out of the train and followed in the track of those who were many hours.' picking their way towards a roadside As he did so, he caught the rough, persuasive tones of his late companion: "Really, now, you had better take my arm; we shall get on first-rate." The door of a first-class carriage was swinging open, and standing before it -so directly in his path that Challoner almost fell over him-was the young gentleman who had vaunted his appreciation of feminine beauty. Naturally, Challoner's glance followed his; and although he could not distinguish the lady's, he was becoming dimly conscious that the brown velvet coat was strangely familiar, when she spoke a few words in a tone which sent the blood coursing through his veins: "Thank you, I will not trouble you: my maid is with me." Madge's voice! Challoner dropped his rugs, scrambled up on to the footboard, and held out his arms. "Come down at once?" he cried, authoritatively. "It may not be safe for you to stay there. Jump, and I'll catch you. May I trouble you to get out of the way, sir? This lady is my wife." Madge flung herself instantly into the outstretched arms, and burst into hysterical sobbing. "O John, John! 1 have been so cold and so frightened. And the light in our carriage went out, and I thought something might hap-

privacy," said Chalioner st me, as soon | as the station-keep r had left them I minded the difficulty?" he retorted alone. "You and Parker will be quite passionately. "Don't you know I'd comfortable here, and you'll soon get have risked my life for the sake of warm by the fire." He laid the locket on

Madge watched his broad form disappear through the doorway with a his clenched hand, and the soft curi sinking heart. . He hates to be with glistened brightly in the firelight. me even for these few minutes," ran her thoughs; "and yet," with a piteous little quiver on her lips, "oh how delicious it was to be held in his arms. If on the floor." He leaned forward and he had held me like that oftener, we shouldn't be hating each other to-day! If he had but kissed me in the snow!"

The dismal train of thoughts was suddenly broken by the discovery that one of her trinkets were missing, and Mrs. Challoner was instantly on her knees. "Come and help me look for it, Parker, she cried. "I have lost my locket."

The excitement both of mistress and maid seemed considerably more than the occasion warranted; but only Madge herself and the faithful woman who had nursed her as a child knew of the serious trouble such a loss would entail. "Could you have dropped it outside, ma'am?'

"Not possible. The chain couldn't eatch on anything, when I had my cloak fastened. No; it must be on the floor. Do look for it, Parker.'

And look for it they did, but without success; and when the long fruitless search was over, the expression on the girls's face was very woe-begone indeed.

"The mistress has lost her gold ocket," whispered Parker when John Challoner came again to the door. "It's my belief, sir, that she dropped it on the floor of the carrage. Can't you send some body after it, sir?"

"What locket?"

"The gold one she always wears around her neck," exclaimed the maid, regardless of the urgent "Parker! You are not to trouble Mr. Challoner," which came from behind her. "She is fonder of it than any thing else, sir; it eems a pity it should be lost."

"Parker!" again broke in the pretty girlish voice. "I desire that you do not trouble Mr. Challoner."

The man's lips tw tched involuntary. It seemed to him that his young wife was only playing a dignity when she preferred addressing her remarks to him through the medium of a servant.

"Don't be foolish," he said peremptorily. "Of course I'll go after your locket. I only came back to tell you that I am afraid you will have to spend several hours here. The snow has broken down the telegraph wires, so the men can't send on a message to the next place for assistance. They must wait until this storm is over, and then get help from the village to dig out the train and clear the lines. But of course it will be the work of a good

"Thank you," said Madge meekly. "What is the time?"

Challoner bit his | p. Do you think)

the table; but as he spoke, he opened Madge started violently. "You

opened it?" "No; it had opened itself by falling

looked at her curiously. "And you cared to keep it, Madge?" "Did I-care?"

Only three words, but the tone went she had cared after all, and yetdoubtfully.

"And could I help that?" The girl clasped her hands, and looked steadily at him with great sorrowful eyes. "You were always with your books: might divide into the expected and the and could I bear to live alone in these unexpected lives. Those people who rooms where every chair that her hands lead the former undoubtedly accomhad touched, every picture that her eyes had seen, spoke to me of my lost darling? No; I would go to dances, theaters, anywhere where she had never been, and therefore could not haunt me."

"You might have come to me." "To you?" The dreary little laugh which she echoed his words were not good to hear. "You had your work. You had never asked me to go to the library; you had always left me alone." Challoner's face had grown very white. "Madge," he said solemnly, "God is my witness that if I have wronged you, it was through a mistaken love, and not through carelessness. When we-married (the loving stress) he laid upon the word was not lost upon the girl, although her face was turned upon him), Sarah impressed upon me that if I pursued a plan I had already suggested to her, and asked you to ask as my secretary, I should be dealing unfairly in letting you expend your youth and spirits on me and my work, instead of on the amusements and society life which was natural to your age.

His very anxiety was making him speak in a stiff, unusual fashion; but the little clasped hands moved restlessly at his words. "I should have loved the work."

The murmur was too soft for the other to catch, and he went on slowly: "Right or wrong, I believed her. I said to myself: "You are a poor man, and must work hard; but however great the strain may be, it must never lia wearing themselves out with the touch your wife. If you can not take vain effort to grow in the graceful but her out yourself, let your cousin do so in your stead. Let-' Nothing is more pathetic than this waste "Don't talk like that-don't talk like

of effort, unless it he the not less infrethat !" Madge had risen to her feet, quent spectacle of a sweet-smelling, and the words came with an irrepressifragrant honeysuckle setting up to ble sob. She waited a full minute and then added: "It makes one wish that things had been different-almost." When Challoner spoke again, it was

fter a long pause. "When did yo

ROME IN 1879.

Recalled-Victor Emmanuel and Pius IX. at the Point of Death--Stirring Times for Italy.

There are some people who seem to owe every important event in their lives to chance. With others these leading features are always traceable as the result of some definite organized plan. Their lives are mapped out before them, either by themselves or by those around them. It has always celieri, who stood near us, what the straight to the husband's heart. So been a question in my mind whether this fact is the result of the individual's nature or whether it is chargable to the destiny that presides over our human affairs. There are advantages in both of these sort of existences which one plish a great deal more. Every hour in the twenty-four is weighed, every minute in the hour has its task or pleasures allotted to it. Duties and diversions are dovetailed into each other, making a most delightfully smooth and even mosaic pattern, along the life path, that leads no man knows whither. On the other hand, to your unexpecting person life is full of surprises, joyous sometimes, and again full of pain. It is to be doubted if those born under the influence of that oddest of olements which we call chance ever accomplished as much as the more methodically born class. On the other hand, it may be urged that they feel more L'imprevu-the unforeseen-is the veiled deity which governs their deity. Their joys come unattended and surprise them gioriously; their griefs come upon them unawares, unlooked for, and crush them to the very earth. If such a one lose his nearest friend you will find that he has never faced the possibillity of such a loss. If a fortune is suddenly left him be sure he will have no preconceived ideas of how he will spend it, and most likely he will ose a great deal of time and possibly a good portion of the inheritance in learning how it may best be empolved. But of all the fond and foolish pursuits which human beings indulge in the most futile is the attempt to change one's nature from the expected to the unexpected, and vice versa. I have often seen persons born to bloom with the symmetry and perfection of the dah-

the whispers of the spring, up to the great railroad station somewhere in the A chance Visit to the Eternal City new part of the city. Some friends were going to meet a young lady who was about to arrive on an incoming train. As we drew near the depot we found it surrounded by a dense mass of humanity. Policemen and soldiers were on every side to maintain an order which no one seemed in the least inclined to disturb. It was a very quiet, serious-faced crowd, and no one laughed or jested. For more than a week in all that great city I never heard a laugh. We asked an officer of the Berpeople were all waiting for. "Some people say," he answered, "that Garibaldi is to arrive on the train which is now due, but who can tell? They have been waiting for him for two days past. and looking for him on every train." We decided to wait until the train should arrive, and a place was made for me on a step inside some railings, where I stood a better chance of keeping a little breath in my body. Those who were nearest caught the roar of the incoming locomotive, and the tidings sped that the train had arrived. A shiver of excitement shook the crowd, which stirred and swayed and then stood silent again and waited. All eves were fixed on the impassive front of the great stone station. A man, who must have been a sailor, had clambered high up to a place from which he could command a view of the station. He it was he who had announced the coming of the train. It was he who, from his high place, could overlook the heads of the people, and who eried aloud, in a hoarse whisper: "He has come!'

The news was felt, rather than heard, and, when the gens d'armes and the military guard of honor appeared, and the order was given to make room, the crowd shrank silenty back on either side of the roadway, leaving a path wide enough for the line of horseman, four deep, to pass. These went on unaluted, though there were officers among them who were the heroes of the people, but, when the carriage appeared, the crowd pressed forward and a murmur was heard which sounded like a great sigh. A few men shouted out the patriots name, but for the most part there was a grieved silence, broken only by sighs and exclamations of pity. Men and women wept as the large carriage made its way slowly past them. I was standing on some steps a little higher than the mass of the people, and a young woman who was standing below me with a child upon her shoulder asked me to lift the little fellow up ancertain lines of the passion flower vine that he might look upon the face of Garibaldi. The officer who had befriended us lifted the child, who was too much awed to cry, over the railings grow with the splendid dignity of a mother stretched her hand through the and into my arms. I remember the Marechal Neil rose. Not that one is Marechal Neil rose. Not that one is not bound to train and prune one's na-ura into the heat particle above. If a ssuringly. The carriage was almost ture into the best possible shape. If a on a line of our vision, and in a moment more had crossed it. Lying upon a pillowed litter, with closed eyes and clasped hands, I saw for the first and only time Garibaldi. He wore the old effort; but, in the name of truth, let not red shirt and the wide, soft gray felt either parent or guradian attempt to hat, and there was a sash about his waist, just as I had seen it in a thousand pictures, but the, beauty of the It is to that vague and mysterious face I had never seen suggested and was all unprepared for. The features, refined by suffering, were faultlessly and delicately molded, the hair and beard were of the color of silver, and the wh te and rose complexion was as delicate as a child. The expression was very wonderful and moved me strangely. The mother turned and lost sight of that face on which every eye was fixed, in order to make sure that her child was seeing. "Look," she said, with an awed face, "look on Garibaldı; look, and never. never, never forget that you have seen him." When she turned to the street again the carriage had gone by, and the people who had stood bareheaded and silent where the hero passed, put on their hats again, and the great crowd melted away. We followed in our own minds the progress of the sad cortege through the thronged, hushed streets to the place. to the chapel, where the conqueror lay, as we had seen him a few hours before with his ermine robe about him, his crown and scepter at his head, his good sword at his side. The chapel was lighted by a blaze of waxen tapers, and in each of the four corners kneeled a cowled monk, praying for the newly fledged soul. This was what the patriot saw; but of what he felt one can but imagine. All the wonderful ceremonies that followed in quick succession-the funeral of the king. the death of the pope, and his lying in state at St. Peter's, the crowning of the new k ng, the advent of the new pope-I saw with these eyes. But as I look back upon these acts of the great drama of Italy, what I see most clearly is that wonderful white face of Garibaldi, with the heroic past stamped upon its features, as it lay among the cushions of the litter .- Boston Transcript.

"Why, Madge!"

Never before had Challoner seen his wife so thoroughly unhinged and frightened, and his heart gave a great leap as he echoed her last words: "Hurt me? Of course not. But how came didn't you stay in Edinburgh? Do you think you have taken cold?" He asked the questions all in one breath; but when she began explaining that she wanted to spend Christmas in town with her aunt, he hastily cut her short.

"There is no time to talk; we must

While speaking he took the trembonly a chance meeting, and Challoner There was nothing, I think, which was too free from superstition to look

When they reached the little counthe case; and though there was only one man in charge, he was a sensible, goodant assurance that the gentleman would How bitterly cold it was, to be sure! make it worth his while, induced him

"Your lady will be more comfortable

"Nearly ten." He was turning away when something in his wife's voice struck h m, and he re-entered the room. "You are still cold? Wear this," he said shortly, rapidly unbuttoning his fur-lined coat; and in spite of her remonstrances, he wrapped it round her, and then went hastily out into the

bitter night-air. Left alone, Madge leaned back in her corner and sat for a long time erving softly to herself. Being thoroughly unstrung by terror and fatigue, she was in just the impressionable mood wh ch made her husband's little act of kindness very precious in her eyes, and she nestled into the thick warm fur as though cheating herself into the belief that it was John himself who was holding her. She remembered a t.me-it was during the happy weeks which followed the wedding day-when she and John seemed to be all in all to each other; but when they were finally settled in the staid London house, over which Miss Sarah's chilly influence uung like a pall, it had all been altered then. John had gone back to his beloved books, in apparent forgetfulness of the solitary little wife in the big drawing-room up stairs; and if she proposed invading his precincts, it was only to be met with Miss Sarah's reproachful stare, and the words: "My brother never allows even me to disturb him." 'And then baby's birth, and-baby's death! In nervous terror of her own great grief, the poor young mother had flung herself into every kind of dissipation, for the dead child seemed hardly farther from her than the silent man who was buried in his books, and to face her sorrow alone The men worked hard to clear the was more than she could do. O dear! lines; but it was only when the first the life that henceforth would be lived gray glimmer of light was stealing apart. might have been so happy!and the tears flowed on.

Meanwhile, Challoner had started for ure with him.

cut this curl?" "On your birthday," said Madge with

an effort to speak easily. "I brought her into your room, and she was dressed all in white-"I thought it was blue."

"No, John; all in white, with coral beads.

"Ah! yes, to be sure. I remember. The young rogue broke the string, and you were so proud of her strength that you would not have it mended;" and Challoner actually laughed at the remembrance of the scene.

"You took her in your arms," went on Madge bravely, "and kissed this very curl, and then you gave her back to me and said---

She broke off suddenly; but though Challoner's face was flaming as hotly as her own, he went on steadily: " said, 'God bless my wife and child, and spare them to me for many, many vears.

"But baby died in the autumn, and

In the intense stillness of the little room, John Challoner finished her sentence. "And you are leaving me," he said hoarsely. "Ah, Madge, for baby's sake, give me half that curl."

Her gloves were off and as she silent ly leaned forward to loosen the silk that held the pretty hair, their hands touched. She drew back for a moment, looking at him piteously, and the next, with a long sobbing cry, she fell forward into his out stretched arms.

* * * * It was a long trying night for many people at that I ttle snow-bound station. over the darkened skies, that they were able to pronounce progress possi-

ble. The passengers in the waitingthe railway carriage. The blinding room had kept up a perpetual chorus snow, the flickering lantern, and the of grumblings and abuse; but in the difficulty of picking his wa, made the little room where the station keeper short journey a long one, but his busy | had placed his two most favored guests, wonderments made the time pass quick- there was nothing but deep thankfulv. For the first time in his life, John ness for the enforced wait. Dur ng Challenor was feeling curious. What the long night hours, with only a made his wife so fond of that particu- tender memory to share their vigil, lar locket? What did it contain? He husband and wife had grown very was still pondering on the mistery close to each other. The long series when he reached the carriage. Parker | of jars and m sunderstandings which had been right; the little engraved | had grown up from their two several locket lay upon the floor; but beside it | mistakes-from Challoner's erroneous lay something, at the sight of which behef that they could follow two disthe man's heart gave a great throb. A | tinct and separate courses and vet relittle curly head, a pair of sweet blue main united; and from Madge's halfeyes, a soft uncertain voice trying to wounded, half-defiant pride, which stammer the word "mama!" They all forbade her to take the initiative in rose vividly before him as he stood there | drawing nearer to each other-one and with the tiny ring of silky brown hair all they had been discussed-discussed lying on his open palm. And it was gravely and penitently, as became two Madge who had cherished the curl. souls in whom fresh hopes were springwhich his own lips had seemed to press | ing, and who, but for an apparently so much oftener than had hers! Madge, chance meeting, would have broken who had thought to keep the token that with each other forever. But when he had forgotten, and since had regret- the sad reviewing of their past failted so vainly. Well, before they part- ures was at an end, and wth full ed, he must ask her to halve her treas- hearts they dared to speak of a brighter and more trustful future, the tears

There were very tender memories that rose to their eyes were tears of terly forgotten, will be forgotten in is, rarely an honr passes without some stirring within him as he plodded his happiness. "It shall be the talisman history, and Garibaldi, who had set the one tapping at Mrs. Cleveland's door way slowly back to the station; when of our love," Challoner had said as he crown of Italy upon the head of Victor bearing a card or urgent request that he at last reached the little room, his divided the tinv ring of hair; and the Emmanuel, was coming to look once she grant an interview to a party of face was very gentle, albeit very grave. | kiss that followed was fraught with all more upon the face of his old com- strangers just on the eve of departure. "Yes, I have it, Parker. Thank you. the solemnity of a renewrl of marpanion in arms. This was whispered And it rarely happens that the appeal If you will go into the larger room. I riage vows. It is needless to add that on the Corso, but few people gave is in vain, for, however interested she will sit with your mistress." he said in the services of the Edinburgh lawyer credence to the rumor. It is said that may be in a book or occupation of any answer to the maid's anxious greeting; were not required. Garibaldi would never walk or stand sort, she at once lays it aside, sacrific and when he and Madge were alone, he again. He, tco, was laid low by grevi- ing her own pleasure without a demur. pulled his chair close to hers and began ous illness, and his death could not be This ready acquiescence in the wishes As under the new law only railway employes gravely: "Here is your locket." of others and forgetfulness of self have are entitled to passes, it is possible that the far off. "Thank you," she said coldly. "I rush for positions in the service of the trans-It was by a very singular series of done more to endear Mrs. Cleveland te hope it was not a difficult matter to portation companies will relieve the pressure chances that I happened to go on that the hearts of the people than anything get the carriage?" upon politics.-Chicago Herald. soft afternoon, when the air was full of else. -- Washington Letter. .

shild is born a rose it is the obvious duty of its parents or guardians to make as good a rose of it as they can, and it is the child's duty to supplement their train, nor rose try to grow, into a grapevine.

chance that I owe most of the important events and relationships of my life. It was by an odd series of chances that I found myself in Rome in the early spring of the year 1879, the most eventful year for the Eternal city since that season when Victor Emmanuel and his court came to take up their abode in the place of the Cæsars. What a time of excitement it was! II Re Gallant Uomo lay dying at the Quirinal. At the Vatican his old enemy. Pius IX., was stricken, too, by a mortal disease. The king, always a good Catholic, it was said, had sent to ask the holy father for his blessing, and all Rome held its breath and waited. Would the head of the fallen power forgive his victorious enemy, now that both were so soon to yield to the universal conqueror? Would the great soldier and the good and gentle priest who had waged such bitter war, die at peace with one another? Messenger after messenger was dispatched from the chamber of death on Quirinal hill to the sick room of the prisoner of the Vatican. They all came back silent, till at last one humble monk, who had prayed long beside the dying king, was sent, and came back bringing with him a promise of peace. It was not the king, Victor Emmanuel, who asked forgiveness for his heroic life, for his glorious action-the freeing of Italybut it was the man, human and taulty, asking absolution at the hands of the high priest of his religion. All this may be history, it may be fable; I can not youch for it; but it was what was said, whispered rather, at every street corner in Rome. The city was shaken to its foundation; the heart of the people was stirred to its inmost depth. Even the indifferent foreign colonies of expatriated English and Americans were swayed by the tremendous passion of the moment. The king's hour came. The great captain passed away, and the city sat and mourned in sackcloth and ashes. A great wall went up from the party of the whites, and even the blacks were magnanimous and silent. They, too, were soon to lose the good man who had so long stood at their head. Italy mourned her fallen hero; but, when the time had come to lav away what was mortal of the beloved son, she arose and clad herthe two of late years-it had never been she replied without a moment's hesita-

Mrs. Cleveland's Good Heart.

During the past week Mrs. Cleveland has seen a large number of persons by special appointment, strangers in the city for whom their friends importuned this honor. Few persons in making this request realize the almost incessent demands of the same nature which come to Mrs. Cleveland day self in garments of of somber splendor. after day, and to all of which she acand made of him a funeral the like of cedes if possible. When asked by a which the world has not often seen. friend which plan she found most It was ramored that his old lieutenant, agreeable-that of receiving on two Garibaldi, was coming up from the mornings of each week, as was her rocky Caprera to take part in the custom during the season, of or of havobsequies. The estrangment between ing no reception day, as at presentof the heart, but of the head-was ut- tion in favor of the former. As it now

Albeit they were English folk, Madge's there, sir, than in the big room along home and belongings were in Edin- o' the third-class passengers and all,' burg, and Challoner had preferred he suggested; and as neither husband leaving the question of settlements nor wife could think of a sufficient with those who would be careful for excuse for preferring the company of Madge's interests, rather in less friend- their fellow-travelers. they were ly hands. Of course there had been obliged to follow the man lead. no actual obligation to go north in "I will not intrude upon your