

ALEGACY.

John G. Whittier writes this as "A Legacy" in the Independent. Beautiful lines, and worthy of his eightieth anniversary.

Friend of my many years!
When the great silence falls at last on me,
Let me not leave to pain and sudden throes
A memory of tears.

But pleasant thoughts alone
Of one who was thy friendship's honored guest
And drank the wine of consolation pressed
From sorrows of thine own.

I leave with thee a sense
Of hands upheld and trials rendered less—
The unselfish joy which is to helpfulness
Its own great recompense;

The knowledge that from thine,
As from the garments of the Master, stole
Calmsness and strength, the virtue which
makes whole
And heals without a sign;

Yea, more, the assurance strong
That love, which fails of perfect utterance
here,
Lives on to fill the heavenly atmosphere
With its immortal song.

MAMIE'S EPISODE.

BY EDITH E. KNIGHTWOOD.
From the Youth's Companion.

"Oh, girls—oh, girls!" exclaimed Mamie Burton, rushing wildly up to a crowd of three girls, "guess what!"

"What is it, oh, what is it?" from the three girls in a chorus.

"Why, the master of the Grange has returned!" she cried, looking at them triumphantly, and feeling that she had imparted news equal to a bomb-shell. "And I've seen him," still more triumphantly.

"Oh!" in a series of gasps.

"Does he wear a big hat?"

"And carry a cane?"

"Has he got a mustache?" asked the third, pretty Susie Camp, casting a look of scorn upon her companions for asking such extremely senseless questions. "Do tell us, Mamie, and don't stand there gaping as though you contemplated swallowing us."

"Well, girls, let us sit down here on the hedge, and I shall endeavor to describe him. All seated? So far, so good. To begin with, he's about two feet six—no, no, I mean six feet two—a regular whopper! He's got shoulders about as broad as I am long; black hair and eyes, and such a mustache! Words are inadequate to describe it! The kind you read about, girls, and seldom see. I see I've got you all worked up, so I'll just finish him. Girls, in an awful awed voice, "I wouldn't marry that man for anything—not if he begged on his knees for a week. He is the sternest looking man you ever saw. His heavy eyebrows are drawn together in one straight line and his black eyes and extremely dark skin makes him look like some fierce Italian king."

"And he didn't wear a high hat?" asked Katie Bend, a shadow of disappointment setting on her sunny face.

"No, indeed, Kate, when I saw him, he was leaning against a tree with his long legs crossed and a slouch that pushed back carelessly on his head, surveying the broad acres of the Grange—and feeling his importance, I dare say!"—sarcastically.

"Oh, Mamie," exclaimed Laura Brown, suddenly, "what shall do about those beautiful roses, now that he is home. Our table at the festival to-morrow night will be a complete failure without them; and we counted on them so much. I wish he would have stayed away a little longer."

"Have those roses, I will, if I have got to go and ask for some," and Mamie shook her fluffy yellow head resolutely.

"Why do you not?" urged Laura. "It would be a much more honest way than stealing them!"

"But I hate to Lal. If he was a woman, I would not care."

"As he is a man, why can't you be a boy; then you wouldn't hate to ask him. Boys have audacity enough for anything," and Laura shook her little head wisely.

"Be a boy! how delightful! I declare, Lal, your head will make you a fortune yet. I can put one of brother Sammie's suits on, tuck my hair under a cap, blacken my hands and I'll make a splendid boy! I'll do it, see if I don't." And the four girls laughed gleefully at the novel way in which they were to get the coveted roses.

"All right, girls, be around at 7:30 sharp. Of course, you must go along as far as the gate with me. I suppose I shall have enough roses for each of you an armful." And with another merry laugh, they departed.

Hearing a slight rustle of leaves on the other side of the hedge, let us glance over and see the cause of it.

There, lying prone on the green grass, his hands supporting his head, and a quiet smile playing around the corners of a rather grave mouth, lies a man five and thirty, answering Mamie's description of the master of the Grange.

"Well, my little girl, you shall have all the roses you desire. If you are one-half as pretty as your voice is sweet, I daresay you will make a charming little lad. Wouldn't marry me if I begged on my knees for a week. Ha, ha, ha, that's rich! but I shall have my revenge to-night."

Taking a cigar from his pocket and lighting it, Mr. Richard Tremaine, sole master of the Grange, walked away with a lighter heart than usual why, he could not tell. In fact, he was hardly aware of it. When he was 23, he met, loved and courted a beautiful woman. That was when he was a poor artist and before he had inherited the Grange and its vast estates. Though she loved him as well as her shadow nature would permit, she cast him aside for a richer man. Richard Tremaine was not the man to wear the willow, but he never trusted women afterwards, and always seemed to shun their society, rather than court it.

The clock chimed seven, then the quarter past. The shadows in Mas-

ter Dick's study were deepening and he rang for lights.

"I want a good look at him—her, I should say. I say Thomas," suddenly, to the servant who was just retiring, "if a boy asks to see me to-night, show him in here."

"At last she cometh," as the door-bell peals loudly.

"A young lad wishes to see you, sir," announced Thomas.

The "young lad" enters.

"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening, my boy," with a slight emphasis on the boy. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes sir, please, a—young lady sent me to ask if you would please give her some roses for the festival to-morrow night." The lad's voice trembled perceptibly, and the truth is he would have given all he possessed if he was safely out in the open air, and a pair of piercing quizzical eyes were not fastened so steadily on his dusty face. And did he imagine or did he really discern a shadow of a smile quivering over that dark, handsome face.

"When I was a little boy," says the master of the Grange, tilting back coolly in his chair and elevating his feet, "my mother taught me to take off my hat when entering a house."

Mr. Tremaine had the satisfaction of seeing the small face dyed scarlet.

Quickly a small hand is raised as though to remove the hat and as quickly falls.

"If you please—sir, I haven't got any mother."

"Poor boy," compassionately, "what is your name?"

"My name?" in a frightened voice, "I haven't got—oh, Petey—Petey Green, sir" desperately.

"Well, Petey," said the master of the Grange, in rather a suffocating voice, "you would like to have some roses would you? Very well; follow me."

"Oh dear—oh dear!" groans Petey, inwardly, "I would give ten millions if I never had been born."

"Are these the roses, Petey?" asked Mr. Dick.

"I don't know, sir. I guess the young ladies may come after 'em, sir. I guess I'll go."

"No, Petey, you may as well wait for them; I'll have them ready in a minute, besides the girls would laugh at you if you went back without them," in a peculiar voice.

Of course it is by accident, but as Mr. Tremaine turns, his arm brushes against Petey's cap, and Petey's cap falls to the ground.

"With a low, agonized 'oh' Petey puts both dirty little hands to his head. It is no use. A profusion of long, yellow curls tumble around his shoulders and very much give Petey the appearance of a girl.

"Why, Petey," exclaimed Master Dick, his dark, stern face the picture of surprise, "what beautiful curls you have—just like a girl."

Every drop of blood in Mamie's body rushed to her face. She tries to look indifferent, but her face is so hot that it forces the mortified tears down her cheeks.

"Oh, you great, big disagreeable man, I hate you!"

To save her life, Mamie cannot keep the hot passionate words back, for he stands regarding her silently, a tantalizing smile curving the lips which the immense black mustache does not entirely hide.

"There, now, I am sure you are a girl."

Poor Mamie's mortification is too deep to heed the remark.

Throwing herself on a rustic bench, she gives vent to her mortification in a flood of tears.

Mr. Tremaine now begins to think that probably he went too far. That the girl is nearly crazed with shame he can plainly see.

"Come, Miss—Petey, do not cry so."

The hated name only augments her misery.

"Miss Mamie," using the right name this time, "you really distress me. If you say nothing about this little episode, I am sure I never shall. I overheard you planning it this afternoon, and could not forego the temptation of confusing you a little. Really, I did not think you would take it so to heart, or I would not have unmasked you."

"Did not think I would take it so to heart! You must think I am in the habit of going around in—in—boy's clothes!" flashed Mamie, raising a pair of swimming blue eyes wrathfully to his dark grave ones.

"Indeed, no, Miss Mamie, I did not mean to imply anything. Besides, I'll never know you when you get petticoats on, there will be such a change," he said consolingly.

"I never thought of that," a relieved look coming into the blue eyes.

"But oh dear, oh, dear! I'll never, never get over it."

With a bound she reaches the door and dashes along the corridor, which leads from the conservatory to the main hall.

In another minute the cool air is blowing on her scorching hot face.

"Did you get them?" three low voices inquire, as she tears up to them.

With another burst of tears, Mamie tells her friends all.

Bitter are the denunciations hurled at Dick Tremaine's dark head.

The next night the festival was at its height and pretty Mamie Burton, in a crisp, white muslin and blue sash, was busily engaged in tying up candy, when a light touch on her arm startled her.

"Here, miss," handing her a beautiful bouquet of roses. "I was to hand these to you."

"What lovely—"

But she never finished the sentence. She knew the roses, for they were the ones on which she had set her heart for the festival. A slow, burning blush spread from brow to neck, and Dick Tremaine, half screened by a stone pillar, thought her the perfection of dainty loveliness.

Six months later.

A dashing team and a jaunty little cutter halts in front of Lawyer Burton's residence. A very tall, dark man alights and rings the bell, and the door is opened by Lawyer Burton's pretty daughter, Mamie.

"Ah, good afternoon, Miss Mamie. Would you like a little sleigh-ride this afternoon—it is so pleasant! I should be so happy," letting his dark eyes rest on her trim figure.

"Thank you, Mr. Tremaine, I should be—delighted!" she answered, her merry blue eyes fall beneath his more ardent ones.

They are riding along an extremely lonely road and Dick Tremaine reins in the horses.

"Mamie," bending over her and taking her gloved hands in his, "cannot you guess why I brought you out this afternoon?"

"For a—"

She was going to say "for a ride," but the words die on her lips as she sees his face, and she turns her head.

"Mamie, Darling, could you love an old, stern man like me well enough to live with him always? I think you have bewitched me, for I cannot get you out of my thoughts. Is it yes or no? probably this is abrupt, but when men get my age they are usually impatient. For God's sake child don't keep me in suspense."

His breath comes in quick, labored gasps, and his deep, grave eyes are fixed intently on the half-turned face of Mamie.

"If I say yes?" turning to him questioningly and veiling her mischievous, bonny eyes.

"I'll be the happiest man in God's universe," snatching her in his arms and kissing her.

"And if I say no?"

"I'll blow my brains out! No I won't either, I shall publish our first romantic meeting."

That was the first illusion he had ever made in regard to Petey Green's errand.

"There! I shall not marry you now."

"Not if I get on my knees and coax for a week?" he asked, a merry twinkle in his eyes and a suspicious twitching around his mouth.

She flashed him a quick, shamed glance.

"Did you hear me say that, too?"

"I heard everything, sweet."

"I might just as well surrender, Dick Tremaine, for I have no opinion, nor a particle of respect for myself, and if I can dispose of myself so readily, I ought to be thankful."

"Yes, for even I might change my mind, (?) darling."

Passing Glimpse of a Famous Woman.

This woman who sweeps by in the gay crowd on Broadway was a famous beauty in her day. She is still good looking. Her face is a trifle stouter and there are wrinkles on her brow and crow's feet in her cheeks, but it is still a face that would be noticed in a crowd. It is Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague.

This once famous beauty, who wielded more power in American politics, perhaps, than any other American woman has ever done, is going down the hill of life in a quiet, easy way. She comes to New York occasionally to visit friends, but her home is in Washington. She is no longer the gay butterfly of fashion, and her dresses, while fashionable and well made, have not the dash that made her so much talked about in ante-bellum days.

Her life in the national capital is a simple one. There is none of the luxury of Edgewood that characterized her life during her father's career. But she is happy, nevertheless, for her children are growing up around her, and she looks on calmly at the progress of events with a smiling face. The White House has passed out of her mind forever. It was an idle dream at best. But there is sunshine at Edgewood such as this woman could never have found had she become the wife of a president of the United States.—New York Mail and Express.

A Story for Young Men.

There is a moral in the following story; it is true, and it is applicable to every position in the commercial, literary or professional world. It will apply to the most eminent lawyer and to the clerk in a corner grocery. A young St. Paul man applied to a well known merchant in this city for the place of assistant bookkeeper. He was asked what salary he expected, and replied: "Eighteen dollars a week."

"We had decided not to pay more than fifteen," demurred the merchant.

"Well, sir," answered the young man, frankly, "I need the place, but you must remember I should work just as hard if you paid me but \$5 a week."

"All right, sir" replied the merchant, with an approving smile, "you are just the kind of man we want! Go to work to-morrow at \$20 a week." —St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Colored Girls Can Get White.

Among the curious incidents of the thunderstorm which played such havoc in the interior of New Jersey on Friday none has caused more surprise than a freak of the lightning. On that day the residence of Mr. F. M. Riley, cashier of the Cumberland Bank, on West Commerce street, Bridgeton, was struck by lightning. The fluid ran down the chimney, struck an iron screen which was three or four feet away from the fireplace, and then passed to the arm of the cook, a colored woman, who was standing near. She says she did not feel the shock. The fluid entered her wrist and passed out of her elbow, turning the flesh a snowy whiteness. Her arm was only slightly burned, and otherwise she suffered no pain at all. The doctor who attended her says that in all probability her arm between the wrist and elbow will remain white.—New York Journal.

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