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THE SHADOW OF THE WORKING-MAN. BY EUGENE C. FISK.

Behold you swiftly floating boat! In conscious might it steams alone! With graceful lines and powerful frame, It proudly bears its living throng. To distant lands it throngs its way. And to the many wealth doth bring; Its tidings from the absent friends. Are welcome as the smiling spring. You see it cleave the restless water; And know old ocean's s'ace 'twill span; But, ease o'er all, can you behold The shadow of the working man!

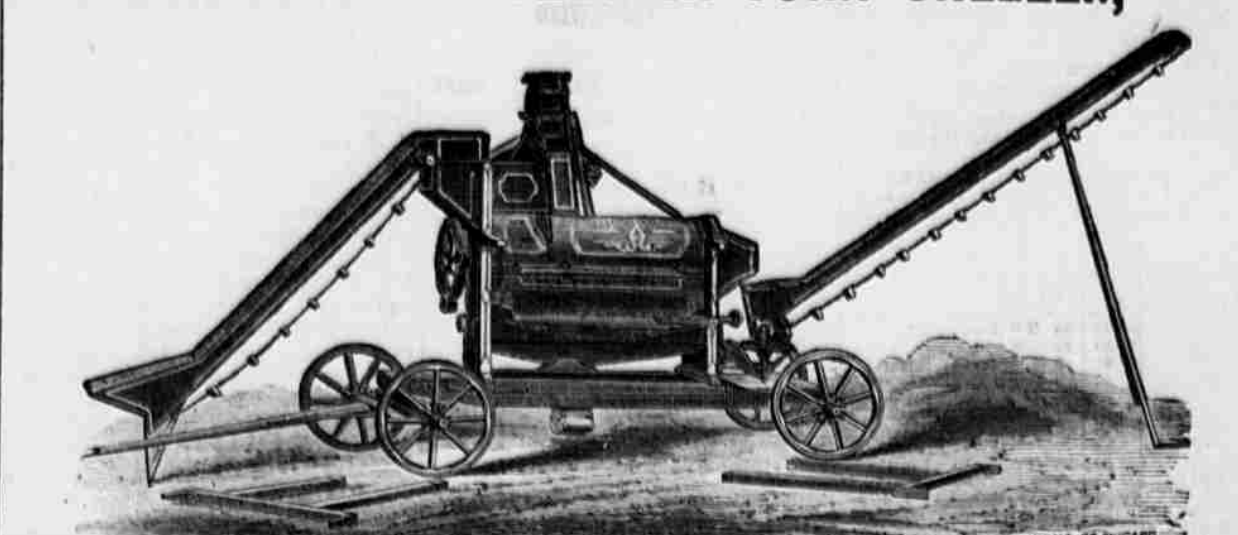
See, on the locomotive rush With heading speed o'er iron road, Like living, breathing monster, whom Some unseen powers onward urge. Through cities, towns, and shady dells, O'er surging streams and woodland glades, It speeds you with clang and roar; Av'nt, north mountains gloomy shades, With ease it quickly bears along Pilgrims of every tribe and clan; But o'er each fleeting view dost see The shadow of the working man!

Come, gaze upon this mighty pile, The spire of which in cloudland dwells; Kissed by the slinking sun's last ray, As gent'ly chime the distant bells; Come view its grand massive walls, Its pillars, halls, and arches true, Which are the glory of the west. Without one flaw to meet the view, O'er all this blended strength and grace, As round it zephyrs gently fan, Can you not see, in outline bold, The shadow of the working man!

Go see the lofty mountain height, And there behold the glowing scene— The forest, field and waving grain, The rippling lakes, the meadows green; Each beauty of the prospect view, All thronged with busy, useful life, Where once the gloomy woods were seen, Where savage revels once were rife, Go, look upon all earth's broad face, Replete with art and nature's plan; And there, in bold relief you'll see The shadow of the working man!

Yes, that was her age when I first met her, seven years ago. She is a famous actress now, and exactly twenty-five. Having passed three pleasant years at Cambridge, and become a bachelor of arts by the least irksome process permitted by university statutes, I found myself at twenty-one years of age a student at the Upper Temple, and the monthly tenant of a couple of rooms on the first floor in Guildford street, Russell square. As I knew few people in London, and was not even a member of one of the university clubs, there was no special reason for idleness, and I may proudly confess that for the first three months of my residence in town my jealous mistress, the law, knew no rival. But even the stirring period of "Joshua Williams on Real Property," and the sportive eloquence of "Mr. Eyles' Bills," are apt to become monotonous, and I was on the point of joining a small Bohemian club in the Strand, when fate brought me distraction from my studies in a more witching and material shape. This shape was an ankle. Of course it was feminine; equally of course it was trim and dainty. The first time I saw it a crimson stocking added to its allurements; on the second occasion it was clad in black. And, oddly enough, this was the only evidence I had of the propinquity of a young and attractive neighbor, for the ankle was always helping its owner upstairs at a rapid rate, whenever I caught a glimpse of that ravishing joint and the flutter of the dress which accompanied it. At length, after sundry stray glimpses, my curiosity was fairly aroused, and I inquired of my landlady regarding the occupant of the rooms above me. "Yes, sir, the second floor, sir, which it's a young woman and her grandmam, and well be'aved and quite respectable, though she is a play actress, sir."

THE OTTAWA CYLINDER CORN SHELLER.



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As I escorted her home, her left hand softly placed on my forehead, she thanked me for my consideration.

"I am glad you did not come, Mr. Smith; I meant to have asked you not. I am not born an actress, like Minnie, but of course we must live."

"Yes, I thought to myself, poor child, she must live; and then the thought arose from my heart, and dazzled my brain—how sweet, how inspiring, to work for this dear girl, to soften and make straight her life's pathway, to persuade her to enoble and beautify my own."

"During the following week King's Bench walk saw but little of me. Mildred looked pale and needed fresh air, and I determined that the evil effects of the footlights should be remedied by plenty of sunshine by day. We explored the suburbs of London. We trod Hampstead Heath together, we explored the recesses of Richmond park, fed the deer in Bushy and the bears in the Zoo. Every day seemed to bring forth some fresh beauty of her mind; every day made me more passionate in love. So, devoted and reckless, I told her one Sunday morning, after we had been to church at the Foundling hospital, that I could not live without her."

"My darling, I am not rich in worldly goods, but I have a wealth of love for you. Quit your irksome calling; be my wife."

"I covered her hand with kisses, she arose suddenly. "Mr. Smith, are you not afraid to marry an actress?"

"You are an angel," I cried. "You are not an actress."

Then she laughed merrily. "So you told me before," and with a swift turn toward the looking-glass, she shook her hair out of the orthodox coil. Then she laughed more than ever.

"I never answered her, but rushed out of the house, and the next day moved into fresh lodgings at Brixton. Since then I have had frequent opportunities of measuring her capacities as an actress. In fact, I am going to see her play Lady Tealze to-night. She occasionally sends me a box, for old acquaintance sake, she puts it."

"I shall never forget that afternoon as long as I live. Mildred said little, and my conversation was commonplace in the extreme. With Minnie I could rattle on and pay compliments, and laugh and feel not a whit embarrassed. But with Mildred—"

"I saw her come from the theater that night, but did not sit in the stalls to see her play her sister's part. I hated the notion that so gentle a creature should be compelled to exhibit herself on the stage, and I know I should have written in agony at the

"I don't think of him at all just at present—I have something better to do;" and with that she vanished. "Yes, but she was born piquant and repellent; but the novelty of the acquaintance was pleasing, and the next evening found me seated in a stall at the Theatre Royal Fortune.

The performance was dull and insipid. Perversions and contortions of the queen's English in the shape of puns never inspired me with a profound sense of the educational use of the drama, and I was then neither young enough or old enough to appreciate an exhibition of shapely limbs, painted faces and dresses of an impossible blue. Still I applauded Minnie May's song, and was somewhat disappointed that she never bestowed upon me so much as a glance of recognition. I went back to my rooms immediately after the curtain fell, and prepared for a couple of hours' spell at "Taylor on Evidence."

"I had been seated at my table but a few minutes when a light rap sounded at my door. I opened it, and there was Miss Minnie May.

"Well," she said impatiently, "how did you like it? How did it go?"

"I don't know much about burlesques, Miss May, but the audience seemed amused."

"Yes, they enjoyed my song. I have made a hit, I feel certain. You didn't applaud, though, I was watching you."

"Indeed I did; I split my gloves over it. Look here," and I showed her circumstantial evidence of my zeal.

"Oh, I dare say you split them applauding somebody else; that fright that plays Prince Camaralzaman, with the padded legs."

"No; I agree with you that she is a fright. I didn't applaud her."

"Mind you never do. She is a wretch. And now I shall expect you to come to the Fortune at least three days a week. It will do you good; you spend far too much time over these abominable books."

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