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THE SHADOW OF THE WORKING-

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 ploughs 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 wave,
And know old ocean's some 'twill spau;
But, cast o'er all, can you behold
The shadow of the working man!

See, on the locomotive rush
With headlong speed o'er iron road,
Like living, breathing monster, whom
Some unseen powers onward goad,
Through cities, towns, and shady dells,
O'er gurgling streams and woodland
glades,
It speeds you on with clang and roar;
As 'neath wountains gloomy shades

Av, 'neath 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 sinking sun's last ray, As gently chime the distant bells; Come view its grandly massive walls,
Its pillars, halls, and arches true,
Which are so neatly, deftly wrought,
Without one flaw to meet the view.
O'er all this b'ended strength and grace, As round it zephyrs gently fan. Can you not see, in outline bold, The shadow of the workingman!

Go see the lofty mountain height,
And there behold the glowing scene—
The forest, field and waiving grain,
The rippling lakes, the meadows green:
Each beauty of the prospect view,
All thronged with busy, useful life,
Where once the gloomy wilds 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 boid relief you'll see
The shadow of the workingman.

"BASHFUL FIFTEEN."

Yes, that was her age when I first met her, seven years ago. She is a famous actress now, and exactly twen-

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 roems 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 mis-

tress, the law, knew no rival.

But even the stirring period of "Joshua Williams on Real Property," and the sportive facetiousness of "Mr. Byles on 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 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 secon it was clad in black. And, oddly enough, this was the only the ankle was always helping its own-er upstairs at a rapid rate, when-ever 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 regard-ing the occupants of the rooms above "Yes, sir, the second floor, sir, which it's a young woman and her grandmar, and well be aved and quite respectable, though she is a play ac-

"A play actress?" I exclaimed:

grandmother

and quite haffable, as one may say. few minutes when a light rap sounded They have been here ten days, and at my door. I opened it, and there they've conducted themselves quite was Miss Minnie May. I must confess that the fact of the

owner of the ankle being an actress inflamed my interest in it to an inordinate degree. I amnaturally gregarious and I am fond of my species, and during the last three months the only women I had spoken to were the worthy Mrs. Jones, my landlady, and the much begrimed domestic who attended to the requirements of the lodgers. Then, like many young men of similar age, I had an affection for the drama and the stage, an affection, I may add, which, though whetted by curriosity, was still tempered with respect. Of course I could not force an acquaintance with the "second floor," and I was far too inexperienced in the customs of the metropolis to introduce "Mind you never do. She is a myself in an apparently natural unpre-

meditated manner. One Sunday morning after breakfast I was stretched on my nncomfortable sofa, and reading one of the late lamented Mr. Smith's "leading cases." I was doing my best to feel interested in the details when I was conscious of a commotion up stairs. A minute or so afterward a rap came

"Come in!" I cried, and Mrs. Jones appeared. She was sorry to disturb me, but the old lady up stairs was "took" suddenly ill; no restoratives were at hand, and, according to law,

The application was evidently genuine, but, on Mrs. Jones' part, hasty and ill-considered, revealing as it did an intimate knowledge of the resour-ces of my cupboard. Still, what I had was, of course, at the service of the second floor.

figure of a young and beautiful girl. She was standing expectant, one hand resting on the banister, and when she met my admiring eyes she flushed slightly. She was tall and well-made, her slight, girlish figure giving indications of future robustness. A mass of nut-brown hair, most heterodoxically picturesque, fell round and about her shapely head, and a pair of full gray eyes sparkled somewhat defiautly prised. "Why, I'm a born actress. Oho! you don't think so?" of light eyebrows.
"It's all right, miss!" quoth the

landlady unctiously. "Mr. Smith has been kind enough to lend us this," and the good soul hugged the unsympathetic bottle to her matronly

The girl stepped down two or three stairs. "I'm sorry for troubling you," she sald to me, "but we didn't know what to do, and - after all I suppose we are not the first people who have made each other's acquaintance over the bottle."

And then she turned and tripped lightly upstairs, and a flash of the crimson ankle was perceptible as she turned the corner of the staircase.

There was a certain abandon in her movements which was at once attractive and strange. Her manner and utterance were easy, and her tone seemed to imply a thorough mastery of the situation, and a hint that though she was young, she was exper ienced, and was intimately acquainted

"with her way about,"
Later on in the afternoon I was again reclining on the inhospitable horsehair, and was aroused by snother knock at my door. This time the summons was not so much an authoritative knock as a soft and insinuating

tap. I bade my visitor enter, and the door was opened a few inches.

"Mr. Smith, I have brought you back the—the medicine." Of course I opened the door wide and begged the young lady to come in, which she did unconcernedly enough, and placed the bottle on the side-board. "I hear your are a lawyer, Mr. Smith," said she, glancing around the

"Not yet, I'm only at the bar," returned, modestly.

"But I suppose you are awfully clever, and all that," she added sim-ply. "Anyhow, you are very kind." "Oh! don't talk like that, please. And you, I hear, are an actress."
"I don't know," and she looked quite pensive; "I am on the stage." "It must be a very jolly life," I suggested somewhat nervously, for I had never spoken to an actress before,

"It is a very hard life," said she.

"But you cannot have much experience," I returned, glancing at her youthful figure.

"I began when I was twelve, and I am now fifteen. I have played Arthur in King John, Mamillius in the Winter's Tale, and Prince Bright Eyes in the pantomime. Quite a wide range of parts, isn't it?"
"Yes, I suppose so, "I remarked, "and may I ask where you are acting

She laughed. "Such is fame! why, I am playing in the new burlesque at the Fortune."

I apologized for my ignorance, and assured her that I would go and see her on the following night.

"Do," said she, "and mind you applaud my song. I was encored last night, so contrive that I am again to-

morrow. Good by," she continued, moving towards the door. "I never talked to a lawyer before." "And I have never spoken to an ac-

tress until to-day," quoth I.
"How do you like it?" asked she. "Immensely; pray give me another opportunity. What do you think of a lawyer?"
"I don't think of him at all just at

present—I have something better to do;" and with that she vanished. pelling; but the novelty of the acevidence I had of the propinquity of quaintance was pleasing, and the next a young and attractive neighbor, for evening found me seated in a stall at the Theatre Royal Fortune.

The performance was dull and in-

sipid. 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 appreclate an exhibition of shapely limbs, painted faces and dresses of an impossible hue. Still I applauded Miss 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 which, the young woman or the rooms immediately after the curtain fell, and prepared for a couple of "Oh, the young woman, sir, which she is that devoted to her grandmar, I had been seated at my table but a

'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 encored my song. I have made a hit, I feel certain. You didn't applaud, though, I was watch-

ing you,"
"Indeed I did; I split my gloves over it. Look here," and I showed her circumstantial evidence of my "Oh, I dare say you split them ap-

plauding somebody else; that fright that plays Prince Camaralzaman, with the padded legs.'

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." And then she asked demurely whether I would not go upstairs and be introduced to grandmamma, who was anxious to thank me for my prompt sympathy of the previous day. "You won't be too the previous day. "You won't be too shocked, I suppose," she laughed, as I tollowed her upstairs.

Grandmamma was a faded old lady dressed in black, and her conversation generally received itself into uninterwere at hand, and, according to law, none were procurable at that time on the Sabbath. Would I, therefore, be kind enough to lend her a wine glass of provincial theaters years ago, poor old soul, and lived as comfortable as she could on recollections of the past and a pittance of the present.

Wo had a cheerful little supper of posched eggs and brown atout. Miss Minnie prattled away, grandmamma was silently appreciative and listened and learnt. Afterward Minnie showed She did not know where; she had only Pulling open the door still wider to allow my landlady to depart I perceived on the stairs in front of me the figure of a young and beautiful girl.

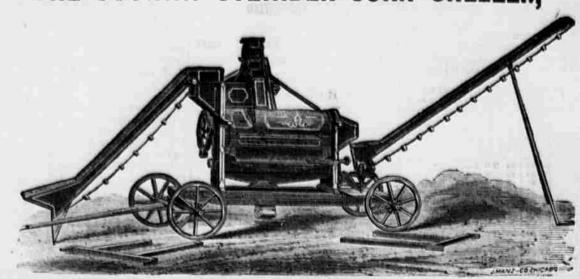
Alterwate Animie showed She did not know where; she had only been in London once before, so she accepted my guidance and we strolled away.

I shall never forget that afternoon

"But you haven't told me what you think of my acting?" she exclaimed suddenly.

"Haven't Il Well, you are young yet. Are you sure that you like the stage?" For, to tell the truth, Miss Minnie May had not inspired me with any belief in her histrionic genius.

THE OTTAWA CYLINDER CORN SHELLER,



SHUGART IMPLEMENT CO., GENERAL AGENTS, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA

many months are over I'll prove to you that I can act. Not an actress, indeed!' And the impe uous young damsel seemed ready to cry. Pres-ently I came to the last page of the album, and my eyes caught a portrait of a girl whom I took for herself. "Oh, that is not like you," I ex-

claimed. "Who said it was?" Then she paused and laughed softly to herself. 'That is a portrait of my sister."
''Indeed?"

"Yes, we are very much alike."
"Is she an actress, too?" "She is on the stage. And now good night; don't sit up and read law. Go to sleep and dream of —"
"Prince Camaralzaman?"

"By all means, if you can." For the next five or six days I saw but little of Miss Minnie May. In fact, I rather avoided her. As I was absent all day in the chambers of a special pleader I ran no chance of encountering this "maiden of bashful fifteen" in broad daylight, and at night about the time she usually came home from the theater I made to the state of nome from the theatre I made a practice of smoking a cigar and sauntering

round Russian square. However, on Sunday morning, she tapped on my on Sunday morning, she tapped on my door. I received her ceremoniously. "Don't try and set Mr. Smith," said she, quickly perceiving my awkwardness, "leave that to me. I am come to say good-by."

'Good-by?"

'Yes; I have a better engagement

at Liverpool; more money and a comedy part. You see there are some people who believe in my acting."

"My dear Miss May, pray don't think I undervalue your talents—" "I wanted to tell you that my sister is coming up from Glasgow to take part in the burlesque at the Fortune. My sister, you saw her photograph the other evening. She isn't a bit like me, except in appearance; and I want you to be kind to her, and, it I may venture to ask a favor, to see her home from the theatre the first two or three nights. She is rather timid, you know, and doesn't know her way about as I do."

The request astonished me slightly, but of course I could only promise to do what was required.

"And what are you going to do tonight?" she asked.
"I have promised to dine at Bichmond with some friends. I go down in the afternoon, and shall not return

until about 12." "Oh! very well. I start by the night train, and Mildred arrives about 10. Good-by, Mr. Smith; when we meet again I hope to be able to convince you that I am an actress.'

I dined at the Star and Garter that evening, and spent a few merry hours with some old college friends, and returned home about midnight. When I reached my lodging I found the begrimed domestic and a young girl endeavoring to carry a heavy box upstairs. Of course I offered my services, which were gracefully accepted. The lady, who was, of course, Miss Mildred May, let go the handle of the trunk, which I promptly grasped and dragged up to the sitting room above. As I was leaving the apartment she

entered. "Miss Mildred May, I presume?" I asked, bowing. She bowed a mute acknowledgment and passed into the room. I looked at her somewhat curiously, and not without admiration. Her figure was more womanly than her sister's, and her costume was plainer. There was an air of almost matronly dignity about her as she moved. Her hair was dressed plainly, and I noticed that unlike her sister, she wore no rings on her well-shaped hands. When she turned her full face to me, I was struck with its sweet composure, and the perfect arches formed by her dark eyebrows. Her sister had no eyebrows worth mentioning. She thanked me in a few appropriate words for my kind offices, and I with-

But not to rest, Mildred, like Macbeth, had murdered sleep, and I tossed vainly on my pillow. What was it about the girl that attracted me? I asked myself. She had uttered but a few words, yet there was a soft, confiding look in her gray eyes, a sym-pathetic motion of her hands, which, without being conspicuous, were inex-pressibly tender. That girl an actress! I thought, by Jove, she ought to be the wife of an archbishop.

In the morning I left a short note, telling her of the promise I had made her sister of attending her home from the theatre. Then I strolled down to King's Beach walk, and began drawing a "declaration in tort," but even with Bullen and Leak's assistance, I heattated and blundered. It was no good, I could not work, so I left the chambers and found myself walking chambers, and found myself walking towards Guildford street. Just as I reached my door she came out. Heavens! How my heart leaped! She was going for a short walk.

I shall never forget that afternoon as long as I live. Mildred said little, and my conversation was common-place in the extreme. With Minnie I

could rattle on and pay compliments, and laugh and feel not a whit embarrassed. But with Mildred!

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spectacle. As I escorted her home, her left hand softly placed on my fore-arm, she thanked me for my con-

"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 ennoble and beaufy

sideration.

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, explored the recesses of Richmond park, fed the deer in Bushey and the bears in the Zio. 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."

As I covered her hand with kisses, he 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 swift turn toward the locking-glass,

the shook her hair out of the orthodox Then she laughed more than "Mildred?" I cried in amazement.
"Mildred?" she answered, mockingiy; "Mildred?" There isn't such a person. I'm Minnie May, and I nev er had a sister to my own knowledge. Well," she added, seating herself on the table, "am I an actress or not,

Mr. Smith?" 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 op portunities of measuring her capacities as an actress. In fact, I am going to see her play Lady Teazle to-night. She occasionally sends me a box, for

old acquaintance sake, she puts it.

Suckhn's Armos Baive. I saw her home 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 the soft. I modestly deprecated any such idea. "Never mind, Mr. Smith, before "Never mind, Mr. Smith, before "I saw her home from the theater that 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 herself on the stage, and I know I price, 25 cents per cr. for sale by C.

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