A CAPE COD BELLE.

As modestly she sat among
The sea-ivy and pale clinging,
She leaned upon the lover's arm
A white rose from the morning.

Her hat, tipped shyly over down,
Lends to her a piquant contrast;
Her dress's vanquished her eyes,
But 'tis the very pink of contrast.

It has as little as fashions,
Yet it is in the fashion's order;
And modesty, paired to her eyes,
Peeps in and out between its border.

So her hat shook its south wind there,
And held to her the sunshine gramed,
The fingers I vainly tried to discover
Its perfume on her as she passed.

The charms of the fastened corsage
When she is near to inspire, consider
The cabin into which the lover
Has access without some great care.

For modesty's heart with her is mixed,
Who's responsible by a special course,
And cannot from pink of her dress's hid
Her fashion's nearly hopeless.

For aside her manner's beautiful,
And every look a charm is rendered,
Her carriage reminds of the lovely rose,
Which has thanks the red June rosea.

So fair she lives, so sweet, so cool,
Who's crown of all attractions,
Yet her mien has nothing beautiful,
Who's mother nature's own creation.
—Cape Cod Globe.

DR. TILDIE.

Tildie's knowledge of politics was very vague. She knew there had been a war before she was born, and that old mason, slave gone to glory, had fought in it. She knew that her relations had once been rich and that the dismal plantation was formerly the scene of lavish luxury and plenty.

She had no remembrance of a personal kind connected with slavery, her little pallid young being failed to appear on this earth in time for it. As far as she could gather from her rather absentminded kindred it had been a period of much eating and drinking, sound and vociferous slumber, free medicine and occasional punishment, now forgotten.

However, Tildie made the best of her present surroundings, though the sharp black eyes looking uncheerily out from her pinkish face were always on the watch for new possibilities. There was something "Cornelian" in her way, something keen, formal for paying into business not her own; something Carnelian also in the thin lips expressing money and intrigue.

Her little mound to gather the lie to the hitches revealed in her consciousness, for she was intensely kinky, and she dressed it on purely African principles. Mr. Rigby, from the next plantation, used to say that it resembled the "Holy Mount," for it was gathered into about half a hundred scraps and sharp tufts, each tied with scarlet string and prone to stand upright.

Miss Marie had suggested black as a substitute and presented Tildie on her fourteenth birthday with a set of narrow satin ribbon.

"Law, Miss Marie," she had answered, "I ain't in mourning like you is. De Lawd knows I done lost had 'bout yo' old mamma, and I tossed him and set up with him yes'day, but is ain't going for to kiss no good, nor putting black on my head."

Tildie was fifteen now, and the most expert housemaid on the river. She had always shown a wonderful faculty for turning the desk, distinguishing and dropping medicines with unfailing success and attending the patient with a tact all her own. The gift of nursing had been given to this little colored girl as the gift of music or painting is given to others.

Miss Marie was the head of the family now, which had definitely shown itself to be some only two so lately as the once proud mama. She was old master's second wife—a woman he had met in the far east before the war, she tried faithfully to do her duty in the sphere allotted to which it had pleased God to call her, but it had always been uphill work. It is hard for an "old maid" to turn suddenly into a wife at best—harder still when she maps change climate and facilities also.

Miss Marie was good to her little stepdaughter, Aurore; she tried to teach her as she had been taught, and to instill into that southern maiden the habits of New Hampshire. Aurore was twenty two now, and the failure was very apparent, nothing whatever had been installed. The girl had simply developed into the sweet, unlearned maturity that suited her. She had beauty and grace, and talked with the charm of creole women—a charm inherited from bygone mostly ancestors who had done her training and study for her.

She was swinging in a hammock on the pleasant June morning, her tiny foot just tapping the gallery with the rocking motion. She had a book in her hand, but she was not reading—she sank finger by retained on the signpost place in the volume, while the other arm clasped the mother above her head.

Her dress was white, the soft trace parent white hair to the creole heart. Miss Marie had no sympathy with gaudilike textures. A touch of starch and some appearance were necessary to her self respect, even in wash materials.

"What are you doing, Aurore?" her stepmother queried sharply.

Aurore smiled. "Resting, mamma."

She always called this forbidding generalize by the gentle French version of the endearment.

"I was trying to read poetry, but it is so delicious out that I was wondering whether I might go to sleep or leave Tildie make me some lemonade."

Miss Marie jagged the leaves in a little book which she always carried as a signpost at her waistband. Decorum was suggestive of the other romantic dissatisfaction.

"I would like you to set some yourself to something useful. Aurore, either in housekeeping form, or in a course of improving reading. If the desolate climate of the south has brought to your senses, I would really like to know what was the good of the civil war."

"That is what I always thought," Aurore asserted. "What was the good of it—except to make us poor?"

Miss Marie sighed. "You are indeed a hopeless case."

"I hope you are not grieving over Cecil Nettleyer," she said abruptly. "He is a most offensive young man to me. You cannot be very a proposed man; none one to steady you, not a poetry writing fellow of the same kind."

Aurore made one of her faint, lazy protests.

"Cecil works, mamma; he keeps up the old place nicely. It is only in books people that be fellow poetry and plays on the violin."

"Well, it stands to reason," Mrs Marie went on, "that if he spends any time in the twenty-four doing such things as that, he must think of them the rest of the day. At any rate, I feel that I did perfectly right to forbid his to Genoa here. When you are twenty-five you can do as you please, but till then I must do what is my duty."

"I shall be an old woman at twenty-five," Aurore said languidly. "We are not like you northerner. But we will not discuss the matter, mamma. What is to be will be, and I for one am content to let sidney drift. I have said nothing to you about your pitying poor Cecil out of doors but it was hard hearted and not very reasonable."

Miss Marie turned away. The thoughts under her sedate cap, dressed in an old fashioned manner and crowned with gray, were not happy ones. She was endeavoring to perform certain quite abnormal duties in the obligation of the Parisian convention, looked up by her Puritan obstinacy.

Cecil Nettleyer was precisely the power of young man adolescent to her mind. His warm, almost caressing manner, his love of music, his picturesque dress, all represented to her a combination of sinfulness and wickedness. The world and self would not see that he had practical purpose under all the sensation, and refused to give him the credit for his positively unequal plantation.

"The place runs itself," she was wont to observe, meaning to feel that, though he placed Chopin in the evening, his knowledge of sugar planting was to some way learned by his knowledge of music. He plunged gaily to nothing Double Dutch; many a morning Aurore on his knee, and he would say, upon the Mississippi was farther served than Cecil Nettleyer, or had been perhaps the gem of his mind so far.

"All things come to Rome who wait," he was wont to observe laughingly, "even Miss Marie."

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Tildie was extremely disturbed by the news which reached Tildie while in the house Nettleyer. Her basket was pretty full, her yellow sunbonnet hung on a neighboring branch, and such indefinite head had assumed the strictly perpendicular.

Recently her name was called, and Mr. Nettleyer's name was appended to the information of side of the form. Now this young man was a weakness of Tildie's. He was her sole embodiment of the hero of romance, although she did not in good truth know that there was such an article anywhere. Russian nature, even when it happens to be only for colored, causes fluttering for the blood.

"I am going away to Memphis on the 7 o'clock boat, Tildie," Cecil said. "I would like to see Miss Aurore and tell her goodby. What will she be doing from 5 o'clock until 6?"

Tildie refused.

"Miss M'ria, she been a mighty hot road to her pretty eye'er for the las' two weeks."

Cecil saw the case was hopeless. The expression on the face bombed Tildie. The African cunning and the Canonian admiration stirred within her.

"Come thinks, Mr. Ceci! Ho maw are powerful mean to Miss Aurore heart yes. That ain't no news to it. I done say to Miss M'ria, sho' times than one: 'Mr. Ceci Nettleyer—he ain't no lary man; he puts the right value on him.' Thar ain't no nigger that dares to play off on him, and he dun have no fooling round him."

"Well, goodby, Tildie," he said, turning away, but she called him back.

"Mr. Ceci," she cautioned, "you come round ter our house this afternoon. Come about 4 o'clock, walkin kinder easy and natural like round the little gallery in the east side, wh Miss Aurore sits in th' afternoon, gentle 'tend to Miss M'ria."

"Why, Tildie," he asked, "what would you do? You'd have to kill Miss Maria to get her off guard."

"Bless yo' soul, Mr. Ceci. I wouldn't hit a hair of Miss M'ria's head. She are awful good ter me, Miss M'ria are. She are a mighty hot ter mind passen; but she don' mean no harm to nobody. Sho' story over Miss Aurore. Hit a sho' lady sho' dark."

Then Tildie rose to a height of eloquence which astonished her mother and herself.

"Yes, Marse Ceci, she were like a ole lion with one thick, and you is the snake. Miss Aurore she gwine go like the dogs ter the water, and Miss M'ria she gwi ter stay on the grass and watch her swim."

The emotion brought out in Tildie the hereditary dialect of her race. In calm moments she talked purely Mississippi, as she had been taught.

"I said none," Cecil protested, only ask to see the outcome of the situation.

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When business Tildie sought her mistress. "Miss M'ria, you looks tired. You is worrited pretty. I bet you don't take no some of them little white pills."

Miss Maria looked in the glass. "Yes," she said, "she look pleasant never agitated with me. Some time I shall go north and see my own people, and you shall go with me. You would have to wear a little more cap up then, over your ribbonless head."

"Lawd, Miss M'ria! I wouldn't never be happy 'thout a cap up thar. It are cold, Miss Aurore say, all the time. I dreamed last night, Miss M'ria, 'bout me and you going thar."

Tildie went up to the lavatory chest and brought down two white pills. Miss Maria took them.

At 4 precisely Mr. Nettleyer reached the south veranda. Aurore was seated in a low rocking chair, a volume of Jeremy Taylor on her lap, her eyes fixed on the distant bushes.

Miss Maria was thoughtful peacefully with her head thrown back in an upholstered chair which she had brought from house. Her whole attitude expressed leisure, decorous slumber. Aurore's slight cry at sight of her lover did not wake her, nor the conversation that followed. Cecil plunged into music at once, as if afraid that Aurore had gone, he said to Aurore:

"I dare wake up your stepmother and lay the case before her."

This was more easily said than done. Miss Maria did not awake. They rolled her; they bombed her; they lifted her up. She sat about than somewhat, drowsy and slumber. Aurore crossed with light.

Cecil called Tildie to look that pleasant person aside.

"What have you done to Miss Maria?" Tildie confronted with shrewdness cried. "I gave her some little pills like she for gone sick yesterday." Ain't she looks like dead asleep? Ain't she looks fine? Ain't she looks like a sho' lady? Ain't she looks like a sho' lady? Ain't she looks like a sho' lady