THE FOUR WINDS.

Wind of the East,
Wind of the Scotland coasts,
Wind of the winnowed calm not sharp, clear as pearl,
Blow
Blow cold and toss waves the saint bills,
And ruby the twilight pools with crystal tides,
And blur the summit spaces with glittering ice,
But go not near my love.

Wind of the West,
Wind of the dusk, far winds,
Wind of the gold and crimson sweet lands—
Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plains,
And freshen the blue mouths of the heavens,
And sway the grasses and the mountain pines,
But let my love come near.

Wind of the East,
Wind of the eastern seas,
Wind of the singing winds and gray, lorlorn
Blow
Blow moist and chill across the waves of twilight,
And stun the sea owl, and the mute and cold
And lash the weed against the dripping caves,
But keep thee from my love.

But thou, sweet wind!
Wind of the fragrant South,
Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of rose—
Over magnolia plumes and lilac lakes
And drowsing palm groves and the silver ridges,
And stir the petals of her foot, and kiss
The low mouth where she lies.
—Charles Henry Luders in Century.

A PULLMAN CAR WOOING

Scene: Eastern bound Pullman car at the Oakland mole. Time: 3:30 p. m.

Enter elderly gentleman, carrying small valise and large hamper. Following him two ladies, evidently mother and daughter. Daughter in dark blue traveling costume, with large bunch of violets pinned to front of her jacket; is a pretty, slender girl, of about eighteen. Both laden with flowers, books and numerous small parcels, which they deposit in section nearest middle car. The following conversation ensues:

"Gladys, dear, I am really worried over your taking this trip alone. Had you not better wait a day or so, to see if we can hunt some one up to accompany you?"

"Oh, no, indeed, papa. It was unfortunate that Mr. Wilson was taken ill so suddenly this morning, so that Mrs. Wilson could not go with me this afternoon, but you see I'll have to start today to reach Omaha in time for Chase's wedding, especially as I'm to be bridesmaid. You and mamma must not worry, for I shall get along all right alone."

In the meanwhile other passengers come in and find their respective sections. The engine toots warningly. A few more kisses and hurried instructions and papa and mamma are gone. The train moves off, slowly at first, then with increasing speed carries her farther and farther away from the two worried souls she had just left.

Gladys felt a little frightened at the prospect of this, her first long journey alone, and kept her face turned toward the last flying but unnoticed handkerchief, for the blue eyes behind the long veil were blurred with tears.

Her thoughts flew back to her parents, now on the way to their home in San Francisco. She knew how much they would miss her—the only child—though she was going to stop only a few weeks with her Omaha friends. She thought, too, of some one else who—well, some one who was also left in San Francisco.

Finally turning to inspect her fellow travelers, she thought the few men and two fussy old ladies looked very uninteresting. Thrown carelessly in the section opposite was a valise and a man's ulster, but the owner was not visible. She turned her attention to the books, candy and flowers piled up in front of her. She read, smiled over and tucked away in her bag the cards and they sealed notes hidden in the candy boxes or attached to the bouquets.

Time passed, and with a reckless little yawn Gladys glanced at her watch and found it was after 6. The porter just then announced that a stop will be made now at Sacramento for dinner.

Gladys thought of the bother of unpacking the neatly stropped hamper for just one meal, disliked the idea of going out at the station alone, wished Mrs. Wilson had come, then decided to dine on candy, as she was not very hungry.

At the moment a familiar form came up the aisle, and in a second a tall, handsome young man was standing near with outstretched hand. A gleam of amusement was in his dark eyes as he quietly said, "How do you do, Gladys?"

A delicate pink colored her cheeks as she shook hands and answered him with a surprised and rather cool, "Why, Jack, where did you come from?"

"From the smoking room, where I've been for the last three hours, ever since I came in, and found you so wrapped up in the scenery you did not see me," he replied, moving some books away and sitting beside her in the most matter of course way.

"Where are you going, Jack?"

"To Omaha, Gladys."

"What for?" asked she suspiciously.

"Pretty business, pretty pleasure. Business, to take care of you; pleasure, to be with you," he answered sweetly.

"Now, Jack, you know this is very foolish, why—"

"Last night, when you refused me again. Yes, I know; but you see I can't help being foolish. Was loan so, I guess," said Jack resignedly.

Brief silence followed this for about two minutes. She looked steadily out of the window, while he gazed absently at the gold band of a man a few seats in front.

Then he broke the silence by leaning toward her and saying in a soft and persuasive tone, "Gladys, won't you remember what you said last night?"

Looking around seriously to see if any one could hear, she answered, "No, Jack—please don't go over that again, for it won't do one bit of good."

He looked disappointed; then, picking up her jacket, said, "Well, we're almost to Sacramento. Come, let us go out to dinner."

Gladys rose quickly, glad that she did not have to dine on candy after all; and while helping her with her coat Jack casually remarked:

"You have lots of flowers."

"Yes, and these lovely violets—they came this morning with no card attached; but I think I can thank you for them," she said, looking up bright ly at him.

A tender look came into his eyes as he said, "Yes, I sent them, and I'm much obliged to you for wearing them."

"Oh," said Gladys, rather coolly, "I had no preference. They matched my dress so well—that is why I wore them."

"Yes, I see," assented he as coolly. "Those cream roses would not look well with it at all, for instance."

Poor little violets—that last remark caused their defilacement, for the girl with a flush hastily and angrily detached them, saying, "Come to think of it, the roses would be far more effective," and pinned a few of the long stemmed beauties in their place.

Just as quickly Jack replaced a few violets he had worn in his coat with a nosegay that she dropped, saying, "Mine are withered, too."

Gladys looked annoyed, but said nothing, and in five minutes they were hurriedly eating dinner at the station restaurant.

Afterward Jack amused and entertained her till the early bedtime, and she slept soundly that night, feeling safe with a friend so near.

Carefully looking from behind her curtain next morning, Gladys saw that the opposite section had been changed from "two beds to two seats" again, but Jack was not visible. Half an hour found her dressed, waiting for him to appear, as she intended asking him to breakfast out of the well stocked hamper.

Presently he came in, and after a very slight hesitation smilingly accepted her invitation. He helped her unpack the hamper and set the table in her section, and in a perfect gale of fun they began their morning meal, sitting opposite.

"This is fun, isn't it?" said Gladys, speaking for a simile with a corkscrew, for Jack, as company, was honored with the only fork.

"Immense!" he assented so emphatically that she laughed gleefully.

Emboldened by this, Jack, in the act of carrying a piece of cold chicken to his mouth, leaned over, and lowering his voice and fork at the same time, said meekly, "Let's breakfast together always—shall we, Gladys?"

She smiled in spite of herself at his tone and manner, even while a dainty frown slightly marred her pretty forehead, and she answered briefly and emphatically: "Couldn't think of such a thing. Don't be silly, Jack."

"Oh, you cruel little girl" said Jack dramatically, as he straightened up and proceeded to eat the moved on his fork.

Their merry little meal over, the rest of the day passed in the usual routine of a Pullman car. Jack was all devotion from first to last. Reading, talking and eating, with hasty little promenades when there was an opportunity, was the order of the day.

Gladys acknowledged to herself, after bidding him good night, that Jack was a very pleasant companion—but she did not want to marry him; no, indeed.

Jack Hollins had known and loved Gladys Preston since he was a boy of nineteen and she a little girl of fourteen. He had proposed and been declined several times, but knowing that she did not dislike him, and believing that "everything comes to the man who waits," he was waiting, and in the meantime wooing to the best of his ability.

He was very much afraid she would meet some other man during her visit, who would fall in love with her and win her; hence his deep laid scheme to travel to Omaha with her. As for Gladys, after her first surprise at seeing him on board, she was so used to his never failing devotion that she took his coming with her as a matter of course. It was just like Jack, she thought.

The second morning Gladys arose with a severe headache. With that and a wrecked night's sleep she was worn out and cross—unlenishly so. She snubbed poor Jack, who was all sympathy; refused the cup of tea he brought her when they changed cars at Ogden, and when the journey began again lay back on the pillows he fixed in the seat for her and would have nothing to say to him.

All day she suffered intensely, feigning sleep most of the time to avoid being fussed over by the sympathetic old ladies.

How Jack longed to take the golden brown head in his arms and stroke the throbbing temples. Toward evening, when the rest of the passengers were out at dinner, he asked her, with a passionate tremor in his voice, to give him the right to do so.

She was trying to swallow the tea he had again brought to her. Pushing it away she said angrily:

"Jack, you bother me to death. Don't ever mention that subject to me again, for I will not marry you. Go away, and don't speak to me at all." Then the aching head dropped wearily back on the pillow.

Jack paused, took the half emptied cup and walked slowly out of the car. That was the last she saw of him that night. She lost her berth made up early, and utterly exhausted, soon fell into a refreshing sleep, from which she awoke in the night with the headache gone.

Her first thought was of Jack, and her eyes opened wide with shame as she remembered her rudeness to the man who had always been so kind to her. She pondered the poised, set look, as he had turned away the evening before, and resolved to ask his pardon the first thing in the morning. Of course, he would forgive her and they would be good friends again.

Morning found Gladys herself again, sweet and pretty as ever; but no Jack to be seen. He had not come in to take breakfast with her, as she expected, so she decided he must have eaten at the station, which had been passed early, before she was up.

After a lonely little breakfast by herself, she settled down comfortably with a book to read and wait for him to come and make up.

The hours passed, however, and still no Jack. The trays were still opposite, so he must be on the train, probably in the smoking room, where the other men spent most of their time. She began to grow very indignant at his neglect.

"To be sure, I told him never to speak to me again, but he knew I did not mean it," soliloquized Gladys; then tossed her head and vowed she didn't care what he did.

At luncheon time she saw him disappear in the eating room without so much as a look even in her direction. Shortly after the train moved he sauntered carelessly into his section. Meeting her wondering eyes he gravely bowed, then taking a book, was to all intents soon absorbed in its contents.

Her heart wessed to sink a few inches as she fully realized that he had taken her hasty words literally, and did not intend speaking to her. But pride came to her rescue, and she was apparently as much interested in her work as he was in his.

The afternoon rolled on, and still they read, never glancing at each other. As the train drew up at the dinner station he threw down his book, and, without a word to the girl across the aisle, went out talking and laughing with one of the men.

Gladys, who had not left the car that day, timidly asked the old ladies if she could go out to dinner with them and was promptly taken under their wing. After dinner Jack stood in the smoking room playing cards.

Then, as the shadows darkened so that she could not see to read, Gladys' spirits fell to lowest ebb. Turning to the window, but seeing nothing of the fast darkening landscape, she gazed steadily out with fast filling eyes. She realized and confessed then to herself how much she had missed Jack all day.

On the train flew into the darkness. The ear lamps were lit and berths were being made up all around her. More and more lonely and low spirited she grew. Tomorrow morning would bring them to Omaha, where her friends would meet her. She would go one way, Jack another, and he would never speak to her again. The last thought was too much for her, and by this time she was crying softly but bitterly in the corner, with her face still turned to the window.

Ah, Jack, deliberately staying away all day from willful little Gladys was a diplomatic stroke of yours!

Suddenly some one leaned over her and said softly, "Why, Gladys, homesick already?"

Startled, she turned quickly, and with a joyful little catch of her breath dashed her handkerchief over her eyes and answered shyly, "No, Jack; only homesome, and I—I'm sorry I was so rude yesterday."

He sat down, screening her from any prying eyes, and said very low, "Gladys, darling, were you crying because I've been such an unusually beast today?"

The pretty head dropped lower—but no answer. Jack glanced around; no one was looking. Taking her hand he said: "Gladys, once more I ask you to be my wife. If you say no, I shall never trouble you again, but shall take the first train home from Omaha tomorrow, a disappointed man. Which is it dear, yes or no?"

Still no answer.

"Say yes, dearest," pleaded Jack, with his lips dangerously near the fluffy bang.

An almost imperceptible nod was all the answer he got. But it seemed to satisfy him. Gently raising her head he stole a kiss, just in time to escape the porter's inquisitive eyes as he came up blandly asking the young lady if she was ready to have her berth made up.

Blushing furiously, the young lady said yes, she was ready; so pressing her hand warmly, Jack whispered, "Good night, love," and left her, well satisfied with the result of his journey.—Jessie Howell Hall in Overland.

A German Legend.

The Germans have a legend of Frederic Barbarossa that he is not dead, but is an enchanted sleep, sitting with his knights at a marble table in the cavern of Kyffhauser, in the Hartz mountains. His long red beard has grown during this long enchantment, and, covering the table, descends to the floor, and that he sits thus, waiting the moment that will set him free. There he has been kept for long centuries—there he must stay for ages.—St. Louis Republic.

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