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WITHIN US.

They whose hearts are whole and strong,
Living brightly,
Living from call of wrong,
Wearing truth's white dress—
They who are far off sight
Wearily need sunlight
Heaven to them is close to sight
From time shows of time.

Only the anointed eye
Sees to remotest things,
Sinners of wave and star of sky,
Heavenly lives contrast
To the hearts where light has birth
Nothing can be dense;
Building through the bosom of earth,
Heaven is always near.

—Lucy Larcom in Boston Woman's Journal.

A GENUINE HERO.

A sky of opal and gold, a deep twilled veranda, a novel, and a hammock slung at the most comfortable of angles. With these conditions it was scarcely strange that Halcyon Hartford swayed delightfully between dreamland and the real world that June afternoon, with the fleecy gold of her hair, all guiltless of pin or comb, and the frill sleeves, falling delightfully away from her round white arms, while one trim slippered foot hung from the edge of the hammock.

"Halcyon! Halcyon! Where are you?"

It was one of those exasperating voices which, once having been sweet, had now a vibrant jar to its tones, painfully akin to shrillness.

Halcyon frowned a little and raised herself on one elbow.

"Oh, Aunt Hal, didn't screens act I was just in a dream of delight."

"Well, you should have answered them!"

Aunt Hal came out of the wide, shady hall with an effusive swing of her draperies and seated herself in a bamboo chair close to the hammock.

She was comically like her niece—at least as much as a woman of thirty-eight could be like a maid of eighteen. There was the same pallor (narcissus of hair, but harsher, drier and suggestive of dye; the same pink and white complexion, artificially heightened; similar features, cruelly sharpened by the inexorable hand of time, and teeth just one degree too white and regular to be real.

The white dress she wore was painfully trying, and she was compelled to use gold rimmed eye glasses as she held up a letter to the view of her niece.

"Now, Halcyon Hartford," sternly demanded the latter, lifting a pair of blue eyes, fringed with dark lashes.

"The strangest thing!"

"Another offer of marriage?" hazarded Halcyon, sitting on the milkiness thing which could, in her opinion, happen.

"How did you guess?" with a little exultant cackle. "Exactly. The dear, foolish lad—and he so much younger than I! Why, he couldn't have been twenty-one when he went to Bombay, and I was at least thirty then"——

"Thirty-five, Aunt Hal," said Halcyon, the merciless.

"Was it as much as that? Well, he seemed desperately in love then, though of course I never took any notice of the child. But I suppose in that country of blackamoors one can't help thinking about all the women one has ever known at home, and he has written me two or three letters"——

"Has he?"

Halcyon sat straight up in the hammock now. Her blue eyes glowed. The hint had brought a flush to her cheek which all Aunt Hal's carmine saucers could not rival.

"But I never told you," said the elder beauty, "because I remembered that there was a sort of boy and girl affair between you and Charlie Bloson when you were at boarding school, and I thought you would be settled. And here's the proposal at last, dear—with his photograph inclosed.

"Let me see it."

What a 'a'ca, good face it was—slightly older and sterner than she had looked upon when the Avancenian sailed away three years ago, but yet so strong and manly!

Blos laughed hysterically.

"Shall you accept him?"

Aunt Hal nibbled coquettishly at the edge of the envelope; the new false teeth gleamed in a smile.

"I—think—I—shall!"

"And you fourteen years older than he is!"

"People don't think about such things as they used to do," reasoned Miss Hartford, the elder. "Love is immortal, you know."

Halcyon sank back into the hammock and reopened her book.

"You must do as you please, of course," said she. "After that question about Eros, I have not a suggestion to offer."

"Jealous, poor darling!" thought Aunt Hal, with a thrill of pity. And she said:

"Well, of course one can't help these things happening to one, and your time will come soon, dear, never fear."

"It's a good thing," she added to herself, "she does not know anything about dear old Judge Flintroy. There's a difference in age, if you please, and the old pet is so infatuated after me! As old man's darling or a young man's slave—which?"

While Halcyon thought on her side:

"The silly goose! He has done it now! He has been making love to Aunt Hal, thinking he was courting me. Oh, I thought he knew her name was the same as mine. Didn't she stand godmother to me at St. Chrysoline's and give me a coral and bells and an embroidered christening robe? And now he has actually proposed to her! Well, if he is the man I take him to be, he'll stand by his colors, cost him what it may.

A man who could walk up to the custom's mouth at Bay-house surely won't shrink, even from Aunt Hal. And I'd rather know that he was a true hero than have a peltroon for my husband!"

And Halcyon turned her face toward the pillow and cried great sparkling tears like dewdrops.

* * * * *

"So you're back again, lieutenant! Beg pardon! I'd over said colonel, I do suppose," said the old cab driver at the station, when Charlie Bloson had recognized ever since he was a child. "Well, I declare I shouldn't hardly have known yer! And come home to be married, eh?"

Bloson bit his lips, but he laughed carelessly. Jonas Hopper was a privileged individual, like the court jesters of old.

"How did you know, Hopper?"

"Oh, I dunno. Miss Hartford, she's been gettin' ready to be married this long time," said Jonas, hoisting the traveler's luggage on the back of the wagon. "And greenhorns and soldiers they will talk, you know, though I'm told Miss Hal took great pains to hide it."

"Did she?" (Aside: "The darling!")

"And a fine woman she is, colonel," officiously added Jonas, as he pushed in the last item clamped trunk. "A very fine woman, considerin her age. I wonder she ain't married long ago."

Colonel Bloson opened his sleepy black eyes with:

"Why, man, who in the world are you talking about?"

"Why, Miss Hal Hartford, to be sure."

"Miss Halcyon or Miss Hallissa?"

"There ain't no Miss Hallissa," said Jonas. "They're both the same name, leastwise calls the most Miss Hal and the niece Miss Halcyon. My daughter, she's lady's maid there, and I'd orter know, if any one does."

"And which of them is it that is going to be married?" inquiringly queried Bloson.

"Why, the old un, in course! Beg pardon!" hurriedly added Jonas, "I mean Miss Hal. Polly, she tells me there's twenty-four different gowns ordered, to show the jackets and paisals and the bonnets and gloves fit to make your hair stand on end."

"And Miss Halcyon—the young lady," cried the colonel, "she is engaged too?"

"Not as any one knows on. That all, colonel? Get your baggage bag? Then we'd better be movin."

Colonel Bloson pondered curiously all the way up to Hartford Cedars, oblivious of Jonas' incessant stresses of talk. Could it be possible? Not that was utter nonsense. And yet"——

He strained his eyes as he approached the house. Surely golden haired Halcyon would be there, smiling, to meet him!

But no. In her place stood a middle-aged charmer, rouged and powdered, with hair gleaming unnaturally and teeth just a size too large for a thin lipped mouth.

In one hand she held his love-breathing letter, in the other his photograph. And during that second her heart sank like lead.

He did not know—ah, how much more difficult would it have been to bear had he known!—that Halcyon Hartford's eyes were surreptitiously watching him from the honeysuckle garlanded casement beyond.

"Dear Charles," the elderly damsel said, "you are here at last!"

He set his teeth, drew one long breath and affixed the silly smile certainly hard through his arm and lead him into the house, muttering some hoarse acknowledgment of her coquettish smiles.

"I've brought this upon myself," he thought, "and I must endure it. The lady is not to blame—no, she is not to blame."

"He is a hero," Halcyon thought, "yes, a hero."

And then she burst into a paroxysm of tears and ran up stairs to her room.

"But now I've got you fairly here," lisped Aunt Hal, more determinedly youthful than ever. "I'm really afraid, dearest Charles, that there's a great disappointment in store for you."

"Eh?"

The young man had sat down in a rather listless manner. Aunt Hal held onto his hand, still all teeth and smiles.

"And I may as well tell you at once," said she, "that I'm already engaged to Judge Flintroy, of the superior court. Of course, if I had known of your attachment in time, there's nothing"——

"Oh, you don't let me interfere with any existing arrangements," said Bloson, jumping up suddenly. "Perhaps under the circumstances you will let me have my photograph back."

Just then there came a ring at the door below as the maid announced:

"Judge Flintroy, miss, if you please."

Before the door and parlorous steps of the approaching visitor could reach the room Aunt Hal had thrust the photograph into Bloson's hand.

"A-hem-m!" somewhat coughed the luminary of the superior court.

Aunt Hal tripped smilingly forward.

"Glad to see you, judge," she cooed. "This is my old playmate, Colonel Bloson, just arrived from India. I dare say, colonel, you'll find Halcyon somewhere about the house."

"Disposed of in short order," muttered Colonel Bloson. "Great heavens! what have I done to deserve such luck?"

Two hours afterward the young lovers sat on the veranda watching the evening stars rise over the hills, while the judge's basso profundo voice still rolled in the sitting room like distant thunder.

"But wasn't it a narrow escape?" gasped the young colonel, adding the girl's slim hands to his.

"Would you really have married her?" Halcyon asked.

"As a gentleman there was no escape for me, under the circumstances."

"But would you really have married her?"

"Yes, I would!" with sturdy set teeth and knitted brows.

"Then I'll marry you, Colonel Bloson," whispered Halcyon. "Because you are a genuine hero, and because, with an arch glance, "I really think you need a wife to take charge of you."

"After the episode of today," said Colonel Bloson, "I really think I do."—New York Evening Sun.

Singer, living in a loft over a stable on the Bowery in New York, with an income and taste to cut, was sent into the Tombs memorably enjoying an income of $1.50 a day.—Chattanooga.

Delights of a Big City.

Mrs. B.—Dear me, what lovely cupboards this flat has!

Agent—Madam, those are not cupboards. They are the bedrooms.—Exchange.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

One Baby Counts.

Have you seen our baby sports?
Don't you think she looks a pet?
Can you count her many charms,
Is she May, or Margaret?

Is she Dorothy or Daisy,
Winifred or Kate or Jean?
Every mark, dear, I will pay
For I see you cannot guess.

Little baby's name is Gladys,
And she's quite a pet of a—
How comes Ethel, bright as any
Such a lovely name as Bessie.

Brother Bertie will not tease her,
But his toys he'll gladly share—
Anything he's had to please her
Oh, we love our Gladys so.

Seem it is to take due daily
For so strong is the sun,
But we have owners shown
Than our sister, every one!

A Modest Boy.

Young Master came of musical stock, and when eight summers had placed over him he was a delicate, serious child, with no more of an ambition to be famous than his fame had for passed the town gates. As early as three years of age his love for the keyboard and violin could not be restrained, while at five he had mastered a concerto, and a story goes that he was found one day arguing with his father that his composition was a veritable concerto, because, forsooth, "mother practice it until they could play it perfectly."

But besides his prowess as an executant when a boy of eight, and the fact that he had composed several pianoforte sonatas, there was evidence that he was an ordinary child in the respect which his words conveyed from his sisters, modest and obsequious. All looked up to him, as it were some reverenced, some even worshiped him. He was thoughtful and full of kindness for beyond his years. "As a boy" wrote his father to him in after years, "you were too serious to be childish. For children's games and amusements you had no delight, and your gentle, thoughtful "no, no," the grave tones was his demeanor that, to quote his father's words, "many people feared you would not live to grow up." Such a child might well be the best, "Next after God comes peace" as his guiding principle in all that he did while under the principal roof.—Blackwood's Magazine.

What Do You Collect.

Do you keep a collection of stamps, or do you go in for coins, or is it butterflies or beetles? Perhaps some one may say they have "collections" of all these and half-a-dozen other things. That is wrong, for one collection is bound to suffer at the expense of another, and where there are two or three "collections" kept by one person the consequence is that all will suffer. It is always best to know one thing thoroughly than to have a few scattered ideas concerning everything.

The place where you live may offer advantages to make a collection that others cannot. A boy or girl living by the seashore may take up shells, but it would be very foolish to make such a collection and live in Indiana. If you live near any of the western mines you have a good chance to study geology. A study devoted to any one living in parts of the south where there are no mines. A city boy cannot collect butterflies as any dweller of country, but there are other special lines open to him.

Adapt your collection to your circumstances and surroundings, and pleasure and profit will be the result.—Harper's Young People.

A Queer Collection.

Not long ago, while a gentleman was out hunting, he found, four young foxes, so young that their eyes were not yet open. These he took home with him alive and gave them to a cat that had recently had a litter of kittens. The cat received them very kindly and is devoted to them. The cat has also adopted a mouse, which she will not allow to get out of her sight. It is very remarkable to witness the cat, lying on her bed with one kitten, three young foxes and a mouse, as happy as though she was the real mother of them all.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Customer's Reason.

Curious had been to Sunday school.
And he learned a new word to-day.
"Sweet it, dear," a lady cried,
Who called to see mamma one day.

Curious thought hard, then frowned a bit.
"I can't see the color of that,
Cause why," the tactic explained,
"I haven't on my Sunday hat."—Youth's Companion.

The Scullery's Home.

School Teacher—What little boy can tell me where is the home of his cuttlefish?

Bobby—I do, please.

School Teacher—Well, Bobby?

Bobby—The home of the cuttlefish is the ammunition.—Exchange.

The Wife of President Carnot.

The president of France is paid $100,000 a year. Mme. Carnot has the spending of nearly the whole of this sum. She keeps the accounts, pays the marketing bills and arranges who should receive to be given on Sunday. The day at the president's wife begins at 8 o'clock, when her maid is knocking at her dressing room. Hundreds of letters and their way addressed to Mme. le Président from all parts of France are flowing into relief and protection in one form or another. When it is generally the cases are investigated and help afforded in the deserving. Mme. Carnot now her call every day and drives up the hill of Fourvière to her kennel.

The formal breakfast takes place at 12 o'clock, and is followed in summer by coffee served in the garden. Mme. Carnot having discovered that the drinking of her beauty drinks from the fact becoming known to their some prominent politicians, the waiters never separate paper cups to post with no official mark on the outside to explain from whence it came. The kennels of Mme. Carnot's nature and experience to her extreme care and honor is well known. Although she does not often talk of him to strangers, his personality is ever present to her mind and rules her smallest action.—Montreal Star.

Abundant Testimony.

A physician says that the beak of the mosquito is a hard box, where it keeps five surgical instruments—a lance, a spear, a needle, a saw and a pump. A California editor verifies the statement and concludes: "He's right. I've felt them all."

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