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1897 SPRING---SUMMER 1897

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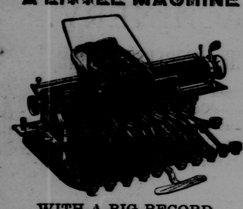

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Dover Bridge,	Double Mills,
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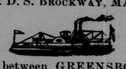

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IN THE TWILIGHT.

Over the dusky verge
Of the quiet sea,
Slowly I watch emerge
The silver rim
Of the crescent moon, pale, dim.
The soft stars one by one,
With holy glean,
Steal out and light their lamps,
For day is done.

The tempests are asleep.
Only the balm
Of some cool evening wind
Ruffles the calm.
The listening ear of night
Can catch no sound,
Save when in slumber bound
Earth turns and sighs;
Peace rules the deep.

Aye, peace! Across the dark,
Star paven sky
The night queen's silver bark
Goes gliding by;
With murmuring faint, the streams
Drowse as they flow
In their hid channels; slow
Down dropping dews
Slide from the heavens like gleams
Of love born dreams.

Frail breaths of violet,
Of roses fair,
Shy hints of mignonettes
Rise through the air
From unseen gardens there,
Beneath my feet.
Ah, me! how at their spell
Swift fancies rise!
What touching sympathies!
What gilded memories,
And thoughts how sweet!

—Good Words.

TWO MR. MORTONS.

Dolly is the most maddening, tantalizing, perverse and charming—I might as well admit it; you'd soon have found it out—young woman of my acquaintance. I've been in love with her for five years, and it's a wonder my hair isn't white. Sometimes I think it is turning gray, but when I spoke to Dolly about it she said I was not to bother; I was old enough to be gray, anyway. Ah, that's where Dolly hurts, and she knows it, for I am 15 years older than she, and when that willful young woman wishes to be particularly cruel she treats me with respect.

I know that among my friends I am considered to have fairly good sense. I can talk rationally on most subjects, and I stand well enough in my profession, at least enabling me to keep my head above water, but when I'm with Dolly, or in her presence, I'm an ass, a driveling, foolish ass. A lunatic from an asylum would be a brilliant conversationalist compared to me.

And, alas, Dolly knows that, too, and she torments me and makes life an unutterable burden to me. I start to make a sensible remark, when suddenly I meet Dolly's eye; then I stumble and say the wrong thing, and she will remark, "Do you really think that?" with such a wicked look in her beautiful blue eyes, while I don't think at all, but have just said it. And so it goes, until I wonder sometimes if I am quite right.

When we go to dances—I say we, for I'm always there if I know she is going—things are a little worse than usual, for Dolly dances past me with cads of men and I stand about the wall watching her. She never will give but two dances to me, so I have nothing to do in the meantime but watch her.

One night I was desperate. I had sent her violets as usual—she is particularly fond of them, and most of my money goes that way. Sometimes she wears them, and often carries them, but this night they were nowhere to be seen, and in her hand was one large red rose. I went up to her. Appearing to be sorry to see me was the particular form of torture which commended itself to her on this especial night. "You here!" she said, lifting her eyebrows in astonishment and without a smile; all put on, of course, because I am always where she is.

"Oh, no, I'm not here. I'm somewhere else," I said wittily.

She laughed immoderately.

"You're—so—funny!" she remarked, choking.

"Yes," said I severely. "I suppose I am funny, very funny. But where are my violets?"

"Why had you—any—violets?" said she. "I didn't know — how should I know?" She said it seriously, but there was a look in her eyes that I was used to. I'd have liked to shake her.

"Dolly, you know exactly what I mean. Where are my violets?"

"If you mean the violets you sent me," she replied, with dignity, "I understood that after they left you they belonged to me. Do you want them back?" This freezingly.

"Oh, Dolly," I said, reduced once more to my usual condition of asininity, "I didn't mean it, dear. I don't want the d—— I beg your pardon. Of course I don't want them. I only wanted you to wear them or carry them, you know, darling."

But she saw that she had the best of me; so she carried things with a high hand.

"The rose was sent me by a friend"—she hesitated—"and I suppose I have a right to wear what I please. But sit down. Don't stand so long; you'll be tired!" This was an allusion to my age and it maddened me.

"You are exceedingly rude!" I said, turning away and leaving her.

It was the most severe speech I had ever made to Dolly, and I suffered at the thought of it. For four days I didn't go near her or send her violets once. It was an awful four days. I neither slept nor ate, but just reviled myself as a fool for becoming estranged from the only woman in the world. In my despair I even went so far as to take Jane Hunt to a dance where Dolly was sure to see us, and she did. And when I passed her and she looked over my head with her small nose in the air I wished Miss Hunt was in—well, somewhere else, that I might rush over to Dolly, throw myself at her feet—and kiss them. Yes, I acknowledge that I have often wished that.

Finally I wrote to her, fully conscious that it was a very silly letter, wherein I told her I was nearly angry at myself for not knowing she cared for red roses, and I sent three dozen. The answer I received was characteristic:

"You are a silly old goose, and if you had only waited until I finished what I was saying you would have discovered that you sent the rose yourself with the violets. I don't care at all for red roses."

By which token I learned, not that Dolly was repentant, but that her violets had faded and she wanted more. So I sent them, hundreds of them, hoping that willful and fascinating young woman would be appeased.

But the greatest of my misfortunes has not yet been set down. There was another young man, an acquaintance and admirer of Dolly's, with exactly the same name as myself—Richard Morton. I, of course, had taken a huge dislike to him—in fact, I hated him (for Dolly once remarked that he was a nice fellow), and I don't think he had an extraordinary affection for me. We were not related; I was glad of that. A few days after I had been such a cad to Dolly I called upon her, and, heaven favoring me, I found her alone.

"Dolly, dearest," I began, "I am so sorry"—

"Don't," she said; "that incident is closed. There are so many nicer things to talk about; Jane Hunt, for instance."

I shivered. I was about to be punished.

"Is she nicer?" said I.

"What do you really think of her?" said Dolly, with rather an anxious look, I thought, but of course I was mistaken.

"Oh, she's a very good girl, very good," with a desperate desire to make Dolly jealous if I could, which I couldn't.

"Is she?" Dolly tossed her head. "Well, Mr. Morton, do you want to know what I think she looks like?" The "Mr. Morton" was ominous; I shivered again.

"I can't imagine," said I lightly, thinking how very pretty Dolly was with that pink spot in each cheek.

"I think she looks like a cook!" she declared triumphantly, while I, inwardly agreeing, protested.

"Oh, Dolly, a cook!"

"Yes," she went on spitefully, "and not even like a good cook."

"Dolly! Not like a bad cook?"

"Yes," she went on, "like a very poor cook!"

I was obliged to laugh, I couldn't help it.

"Splendid wife she'd make!" said I, not meaning to rouse Dolly.

But suddenly she turned and said the most terrible thing to me that she'd ever said since I'd known her.

"Then you'd better marry her!" This from Dolly!

"Oh," I began, but she was gone, and there was nothing for me to do but to pick up my hat and go, which I did, calling myself a beast and brute as I went.

That night when leaving the theater we happened to meet a moment. She was radiant and scornful.

"Dolly," I said, resolving not to notice the contretemps of the afternoon, "with whom are you going to dance the cotillon at the Terrys' tomorrow night?"

"With Mr. Morton," she answered sweetly.

"What a dear you are! I was afraid you'd promise somebody else."

And then she laughed.

"With the pleasant, agreeable Mr. Morton," she continued, "who never says the wrong thing."

And then I knew she meant the other one! I'm afraid I said a bad word; her mocking laugh followed me in the darkness and echoed in my dreams that night. I wished I'd never seen her—and took it back immediately.

I debated a long time within myself whether or not I should go to the Terrys', but as usual ended by going. I could dance stag and take Dolly out, and—lovely idea—perhaps she would take me out! Then, as I thought of the way I had left her the night before, this beautiful hope faded. What would she want with a brute like me?

I never saw her look better than that night of the Terrys' dance. She was in white, which best became her, and she seemed to me like an angel. And that fellow Morton looked pretty well too. I had to admit to myself that he was rather a well appearing chap.

Mrs. Floyd-Hopkins, who aspires to be something of a belle herself, stood for a moment and followed the direction of my glance.

"Miss Dalrymple is looking particularly well this evening," said she, a very gracious speech indeed for her.

"Very!" I replied, having sense enough left not to discuss Dolly with a woman.

"But what an awful flirt!" she went on. This left me gasping. "And engaged, I understand, to Mr. Morton all the time."

"Who said it?" I asked hoarsely. Dolly engaged—and to that—cad—with my name!

"Oh, everybody says so." And then she looked at me with such an unpleasant smile. "That's your name, too,' isn't it?"

"Yes, I believe it is," I said brilliantly, moving away from her.

Dolly engaged! I couldn't grasp the full significance of it. The thought left me dazed and bewildered. This very night should decide it. I would go to her and ask if there was any truth in it. Just then she came toward me as if she was going to take me out, but something in my face must have stopped her.

"What is the matter?" she said, turning a little white.

"Dolly," I said sternly, "will you give me the first two dances after supper?"

"Of course, if you want them, but won't you dance now?" I never saw Dolly so meek before.

"No," I answered, almost roughly, "not now." She left me with a strange look on her sweet face.

It seemed centuries until supper. I tried to think of what I should say to her, but my mind was in such a chaotic state that I decided to depend on the inspiration of the moment.

At last supper was over and I found her, tucked her arm in mine, and, marching off to a quiet nook, put her in the only seat and stood accusingly before her.

"Dolly," I began, "look at me!" This she did, a little timidly, I thought, and I almost forgot what I was going to say in the joy of looking at her.

"My darling," I went on, "I have loved you so long, so well, and hoped that in the course of years you might come to care"—she dropped her eyes; just then I remembered that horrible gossip—"but tonight, Dolly, I heard something that turned my heart to stone."

"What was it?" she asked.

"That you were engaged to"—

"Whom?" breathlessly.

"Morton," I gasped. "The wretched, caddish"—

"Stop!" she said, with dignity.

"Tell me—you shall!" I grasped her wrists. "Is it so?"

If it had been any woman in the world but Dolly, I should have said she was embarrassed. She actually blushed.

"No," she said slowly, "it is not so, but"— Her hands went up and covered her face. Heavens, suppose she should cry!

"But what?" I insisted cruelly. "You're not engaged to him, but you're in love with him?" She took her hands away, and her face was very red. If it had not been such a serious moment, I should have said she had been laughing.

"Mr. Morton has—never—asked me to be his—wife. If he does—I shall"—

I was beside myself.

"And if he does?" I hissed.

"I shall say yes"—very softly. A terrible silence ensued. The earth was sinking beneath my feet.

"You love this Mr. Morton?" I said sharply.

And then the very queerest thing in the world happened. Dolly's face whitened a little as she rose and put out her hand.

"Yes, you old goose," she said, "I love this Mr. Morton!" It didn't take me long to gather Dolly into my arms. The next five minutes are not to appear in this narrative.

"Dolly," said I blissfully, "did you ever know such a stupid old fool as I am?" "Never in all my life," said the sweetest of girls, her voice coming from the vicinity of my coat collar.

"And do you suppose that woman meant me when she told me that gossip, my darling?"

"Of course she did—did," said the voice, "and I'm glad she said it. I don't believe you'd ever have asked me otherwise!"

My answer would not look well on paper.

"Do you know, Dick, that you never have asked me before?"

And when I came to think of it I never had.—The Folks at Home.

Activity In His Affairs.

"Have you made any advances in your business?" asked the young lawyer's friend.

"Yes," was the reply. "Two of them."

"Clients?"

"No, my clerks. They said they needed money, so I advanced them $10 each."—Washington Star.

American Bamboo.

Experiments in Florida and Louisiana have shown that bamboo will grow in those states almost as well as in the hotter countries. Around Fort Myers there are bamboos that have attained to a height of 50 or 60 feet. They are of a variety which usually grows to about 70 feet in India. In Orange county there is one clump of bamboos, said to be only 10 years old, in which the stalks have attained to the height of 65 feet, the stalks averaging 13 inches in circumference. There are 80 stalks in the clump. This particular clump is of a variety from Bengal, where the wood is used for building purposes and for light spars for vessels.—Savannah News.

The Marquis of Hertford, the founder of the celebrated Wallace art collection, was a man of few words to his agents, but his words were to be obeyed to the letter. Thus he directed them to purchase a Rubens on a certain occasion, but after they had bid the painting up to about $50,000 the agents weakened and permitted it to be knocked down to another bidder. When his lordship was informed of this, he wrote them, "When in future I ask you to purchase anything for me, I expect you to do so."