

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the sender; not necessary for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Wires only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful, giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

MISSOURI.

"Ten right will you be the shore, Captain?"
"The night birds crying blackness.
"The clouds are of ink-blacks.
"And night-birds crying the truth.
"Ten right will you be the shore, Captain? Nay, nay!
"I much rather hug the Cape of May."
"Oh, sir," said she, with a toss of her curl,
"You surely must be deaf!
"Should the billows your falshark kiss to-
"Ten right will you be the shore, Captain?"
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GOD'S ADVENTURE.

BY LILY M. CECREY.

Gideon Foster had been three weeks a resident of the metropolis, and was shortly to "go into business," under the supervision of his uncle, Mr. Archibald Fuller, of the prosperous firm of Smith & Fuller. Gideon—or Grid, in the language of his intimates—was a healthy young Southerner who, during the past year or so, had penetrated Western fastnesses, investigated mines and ranches, attained his majority, and succeeded in convincing his sturdy old, Tennessee-fathered a well-off farmer of advanced age that the city was the correct place for young men of promise and talent. Grid was tall and strong; he had small, keen eyes, a bushy nose and a long upper lip. His complexion was an artistic mixture of tan and sunburn. He had at times a nervous twitching of the long upper lip, accompanied by a slight sniff. He had an excellent opinion of himself, and was given to citing "what we think down this way." For his age he was well informed on general topics.

Grid's uncle, a handsome, portly bachelor, yet in his thirties, had thus far kept a kindly eye upon his relative, regarding him as responsible for the young man's safety and well-being in the great and adoring city. But Grid was beginning to elope unaccompanied, for the young man's heart was set on the opposite sex, and mentally longed to break from all accountability. Partially vexed was he one afternoon when—but this is the way it happened: Grid, being idle and unacquainted, was standing in the street before his hotel, when a couple of handsome, well-dressed ladies chanced to pass. One of the ladies glanced up, caught his eye, blushed, and fluttered a little. Grid was alive in an instant; quite ready for his flirtation. At home, as in any small village, no harm was thought of such things, the best young ladies being given, at times, to little adventures of the sort. He never stopped to consider that city customs might be different, but stepped with part of the blushing and mischievous damsel, raising his hat at an auspicious moment and meeting an unmistakable welcome. He thought them very pretty; their complexions were marvelously fine. The trio proceeded slowly down the promenade, laughing and chattering as they went. Grid was quite in his element—he was devoted to pretty girls—and awaited an invitation to call, when he felt sure his credentials and his own candor would win over the "old folks."

They had proceeded in this fashion for some distance, when Grid looking up, perceived his uncle approaching. As the latter came close, the countenance darkened to grave concern:—"Grid, what have you been doing?"—with horror. Really, Grid had never before seen him look so, and wondered what could have happened. Mr. Fuller came quickly on, and, as he stood abreast the trio, scarcely paused. "Grid!" he said, in a terrible tone, and motioned with his hand to grid toward the hotel, then passed on.

Grid excused himself, and followed after, intending to rejoin the fair ones. He caught up with his uncle at the hotel entrance.

"Well?" he said.

"Well!" fairly thundered the elder gentleman, pushing him into a corner of the dark, indeed! "Snub them, get gone, dear!"

"Confound it! What have I done?"

"Do you mean to tell me you didn't know the character of those women?"

"Character? Why, they are very nice girls."

Mr. Fuller regarded him in silence, then spoke compassionately:

"Well, you are simpler than I thought, and for all your Western travel! How did you meet them?"

Grid hesitated.

"Why—why, I met them—"

"You flirted with them! Now, that might do in a village, but city girls don't make acquaintances that way. And, you're going to stay in the city, you know, to rebel yourself."

"Sneak! With care! do you?"

With well-contrived severity Mr. Fuller turned away.

Grid was deeply mortified, and hardly knew what to do with himself. His mortification lasted all the evening, making him seem so low-spirited that Maclean, a young Southern friend, chaffed him sadly, and asked if he were lovesick.

"I take you to see a pretty girl tomorrow," Maclean said, consoling, "at her studio; she is an artist."

Grid roused a little, asking:

"What's her name?"

"Daisy Darrow; Miss Margaret Dar-

row, I suppose."

"Yes, a fact."

"Is she really pretty?"

"I think you'll say so. She paints well; doesn't need to, either, for she is an only child, and her father is well off. He's in Europe now; she lives with her aunt; mother's dead."

Maclean was really very fit with the young lady's pedigree, considering how slightly he knew her. "She's just back from the country, and she'll be off to the seaside before long; so we must surely go to-morrow."

"Send me to a T," said Grid, forgetting his name.

"I'll buy my ticket," cried an impatient, rather nasal voice, and, looking up, saw Gideon Foster.

"Grid, we're bound to have a through the night," he said, in a low voice.

"I'm considering a proposal."

"Indeed? That's diversion."

You must have gotten here at seven. You know the portrait looks! It's just killing! If he could only see it!"

Daisy frowned at "Down-our-way."

"I'd like to burn the old thing."

"But you couldn't, dear; thank fortune there's no fire to tempt you."

"Listen to this letter," said Daisy, and began to read aloud:

"MY DEAREST DAD: (When I say dearest, mean it in the full sense of the word.) I have just arrived in New York, and I am a little after eleven the next day, Miss Darrow sat in an easy chair at her studio, on the third floor of a building wren up to studios and the like. Miss Harrow had just arrived in company with her boon companion, Miss Mamie as well, a feminine faithful Achilles, a shaggy blonde, as devoted to her person as Daisy to her brush. Miss Hallett entered the studio with her friend, having a very literary-looking, paper-lined table in one corner. The studio and charming, as are usually such and es. Miss Darrow was dark-eyed dark-haired, with a clear, pale skin very pretty, crimson lips. She was an old and most becoming old gold and black, a black hat with a black fur, gold scarf, and boots with old-mixt top. She was in truth a golden girl. Miss Hallett wore white guimp green ribbons, and sat very erect in the easy-chair.

"Do you drink beer, Miss Hallett?" asked Maclean.

"Everybody drinks beer," said Daisy, "I'm really not fond of it, but to study all possible express the face of her model."

"Therefore, seated with the

Miss Darrow replied disconsolately: "My love, I am in despair. I am out of the mood for landscapes. I feel a desperate longing to do a portrait. Couldn't you get me a new model?"

"Of what style, pray?"

"O, a strong face; an odd face, however, rugged, uncouth! Anything! Only I want novelty."

Miss Hallett shook her head.

"I don't know where to look for it; unless down in Mulberry street; and I'm deadly fear of the cholera."

"Daisy, you're a fool!"

"Some one is coming up stairs," she said, without troubling to move. "I'll tell you, I suppose; there's nobody else home on this floor."

A moment later Maclean's well-meaning, short-nosed visage intruded itself through the door.

"Good-morning, ladies; may I bring a friend?"

Miss Hallett arose with vivacity.

"You are quite welcome; we are trying not to dull."

Daisy put out her hand, laudably.

"Are you having your vacation?" she asked. Then, as she perceived Gideon, she sat up, suddenly revived, and became cordial.

Grid looked admiringly about the room.

"It's very warm to-day," he said, presently.

"It is; indeed; we have some lemonade"—and Miss Hallett proceeded to pour out thumbfuls in tiny, colored glasses.

The gentlemen made thus a pleasant call, and went away delighted, exchanging, when they had reached the street, the following impressions:

Maclean—What do you think of her? Pretty, eh?

Grid—You just be it! Tall and slender. I used to like girls who were pay-teet; I like tall ones better now-a-days.

Maclean—She kept her eyes on you all the time. Think you made an impression, Grid.

Grid—Worl'dn't mind if I did. She good-looking; I wouldn't mind introducing her to my uncle. You say her father is well-off, too.

I am not quite sure how Miss Darrow would have fared had she herself been there; she was, as I understand, very to the most delicate flattery, she, who was quoted as "pear, pale Margaret," "pearl," and "queen of women." Perhaps she would have frowned a little, then laughed; for she was not a vain girl. She had good eyesight and a fine French mirror at home; she knew herself thoroughly, and was therein content. Perhaps she would have been otherwise affected by the young Southerners' allusions to astronomy. For a moment I believe she would have longed to box their ears—impudent, presuming creatures! Miss Darrow was devoted to art. She was not, however, interested in the arts, but in the foreground, on the exterior, she had her own select circle of admirers, and there was one—present in Europe—to whom she would probably, in due time, be more than fiancée; one who had the highest confidence in her talents and wrote her the most encouraging letters. "Persevere," he wrote. "I look for great things from you if you will but work. Be self-centered, and soon outside allurement (only me)!"

But, of course, poor Grid had no way of knowing all this.

As for the young ladies, they had preserved a well-bred silence until quite sure their guests were out of the building.

Then Miss Hallett interrogated her friend with a wicked wink and smile. Daisy had relaxed into arm-chair and meditation.

"Eh—eh—What's that word, Miss—this word beginning with U?"

"Easier, euphony, European, etc."

Daisy paused and thought: "Was that outgoings Mama giggling aloud in the other room?"

"Then, would you be very much offended if I should ask you to allow me to make a sketch of your face?"

You know we art-students are constantly on the watch for countenances that are not insipid and common. A face like yours, for instance, indicative of strength of character and—ambition, perhaps."

Grid turned pale.

"Engaged!" he cried, tragically. "Why, for that matter, so am I! But I'd break any engagement for you!"

Daisy rose, with a grave expression.

"I am sorry to hear you say so. I have heard so much about Southern girls."

"But you won't decide at once," he said.

"There isn't anything I wouldn't do to you!"

Daisy looked at him coldly.

"I think you could not have understood me. I said that I was engaged. There is nothing further I can say, and—will you please excuse me?" She turned to enter the other room, and Grid had no choice but to retreat. He was in such a state of mind, between disappointment and chagrin, that he left his hat lying upon the sofa, and bolted out headlong, and down into the street. He ran almost a block before he discovered why people were staring at him. How he failed to go back! But the hat was new, and Grid was just a little afraid of being exposed to his eyes.

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