

HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.

I saw him standing in the crowd—
A comely youth, and fair!
There was a brightness in his eye,
A gleam in his hair!
I saw his eyes on me, on him—
His comrades standing by;
And I heard him say to each to each :
"I never told a lie!"

I looked in wonder on that boy,
As he stood there, so young;
To think that never an untruth
Was ever told by him,
I thought of all the boys I'd known—
Myself among the try—
And of all the boys one could say
"He never told a lie."

I gazed with youth from awe
That did encircle me long;
I had not seen a boy like him,
So good, so strong,
And with a something of regret
I wished him to be mine.
So I might look at him and say :
"He never told a lie."

I thought of questions very hard
For boys to answer right;
"How many questions?"
"My son? what caused the fight?"
"Who left the state after night?"
A father's heart would ache
Informed me that that boy was dumb
Who never told a lie!

A PLEASANT LOVE.

"I have got some news for you, Maggie," he said one day, about eighteen months after he had gained his commission. "Guess what it is."

They were walking along the green lanes of Porlock, listening to the ceaseless murmur of the sea, as at intervals they would stop and listened ever since that could remember, at any rate, for she was six years younger than her former playfellow.

"Are you going to be promoted," she said.

"Promoted, you little goose! No one gets promoted in the British army, Guess again."

"You are going to marry an heiress."

There was a lump in her throat as she said it.

"Wrong again. No inestimable young person with green eyes, a turn-up nose, susceptible heart, and fifty thousand a year, was turned up yet. But it's something nearly as good. I'm ordered to Chin."

"Oh, Alice!" she gasped, and burst into tears. It was very foolish of her, but then tears pass only 16, and had not yet attained the nose-worthiness of concern for her feelings.

"What are you crying for?" he asked, and kissed away her tears. He'd kissed her ever since she was five, and thought no more of it than if she had been his sister, or the cat, except perhaps that it was nice—which it was, no doubt.

"I shall only be away five years, at most, and when I come back I'll bring you a pig-tail and an ivory toothpick, and a whole lot of things, and—"

"Yes?" she said, listening attentively.

"But then you'll be a young woman—I forgot—and 'out' and all that sort of thing, and won't condescend to speak to a poor Lieutenant; you will have all the Squires and fox-hunters about the place at your feet."

"Oh, no, indeed I shan't, Alice," she said eagerly.

"But I'll leave you with. I believe you are a born little flirt, and I shall come back and find you—"

But she burst into tears again, and put up her pretty little hand as if to stop his teasing, which she could not bear just then. It seemed so cruel of him to laugh and joke when he was going away for five years.

He did not seem to be able to hold his hand, and all the while he had broken her heart on the spot, and would have gladly done so, and thrown the pieces away as never to be bothered with it again. Then, seeing her mournful blue eyes, he was merciful.

"I believe I shall come back and find you just a great little darling as you are now, and if we have got any money we'll get it, and be happy ever after, and if we haven't, we'll get married and starve ever after—unless, of course, the heiress turns up."

"Oh, I hope she won't!" said Maggie, like a truthful little idiot. "Shall you ever write to me, Alice, dear?"

"Yes, of course I shall, and I shall expect you to write back six pages crossed, and all that sort of thing, you know."

So Alice Granger went to China, and Maggie wrote hopefully enough for a letter, but six months passed and none came. "Perhaps it takes longer for a letter to get here from China," she thought, knowing as little about the means of transit and the time it took as if the Celestial city had been in the moon. But a year passed and no letter came.

"Perhaps he's ill, or it's miscarried," she said tearfully, half wondering if it could be possible that a Chinese horse had turned up, and that was the real reason of Alice's silence. The years passed, and Alice's letters became "bad," she said, bitterly, and wondered ruefully if he had married a wife with a pig-tail. And the days and the months went by, and Maggie journeyed on to widowhood, but no word or sign came from Alice Granger, and at last she gave him up altogether.

Maggie was 20 years old when her father died, and she was a widow. She went down, and she and her mother were sold out. Mrs. Dunlop was offered a home in London by a sister who was well off and bad-tempered, and it was thankfully accepted. Maggie was informed that she must get up and help with the housework, there could be no eccentricities of the French grammar, there was a knock at the school-room door.

"Come in," she said.

The door opened, and there stood before her astonished eyes the form of Alice Granger, and behind her was a man—evidently his servant—with a box on his shoulders.

"All right, Tim, put it down; that's right, Tim, put it off. There, I've brought the surprises round, Maggie; I thought you'd like to see them."

"Oh! What will Mrs. Marshall say?" said Maggie, in consternation.

"Nothing to you for the next half hour or so, for I have just seen them safely on their way to Woolwich, and thought I just get a quiet chat with you, my dear, when you're back again. The house is a quiet, open, comfortable puppie. I'm quite sure you'll be like to your lessons, so I'll let you off for half an hour; run along, my little dears, and he opened the door for them, and shut it after them.

"Oh, Alice!" she said, in fear and trembling.

"Oh, Maggie!" he answered, mimicking. "What did you mean by going away from Porlock, and not leaving any note?"

"I couldn't help it, and you never wrote," she answered helplessly.

"No, I never write letters; don't know how to spell well enough. But I have been hunting for you all over the place, and never dreamed of finding you here. Now I'll unpack the box; it had been opened before it came, so it's only a small box."

"But, Alice, they'll never forgive me."

"Never mind; it doesn't matter, because if you are good I'll take you away next week. Besides, they'll forgive me anything. I saved the Colonels life when he was in Hong Kong—at least so he says. There now, what do you think of this for fighting with?" Got them at Java for your purpose?" and he held up a pair of leather-bottomed, black-clad breeches that he had been wearing, and then proceeded to pull out the rest of the contents of the box and to decorate the school-room with them. "There's Mr. Buddha, and there's—why, what's the master, Maggie?"

"Nothing; only you will get me into dreadful trouble—you will, indeed. Miss Patterson came in this morning and scolded me for talking to you last night."

"Never mind, she was only jealous," he laughed. "Now tell me how soon you can leave here."

"What for?" she asked, innocently.

"Why, you haven't forgotten that we agreed to get married when I came back, have you, you little coquette?" and he put his arm around her waist, just as of old, and was not reproved. It was so very comfortable, she thought.

"No, but you are engaged, are you not?"

"Yes, of course I am, to you."

"Oh! but, Alice."

"Oh! but, Maggie!"—and then he stopped and kissed her, and nothing more could be said, for the door opened, and there stood the Colonel, and there stood Mrs. Marshall, and there stood Mrs. Patterson.

"Mrs. Dunlop!" screamed Maria, horror-stricken, and the "Flick and Flock" galop. Then she put on her

shabby black evening gown, and stuck a spray of white flowers into her golden hair, and waited patiently for a summons, hoping she would wait in vain. It very soon came, and with a roll of music under her arm, a flush on her innocent, frightened face, and a scared, almost hysterical expression, she entered and timidly opened the drawing-room door, and there stood still for a moment, staring in astonishment at the scene before her. There sat the heiress with an eager, pleased expression on her face and leaning over her, talking and laughing, and more handsome than ever, and sunburst and soldierly-looking, was Alice Granger. There was no room for him in the corner, and the heiress' face was flushed and a hundred good-by, and then left it altogether. She recovered her self-possession, however, and walked with what she flattered herself was great dignity toward the piano. She felt rather than saw him raise his head and look at her, and the next moment he was by her side.

"Maggie, my dear Maggie! Why, fancy you being here. Where did you come from? I've been trying to find you ever since I met you."

"I told him I was proud of him—A father's heart would ache for him. Informed me that that boy was dumb when never told a lie!"

I thought of questions very hard

For boys to answer right;

"My son? what caused the fight?"

"Who left the state after night?"

A father's heart would ache for him.

What boy could answer all of these, And never told a lie?

I took him proudly by the hand—

My words of pride were rife;

I blushed at his looks,

But I might look at him and say :

"He never told a lie."

I gazed with youth from awe

That did encircle me long;

I had not seen a boy like him,

So good, so strong,

And with a something of regret

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The Cost of the Nicaragua Canal.

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He says the will cost \$90,000,000,

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—*Washington City. New York Tribune.*

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed the Colonel. "What does all this mean?"

"She must leave the house at once," said the heiress.

"Of course she must." Mrs. Marshall said.

"I have never heard of such a thing in my life—"

"My dear Mrs. Marshall," said Alice,

looking as if he were beginning a speech;

"it is all my fault. You told me, and so

did the Colonel, to consider your house

under a roof, a flush on her innocent,

frightened face, and a scared, almost

hysterical expression, she entered and

timidly opened the drawing-room door,

and there stood still for a moment,

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