

### KISS ME SWEET.

BY MRS. C. H. SCRANTON.  
Put your arms around me, darling.  
Little arms so dimpled, fair;  
It's little face so warm,  
For I am the sun of golden hair.  
Kiss me sweet, my precious treasure,  
Look love from your eyes so true—  
Tolen rays they are, of azure,  
Blae of heaven's own cloudless blue.

Heavy lips, that oft caress me,  
Give me a kiss, so light, so light;  
ou are all on earth that's left me,  
Do not love's own prayer slight.

Only just two years, my darling,  
Since with folded wings you came;  
Your smile is still as charming,  
But instead were full of pain—

Yes, and utter desolation,  
Save for me, my fair-haired boy;  
Give me, then, in salvation's day,  
The love of your heart, my boy.

You will never know, my dear one,  
How I did until September day  
Let my heart so sad and lonesome  
As winged angels bore away,

Farewell, my love, the sailor lass,  
Fare through the sailor lass,  
Took to bed in fields yeilds,  
Papa's spirit, tried and true.

But my darling, he was ready,  
Waiting for the sunnus, too—  
Oh he did, in voice steady,  
"Why dost hand me so to you?"

"Don't long for to be Jealous,"

"From love's own care and pain,  
And you know, if I please,  
Very soon we'll meet again."

So the angels op'd the gateway,  
Pearly gates, with bars of gold,  
And in arms they gave me  
To love me still, in truth.

MADISON, Oct.

### BACK FROM THE DEAD.

BY GERAINT.

### CHAPTER I.

RESCUED FROM RUINNS.

Maurice Courtland was a young bachelor of about twenty. He had been in love an unlimited number of times, but had not met his affinity. He was tolerably good-looking, and earned a comfortable salary as leading man of the Lucian Theater. He lived very quietly, and had no relations except a mother, who made Bachelor Hall— as he termed his rooms—a cozy and inviting little place.

He was not a dreamer; in fact, he wholly disbelieved all the marvelous stories he had heard relating to night visitors, and the like. One night, after returning home, he sat up late, studying a new part he had received that day. He grew exhausted and fell asleep. While in the voluptuous arms of Morphus, he had a very curious vision. He dreamed that he was in a lonely street late at night, and witnessed a lady struggling with two men. He rescued her from their clutches, and as they vanished a voice whispered in his ear:

"You have at last met your fate. Win here, you can't."

"What an absurd dream," said Maurice, the next day, as he laughed at the recollection of it. "And, still, stranger things than that have happened. Pshaw! what an ass I am to give a moment's thought to such an affair."

Time glided on, and the memory of the dream had almost faded from his mind. The Lucian threw open its doors for the fall and winter campaign. It was the first night, and the curtain fell upon the final act close upon 11 o'clock. Maurice left the theater and strolled leisurely home.

It was a glorious night in early autumn, and the air was deliciously cool and refreshing. While enjoying a cigar a piercing scream resounded on his ears, and, turning around, he beheld a lady trying to free herself from the savage hold of two ruffians. Promptly arraying himself upon the weaker side, he dealt one of them a stinging blow on the right temple, forcing him to the sidewalk. The other, seeing how the tide of battle had changed, disappeared around the corner.

"How can I ever thank you, sir, for your timely assistance?" exclaimed the ruffians.

"There is no occasion for thanks," he replied; "I am only glad that I was so near at hand. Did you recognize your assailants?"

"No, sir. As I stood here waiting for a decent opportunity, I saw the stumps of sick wives and starved children. As I was about to take some money from my purse they grew bold and demanded it. I, of course, refused, and they laid violent hands upon me. I screamed for assistance, and you know the rest."

"Would it be impolite to inquire your name?"

"Certainly not; I will tell it with pleasure. I was christened 'Frances Linton.'

"Not the leading lady of the Farringdon Theater?"

"The same, sir."

"What a curious coincidence, Miss Linton. I am like yourself, a professional. I am called Maurice Courtland, and I insist upon seeing you safely home."

"I am causing you a great deal of unnecessary trouble, Mr. Courtland."

"None, sir; it is a duty man owes to women to protect her from injury."

She accepted his arm, and, after a brief walk, they arrived at a neat row of frame villas.

"My home," said Miss Linton, with a sigh of relief, halting before one of them.

"I would invite you in, Mr. Courtland, but etiquette and the lateness of the hour precludes such a hospitality. Will you preclude us with a visit some day? Papa would be glad to meet you."

"What fortunate star drifted you here?"

"Your case, indeed, hopeless."

"I agree with you. By the way, I trust that Maj. Linton is in the best of health. Is he with you?"

"Papa is very well, thank you. He never fails a vacation. He prefers to country."

"Where are you staying?"

"At Barnacle Cottage, a quaint little rookery, kept by two maiden ladies of uncertain age. If you have no ladies of the same age, I hope you will be pleased to meet somebody down here."

"What fortunate star drifted you here?"

"It's nice, although sometimes the hours drag."

"My own case, exactly. I had serious thoughts of going elsewhere, but I have now changed my mind."

"I don't blame you if this is all the pleasure you have."

And the young lady's gaze wandered upon the floor.

"You are too saucy, Miss Linton. Do you know that I have made some of the most dreadful efforts to kill time. I have committed to memory every poem of Owen Meredith's. I have indulged in yachting, fishing and bathing, and it's all of no avail."

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