

THE LOST LOVER.

A good ship sailed out on the sea,
And bore my lover far from me;
With him all good fortune was and free,
And left me sad and lonely as could be.

WE'D BEEN DEAR FRIENDS SINCE CHILDHOOD'S DAY,
Friends we played out many a jolly play;
But that did never check our mirth—
Our fathers both were sailors.

WE'D GRUNTED OVER THE COAST;
Sometimes they'd take us with them, then

WE'D HAVE RARE TIMES WE'D MAKE THE MOST.

OUR HOMES WERE BUILT BY THE SEA,

Half made of timbers washed ashore;

With health, we waited little more.

III.

AND SO OUR YOUTHFUL DAYS PASSED BY

IN ONE SWEEP OF HAPPINESS,

WE'D RAMBLE AND WANDER HIGH,

AND NEVER LOVED AS LONELY AS COULD BE.

IV.

BUT SOON DR. CONNOR'S ROW

STRONG PASSION FOR THE SEA SHOWED,

AND WELL I KNEW THAT sad day when—

He led me, in exciting glee,

To sail the whole wide ocean.

And to his uncle's ship below;

And his uncle's ship he went;

And hardly could he come;

How many months and years had a sent;

Even his remembrance dear had died,

How slow'y was the end now!

And he at last returned again,

To robust, stalwart manhood grown;

And came back, here to remain.

V.

HE SOUGHT ME SOON, I found I knew him;

That he had sailed the whole world round;

Even so, we loved each other more.

Then we had loved those years before;

Then we had loved those years before;

Were happiest years of all my life—

What more than love's own endears?

For we had loved each other well,

And then again he went away;

That time he went to tell for me;

This eve before the sun went down;

We took a stroll down by the sea.

VI.

He spoke to me of his return,

What riches there he would possess,

How rich in the world the ocean spurn;

And of our life of hap.

VII.

XI. MORN A SHIP HAD FORGED NEAR OUR BAY

Which was to carry him away;

I'd given up, he must not stay.

"Go, darling!" he said, "I'll say:

"Boys, is any man that bad?"

And some one answered: "No doubt

of it, Connor; it's stone."

Then Connor put his head down on his hands and lifted up his voice and wept. It was one of those sights which men never forget. It seemed more than he could bear to have Nora and his child "put," as he expressed it, "months away from him again."

But when he went to work that day it seemed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination. His hands were never idle. His face seemed to say, "I'll have Nora with me."

They raised him and bore him away.

In an hour he was at home on the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage. There at last he opened his eyes. Mr. Bawne bent over him; he had been summoned by the news, and the room was full of Connor's fellow-workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the old man.

"A dale," said Connor, "it's aisy now. I'll be with her soon. All look forward to the day when I'm back."

And she said the news he had told: "Daughter," he said, "she pitted me, to the last, to the last, to the sea—

I guess the rest; but, but, but, sea—

And fainting in his arms I fell.

The noble ship was terribly wrecked,

When stormy waves the foam were stoked;

My lover's life in the sea.

Oh! why, I ask, should it thus be?

Oh! Frank, my love for you is great—

Remorseless, cruel hand of fate,

DE WEA CITY, IOWA. HALETT H. HEWITT.

CONNOR: A PATHETIC IRISH STORY.

To the memory of Patrick Connor; this simple stone was erected by his fellow-workmen.

Those words you may read any day upon a white slab in a cemetery not far from New York; but you might read them a hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above the dust of one poor, humble man.

His shabby frieze jacket and mud-stained organdy was seen on an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawne's great tin and hardware shop one day and presented himself at the counter with an—

"I've been told ye advertised for me, yer Honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Bawne, not lifting his eyes from his account-book.

"I work faithfully, sir, and take low wages till I could do better, and I'd like to—

"I work faithfully, and Mr. Bawne always declared that he would employ an incompetent hand."

Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly, and, with his pen behind his ear, addressed the man, who was only one of fifty who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning.

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks—are you any smarter?"

"Not to say that," said the man, "but I'd be willing to, and that would make it easier."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, yer Honor. I'll tell no lie; Tim O'Toole hadn't the like of this place; but I know a bit about tins."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you're not in the way, I calculate," said Mr. Bawne, looking at the brassy and bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence. "Besides, I know your countrymen—hazy, good-for-nothing fellows, who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have an other."

"The Virgin will have to be after bringing them over to me in her two arms, then," said the man, despatching, "for I've tramped all the day for the last fortnight, and never a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer Honor, and it's but a half a one."

As he spoke he spread his palm open, with an English half-penny in it.

"I work faithfully over," asked Mr. Bawne, arrested by the odd speech, as he turned upon his heel and turned back again.

"Just Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other me child," said the man. "O, master, just thry me. How'll I bring 'em over to me, if no one will give me a job? I want to be airming, and the whole big city seems against it, and me with arms to the teeth. I bare'd his arms to the shoulder as he spoke, and Mr. Bawne looked at them, and then at the face."

"I'll hire you for a week," he said; "and now, as it's noon, go down to the kitchen and tell the girl to get you some dinner—a hungry man can't work."

With an Irish blessing, the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawne, untying his apron, went up stairs to his own meal. Suspicious as he was of the new hand's integrity and ability, he was agreeably disappointed. Connor worked hard, and actually learned fast. At the end of the day he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew, he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he made his first appearance.

"Beer costs money," he said one day,

"and every cent I spend puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over; and as to clothes them I have must do me."

"No coat to my back than wife and boy, and no fireside; and, anyhow,

"Perhaps she's gone ashore," said the Connor.

"I bade her wait," said Connor.

"Women don't always do as they are bid, you know," said the Captain.

"Nora would," said Connor, "but

amusement, or to share in their Sunday frolics.

All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked companionship; but he would not delay long-looked-for bringing of Nora over, and was not "mane enough" to accept favors of others. He kept his way a martyr to his one great wish, living on little, working at night on any extra job that he could find, a few shillings by, running errands, taking midnight hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen to him of one good hope, and of Nora and Little Jamesy.

At first the men, who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the world, made a sort of butt of Connor, whose wild Irish ways and verdancy were indeed often laughable. But he won their hearts at last, and one day, mounting a work-bench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red handkerchief, before their eyes, and said: "Look! I've got the whole world at last! I'm going to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last! Whoop! I've got it at last!"

All felts sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his great hand in cordial congratulations, and one proposed to treat all round, and drink a good voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But poor Connor's resting-place was a lodgings-house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the young fellow exhibited his bundle, with his hands clasped, and his earned savings tied up in a wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep.

When he awoke in the morning he found his treasure gone; some villain, more contemptible than most bad men, had robbed him.

At first Connor could not even believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blankets, and begged those about him to quit joking, and give it back.

"Keep it, if you can, my man," said the Captain. "I wish any one else had had that bad thing that's thieved from me," he said, in a breathless way. "Boys, is any man that bad?" And some one answered: "No doubt of it, Connor; it's stone."

Then Connor put his head down on his hands and lifted up his voice and wept. It was one of those sights which men never forget. It seemed more than he could bear to have Nora and his child "put," as he expressed it, "months away from him again."

But when he went to work that day it seemed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination. His hands were never idle. His face seemed to say, "I'll have Nora with me."

Connor had risen. He stood up, trying to steady himself, looking at the Captain with his eyes dry as stones.

"I've got my death, boy," he said, "and there dropped to the deck like a log."

They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home on the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage.

There at last he opened his eyes. Mr. Bawne bent over him; he had been summoned by the news, and the room was full of Connor's fellow-workmen.

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