

SONGS: TO "M. G. P."

BY ANONYMOUS.

And bright scenes of memory—  
Halt-murkily, half-murkily,  
Our old companions I greet.  
I linger 'neath that willow path,  
And fondly trace each spot that hath  
The brightest charm obtained from thee.

Remembered well are days and nights  
I led thee, trembling, through love's gate,  
To scenes 'a crown'd with brief delights.  
For love's sake, I'll leave no place,  
Again we'll quaff the cup of bliss;  
The present time doth bring, not thy  
"I'll wait" but "I'll wed" this  
Because more sweet, because more dear.

Oh, the happy days of summer!  
We oft say a secret thing,  
For joy the time of parting  
Dost bring, and when we part,  
Sacred to heart, hast given us  
"Will you ever come again?"  
Days bring brighter than the sun.

While those hours were fill'd with blessings  
And the sun shone brightly o'er us,  
As we floated down life's river,  
Joyously, with laugh and song,  
Doubtless, we'll bring back many pictures  
We shall exult with new treasures,  
When, sometimes, we meet again.  
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CHICAGO, III.

THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

"One, two, three," counted Grace Lewis as she went on narrowing the toe of a gray woolen sock she was knitting for her father. So busy was she with her work she did not heed the warning from the old-fashioned brass knocker. But she soon made aware of the presence of a stranger by a loud knocking; she immediately dropped her work to obey its summons.

"Can you inform me where Isaac Sterling resides?" was the inquiry of a dark-eyed, distinguished-looking stranger.

"His house is on that rise of ground a few rods distant," was the reply, while the pretty hand of Grace pointed out the direction.

With a "thank you" the gentleman took his departure, while Grace gently closed the door and went back to her work.

"One, two, three" again counted Grace and then she telegraphed.

"What splendid black eyes he had. I wonder if he is a relative of the Sterlings; he is certainly very fine-looking; his hair and whiskers were so nicely trimmed that any one would know almost to a certainty that he was just from the city. There! I've forgotten my name," murmured the maiden, as she ravelled out the work the nimble fingers had wrought while the thoughts had been reaching out after the stranger she had seen for scarcely a moment. This time were soon added up and the work arranged and she resumed her soliloquy, for the fair young girl was much in the habit of talking to herself when left alone, as was the case this afternoon, her parents having gone to town to do their annual trading.

"I'm sure that fine, open countenance is the index of a well-balanced mind, and that he's to be trusted and honored. He could command, if necessary, but he would sooner rule by love."

Then she began to compare the faces, forms, and manners of her country as-sociates, and then she telegraphed.

Ah! Grace, do not forget me, beneath those rough exterior, beat warm, trustful hearts; those oil-hardened hands are quite as capable of supporting pleasant homes as the smooth, white ones of the city gentry. The eyes beneath the bronzed forehead can express the tenderest affection as well as though the burning sun and biting blast had never beaten upon the stalwart forms of their possessors. Yet you have a perfect right to admire the manly form and cultivated face of the countryman.

Country customs made it an easy matter for Albert Sterling to visit his pretty neighbor in company with his cousin, James Bronson. And thus Grace Lewis was introduced to the strange gentleman, whom she had that day directed on his way.

Two weeks later the roses on Grace's cheeks grew broader and her violet eyes brighter, when Mr. Bronson asked for the honor of her company to attend a very select party to be held about ten miles from Greenville.

Never before had she been so fastidiously about the party guests. There was positively nothing in all the range of stores that she would wear. Father must go with her to the next town where there was a choice selection of goods to pick from. And as Mr. Lewis was a very indulgent father, and loved his only child with more than ordinary affection, her caprices were indulged on this occasion to the full extent of her desires.

It was a merry party that gathered in the great hall, at "The Traveler's Rest," on a beautiful evening in the early winter, not so many years ago as to need to remind the oldest inhabitant to chronicle the event.

Among the bright, bewitching faces that were to be seen on that particular occasion, not one was so intellectually beautiful as our Grace. At least so thought James Bronson. The sweet, bright beauty of the little country maiden had taken his heart by storm on that dark, wintry night when he called at the door of the comfortable-looking farm-house, to inquire the way to his Uncle Sterling's. And now, after a bet-ter acquaintance, love real and abiding had taken place of admiration for the little girl.

Grace Lewis was rather below medium height; she possessed a well-rounded form, a low, wide forehead, a pair of blue eyes that could sparkle with mirth when one rejoiced, or weep with those who wept; her cheeks wore the delicate bloom of apple blossoms, while the well-formed nose, though possibly a trifle too large for artistic beauty, betokened energy and personal tact. The dimpled chin was not so small as to detract itself in the general outline of the face, but was a perfectly characteristic feature, the nymph was neither of the "rosy" nor "sherry" order, nevertheless it was pretty and expressive of womanly tenderness and refinement. And as Grace emerged from the dressing room and enters the large hall, which is well filled with laughing girls and gallant beau's, we will take observation with the rest of the company of her robes and its fitness for the occasion. It is of white alpaca, edged at the very throat and wrists with soft, silvery lace. The only ornaments are a few sprays of delicate forget-me-nots twined amid the soft, dainty curly hair of mink-brown hair, a few knots of blue ribbon arranged with careless grace upon waist and sleeves; a rich sash, of the same delicate hue as the flowers, encircled her well-rounded form, completing the simple but stylish outfit.

"What a lovely face," was whispered by one and another as Grace promenaded down the long hall, leaning on the arm of her escort, James Bronson, who seemed not to have eyes to see anything else than the fair jewel he was wearing so near his heart.

"And they seem to be fond and proud of each other," added Nellie Mason. "I'll warrant it was a case of love at first sight. By-the-way, wouldn't it be splendid if we could have a wedding after the dance?" said Margie Riley.

"And then they'd be a handsome couple," said Grace.

"And they seem to be fond and proud of each other," added Nellie Mason. "I'll warrant it was a case of love at first sight. By-the-way, wouldn't it be splendid if we could have a wedding after the dance?"

"We might have a mock marriage,"

said Mark Johnson, "and it would have all the looks of a real wedding." And this was the secret of memory—

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Our old companions I greet.  
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And fondly trace each spot that hath  
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To scenes 'a crown'd with brief delights.  
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Find her I will!" he at length exclaimed. "What is life, fortune or fame without she is with me to share it?"

All agreed to these proposition's, for it only to be a mock ceremony, and it did not matter who or how many were the participants.

Notes noted the evil sparkle of the minister gray eyes of young Farnum, now here! his inaudible muttering as he left the hall for a short time.

"Greenville!" called out the conductor, as he opened the door of the well-filled carriage. Scarcely had the ears reached the station ere James Bronson's feet touched the broad platform of the somewhat pretentious depot.

It was dusk when he arrived at the home of Father Lewis. He only brought grievous news to the aged pair, for they knew nothing of the whereabouts of the wayward girl.

"Oh, no—no! not that!" exclaimed Grace. "Marriage is something to be trifled with in this way. I have the best news; she has deepened, as her fine perceptions looked on the fearful responsibilities such a programme might lay upon her."

"Our 'White Rose' takes the matter very seriously," said Mr. Bronson, as he drew the slight form of the wayward girl nearer to his side.

"It is only to please the company for moment, and you'll not refuse to stand by me, Miss Grace."

His dark, lustrous eyes were upon her, and the tones of fondness and tenderness that she had shown him, as he joined the group, and was duly informed that she was to be the bride of Mark Johnson. At first she flinched at the name of her dress, which was of new crimson silk, richly trimmed with black lace. It was exceedingly becoming to the tall, dark-eyed girl, but not just what her good taste would have dictated for a bridal robe. However, her objection was soon overruled, on the ground that she was among the first to make this part of the evening's amusement.

And to her amusement, for the hour was the mai, thing to be considered. There were no nice points to be gained in the room. The doctor addressed her the second time, did he seem aware of another's presence?

"No; I've read nothing but advertisements for the last six months. Once those little gems of literature were haled with delight, when my wife listened to my reading of her own name. This evening she was about to dictate for a bridal robe. However, her objection was soon overruled, on the ground that she was among the first to make this part of the evening's amusement.

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