

MY HEART CAN NEVER GROW OLD.

BY MRS. NANNIE STEELE MOORE.

There is a beauty in all nature;
A bird, a flower, a tree, a stone;
In everything I see;
A sketch of heavenly grandeur,
A picture of divine beauty,
That shuns its hoar radiance
Upon this heart of mine.

Each loved flower that sheds its fragrance
In garden, field or grove;
The sun and trees spread their boughs
To shade the path I rove;
Song-birds that never carol
A happy strain, sing sweet,
Awaken in the heart of mine
The joys of youth again.

The mischievous gams of youth's bright eyes,
That spasm the heart, and thrill,
Illustrate its hidden depths
With their reflecting light;
A laugh, a smile, a sigh,
That rings upon the air,
Vibrate along its corridors,
To find an echo here.

When the heart is full of mirth over
My love in rapture pour,
And I bear my joyful heart,
As in the days of yore;
Keeps the heart full of glad measure
Of each enlivening strain —
They tell me — joyfully tell me
My heart can never grow old.

But there's a power unseen, unbear,
That relays o'er all expense —
That sweeps each cloud of care away,
And in its wake, a smile appears —
A joyous heart that smiling rules
Within this glad domain —
The heart that's full of cheer,
And sings the gladdest strain.

Years, of joy and sadness mingling,
This form with age may grow —
And Old Father Time's great plowshare
Lies silent —
Threads of silver may be woven,
With these bright locks of gold;
But my heart still sings to me
My heart can never grow old.

CORINTH, Miss.

SAVAN BY A WHISTLE.

The afternoon was drawing to a close. Haze clouds loomed threateningly in the west, and the wind swept about the old inn with fitful wails. It would evidently prove to be a wild, stormy night; already the waves of the little cove that made in form the bay had put on their white caps in anticipation of a frolic.

The inn had formerly been used for the accommodation of sailors, but, as the time of day grew on, it had been gradually failing to ruin, and people seldom or never stopped there.

The inmates were an old woman, known as Granny Crane, a colored man who attended to the chores, and a young orphan girl of 18 whom granny had taken from the poorhouse years before.

This girl, Elsie Darke, was standing on the porch, shading her face with one hand and looking wistfully at the sea. She was very young and absolutely startling in their wild, dark beauty, with long curling lashes, and delicately-arched brows. The scurvy curving mouth was red like Southern wine. The head was daintily poised; the nose small and straight; the foot slender and sleek like an Arab's. Far below her waist swayed the jetty had in a silent waving mass. She was the most romantic creature, and when she came in the rough, coarse of the salt breeze had browned her cheek and the small hand that shaded those wonderful eyes. A brown skirt of some woolen material fell to her ankles. She wore a short jacket of scarlet flannel, and a scarf of the same color was thrown over her head.

Suddenly a harsh, crackling noise sounded from the house —

"Come in, girl! What are you standing for, and the cold wind blowing over one?"

Elsie uttered an impatient exclamation, but did not move, and the wrinkled old crone crept to the door and looked over the girl's shoulder.

"Ah, ha! That's what troubles, is it? No wonder — and ver' lover the only smuggler of 'em at home. I suppose they'll give a good round sum to get him."

"Hush!" said Elsie, imperiously, as she turned on Granny Crane. "Don't you dare to betray him!"

The old woman clucked, and, shaking her head, hobbled back to the house without speaking. Elsie looked after her with a troubled expression on her beautiful face, and then turned her gaze seaward once more.

A vessel lay at anchor just outside the cove, and it was well known that it was the Government cutter in pursuit of smugglers. Elsie was thinking of her bold, handsome lover, and her heart beat strong and feverishly while she considered the chance of his escape.

He was coming to see her that night. She would wait; nothing could be done at present, for she knew not where to find him. The night closed blackly; the rain began to patter, the drowsing clouds, settled low, passing just outside the door a talwart figure that approached the house from the crazy old barn where he had fastened his horse.

"Going ter stay the evening with the gal?" she called after him.

"Yes," came back to her in a bold, free voice, and they passed on, he to the house, she to the beach, the night, which grew blacker and wilder.

"Ye are a fine lad, Rolf Stuart, but we'll not spend the evening with Elsie. The Government hounds'll track ye ere long."

The old woman pulled her hood over her wrinkled face and hurried on. Straight to the beach she went, and arrived there just in time to see a number of tall, dark figures from a boat. The men regarded curiously the weird figure that quickly approached them.

"Mayhap the gentleman would be glad to know the whereabouts of a smuggler."

"Yes, my good woman! That is what brings us here," said one, who appeared to be the leader. "Have you any information to give us?"

She hesitated a moment, and looked about craftily from under her heavy brows.

"I am a poor old woman," she began.

"Here," the man drew a roll of bills from his breast, and counted a part of them into her eager fingers. "Now, tell us all you know."

"You must follow the beach up until you find us," said he; "then cross the grove of pines at the right, and you will see the inn. In the front room, you will find the Captain of the band, with his sweetheart."

A murmur of satisfaction arose from the men, and the leader, compelling grannie to follow, strode on across the beach.

Inside the old inn, Elsie and her lover were fast asleep.

"You must go at once, Rolf. The cutter comes just outside the cove," the girl said, nervously. "I thought you would see her."

"I have been out of town all day; and it's too dark to-night to see anything. Come, lass, fly with me. We'll never return. This is no life for you. When you are my wife, sweethearts, hills and jewels'll be none too fine for you. Come away, and we'll have a home of our own that is grand and beautiful, with no grannie to grumble and find fault."

She loved this daring fellow, in spite of his lawless deeds. Indeed, she knew no better class of men, for most of her life had been spent among the smugglers on the coast. She had rechristened her arms, while he bent to receive her answer.

Before she could speak, the heavy oaken door was thrown open, and the men from the cutter filed swiftly into the room.

"You may as well surrender, my man," said the leader, throwing open the door and revealing the naval blue, with its gleaming buttons.

The young outlaw stood like a stag at bay. In the confusion Elsie had slipped from his arms, and out of the door. He was very glad of that — she was out of danger.

For an instant there was a dead silence, and then, as the leader took one step forward, Rolf drew a pair of revolvers from his pockets, leveled them at the men, and shouted with a reckless ring in his voice, while his face gleamed with the promise of capture.

"Come on — all of ye! Only live me a fair chance, and I'll give you a taste!"

His tall, magnificently-built figure towered a full half a head above the others, and his gleaming eyes were full of desperate resolve; but he looked into the barrels of six loaded pistols, and the men were determined to capture their prize.

"Surrender, or we will fire!"

At that moment a clear, sweet whistle rang out from the storm and tumult in the small room.

Rolf's quick ear recognized it. Elsie had learned it from his own lips, and had often helped him from danger by that call. While she hesitated, and involuntarily glanced over their shoulders to ascertain if possible from whence the sound came, the young smuggler, with a wild laugh, and a blessing in his heart for Elsie, led the way, the blood-clothes and pistol in his hand, through the doorway, and another bullet severed a lock of hair. Turning, he took aim with the revolver in his left hand and fired; one of the cutter's men uttered a sharp cry, and throwing up his arms fell to the floor. Another pistol met the bold fellow at the door, but he struck it up with his weapon and rushed out into the night with two or three bullets whistling about his ears.

Again that clear whistle came to him, and, following the sound, he reached the corner of the inn, where he found Elsie waiting with his horse.

"Bless you, my girl!" he murmured. With one leap he was upon the animal's back. He bent from the saddle and held out one hand.

There was a word to the horse, a reckless, defiant shout sent back at their pursuers, and they were gone in the dead blackness of the night.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

WHEN Bernhardt leaves Paris, women of all classes are to be fashionably dressed.

JULIA RIVE KING is to have a first-class concert company out on a tour through the next amusement season.

CHRISTINE NILSSON, in her correspondence with a personal friend, states that she will not come to America during the forthcoming season.

PERFORMANCE of *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger von Nuremberg* will be given at the Vienna Opera-house.

JOSERIN JEFFERSON, actor, artist and agriculturist, during his vacation among the Vermont pastures has selected a fine herd of short-horn cattle for his Louisiana farm.

AN UNCONTRADICTED RUMOR has it that Alice Oates Watkins is to forsake comic opera next season, and be the bright, particular star of mélange called *Long Branch*.

THE DEATH of the once-famous tenor Ivanoff, the contemporary of Rubin, is announced. His career on the lyric stage was brief, but very successful, both in Italy and England.

MR. CHARLES COGHILL has commenced a country tour of England with a version by himself of the play of *La Morte Civile*, in which Signor Salvini has occasionally appeared.

MADAME PATTI will appear next winter in Paris at the theatre des Nations. Messrs. Polloni and Franchi will be the impressario of the Italian season. It is said that *Sonaramide* and *Meistersofle* will be mounted especially for Madame Patti.

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