

THE MESSENGERS.

BY ETTE M. HOLTON.
A white-robed messenger came
And stood on the side one day.
"I whispered, "I never can come again,"
Then sleepily few away.

But another came in its place,
And, seeing my art suspense,
Lore me, "I have a last message from the
To my home beyond the skies."

Another still they came,
Each had a message for me;
Of work to be done in the cause of right,
And conscience and work agreed.

But oft as they glided by,
To my heart they came,
Methought I could trace on their snowy wing
A record of sin with stain.

I glad would those leave them back,
But still they come to me;
And the last of all, a fatal oblation
Is borne to the other shore.

Thus the days and years sped on
Till to-night, my life most done,
The last messenger came, and messengers
Come back to me one by one.

What meant their sad reproach?
Neglect, 'neath the death
Of their bright ones is laid to my charge
As I stand with death.

Who art thou that envies my peace
To see what I think and do?
We whisper of right—if that heed not
Our record must still be true."

The Father hath us in love;
We are his fairest flower.
Then call us moments while we are here;
When gone, thou call us time.

FANDON, ILL. — ETTE M. HOLTON.

A FATAL INHERITANCE.

BY LEIGH L. BROOKNER.

"Is this artist's blouse becoming to me?" asked Drusilla Sterling of her Cousin Lucretia.

"What matter whether a garment becomes you or not? Your attitude always grace and fascinating. If it were to me, and it would be worth while to the daughter of a dancer. I wonder what Maxwell St. Ives would say if he knew that?"

Drusilla's anger was at white heat, but so great was her self-control that to an ordinary observer she would have seemed perfectly calm. Her voice was unusually smooth and low as she replied to Lucretie's speech:

"I am sorry for your compliment, though it is not at all new for me to be told that I am graceful."

For St. Ives knowing the story of my parentage, I mean to tell him as soon as occasion demands; at present he is too little interested in me or my affairs to care about the story."

Poor Lu felt that her throat had been without effect. It was rarely she allowed herself to be so bitter, but surely she had to occur to her that she was a pale-faced, ill-born and ill-bred creature, who, by some offhand witicism, had won Lucretie's handsome lover from her.

From the first moment Roy Sebert heard Drusilla's voice he had been ready to follow her through the world. Only two months from England, and already so fond of her, he had been an afflamed lover to be so faithful to her.

It was rumored that a young curate on the other side of the water had committed suicide for her sake.

When her cousin left the room Drusilla sat down before the pier-glass and looked at herself steadily, sadly.

"My fate follows me. I am doomed to make trouble wherever I go. Lu is jealous, and, the more I try to please her, the more I am slighted. I am destined to be her lover. Yet Roy is handsome, and the temptation has been very strong sometimes."

It was a source of deep humiliation to Drusilla that her mother had been an actress, and when she remembered her cousin's taunt, she resolved to try and make her fortune.

"I will deny myself the pleasure of being amiable to Roy Sebert no longer. If Cousin Lu, with those lovely dark eyes of hers, cannot enchant a lover, who will see what the daughter of a dancer can do?"

She lifted a small green velvet shade from her toilet and placed her eyes under her eyes. An intense and unremitting devotion to philosophical studies had made her nearly blind. Certainly, her eyes were not pleasant to look at, and she said, "I certainly wish to shock no one by my hideousness." Perhaps she was also aware that the dark velvet shade would give her forehead the dark eyes of hers, cannot enchant a lover, who will see what the daughter of a dancer can do?"

She was hardly the kind of letter to send a man the world's width from his heart's desire! No, it was not for me to be the shadow of impending evil. She loved him! It was cruel that she could not be free from forebodings. At the thought of the small ship, he had his heart well broken, and he had scarcely reached his home when a note followed him, saying:

"MAXWELL ST. IVES: As I love you I must never see you again. I would only bring you unhappiness. It is my sad fate. Forgive me and farewell."

"Yours, always and forever."

"Drunken Sinner."

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