

TWO SAT DOWN.
Two sat down in the morning time,
Out to bring me one to say,
All my listless heart to make sublime,
But no one listened to the dull wheel's din.

The singer she sat in a pleasant nook,
And sang of a life that was fair and sweet,
While the sun shone down and the birds look,
Bustily piping her hands and feet.

The singer sang on, with a rose in her hair,
And all men listened to her sweet tones;
And the spinner spun on with a dull drear,
Doubtless the singer's voice was lost.

But I on the morrow no one said
Aught of the singer or what she sang—
Men were saying, "Behold this thread!"
And led the praise of the spinner sang.

The world has forgotten the singer's name—
Her rose is red, her songs are old;
But for the rose across the spinner's fame
She is blazoned in lines of gold.

WAS HE MAD?

BY CHARLES E. GOLDST.

In visiting the south of England, have you ever gone out of your way to enjoy a few hours in one of the many delightful, thriving towns which are scattered like corn throughout that sunnier land? If not, then it has not been your good fortune to view the sparkling landscapes of Hazelton, a place which will be modest little homes, whose white paint glints in the sunlight, and whose gardens, trimmed and orderly, exhibit blushing roses and sweet-scented flowers peeping from midise dense masses of green foliage.

Some twenty years back, there was situated on the outskirts of Hazelton, a gloomy-looking mansion surrounded by a high wall, a place which well nigh hid the edifice from view.

Bolton had stood the storms of many centuries, but time seemed only to deepen the gloom of its surroundings. The house was square in form, with a turreted wing attached to its eastern wall. This wing exhibited great signs of decay, and its moldering walls and prison-shaped windows enhanced the general gloom surrounding the whole place.

In this wing were the fortunes of the Bolton race made; here were formulated those thoughts whose execution had raised Peter Bolton, gentleman, from comparative poverty and insignificance to wealth and knighthood; and here was the splendor of the same maintained by a long line of descendants, terminating at the time of which we write, in Sir James Bolton.

Sir James was a man who had just turned his fiftieth year; of tall stature and well-rounded form, with a face whose keen black eyes could either twinkle with humor or sparkle with the darkest of malice.

Sir James was a widower, his wife having died shortly after their marriage leaving her blessing in the form of a new-born babe to her youthful husband.

Twenty-four years had transformed the babe into a broad-shouldered young man with blue eyes brimming over with good humor, a rapt appetite for the delicious of the table.

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Arthur Bolton had met Lucy Grey while visiting a village friend, and enjoyed her society in many little picnics and parties gotten up in the neighborhood, and had declared his love and was accepted. And now, the two young hearts were patiently waiting for the day that would bind them together in unity and love.

Not a Beverage.

"They are not a beverage, but a medicine, with curative properties of the highest order, containing no poison or dangerous drugs. The do not turn down an already debilitated system, but build it up. One bottle contains more hops, that is, more real hop strength, than a barrel of ordinary beer. Every bottle of Hostetter's Bitters is a physician and the physicians prescribe them."—*Evening Express on Hop Bitters.*

Cutting It Short.

"Once, during the days of my early years, I learned one or two things about humor last evening. One of them was that Lucy Grey, with a cloak completely enveloping her, presented herself at the door of the Bolton mansion. The servant had evidently received his instructions, for without a word he led her to the favorite sitting-room of his master.

Before long the marble top was hidden beneath gilt-edged vases and musty papers, sat Sir James. His face was slightly pale, and his eyes shone with unnatural brightness, as rising from his seat, he cordially extended his hand toward his visitor.

"You cannot imagine, Miss Grey," he said, in soft, melting tones, "what pleasure it affords me to have my request promptly granted. My dear girl, you have suffered now for a long time—suffered through him employing a cigar and the sweet perfumes of your garden?"

"'Ha! ha!" laughed Sir James; and for a few moments both gentlemen indulged in considerable merriment.

Sir James' mirth finally ceased, and a look of deep seriousness settled over his countenance. Arthur turned around and thoughtfully studied the old house which he had so much admired.

"Father!" he exclaimed, wheeling back to his former position, "why do you not have that old, broken-down tower torn away, and erect a modern wing in its place? I have often thought that it cast a gloom over our home, and this morning it seems really forbidding."

Sir James raised his black eyes swiftly to the face of his son, and darted a keen, searching look at him. Sighing deeply satisfied with his inspection, he replied in his usual tones.

"No, Arthur, your father has too few moments of seriousness to remove, at this late hour, the jolly objects that chain his thoughts to the past. But, Arthur, my object in meeting you here this morning is of far too serious a nature to wait longer. To-day, Arthur Bolton—and for the future, you and your home lie in your hands!"

"What?"

"I am ruined, unless—"

"Good heavens, father, what do you mean?" exclaimed the young man with startled eyes and excited tones.

"Unless," passionately continued Sir James, "you save me."

"Thank God, if it lies in my power!" was the glad response. "But how is it to be done?"

"My plan is very simple. My creditors are beginning to push me to the wall. I can stave off the event for a month, and in the meantime you can hasten my plantation in Cuba—my last resource. In working out this plan, you will have through my enemies become much confused, and sell it for what it will bring. I have no doubt but the sun will rise over all my debts, and leave a handsome margin."

A look of glad resolution lightened the face of Arthur as he replied: "I will run over to the Meadows and see Lucy to-morrow, and then away!"

Sir James turned slightly pale. Shading his eyes with his hand from his son's gaze, he said: "I am ruined, but I must recover to prepare for his journey."

"Miss Grey left town this morning, to visit her aunts in London; and besides, Arthur, it is of the most importance that you should depart this very afternoon."

"This very afternoon!" Arthur involuntarily murmured, in a voice slightly saddened, for his thoughts were rapidly traveling toward Lucy, his love. Rousing himself from his gloomy reverie, he replied, with force of cheerfulness: "Very well, father; I will leave a note for Lucy in your care, and this afternoon shall see me off." And with these words his son, the man retired to prepare for his journey.

For a few moments Sir James Bolton pulled desperately on his cigar. He was reflecting, and, as the thoughts chased each other away, the varying expression of his face was marked and serious.

"He is my son," he broke out fiercely, throwing his cigar far from him. "God help him if he can't stand a hand that would break him, but the hand of fate is close upon me, and I must succumb. Heaven!" he groaned, pacing up and down the path excitedly. "What I suffer! And for whom, for what? For Arthur! If it were any other human being, I could crush him to the earth from my path with exultation! But now," he cried again, "I am for coming and going from his face. 'I must stab my own son's heart to the core. Must I? Oh, how the chains drag me to the ground!" And

yet I must have her. Love, love!" he continued, passionately, breaking from his strain of reverie. "What power is this, which chains are these, that binds me to such? Love and honor should go hand in hand, but not with me—not with me! By Heavens!" he cried, racking fiercely up and down, "I shall have her!" And, with a glance toward the blue sky above he fell on his knees and hissed, "I swear it!"

CHAPTER II.

There was nothing particularly beautiful in Lucy Grey's face or form—that was a stamp on her countenance which God alone had placed there—the stamp of purity, truth, and virtue.

Since the sudden departure of Arthur, a general sadness had weighed over Sir James, had called, and, taking her in hand, had gently said:

"Lucy, I have sorrowful news to impart—news that will break your heart, unless you boldly bare your shoulder to the burden. Prepare yourself, my dearest friend, to hear me tell you. Arthur has rejoiced his father, and deserted the girl he promised to make his wife."

"I can not, will not, believe it!" she cried, with head erect and eyes aflame.

"How cruel!" she murmured. "Cruel! Oh, how shall I bear it—how shall I endure? Would to heaven that I could lay down the burden of my life and sink into oblivion! Lucy, who would have love and who—was it not I who made the note?"

"Arthur! Arthur! Save me!"

"Arthur! Arthur! Save me!"