

## THE YESTERDAYS.

BY MARY CLARE.  
Take your gifts, oh, yesterday,  
And from all unfriendly eyes  
Prest them one by one away.  
I take your gifts, glad yesterday,  
And when you work in play,  
From care to rest, they'll make me joy,  
And make my heart so happy.

I take your gifts, glad yesterday,  
The better gifts I might have done,  
The more I might have won away,  
The higher might I have won.

You show, oh, terrible yesterday,  
How poor my life's most perfect part;  
You lead me to the best, and when  
I am lost, instead of pitying heart,

As the waves of summer woods,  
Bear the laces of far-off streams,  
The murmur of the honeyed pines  
Runs sweet and low along my dreams.

And still you show, oh, yesterday,  
A sad face, a heart so lone,  
The lingering fragrance of a joy,  
One yesterday made all the own.

I take your gifts, glad yesterday,  
How poor my life is poor;  
The more I stay, the gauds away,  
The wealth of all the past is over.

We meet, we part, we go our ways;  
We meet, we part, bears up to God  
The sum of all the yesterdays.

## A TALE OF A PHOTOGRAPH.

"Wouldn't it be fun!" exclaimed Lucy Clare to herself, looking up from the letter she was reading.

It was in the morning before school, and as the bell would not ring for half an hour she had plenty of time to enjoy the letter.

"I have the answer," she said.

She was a girl of 20 summers, of medium height, plump figure and good English complexion—for she was an English girl, though for some five or six years a resident of America. Her hair was short and dark-brown in color, her forehead broad, high and full, one of which was large, large, expressive, brown eyes, bright with intelligence and fun. Yes, though she was working hard at Greek, Latin and mathematics, she could find time to break as many hearts as those who thought of marrying else. At present she was a student in one of our best colleges which had recently opened their doors to the gender, though by no means less intelligent,

The letter she was reading was from a girl friend and found many words in it.

It contained the photograph of a young gentleman whose acquaintance the young lady, Miss Ada Vane, had made during a recent trip to the South. In a former letter she had mentioned that he was particularly handsome and rich, and Lucy had asked to see his picture. Accordingly Miss Vane sent it to her, charging her to keep it safe for her. The anxiousness that this bright before Lucy's eyes was what caused her glee.

The gentleman in question was a good-looking widower of 28, one of the F. F. V., and a petted member of society.

Seven years before he had fallen in love with and married a beautiful but penniless school-mistress, who had lived but a few months afterward. He felt the loss of his first love very keenly, and again appeared in the world of society, a bachelorette for bright eyes and a victim for scheming matrons—and why not? Did he not own half the town in which he lived?

Miss Vane was making a tour of some of the Southern States, where she had been invited to speak at the meetings of the F. F. V., and in the little town of H. H. this Arthur Darcie, Both were incomparable frits, and soon were engaged in a contest of wit and repartee.

So adroitly did they devote themselves to each other that people exchanged significant glances whenever they were seen together. But they understood each other, and that was the secret of their success. They had a step back who were right in getting all the good things in life. At last the day came to say good-bye, and Ada left for the North. However, both expected to attend the Author's Carnival, in Boston, the following spring, so did not say good-bye, but au revoir.

Soon after her return home, Ada had some time taken, and then, to her relatives in H. H. One of her young uncles showed it to Mr. Darcie, and he immediately, to use her uncle's language, "nearly took a fit, sent his photo to his very best respects, and would she be so kind as to send hers in return?" Of course, she didn't get it, as Ada's photo, made in the same studio, was the more desirable that it was hard to obtain, and this is how she came by the photograph.

In due time the other picture was written for and obtained. When Lucy received it she exhibited it to her schoolmates as a recent conquest. All the boys and girls envied the girl who had the best.

She told them he would be at the Carnival, and, as the spring vacation would come in April, she determined to persuade her brother to take her. After consultation with Ada they resolved to go in a party, as that would be the more enjoyable way.

On the 10th, Lucy, her mother and brother arrived at C. the home of Mr. Vane. They found all ready, and, after a day's rest, started direct for Boston to secure their apartments, left to the evening. Florence, and she and Mr. Clare had already decided to hear Von Bulow that night.

"Well, how do you like him?" said Ada to Lucy, as they sat combing out each other's hair preparatory to dressing.

"Well, I can't tell yet. I like him very well so far. He is different from most young men I have met. But I think that there are some girls who care for something besides flattery and gossip. However, people always do their best the first time. After you are well acquainted and they are less on their guard, it is time to see what they are all about."

"Marguerite; one of her best characters, Peakes in Mephisto," replied the older Mr. Darcie. "My brother and I have already seen a boy, and it will give you a pleasure to see it with me. Miss Vane, if you will do me the honor to accompany me I shall be most happy to call for you at eight."

"I will think about it during the week and let you know when we will call on our good-natured mother. You know I must write and consult your father. But it is getting late, and we have not arranged how we are to pass the time while here."

"Well, the Carnival will take two days, at least, will it not?" said Mr. Vane.

"Yes. Then it will take another day to look over the city. Kellogg and I both coming, so I think we can manage to fill up the time," continued Mr. Clare. "What does Kellogg sing to-night?"

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