

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.
I saw that the light of her beauty had faded;—
The eye that illumined it glared wildly now;—
The voice that once so sweetly cooed and subduced,
Had shrouded a cheek dewed with memory's
tear.

She wept not for the name of her cruel de-
The solace of friendship 'twas vain to impart.
She had loved with the warmth of a guileless
heart; but man had been faithless and broke her
heart.

The feeling is low where she withered in sadness;
The body is deformed, her heart is unfeeling;—
The eyes die—her voice is dead—her glances pale;—
No longer shall blossom, no more shall sing.

The dove has left a refuge, a house of protection;
When rent is the storm-cloud, and vivid its dart;—
But desots wanders the maid of affection
With whom her heart is blighted and broken her
heart.

She has gone, and her robes the willow woe over;
In the grave's quiet shelter are hushed her deep
woes.

She bears not the sign of a recent lover,

No promises blighted disturb her repose.

Her spirit, too, for the bonds that enthralled it,

Now hallowed in realms whence it never shall de-
part.

Looks dimly down on the wreath which disdained
it;

On him who has rifted and broken a heart.

RETRIBUTION.

He was a pretty little fellow of per-
haps 5 years, and he looked through the
window of the restaurant with hungry,
longing eyes at the big cakes and rows of
tempting pies; at last flattening his
little nose against the glass as if to be
near the beautiful viands before
satisfying. There was something in his
appearance which was so different from
the ordinary little street boy that I first
stopped and looked, then addressed
him with:

"Are you hungry, little boy?"

He then turned quickly, gave a little
nod, and said laconically:

"Awful!"

"Well, suppose we go in there and
get something to eat?"

The child's face brightened; then he
hesitated and said, dubiously:

"Maybe mamma wouldn't like me
to."

"Where is your mamma? How come
you here alone?"

"She's home, sick. I've runned
away," and he looked up in my face
with big, brown eyes in which there was
a sparkle of mischief.

"Who have you? I am afraid
that is very naughty; won't your mam-
ma be anxious?"

"Oh, she's sick, she's awful sick! And
I ain't had anything to eat to-day."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

The little face sobered at once as he
said:

"No, only Eloise, and she's gone
away, and pap's gone away, and
ma-ma says maybe she's going away,
and she don't know what'll come of me."

"Who is Eloise? Your sister?"

"You're right."

"Where has she gone? Won't she
come back?"

"No, she ain't never coming back;
they put her in a little black box and
took her to heaven, and mamma cried;
she said she wouldn't never come back
again, and I haven't anybody to play
with now."

"I'm sorry!" The name had struck a
chord in my heart which awakened
painful memories, and while the little
fellow was talking my mind had strayed
back to years ago, and a vision of a
beautiful false friend rose before my
eyes. Suddenly I asked the child his
name.

"Edwin Alexander Anderson."

For an instant I felt faint and sick,
happy wife and mother though I now
am. That name brought back to me a
feeling of pain which I could not forget,
and I almost fell like turnip green at
leaving the child—his child—his
fate.

But, thank Heaven! I implored
you for a moment; I knew now
why those brown eyes thrilled me so;
but with the impulse to turn away came
a whisper from my good angel: "Do
good to those who despatched us you."

And seeing the little fellow still looked
longingly at the cakes I took him in,
gave him a cup of warm milk, and a
bag of cookies to take home with him;
but he could not eat alone, probably, if he
had said he had run away; so I asked
him where he lived, and if he knew the
way home.

"We live now in No. 10 Pine street,
but I dunno where 'ts."

I was not at all sure of the locality
myself, but the little one's name re-
quested to be carried to my destination;
and then the awkwardness of meeting
his father flashed across me, till I rec-
lected he had said "Papa's gone away."

"Where has your papa gone?"

"He's gone to the dogs."

The answer was certainly startling,
and notwithstanding, or perhaps in con-
sequence of my nervousness, I smiled,
and felt to my throat a mingled inclination
to laugh and cry. Then I said
seriously:

"What do you mean? Who told you
that?"

"Oh, I heard a man tell the doctor so
when he came to see Eloise, and I found
it in the big map-book mamma and I
had to use all our strength; and the
name was written on the cover of the
book; and the awkwardness of meeting
his father was too much for me."

I felt guilty of learning family secrets,
so turned away from that subject and
said:

"Is your mother very ill?"

"Oh, she's dread sick! I coughs and
coughs, and spits up lots of red
spit; it's awful!"

Poor Eloise, the brilliant beauty, was
now lying on the floor at the little
boy's lonely mother's side, and
remembered the elegance of his mother's
attire when we girls together; I rec-
membered, oh, so well! But I was a
poor, wretched, friendless boy, from my
little companion's exclaiming:

"Here we are!"

I paid the driver, and we got out and
mounted three flights of stairs in a
shabby lodging-house. He opened a door,
and there she lay, the poor, thin
face, feverish eyes and shrivelled form
made my heart aghast. She raised her
self up, alit, clutching my hand, said:

"Listen, Alice, I am dying. I must
speak now; my punishment is from
Heaven; he has left me. You are re-
venged, and my little girl has gone, and
he—pointing to the boy—"the image
of his father will soon be alone, all
alone. My father is dead, and his sister
are all dead, and his father—I do not
know if he is living or dead, he
should not have my innocent boy to
ruin. Oh, Alice, you look the same as
ever; will you take care of my boy?"

For an instant I recollect, I take Edwin
Anderson's child to my house to live
with my children? It seemed im-
possible; but those large, wistful eyes
were fixed on me; I could not bear to
see him go.

"You will not have him, Alice;
You will not take him yourself,
Alice?" And she raised herself up, and

excitement lent strength to her voice,
"Alice, I heard of your marriage to a
good man. Have you children?"
"I have a little girl 3 years old and a
baby."

"Then for God's sake take my boy
and make him good; let him be your
child, and when he gets old enough to
understand, give him that desk," pointing
to one on a table at her side. "I
have written out my history as a
warning, and in my papers, any
of my father's property. He has sold it
and squandered the money. I believe
he went to Europe and is living some-
where in Italy with another of his dupes;
my boy is poreless. Will you, oh,
Alice, will you forgive all and take
him?"

I could say no more, and the excite-
ment was over, her face fell exhausted.
I summoned assistance from one of the
other rooms, and begged them to go to the
nearest physician; but it was too
late; he came but to say that she was
going fast, and ere night she died with
her head on my shoulder.

I had sent a note to my husband ex-
plaining my absence, and he was there
with a carriage to take home my dead
son; and when he had come, I told him
the secret of my heart, and he
said, "I have a good man, and when I
told him your wish about her boy he
said quietly:

"The child is ours now."

There was a quiet funeral, and Eloise
Anderson was laid beside her lost little
girl.

And this is the story of our two lives.
Two years before, Eloise Grayson and I,
Alice Brown, were together at Madame
C's boarding-school for young ladies.
Her father was called wealthy, and she
and a sister several years her senior
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Eloise was very beautiful, and when I
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