

#### LUCK OF ONE DAY'S FISHING.

One morning when spring was in her teens,  
A morn to a poet's wishing,  
And tinted in delicate pinks and greens,  
Miss Besse and I went fishing.  
I with my rod, my reel, and my hooks;  
And a hamper for lunch-on recesses;  
She with her hat tied down to her nose,  
And her nose tipped—vice versa.  
I with my rod, my reel, and my hooks;  
She with her hat tied down to her nose,  
And the scene of her golden tresses.  
So we sat down on the sunny dyke,  
Where the white pen-lillies teeter;  
And we're a fishing like quaint old like,  
And she like Simon Peter.  
All the now I lay in the light of her eyes,  
And drearily wa'ched and waited;  
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,  
And the bather alone was bated.  
And when the time for departure came,  
The bag was as flat as a founder;  
But Besse had neatly hooked her game,  
A hundred and eighty pounder.

#### PEACE ELLITHORPE.

BY LILY CURRY.

The sunset light, which had lingered on the river by the boat house and upon the greenness of the shore beyond, had deepened into the dull purple of twilight; and now the moon, rising over the shadows of the bluffs, had flung a golden bridge across the wide, smooth waters. Mid-stream, one boat swung softly to the dip of oars and the song of the rowers, who were moved, perchance, with an impulse to round the completeness of the midsummer night.

Peace Ellithorpe and Louis Gordon, standing in the shadow of the boat-house, listened intently for a time.

"How sweet!" the girl said, presently.

Gordon's eyes were fixed upon her pure, pale face, with its halo of red-gold hair, its long-lashed violet eyes.

"The Soldier's Farewell," he answered. "It's always beautiful." His thoughts, nevertheless, might have been more of the beauty of her countenance—there, where the moonlight crept upon the darkness as a timid lady to her lord.

And now he had stepped down into a boat, and was reaching up his hand to assist her.

"All right?" he asked. And when she had answered half gayly, he pulled away from the landing into the stillness and delight of the waters.

"I am so glad to have you back," he said, by and by. "It has seemed a year since you went."

"I am glad you missed me," she responded. "Yet it was only a month."

"And passed rapidly with you, no doubt, among scenes of gayety." He spoke in a zealous tone.

"I have not said so," she answered. "There was much to occupy, much to amuse; nothing to compensate for our separation."

There was no coquetry here. Not once in all the six months of their engagement had she hesitated to speak the truth concerning her regard for him.

"O, well," he said, as if half-ashamed, "you must expect one to be ill-natured when he has to stay at home and let his sweetheart go thousands of miles away from him. But now you are back, you must tell me everything you saw, every place you visited."

"As if I had not already done so in my letters."

"In a general way, you did. I would like particulars."

"Where shall I begin? The Springs, or the country? I spent two weeks at Saratoga, and one at the seaside, you know; then did a seven days' penance at Brockton. O, such a dull place, Louis! Duller than Western towns of half its size. Not a thing to see, not a place to go, except—you'll laugh when I tell you—except the State reformatory."

She paused, for he had suddenly let go the oars. He bent again in a moment, and, taking firmer hold of them, began to pull very hard against the current.

"What is the matter, Louis?"

He answered breathlessly, after his exertions.

"Nothing. We—we're getting too far down stream. Go on, Peace; you were saying that you visited the State reformatory."

"Yes, it was very interesting. Were you ever there?"

Gordon laughed faintly.

"Was I ever there? Oh, yes; I was there once. Well, how did it strike you?"

"I don't know what you are laughing at," she said; "and I don't believe you were there either, so I'll tell you all about it, for really I liked it very much—liked the idea, you know. In the first place, it is built upon a hill, and the entire grounds are surrounded with a high brick wall."

"In the shape of a square," suggested Gordon, "with a sentry tower at each corner, and a watchman inside of each tower, with a loaded gun and instructions to shoot down any one caught trying to escape."

"Exactly," said Peace, with some animation. "So you have been there, and you know all about the workshops, the clean corridors, the grades, and the night school. There is one illuminated text upon the chapel wall, which I think most beautiful: 'Look not unmercifully upon the past.'"

Gordon repeated it after her, with a sigh.

"But it is impossible not to," he said, weakly.

"Impossible not to look unmercifully? Why do you say that? Why, nearly all the prisoners were boys, mere boys, placed there for some trifling offense instead of being thrown into prison among old, hardened criminals."

"There isn't much difference," he said, moodily. "Once you deprive a man or boy of his liberty, for any fault committed—" He broke off suddenly, and cried, "Pshaw! Why are you talking of such things?"

But she was not ready to abandon the subject.

"You speak as if you did not believe in reformation."

"Do you?" he asked quietly.

"To be sure I do, and most effectual."

"Wait a little," said Gordon. "You couldn't think as much as any one who had been an inmate of such an

institution, even for the shortest time, as you could of one who had never broken the law in any way, could you?" "That would depend entirely on his after-conduct," she answered promptly. "If we're disposed to do right in every respect, no look or word of mine should recall the past."

"I would like to see you put to the test in this," he said, incredulously.

"I would like to be. I would like to know some one who had broken the law and made atonement, and who wanted to forget it all and live aright henceforward. I would like to be a staunch friend to such a one."

Gordon began to row very hard again, and so was very unable to respond for some minutes.

"I once had a friend," he said, speaking very slow, "who was sent to that same reformatory—nearly eight years ago. He—he forged the name of a distant relative."

"Tell me about it," she said, with evident interest. "I suppose he was young and didn't realize."

"Yes; he was quite young. He was in the employ of this relative—a second cousin—and had been pretty honest and faithful until that moment. Even then, he had no interest in being dishonest, for he meant to restore the money within twenty-four hours. It was a matter of pride and extravagant companions. He fully intended to restore the money, and only did it to get out of a boy's scrape. But—it was discovered. His relative might have saved him, but did not. After all the three years the boy had served him faithfully, that cousin—prosecuted him."

The boy was sent to the institution you visited. Perhaps you remember the rules. He was perfect in behavior for six months, which put him on parole another half year, and then gave him his freedom. He left the State immediately, and nobody who knows him now, has the faintest suspicion of the secret he carries,—nobody but myself. Not even the young lad is to marry."

"He has not told her?" cried Peace, in a startled voice. "Oh, how wrong! and how foolish! If she should find it out by and by, how much worse than if he himself had told her. Indeed, he ought to tell her, for she, if she loves him, will be the very one to sympathize and to help him forget it. Louis, you must urge him to tell her."

"I do not know about that."

"But you must, dear. Promise me, the next time you see him, to suggest it."

"I dare not, Peace. I might be the means of wrecking his happiness entirely. No, don't ask me. Let us talk of something else."

"But I cannot think of anything else until you have promised me."

"I will promise to ask him to think of it," he said, reluctantly.

"Very well, dear. Because if she loves him, it will certainly make no difference in her feelings for him. Let me see; you say he was perfect in conduct. Then he was of the first grade, and wore gray. How distinctly I remember seeing them all at work. In the foundry building they were almost all third grade men, in red uniform, a lovely shade of red, too, a rich cardinal. I remember the light from the molten iron shining upon the workers, and making the color they were even handomer. Well, well, Louis, you are not vexed with me, are you?"

"Vexed!"

"You seem so silent, dear."

He let the oars rest, and leaning forward, drew her face close to his own.

"I am so glad to be with you again," he whispered. "So glad! I have missed you so much!"

The boat drifted as he held her thus—drifted placidly. They could hear the other rowers singing sweetly once again:

Soft and low, soft and low,  
Wind of the Western sea.

She leaned her head upon his shoulder. How near she was! How dear she was! He could hear her heart beat, and feel her pure breath upon his cheek. Her knotted hair had loosened, and the red-gold rings were shining in the moonlight upon her dark, plain dress.

And still he held her closely, and they drifted.

"Why do you sigh, Louis?"

"If I should lose you," he said gloomily, "what would my life be worth?"

"Do not think of such things. You will not lose me, dear."

"I must not, Peace."

Again the refrain of the singers came swelling across the still waters:

Wind of the Western sea.

And again Gordon sighed.

"You love me, don't you, dear?"

"What a strange tone for that question, Louis! A tone of doubt. Why, I could no more doubt you than doubt the stars in heaven!"

"You—you have perfect confidence in me, dear?"

"Perfect."

"And you will always love me, come what may?"

"Always, Louis."

"You—you want me to have no secrets from you, Peace?"

"None whatever."

"No, no," he said hastily, "and you are right, dearest."

They sat apart again, and he pulled steadily at the oars.

"That friend of yours, Louis," she said, presently, "of whom you were telling me. I suppose they put him at work of some sort?"

Gordon answered slowly: "He kept books in the office. He was considered a good bookkeeper."

"That was not bad. Would you—would you mind telling me where he is now, and what he is doing? You say he is to be married soon?"

"He is in this state," said Gordon.

"He has a good business, fair prospects, and is engaged to a beautiful girl, whom he worships. He has been very happy of late."

It was her turn now to sigh, not wearily, but as if his words gave her some vague satisfaction. Happy herself, she would fain have all the world at peace.

They were out a half hour longer—a half hour sweet with lovers' whispered hopes and confidences! Then slowly he turned the boat shoreward.

The singers were repeating the "Sol-

dier's Farewell" with more perfect harmony than before.

Good-night; farewell, my own true love!

The words came floating across, distinct and sweet, as Gordon steadied his sweetheart to the landing.

They strolled off leisurely then along the sandy shore and on toward the road.

It was not yet late when they had reached her home, and they sat awhile in the broad porch.

But Gordon seemed ill at ease, and this she was quick to discern.

"You have some worriment," she said, softly.

"You think so?" His tone was evasive.

"I am sure of it. Will you not tell me?"

"It is nothing," he said, breathing hard for a moment. "Nothing—only you required a promise of me this evening, and I—I hardly know how to keep it."

"What was that?" she asked, wondering.

"I asked me to urge my friend to—acquaint the woman he loves with the fact that he has broken the law during his life." He spoke constrainedly.

"You think he would fear to do so?"

"I know it," he said, in a voice of pain.

"But," she said, argumentatively, "I am sure I know women better than you do; and I am confident it would be the best thing possible. Besides, the woman who would allow it to make a difference would be unworthy of his love or friendship."

"You mean what you say?" he asked, rather breathlessly.

"Of course I do."

"And you would not change, if—if you were she?"

"I should only think the more of him for having trusted me."

Gordon was silent for a moment. Then he made a movement to put his hand in an inner pocket of his coat.

"I—I have his picture here," he said, with some effort. "I will show it to you."

He drew the small card portrait forth, and slowly reached it to her. Then he turned away his face and was silent.

"O," she said, half laughing, "you have made a mistake, dear. You have given me yours instead of his."

Gordon had risen to his feet. She did not understand. Need he explain? It was not too late. Not too late. Need he go farther?—there was yet escape.

He stood so, without uttering a word. Perhaps it was but a moment's space. Yet to him it seemed an age. An age!

And a struggle was going on in his heart. A terrible struggle. His brain whirled fairly, and strange lights danced before his eyes.

He heard her last light words mocking him: "You have given me yours instead of his. You have made a mistake!"

It was not too late. And some demon was tempting him.

Suddenly the lights ceased to dance before his eyes; the roaring sound was quiet in his ears. He was himself once more, and calm as the dead.

"I have made"—he faltered somewhat nevertheless. "I have made—no mistake. I gave you—his picture."

He dared not look at her.

She gave a cry, as if he had struck and almost stunned her.

"You! You! O, Louis!"

Her voice was faint and horror-stricken.

"I knew it!" he cried. "I knew it. I—release you!"

And, turning, he rushed away down the path and out at the gate.

She watched him go; she did not recall him, but stood silent in the moonlight; and the vine shadows crept slowly about her feet.

"Heavens!" she said, shuddering.

"How—how things come home to one, at times! How easy it is to talk!"

How he shocked me!"

She stood there still; she had not moved since he left her. The wind was sighing softly among the fragrant vines. The moonlight was as more beautiful than ever.

After a long time she stirred a little, and found that she was weeping without her own consent or knowledge. Weeping softly! and saying something over and over to herself with passionate delight:

"How brave he was! How brave he was!"

And now she started, and, hurrying down to the gate, looked eagerly to see if he were not returning.

Even she went out into the road, in the direction she knew he must have gone. She went down the road to the first turn, and into the other street.

Could she not find him? Was she to look always in vain? Must she wait until to-morrow?