

LITTLE AB SID.

Little Ab Sid
Was a Christian kid—
A cute little cuss, you'd declare—
With eyes full of fun
And a nose that begun
Right up at the roots of his hair.
Jolly and fat
Was the frolicsome brat,
As he played through the long summer day,
And basked in the sun.
As his father used to
In Chinatown, far away.
Once o'er a lawn
That Ab Sid played upon
A bumble-bee flew in the spring;
"Melancholy butterfly!"
Said he, with twinkling eyes,
"Me catch and pull off my wing."
Then with his cap
He struck it a rap—
This innocent bumble-bee—
And put it remains
In the seat of his jeans,
For pocket there had the Chinese.

Down on the grass
Sat the little sardine,
In a sty e that was strangely demure,
And said with a grin
That was brimful of sin,
"Me mash um butterfly, sure."
Little Ab Sid
Was only a kid,
For could you expect him to guess
What kind of a bug
He was holding so snug
In the folds of his loose-fitting dress.
"Ki-yi! Ki-yi-ye!"
Ab Sid cried, as he
Toss hurriedly up from that spot.
"Ki-yi! Ki-yi-ye!"
"Dam um Melancholy man—
In butterfly belly much hot!"
In Francisco Wasp.

A ROGUE'S REWARD.

BY KENRIDGE.

A strange motto for a family, is it
he asks, holding up the heavy
ring he had drawn from his finger.
What is it? Translate—you know
it read Latin? Says my lady, look-
up from the depths of those soft,
cushions, against the dark velvet
high her neck and face and arms
like pure Carrara.
"Leans still closer and drops his
e, as if the words held for him some
good forbidding.
"Who forgets shall be in turn for-
en."

es, it is a queer one," says my
meditatively, gazing intently on
handsome, youthful face beside her.
er, too, that you should read it to
under such circumstances, you
v. If it were different—she
es and shrugs her shoulders and
as her hand impatiently, then sighs
turns her face to the wall. The ring
to the floor, and Julian Frere
es her hand as it rests fluttering
ly breast!

ly darling," he cries, forgetful of
ery words that gave rise to her
ion, "only answer me as I wish—
must be answered, and we shall be
y—oh, so happy, if you will.

My lady slowly turns her face back
a, and her eyes are dark with pas-
yet with a half contempt for his
altness in their dreary depths
h he has never seen before.
to you think, Julian, that there are
dreams from which we must awak-
surely when the little comedy
been played, and even the actors
selves are yawning?"

My lady smiles, and looks away, far
ver the waters of the Mediterra-
and the expression of coolness and
mpt deepens in her eyes.
t Julian only sees a beautiful
in who d y by day and week by
has lured him on to love and
hip her.

stretches out his arms to clasp
them, but she makes no response
e has always done before.
has been no comedy on my part,"
uttered, fiercely. "You have no
to say it has been yours."
my friend, did I say that? I
meant—well, you will force me to
such plain words. That motto
ght to mind the peculiar circum-
es which surround us both. Here
—she suddenly stops, then goes
ly on—"here you are, I mean,
to a young lady, not beautiful,
say, but talented, and, I should
e, one who would make you happy
far happier than I could or would.
I am terribly selfish, Julian—"
ughs gayly as if in denial of the
is charge she so lightly brought
t herself—"and I would not make
a good wife. I am too fond of
ing away naps at dear Mr. Blane's
green table. I like the society of
sex too well to put up long with
with the—oh, the fact is that a
nd, you know, is just like your
you get used to his style, and
of it, and naturally want a change.
th me exactly, dear Julian. We
enjoyed ourselves together for a
Shall we not part as friends,
friends, if you choose, but—say
more, you know?"

She takes her hands and kisses them
nately.
are for no one else and can think
one else now. Heavens forgive
at I cannot!" he murmurs.
a moment she says nothing, but
n his arms, peaceful, content.
o remorseful picture disturbs his
l feeling, shall she allow the
of a woman whom she has
met to come between them then?
s sure, she is married—she has
told Julian that—but Lord
is away off in Algiers, where
or is, and perhaps is dead, or
so, for the Africans are terrible
rs, they say. So she gives her
his caresses, and for an hour
instant only it seems to
be happy in the silence which
obtains upon them, as the twi-
steals over the quiet waves and
es all the brightness without to
which creep, creep slowly into
oms and leave dim forms and
in every corner.

By other days had been passed
a manner, and Julian Frere had
content to let them go in sweet
fulness of time, of place, of eter-
lity—content to sit at Isabel's
feet, enlabeled—enamored, if
ike, but trapped of his own free

long the time was since he had
own home in England, he nei-
new nor cared. How long since he
sweet face—so dear to him once—
d not and would not even remem-

gentle letters came very often,
breathing love and truthfulness, but
never a word of reproach at the cold
answers which his unwilling fingers
penned.
He had once imagined that he loved
this English girl, with her tender
manners and soft-brown, trusting eyes.
But, oh, *Dio mio*, he had not then
seen tender eyes flash with a passion
whose fierceness enhances their bril-
liance, nor lips more than half willing
for frequent meetings with his own.
The gentle English girl should have
his name—it was promised, and he was
in honor bound to that. But this dark,
tawny woman of the South, with her
Italian arts of love and Parisian graces,
which charmed and lulled his senses
into dreamland—never could he wring
his heart from her keeping, and what
will be will be.

He went out from his room that evening,
and left the ring with the strange
motto engraved on it lying on the floor.
The next day he called at the Villa
Carlio, but my lady was out.
The day after, at his accustomed
hour, he went again.
My lady was still out, the footman
said.
"But had she left no word—no mes-
sage?" asked Julian.
"Oh, surely. If the signor came
there was a little note."

Julian's hand trembled as he received
a small, crumpled note, which the foot-
man carelessly drew from his pocket.
Beneath the huge porch of the Par-
thenon, where the moonlight streams
down in a broad flood and merges step
by step into the farther shadows, Julian
read the letter:
"Caro mio," it began—ah, the soft
Italian phrase, which seemed doubly
sweet and tender from her lips or pen
—I have been thinking deeply these
last two days, and have come to a sen-
sible resolution. If my lady Eva could
have shown half the sense of which I
shall presently make an exhibition
much trouble might have been averted.
"Dear Julian, you will stamp and
curse and swear when I tell you. Well,
so be it. I shall not be there to hear,
but what I say is this—that we must
part.
"For your little English girl will
begin to be impatient at your absence,
and I—well, I must tell you my hus-
band is coming home from the war in
Algiers, for I am married. Why not
tell you before? It matters nothing
now. If you will be angry, console
yourself with one thought—that I love
you for yourself, and so send you from
me.
"If I loved you for myself, I would
not be such a model of domestic virtue
as you will now picture me, but would
keep you near me whether Milord Car-
lio comes or not, or would fly with you
to the earth's end before my arms should
ever loose their hold upon your neck.
"But I have a memory of a young
heart broken for sake of him who went
away and never saw again the olive
and the vine-leaves which grew in the
valley of my country home. She is
waiting for you, Julian, in her own land,
and I—well, I am waiting for Milord
Carlio, as a good wife should."
The letter closed abruptly. Julian
leaned up against one of the marble
pillars, and pondered deeply every
word.
"Loved him for himself, and so sent
him from her—his egotism would
not allow him to believe in her unself-
ishness.
"Tired of me, more likely," he muf-
tered angrily, "and so, womanlike, shifts
the blame from her own shoulders when
weary of old game, and longing for
new."
He lingered for three weeks in Rome,
in the hope of some chance meeting
with her, but the meeting never oc-
curred. Then he sailed for home, with
a manliness of which my lady scarcely
deemed him capable; he resolved to
take the advice she had given in the
letter, and go back to England—to his
betrothed.
It was not until he was well on his
way that he began to think of the ter-
rible length of his sojourn in Rome—
some seven months—he was reluctant
to acknowledge it, yet he had scattered
bon-bons with my lady in the gay car-
nival season, and it was past October
now.
On the pier at Dover his eldest
brother met him.
"Why! where are you bound for?"
asked Julian, in surprise.
An expression of sorrow came over
the other's features.
"I was going in search of you," he
said hurriedly, "for I—I don't think the
home coming will be pleasant for you
now."
"Why not?" said Julian, a vague feel-
ing of relief creeping unconsciously
upon him.
"Well, you see—over two months ago
it happened—John Moorly, you re-
member him—he and Marian—oh, I
can't tell it—the girl was such a traitor,
but she's gone with him, left him, I
brake faith with you, everything, to
marry a sub in a marching regiment."
Such a wave of happiness swept over
Julian's face.
"George, dear fellow!" he cried,
seizing his brother's hand eagerly, "I
—I don't care—my heart's not broken.
She never really liked me. I am glad
she'll be happy in her own way at last.
But I can't stay here to see it—it would
drive me wild," he added with untruth-
fulness.
So George turned toward London,
while Julian took the next steamer for
Calais.
How the journey passed, the days—
the hours, he knew not. He could only
think of their reunion in that lovely
Italian land. Would she be glad to see
him, and would he be as happy as he
imagined he would be to sit at her feet
and dream of castles that would never
be peopled, but with fancies and of
hopes which could never be realized
owing to the unfortunate existence of
Milord Carlio.
Yes, he would be happy—supremely
so—only to sit in the same sunshine that
cast its brilliant beams on her, only to
wait like her pet dog, Barco, on every
carriage of a whimsical mistress.
Hour by hour he left the cities and
villages of France behind him, and
came at last to the Eternal City. He
had not the courage to go at once to
the Villa Carlio and proclaim his free-
dom—a vague idea that she would
laugh as well as welcome held him back.
Yet she knew of his arrival. Some

lines in the Italian journals spoke of
that.
One day, while he was coming out of
Spithover's, where he had been to ge-
some of Anderson's photographs, the
well-known brougham of Lady Carlio,
with its liveries of crimson and silver,
drew up. Its handsome mistress
alighted.
She started with evident surprise as
her eye fell on Julian. Then she came
nearer and gave him her hand. For a
moment neither spoke.
"I—I had your letter, and obeyed,"
said Julian softly.
"Then why—why are you back again?"
asked my lady, with a little quiver in
her voice.
He looked meaningfully around him.
"Such a crowd—so many here," he
said, and shrugged his shoulders.
"Ah, I understand. There is some
explanation. Come to me at 5 o'clock."
She bowed and passed on, leaving
Julian standing irresolute on the pave-
ment.
It was 2 o'clock then. Up and down
the Piazza di Spagna he paced, un-
mindful of the sun which, notwith-
standing the freshness of a Roman
winter, beat down in a fierce, blinding
glare of light.
He so longed to go, and now that he
was bidden, he scarcely dared to obey
her command or his own ardent inclina-
tions. But toward the hour appointed
he turned out into the Via Babuino,
the street leading directly to my lady's
villa.
She was alone in the very room in
which their last interview had been
held. She came forward to receive
him with a slight timidity and diffidence
which well became her, rare though
these moods were. She only said:
"I am terribly glad to see you, Julian,
things are so dull." But her eyes gave
forth a welcome which he had not
dreamed she would offer.
"What is the matter—why are you
here so soon?" she questioned, and
breathlessly and somewhat hesitatingly
he answered her.
When he had finished, she glanced up
with a look of almost eager longing
into his face.
"Julian," she said, in a low tone, "we
have met with misfortune. I, too, have
lost. Poor Carlio never came back
from the war in Algiers."
"Yes, we are unfortunate," he an-
swered, with some embarrassment.
"The old motto is on my ring—you
spoke of it that day, you recollect.
Well, the cursed saying proved true in
my case. I was base enough to forget,
and so I am forgotten. Are you glad
or sorry?"
He did not look at her for her an-
swer. He only leaned his head against
the low marble mantel, and his
thoughts seemed to wander far away.
Gently she clasped her hands around
his arm. "Dear Julian," she said,
faintly, "you are not forgotten. Will
you not believe that one will always
remember?"
His head was turned away, but he
pressed her hands tightly with both his
own.
"Caro—caro, must I beg of you?
Why will you not forgive me for send-
ing you away?"
Still he was silent.
"There is nothing now to reproach
me. There will be nothing to reproach
you, Julian—caro mio. Why are you
cold to me now?"
He had gone there half resolved to
pay her in part for the anguish she had
made him suffer when she wrote those
cruel lines which banished him, but he
could not withstand her pleading tones.
He caught her light form in his arms,
and almost crushed her in his strong
embrace.
"Oh, my darling, I shall never be
cast off now. Of what matter if all the
world forgets, so that you alone will re-
member!"
He kissed her passionately and
pressed her closer to his breast. My
lady looked up with an arch smile into
his earnest eyes.
"Julian, caro, I am thinking, we were
once so wrong in loving, and now we
are so happy. Why is it that the
wicked ones have paradise and the
good ones are often beggars at the
gate? If you had been true to the
English girl to have looked at me or
ever kissed me, and I too good a wife
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She started with evident surprise as
her eye fell on Julian. Then she came
nearer and gave him her hand. For a
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"I—I had your letter, and obeyed,"
said Julian softly.
"Then why—why are you back again?"
asked my lady, with a little quiver in
her voice.
He looked meaningfully around him.
"Such a crowd—so many here," he
said, and shrugged his shoulders.
"Ah, I understand. There is some
explanation. Come to me at 5 o'clock."
She bowed and passed on, leaving
Julian standing irresolute on the pave-
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It was 2 o'clock then. Up and down
the Piazza di Spagna he paced, un-
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He so longed to go, and now that he
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She was alone in the very room in
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"What is the matter—why are you
here so soon?" she questioned, and
breathlessly and somewhat hesitatingly
he answered her.
When he had finished, she glanced up
with a look of almost eager longing
into his face.
"Julian," she said, in a low tone, "we
have met with misfortune. I, too, have
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from the war in Algiers."
"Yes, we are unfortunate," he an-
swered, with some embarrassment.
"The old motto is on my ring—you
spoke of it that day, you recollect.
Well, the cursed saying proved true in
my case. I was base enough to forget,
and so I am forgotten. Are you glad
or sorry?"
He did not look at her for her an-
swer. He only leaned his head against
the low marble mantel, and his
thoughts seemed to wander far away.
Gently she clasped her hands around
his arm. "Dear Julian," she said,
faintly, "you are not forgotten. Will
you not believe that one will always
remember?"
His head was turned away, but he
pressed her hands tightly with both his
own.
"Caro—caro, must I beg of you?
Why will you not forgive me for send-
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Still he was silent.
"There is nothing now to reproach
me. There will be nothing to reproach
you, Julian—caro mio. Why are you
cold to me now?"
He had gone there half resolved to
pay her in part for the anguish she had
made him suffer when she wrote those
cruel lines which banished him, but he
could not withstand her pleading tones.
He caught her light form in his arms,
and almost crushed her in his strong
embrace.
"Oh, my darling, I shall never be
cast off now. Of what matter if all the
world forgets, so that you alone will re-
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He kissed her passionately and
pressed her closer to his breast. My
lady looked up with an arch smile into
his earnest eyes.
"Julian, caro, I am thinking, we were
once so wrong in loving, and now we
are so happy. Why is it that the
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good ones are often beggars at the
gate? If you had been true to the
English girl to have looked at me or
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