

THE GUTTER HERO.

BY WILLIAM LYLE.

INTO THE GUTTER I DRAVE.
To speak in the mucky rain:
Scant was his raiment and covered
With many a greasy stain;
But God made the little hero,
And under his ragged vest
He carried a soul of honor,
Pur as humanity's best.

INTO THE GUTTER HE WADED.
And stepped with his bare feet
A pocket-book stored with riches
Dropped him, and the rags he had best.
"Money I can't lose," as he clutched it,
And thought of his hunger pain—
A moment he paused—but he conquered,
And breathed a hero again.

ALL ALMIGHTY HE SOUGHT THE OWNER,
And gave up the untouched gold,
The thrill in his heart repeating—
"Happier a thousand fold."
"What! honesty in the gutter?"
Thank you, my little man!"
Only his heart glow'd—
As off the little feet ran.

YES, HONESTY IN THE GUTTER,
Think you it's never been?
Must erring men always meet it,
Can't the world be a better meet?
Hungry and cold though he be,
Have no bright spot on his record,
Because his pedigree?

HONOR IS BOUND TO NO STATION,
Honesty stays by no creed,
And many a noble spirit
Is hid by the garb of need.
The man of the world may marvel,
But poverty's paths are trod
By many a royal hero,
Heart-warmed by the breath of God.

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

BY LILY M. CURRY.

IF ANY ONE was to blame, it was Clemence Arlington, who had first conceived the idea. But this young lady, saute, heiress, only child and mistress of her father's house, was by no means destined to having her plans thwarted. It would have been absurd for Annie Rae to have opposed them. Annie was a lately acquired protege, from Miss Arlington delighted on various occasions to cajole, shower words upon, swear by in matters artistic, and even to patronize. Six years previous the two had been school friends; that was before Fannie had come to the most terrible experience of her life. She had often entertained Clemence at her suburban home, which Clemence had declared a most poetic and fascinating place. Later on, Miss Arlington, duly chaperoned, was sent abroad to complete her education, and the two lost sight of each other for a space of three years. During this time hidden reverses swept the Raes penniless; father and mother succumbed to the shock, and Fannie stood facing the world a homeless orphan. Nervous herself with heroic resolve, she had forthwith set out for the city. She possessed considerable talent for art; had studied home and made fair progress. She chose this, therefore, as her profession. She had been for some time engaged in a dear little sky-studio, with enough pupils to keep her from starving, and just enough courage to hold despair at bay, when, one day, in late November afternoon, Clemence Arlington walked in upon her, the same old Clemence, very tall and slender for her height; elegantly dressed and characteristic in manner.

She took Fannie's face between her hands and gave her a light kiss on the cheek; after which she decided at Fannie's natural enough emotion as very becoming, and, moreover, at Fannie, in her plain, black dress as beautiful as ever, with an intellectual, interesting sort of beauty, not mere pink and white and Grecian features.

She had heard all about her friend's oubliettes, she had been looking her up, she said presently, since returning on Paris.

"And how are you succeeding?" she ent.

"O, fairly," said Miss Rae, trying to smile.

"Which means you are having a fully hard time. Never was a real man yet that didn't. Well, tell me about it."

And Fannie obeyed with some reluctance.

The sat conversing so until the early inter dusk had fallen about them, and they could hardly see each other's faces when Miss Arlington suddenly remembered:

"How late it is! And there are a thousand things I want to ask you. Come home with me, can't you? I'm going to the opera to-night; I want you look at my dress and put a decent garter into it. Come, you can stay night, I'm sure."

And Fannie, of course, obeyed.

They numbered but three at dinner the Arlington mansion that evening, immediately after which Mr. Arlington retired to his library to write letters, and Clemence took Fannie up to her apartments. If Fannie had not been in mourning it would have been on Arlington's way to insist upon her and her accompanying herself and the other matron who was to act as a sacerdot. As it was, Miss Arlington dismissed her maid from the room, immediately the woman had laid out the shimmering satin gown and all its fine accessories.

"Please to look at me," said the heiress, and by, when she had slipped into her elaborate toilette, "and see me an artistic touch or two."

"I do not see much to alter," said Annie, seriously.

Clemence, though slender, was beautifully formed and graceful in every movement. Her very long neck bore a gleaming column, the dark and ugly face. She wore rare pearls, and carried a bouquet of white carnations.

Miss Rae adjusted her friend's drapes, lengthening lines where possible, and giving touches that should tend to picturesque effect.

Clemence, meanwhile, appeared to be thoughtful.

"I have an idea about you," she said length, as she drew on her long gloves.

"About me?"

"Yes; art is all very nice, but, as the art says, art is long and life is fleeting, and I have made up my mind to teach you; in other words, to get a husband."

"Yes; you are too beautiful and interesting to have your best years wasted. That's the trouble with all famous women, don't you know?"

Time passed with singular swiftness,

they're mostly old and hideous. It's because they have had to make slaves of themselves. Now, I would like to see you become famous, but you might as well enjoy life meanwhile. If you had a home of your own, you could get on twice as fast. You've got a great deal in your favor," Clemence went on, "looking at it in a practical way. You are of good family, for one thing; they can't put up their eye-glasses and say, 'Only fa-a-ney! Who is she?'"

Fannie sighed.

"I am sure I don't know how I should succeed, Clemence. I'm afraid my art would amount to very little, if it were not a case of necessity. Necessity is a great master—"

"There, there! Don't say another word; I can't argue. I'll talk to you in the morning."

And Clemence, having caught up a ruby velvet carriage-rug, swept down to the drawing-room.

Miss Arlington was scarcely attentive to the music that evening. She conversed more than was wont with the various gentlemen who came to pay their respects to herself and chaperon. Among these was one who seemed especially to claim her consideration—a fine-faced man of perhaps 40. Clemence spoke with the freedom of long acquaintance.

"You have neglected us lately. Only yesterday papa was wondering why you stayed away."

"I have been out of town," said this gentleman. "I had thought to call upon you to-morrow."

"Pray do. I know papa will be delighted. Cannot you dine with us, quite alone, you know, at 7? Do!"

Wherupon he promised, and went away.

Clemence was very mysterious in her manner the following morning, while she breakfasted alone with Fannie Rae.

"I think I have found him," she said, after a time.

Fannie looked innocent.

"Found whom?"

"The happy bridegroom-to-be."

"Oh, Clemence!"

"Yes, dear; that is very nice and proper; that depreciation, that remonstrance. Nevertheless, I have found him. His name is Elliot Lindsey. He is an old friend of ours—what they call, in London, a 'city man.' He has about \$30,000 a year—altogether eligible, you know, good-looking, and clever. Papa thinks the world of him."

"If he is so nice," said Fannie, rather feebly, "he is probably in love with you."

"No; you are on the wrong track. Besides—I've an interest elsewhere—in Paris just at present. * * * But that is neither here nor there." Clemence put up a long, slim finger to warn against interruption. "Before going any farther, I want to ask you one serious question. Are your affections already engaged? Is there any one you care for?"

Fannie shivered.

"How could there be? I have lost the world I always lived in," she said, rather vaguely.

"I am very glad you are heart-free. You cannot help but like Mr. Lindsey. He is one of the kindest-hearted men I ever knew. He is a traveled man; something of a connoisseur in paintings besides. * * * He is coming to dine with us to-night. You will be there."

"But—"

"Silence, my dear! No objections. I have nothing to wear."

"So much the better. Beauty unembellished. I shall look out for that."

Fannie was not certain that she liked Mr. Lindsey. She said so to Clemence when it was all over and they sat in Miss Arlington's boudoir discussing possibilities.

"You hardly looked at him," said Clemence, with an effort to express indignation. "You kept your eyelids down; however," and she brightened somewhat, "your lashes are beautiful; such length, such pure gold! Perhaps after all you were wise. Your face looks best in meditation; sly minx, I dare say you've often let it droop before the mirror. * * * What do you think of his looks?"

Fannie laughed hysterically.

"Oh, he is handsome enough for a man. His features are rather long; his nose quite straight, and his eyes are expressive. I think he is turning gray. His manner—"

"Ahem! I was evidently mistaken in supposing you did not look at him. * * * I believe my plan will succeed. He does not care for women, but he will care for you—if he is thrown much in your company."

"But—I, it seems too much like scheming. And I can't—"

"No, I know you can't. But I can. Leave everything to me."

Miss Rae started as the clock struck 10.

"I ought to be at my studio this minute. I must run, or my pupils will have gone."

Clemence followed her up stairs.

"Think how much nicer if you need not take any pupils. Only suppose you had a comfortable home, and your own studio, and everything you wanted."

Fannie had finished buttoning a seal-skin which began to look *passé*.

"It's a great temptation," she said, and hurried out into the chilly winter morning.

Clemence was very much in earnest.

The next day she called at Fannie's studio.

"See here, my dear," she said, authoritatively, "I can not wear my life out climbing these horrid stairs."

"I know," Fannie responded, sympathetically; "they are awful."

"At the same time," Clemence proceeded, "I must see you every day. Now, the best thing, and the only thing for you to do, is to come and stay at our house this winter."

Miss Rae was busy cleaning a palette. She did not speak at once, offering the direct protest, which Clemence was prepared to combat. She waited a little, still working away at the palette.

"It's very kind of you, Clemence," she said at length, in a tired voice, which seemed inclined to tremble. "I know you wouldn't suggest anything unless you meant it. I—I am so disengaged. It's so hard to make mere expenses—" her voice broke; a single tear fell upon the paint-knife in her hand.

"I am sorry," that seemed the burden of her answer. She had risen, and

when Fannie found herself installed as a member of the Arlington household. The weeks fairly flew. She spent only the mornings at her studio; Clemence always had something to occupy afternoon and evening.

Elliot Lindsey was a frequent visitor. Ere long Miss Rae was forced to admit he appeared interested in her.

Clemence was jubilant at the prospect of success.

"I don't see how he could help falling in love with you," she said. "Do you know, Fannie Rae, that you are a very beautiful girl? You have a delicate, spirituelle, uncommon sort of beauty. You have that tender, timid look in your blue eyes. Your hair is magnificent. * * * And everything is sure to come right. But what makes you sigh?"

"Did I sigh?" asked Fannie, looking plainly lugubrious. She could not bring herself to confess the uneasiness which was slowly developing into heartache.

She was beginning to realize her feelings toward Elliot Lindsey; to entertain the conviction that she could never love him. Respect, esteem, these were all; she liked him very much; she could not love him. And as the weeks passed she knew that he had come to care for her in a way which could have only one ending.

She began to wonder what she should say to him. Supposing he should ask her to become his wife? Could she consent? She shivered at the thought. Suppose he asked her if she loved him? She must speak the truth. Then, would he be content? Would she be happy, or wretched for all her life? She grew sick and feverish with this internal conflict.

But Clemence was overjoyed at the approaching result of her labors.

LATE ONE AFTERNOON in February, Miss Arlington's boudoir seemed a cozy place. The firelight threw a rosy tint upon the violet hangings of the room. A strip of orange sunset was visible through the purple dusk, where the window-curtains fell as yet apart.

Fannie was watching this with sympathetic eyes, and rocking slowly to and fro in a deep rocking-chair. Clemence was curled up on a white rug before the grate. She glanced up occasionally at a golden clock, which swung tipsy from side to side upon the mantel.

"I fancied"—she was beginning, when a servant brought up Mr. Elliot Lindsey's card, "for Miss Rae."

"The door closed upon the man, Clemence sprang up with low, triumphant note.

"He has asked for you! You understand?"

Miss Rae remained seated. She spoke feebly, as if dazed.

"Clemence, I—I daren't go down. I am afraid."

"Afraid? Nonsense! Be brave. You know what he has to say. There is no one I would rather see you marry. He will be so good to you."

"But I—I don't love him. I like him—but I can't—love him!" She had risen, and was moving toward the door. Her voice was desperate, and her hands twisted pitifully before her. "I know you've been very kind, Clemence, giving me dresses and things to wear; you've done it all for the best. I've—I've tried hard to care for him. And it's such a great temptation!"

"What do you mean to do?" asked Clemence, excitedly.

"I mean to be honest, and tell him I'll—I'll do my best—but I can't love him."

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"I hope," he said, "I hope that you can care for me!"

And now she knew that she must speak. She turned her gaze to rest upon his face. How gray his eyes were! What an anxious light they held. She remembered that, noting just how carefully his hair was brushed away from his forehead. * * *

"I am sorry," that seemed the burden of her answer. She had risen, and

he, too, stood up and leaned compassionately to her. "I am sorry; you must forgive me—I did not deserve it. * * * She trembled on the