

## MY BOUQUET.

Who gave it me? There are such forms that dwell  
Within the soul, like sea-songs in the shell,  
That words, however sweet,  
Were fragrantless to but in whisper spell  
The music of her feet.

And there are shrines so wreathed and blossomed o'er  
With love-buds, where we revel in love's lore  
And love's insanity,  
That e'en to breathe the dear name we adore  
Were mad profanity.

Who worships not some idol? Who can say  
That in his heart no image holdeth sway?  
No passion thrills his veins?  
In mine, God's queenliest and divinest clay  
In isolation reigns.

She sang to me; sang in the starry hours  
With voice more sweet than silver bells and flowers;  
Sang as they must above;  
Sang with a rippling hint of April showers  
That quicken earth to love.

She gave it me. It rocked in rosy rest  
Upon the gentle billowings of her breast,  
Like some too happy bird,  
Asleep within its softly swaying nest  
Which summer winds have stirred.

And as we parted, and the red star strewed  
With golden dust the dewy solitude,  
I heard her quaintly say,  
As if brooding dove had cooed,  
"I wonder whose bouquet?"

Not that, perhaps, but some such praise divine  
Recalled me, and I whispered, "Is it mine?"  
Oh, how the star-rain fell  
Upon her as she murmured, "It is mine."  
And more I may not tell.

## PHILIP ANNERSLEY'S PRIDE.

BY P. ROCHON.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Brightly the sun shone, sweetly the birds carolled that balmy May afternoon, and there was nothing fairer in nature than the face of Maude Hammer, the young schoolmistress, as, her duties over, she lingered on her way homeward, to enjoy the beautiful day—now plucking a violet from its mossy bed, listening to the merry tinkle of the little brook, then softly humming to herself snatches of an old song.

A girl's face still; for Maude's seventeen years, although they had given her knowledge enough to teach the little school of Acton, had not fully molded her form, filled out the outlines, or given a womanly character to the sweet young face. Her chestnut hair, with here and there a golden gleam in it (reminding one of Titian's women), clustered in thick, short rings over the well-shaped head, half revealing, half concealing, the little ears. The eyes were clear, blue, and frank as a child's—a faint rose-tint on her cheek, a dainty hand and foot—she was a sight to gladden the eye.

So thought Philip Annersley, as he rode slowly by, fatigued by his long ride, and reins hanging carelessly on his horses neck; and Maude, lifting her eyes with a look of curiosity, encountered those of the handsome stranger.

Raising his hat, he inquired, courteously, "Can you direct me to the house of the late Mr. Morant?"

"Easily," she replied. "It is the large house upon the hill. You catch a glimpse of it through the trees."

Thanking her, he passed on; and Maude blushed as she recalled the evident admiration expressed in the dark eyes.

Philip Annersley was the only son of a rich widow. His father died when he was but an infant, leaving him and a sister, a few years his senior, to the guardianship of Mrs. Annersley. Imperious to others, yet always indulgent to Philip, she had gratified his slightest wish, yet never allowed him, for an instant, to forget that the old Annersley pride and blood must not be shamed by word or deed of his. And, as the result of her judicious training, more than any one in the world, Philip loved and revered his mother.

Tired of home scenes, he had wandered in foreign lands, and seen all that the continent holds wonderful. Pleasure held always a foaming cup for him to drink, yet he had returned to his mother "heart-whole and fancy free."

The death of an uncle had left him heir to his estates; and it was to examine his new possession that he now visited Acton.

He found all as it had been during his uncle's life; even the old servants seemed not a day older than when he had spent the vacations of his boyhood with his father's only brother.

After his solitary dinner, as he reclined at ease upon the luxurious sofa, the housekeeper entered to ask which room should be prepared for him. The desired information being given, as she was leaving the room—

"By the way, Mrs. Lyle, who are my nearest neighbors?" he asked, apparently intent upon watching the blue smoke of his cigar curl lazily upward.

"The Monsons, sir, live in the white house yonder, during the summer; Squire Bruce in the brick one close by."

"Are these the only families of note in the neighborhood?" he next asked, in the same careless tone.

"There are none others who would care to associate with," returned the housekeeper.

"How know you that?" said Philip Annersley, and a smile played over his handsome face.

"I knew your mother; and I well remember how particular she was not to mix in society beneath her."

"Then you imagine, as a matter of course," replied the young man, "that I must share in her prejudices."

"I have been led to believe so," returned the housekeeper, evidently not at her ease at the turn the conversation had taken.

"Hum!" and Philip Annersley mused with himself for a few moments. Presently he asked, "Who lives in the brown cottage, at the foot of the hill?"

"Farmer Grant, sir," she answered.

"I inquired the way there this afternoon, my memory not serving me correctly. A young lady informed me. Mr. Grant's daughter?"

"Law, no! that must have been Miss Hammer, the schoolmistress. John Grant has no girls."

"Ah! I shall wait breakfast at seven, Mrs. Lyle, as I can remain here but a few days."

But a pair of blue eyes peeped out from the smoke-cloud over his head, and in his dreams that night they looked at him with a childish, wistful look.

### CHAPTER II.

#### SECRETLY WEDDED.

"Those trees must be cut down, they obstruct the view," Philip said the next day to the old gardener. "Get some one to help

you—have them cut down and taken away."

"John Grant has a good team, and is not very busy now."

"I will see him myself," he replied.

That evening Philip Annersley knocked at the door of John Grant's cottage. He was shown into the little sitting-room, where Farmer Grant, in his shirt-sleeves, enjoyed his pipe, his day's work being over. His sister was repairing the damage John's heavy boots and busy feet had done to his stockings; while Maude, one little hand busied in her curls, divided her attention between her book and pet kitten.

His business discussed with Farmer Grant, but not so entirely settled as to render another call unnecessary, he took Maude's book, which she had thrown aside, apparently engrossed with her kitten. It was a book of travels. He spoke of places mentioned in it, then of his own experience; and speaking with the knowledge of the scholar, the easy diction and grace of the cultivated man of the world, no wonder Maude listened entranced, or that Farmer Grant started when the little clock struck ten.

"May I have the pleasure of lending you the book I spoke of, Miss Hammer?" he said, as he took leave.

"Thank you; it will give me great pleasure," she said, as she raised her eyes, the sparkle still in them which his recital had called forth, the glow still on her cheek.

After that evening they met frequently, Philip Annersley, the man of the world—Maude Hammer, the village teacher. The days flew by, they lengthened into weeks, and still he lingered.

"What," whispered the Annersley pride—"what would my haughty mother, my high-bred sister, say to a low-born wife? And yet, I can not—I will leave this place to-morrow."

Yet the morrow found him by Maude's side, listening to her sweet voice, gazing into her bonnie eyes.

The sun was hastening to his western home, the evening song of the birds trembled on the air, as Maude and Philip stood by the river, the last rays of the sun turning its waves to molten gold. Eloquent he told the old story unto a willing ear. In earnest and passionate entreaty he asked her love; he painted in glowing colors his mother's pride, the awe in which he held her, and besought her consent to a secret marriage, to be revealed in time, when he had prepared the way; but, in the meantime she must be "his own, his darling, his wife."

Trembling, blushing, overpowered by her great love for him, Maude yielded.

The moon had risen in silver radiance, and the stars glistened with pale light, as they rose to go homeward. Turning to Philip, while her pure face shone in the moonlight like the face of an angel, Maude said, "I fear my happiness is too great to last. This gray stone shall be the altar of our betrothal; kneel and promise to love me always."

Kneeling by the stone, one hand clasped in hers, the other raised to heaven, he swore, "I will love you, Maude, you only of all women, while I live."

She said, solemnly, "It is a vow. Heaven has registered it."

Not many days after, they were secretly married.

Oh, what golden days came to Maude! If she had loved the lover, she worshipped the handsome, manly husband; and the interviews were sweeter because stolen and fraught with danger.

Autumn's golden glory was over Acton, when Philip walked up the path to John Grant's door. Maude answered his knock, surprised to see him, as their meetings were usually at the rendezvous by the river.

"Will you walk with me?" he asked.

Maude wondered at his unusual silence and hurried steps.

"Are you ill?" she asked, with a frightened look.

"No, dearest; do not question me now," he answered.

Having reached the mossy seat by the river, he drew her to him, and folded her closely to his arms, so he could look into the blue eyes—those bonnie eyes—could feel her warm breath on his cheek. Still he spoke not.

"Oh, Philip, what is it?" she cried. "I can bear anything better than this suspense. Has your mother discovered anything?"

"No, my darling, but I have important letters summoning me to town. I must go to-night, and I can not tell how long I shall remain."

The color fled from brow, from cheek, and lip; she lay like one dead in his arms. He kissed her passionately, he called her by every endearing name, and finally succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. He tried to comfort her, to persuade her to forget the present, and dream of a happy future; but she said, sadly, in answer to his earnest words, "I fear it will be long before we meet again. I cannot think of the future in this present sorrow."

With many kisses, with many promises to write, he parted from her, and his last words were, as he kissed the golden curls, the white eyelids, the little mouth, "Only for a short time, little wife, and then, I trust, no more concealment."

Philip Annersley really loved his wife, and it was his intention at some propitious moment to reveal the truth to his mother; and the longer he delayed, the more formidable appeared the task of revelation.

Finally, as time faded the memory of Maude's loveliness and winning ways, he began to question the necessity of revealing the marriage at all; and, as he mingled in the fashionable world, he dreaded its comment upon his choice. Maude had never reached his intellectual want. So, day by day, he strove to forget the tie that bound him, and persuaded himself that Maude was happier in her humble obscurity than she would be raised to a station to which her attainments were not equal.

Letters at first came often—long, loving letters; then at longer intervals, cold and hurried—a necessary duty, not a loving one.

Maude at first excused the shortness and coldness of his notes with the loving excuse, "He is so busy. By-and-by he will write more."

At last even her innocent eyes could not be blinded to the evident neglect. The man of the world had now forgotten his plaything. Grieved and quite indignant, Maude at last ceased to answer his letters.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE BELLE OF THE RECEPTION.

Time rolled on. Four years had sped. What had they brought to Philip? What to Maude Annersley?

"Do you go to Mrs. Bell's reception this evening?" asked Mary Annersley of her brother, as they rose from the dinner-table.

"I do not know yet," he replied.

"I think you had better," she rejoined. "It is to be the most brilliant affair of the season. But, above all, Miss Hammer, Mrs. Bell's niece, the great belle and heiress, is to be there. We were very intimate in Paris. I am dying to introduce you."

"That beautiful Miss Hammer, has she returned?" asked Mrs. Annersley.

"Yes; and if possible more beautiful than ever."

"My stately mother admitting that a young lady of the present day is beautiful! You pique my curiosity; I shall certainly go, Mary," laughed Philip, as he left the room.

Mrs. Bell's elegant reception-rooms were filled with "fair women and brave men" when the Annersley party entered. After greeting their hostess, Mary was claimed for the waltz, Mrs. Annersley conversing with a friend. Philip, standing alone for a moment, saw his sister make a sign for him to come to her.

As he reached her side, she said, "Maude, allow me to present my brother, Mr. Annersley. Philip, Miss Hammer."

Philip Annersley bowed low; he fancied he could hear his own heart beat as the lady haughtily acknowledged the introduction. Never had he beheld a more perfect woman. Golden braids like a coronet encircled the head, a complexion like ivory, rendering still more distinct the delicate penciling of the eyebrow; glorious deep-blue eyes; a robe of blue velvet fell in graceful folds around the elegant figure, peerlessly beautiful, "faultily faultless."

No flush came to her cheek, but it mounted quick and high to his brow. So met at last husband and wife.

"May I hope for the pleasure of the next waltz?" he said, as he offered his arm.

She placed her hand upon it, and in a whirl of amazement he led her to her place. It was surely his wife—so like, yet so entirely unlike. He could not realize that this queenly woman, who moved so gracefully in the dance, had ever nestled in his arms, or glowed beneath his kisses. Whence came the change?

"Maude, my wife, is it you, or am I dreaming?" he whispered.

"I am, indeed, Mrs. Annersley," she replied, with haughty grace—"the deserted wife of Philip Annersley. You will oblige me by forgetting the connection, as I have done."

The dance over, another claimed her, and Philip saw how men admired and women envied her. From a secluded seat he watched her, and many wondered that Philip Annersley had for that evening renounced his gayeties.

There was a demand for music. With a faint, queer feeling he could not define, he saw Colonel Allen, a gifted and gallant soldier, conduct "Miss Hammer" to the piano.

Clear and full the glorious voice floated forth, filling the room with melody, and the listeners, entranced, awaited the close in breathless silence. Philip's voice alone withheld applause; he was too bewildered to cover his feelings, and returned home as soon as his mother and sister were willing to go.

"Who is this Miss Hammer?" he asked, carelessly, of his sister.

"A niece of Miss Bell's. Her mother was mamma's most intimate friend in girlhood. She married a gentleman of fortune, but some years after his marriage he lost his money in an unfortunate speculation; they lived secluded in the country. After the death of her parents, Maude supported herself by teaching, until the death of a relative, leaving her heiress to an immense fortune. She has traveled, is accomplished, and surely you have seen that she is beautiful. If you ever do marry, brother, I hope it will be a woman like Maude Hammer."

Philip murmured sadly to himself those saddest of sad words, "It might have been."

After that, Philip met her everywhere; unable to resist the fascination of being near her, yet not daring to approach her, he suffered bitterly as he contrasted the animated face with which she listened to Colonel Allen, with the cold indifference with which she met him. His mental anguish began to work upon his handsome face; he grew listless and indifferent, and though evidently ill, night after night he visited the opera, parties, and balls, just for one look at her face, to satisfy his hungry longing.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### ANOTHER WEDDING.

One evening at Mrs. Bell's, as Philip Annersley entered the conservatory, he encountered Maude. A spirit he could not resist came over him; he seized her dress.

"Maude, I cannot bear this; if I have sinned, I have suffered also; do not make my punishment greater than I can bear."

She withdrew her dress haughtily.

"Mr. Annersley forgets himself."

"Oh, is not forgiveness a virtue as well as justice? Forgive me, for I love you so; I love you so! I offer you my life-long devotion; my life shall be one long atonement."

"How dare you say this to the woman you have wronged so deeply? You alone have made me what I am—you must bear the consequence of your own cruelty."

"I will proclaim to the world the connection between us," he exclaimed, maddened by her tone.

"Do so, and I will at once procure a judicial separation for desertion."

He turned from her; he looked like death. His hand, which had touched her in his passion, was icy cold; he groaned aloud.

As he staggered toward the door, she crossed the room, and, placing her hand upon his arm, said, "I will marry you again on one condition."

He turned to her eagerly.

"It shall be a marriage in name only. I will bear your name; before the world I will be your wife. In private we will be as we are now—strangers."

"I consent; it is all I can do," he added, bitterly, as he left the room.

And Maude, with a lightened color, and a smile upon her lip, surpassed herself that evening in brilliancy and beauty.

The brilliant wedding and magnificent establishment were a nine days' wonder in the fashionable world. Then Mrs. Philip Annersley took her place as one of the queens of society. At her house was gathered all the wit, talent, and beauty of the day; and not one of the many who mingled in the numerous festivities but came nearer to her than he who seemed before the world her happy husband.

He strove by the most careful and delicate attentions to win her love; her slightest wish was a law to him; but he might as well have lavished his care upon a marble statue.

Through suffering, Philip Annersley was becoming each day nobler and better—

worthier of a true woman's love. His selfishness had passed away—all that was beautiful in his character shone forth with purer luster.

Another year rolled by.

Mrs. Annersley sat in her boudoir, carelessly turning the leaves of a new novel.

A knock came at the door.

"Come in," she said, expecting to see her maid enter; but, for the first time, her husband entered the room.

As Maude rose, with a slight look of astonishment, he said, coloring slightly: "I beg your pardon for this untoward intrusion. It is the last time I hope to trespass upon your kindness. With your permission, I will sit."

"Certainly," said Maude, recovering herself, and carelessly sitting upon the piano stool.

She half turned toward him, while her hand toyed with the music, as if anxious for him to go. Never had she looked so lovely as this morning in her simple white dress, without a single ornament, her hair gathered in a careless knot, one tiny slipped foot peeping out from under her dress.

He looked at her sadly; then he said abruptly, "I leave for Italy next week. I have some arrangements to complete before leaving, about which I wish to consult you."

"I cannot make the necessary preparations in so short a time," she said, with astonishment. "I cannot possibly go before next month."

"I beg your pardon; I do not expect you to accompany me," he said, gently. "It would defeat the very purpose for which I go."

"And what purpose?" she questioned.

"Because," he said, rising, "I feel too bitterly the mistake I have made; because I love you too truly and passionately to be contented with this mode of life; because I cannot bear to see others receiving the smiles which I can never hope for; because, though I have sinned much, I have suffered much. Henceforth I will not annoy you, but will go forth into the world to do anything that comes to me that is noble and good—all that a true man may do, and when I die, even you shall say I have atoned."

As he stood before her revealed in a better manhood—having cast aside the yoke her woman's hand had imposed—she sat pale and unmoved, apparently indifferent.

"I will see you again," he continued, quietly, and left the room.

As the door closed behind him she threw herself on her knees, convulsed by tearless sobs.

"How can I bear it—how can I bear it?" she exclaimed, in her agony.

What kind angel sent Philip back for the papers he had left upon the table? He noiselessly opened the door, when seeing her distress, he was about to retire without disturbing her. An impulse caused her to look up. She sprang to her feet. A new light flashed into Philip's mind, and lighted his face with a glorious hope.

"You love me!" he said.

He held out his arms, and, hiding her face in his breast, Maude wept tears of mingled joy and sorrow for the past, joy for the present and future.

"And the trip to Italy, dearest?" she said, archly, an hour after.

"It shall be our bridal tour," he answered.

### Couldn't Sell One.

A tall, thin man drove up to the house of a Dakota farmer and said:

"Want a lightning rod on your house?"

"No, guess not."

"Hey?"

"No."

"Don't want one of my own patent duplex seven-pointed lightning arresters run up?"

"Don't believe I do."

"Sure of it?"

"Yes."

"Wouldn't want my improved angular two-current connected electric exhilarators either, I suppose?"

"No."

"Couldn't touch you on a combination theoretical jerkem, warranted to draw the lightning from the most obstinate cloud and pass it to the ground quietly without disturbing the sleep of a child or injuring the most delicate fabric?"

"No use for one."

"So it begins to look. You don't seem to care whether the everlasting foundation is ripped out of your house by a stroke of the dread monster lightning, or whether you buy one of my electric annihilators at cost price and enjoy absolute safety."

"No, don't believe I do."

"I see. Now, if you'll direct me to the house of some local officeholder who has appropriated some of the county funds, I'll see if I can't make a sale. They don't generally take as many chances as other people."—*Estelline Bell.*

### A Rush of Business.

A man once fell off of a Missouri River steamboat, and his fare being paid, the boat steamed rapidly around a curve and was soon lost to view. While struggling in the water a skiff approached and a man in it called out:

"Hey, there, pardner, hurry up!"

"For heaven's sake take me in your boat before I drown!" replied the man in the water.

"Aint quite ready fer that perceedin' yet my friend," returned the first speaker, beginning to back off. "Come, can't wait all day."

"What do you mean?"

"Mean! don't you know me?"

"No."

"Well, I'm the coroner of Morton County, and if you want a purty fair funeral and a first-class verdict and not go floatin' down the river without a friend in the world you want to hurry up and get under. There are a couple of the boys getting full over here at the town and I expect they'll begin to shoot pretty quick and I'll have to tend to those cases; so if you have any self-respect you'd better hurry up."—*Estelline Bell.*

A bad man is like an earthen vessel; easy to break and hard to mend. A good man is like a golden vessel; hard to break and easy to mend.—*From the Hindoo.*

## HUMOR.

WORKING like a horse—a lawyer drawing a conveyance.

THE photographers' song: "Wait till the clouds roll by."

MENIAL service all girls take kindly to—the hy-menial service.

You can get your phiz at the photographer's or at the soda counter.

THE man who tells his friends all he knows usually doesn't have very much to tell.

THE world is making progress, undoubtedly, but it is a stern fact, nevertheless, that it pays better to be a freak in a dime museum than to be a poet.

ONE of those fellows who are always deprecating woman's work says a tailor can easily make a dress suit, but a dressmaker can hardly ever make a dress suit.

MRS. DUSENBERRY—Now, just look at those flannels! If anything will shrink more from washing, I'd like to know what it is? Mr. Dusenberry—A boy will, my dear.

ANGELINA—Oh, mamma, Algernon squeezed my hand so to-night that I almost cried. Mamma—What, my child, from pain? Angelina—No, mamma, from joy.—*Tid-Bits.*

"WHAT is wanted in this country," said the bride, as she examined the wedding presents, "is not civil service reform, but silver service reform. This set is plated."—*Boston Courier.*

IT fills the heart with gladness to know that when one goes to the dime museum to see the living skeleton one is not to be deceived by any kind of make-up. The living skeleton never pads.—*Boston Courier.*

A VALUED friend, who is often up at the witching hour of midnight, tells us that the idea that churchyards yawn and ghosts walk is all bosh, but he informs us also that a man is very apt to sprawl full length over hassocks and to crack his bare toe on the elbow of a rocking chair if he strolls about the house much then.—*Somerville Journal.*

A WESTERN editor, on entering his office, found a large snake on his desk. It is not known whether the reptile was left there by one of the editorial staff who was on a spree the night before, or whether it entered the office and crawled upon the editor's desk in order that he might give the right dimensions of the hero of his next snake story.—*Norristown Herald.*

"GENTLEMEN of the jury, there is still another extenuating circumstance in favor of my client. He broke open a burglar-proof safe, a masterpiece of German workmanship, valued by experts at 2,500 marks, and this client of mine contented himself with the 120 marks which he found inside and left the valuable safe to the owner."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"GENTLEMEN," he said to the reporters, as