

### 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 blos- somed 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 doves 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 thine." And more I may not tell.

### PHILIP ANNERSLEY'S PRIDE.

BY P. ROCHON.

CHAPTER I

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Brightly the sun shone, sweetly the birds caroled that balmy May afternoon, and there was nothing fairer in nature than the face of Maude Hanmer, 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 reining his horse carelessly on his horse's 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. Moran?"

"Easily," she replied. "It is the large house upon the hill. You catch 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 Monsions, sir, live in the white house yonder, during the summer; Squire Brince 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 you 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 Hanmer, the schoolmistress. John Grant has no girls."

"Ah! I shall want 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 curl, 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 Hanmer?" 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 Hanmer, 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. Eloquently 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."

Knelling 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 worshiped 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, at 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 BELLS 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 Hanmer, 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 Hanmer, 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.

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.

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 Hanmer."

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 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 have the pleasure of lending you the book I spoke of, Miss Hanmer?" 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.

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"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 its 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 Hanmer" 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 withstood 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 Hanmer?" 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 her 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 Hanmer."

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 hastily.

"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