

MOONLIGHT.

The moon has risen from her downy couch
That overlooks the glimmering eastern sea;
And now she pours her radiance softly down
Upon each river, hill, and dewy lea.

Upon the grim and rugged mountain side
She paints with skillful touch a picture fair,
That seems to shift like transformation scenes,
And in its place rise others yet more rare.

Her light falls gently on the somber lake,
As if to woo the lilies on its breast;
And they would think it day and bloom again,
That she might gaze on their white loveliness.

Her rays seek vainly to overcome the gloom
Of forest shade, where hide the modest ferns,
Where myrtle creeps among the clammy moss,
And ivy twines, and red-eyed fox-fire burns.

On yonder church-yard her bright rays stream
down,
And touch the nameless mounds with tender
grace;
But where a huge slab marks the proud man's
grave,
A shadow falls across his resting place.

But now she hides her face behind a cloud,
And those fair visions fade before my sight;
And all the earth, and all the sky and sea,
Is plunged again in darker, gloomier night.

THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

BY LOUISE GREY.

The story I'm about to tell is the true experience of my dearest friend.

You may think it dull, kind reader. I beg, however, your leniency, as the absence of flowery language is balanced by the truth of the narrative.

Eugene Eggleston loved Laura Le Favre fondly, devotedly. He loved her as only those can love who possess that warm, affectionate temperament matured under a Southern sun, affluence, and the sweet influence of loving friends. His was a true manly nature, a noble heart, a face and physique almost perfect. He had eyes of clear, beautiful blue, through which one could look way, way down into the very heart, and see nothing corrupt therein. A complexion as rich and warm as his nature, and soft auburn hair which accompanies that peculiar shade of blue eyes. There was nothing objectionable in him! Nothing—absolutely nothing.

He was the embodiment of everything grand and noble—and yet consent to wed the object of his deep passion was withheld by Colonel Jerome Le Favre.

Proud, wealthy, and aristocratic, Colonel Le Favre had always held himself so far above every one in his suburban town where his summer home had been for a quarter of a century, that he was regarded with awe and reverence. One hardly dared approach him until he made the first advance toward recognition, and it was with a faint heart and nervous bearing that Eugene sought this haughty man and made known his desire.

Col. Le Favre had raised his only child, Laura, alone. The day that gave her birth saw her mother's eyes close in death, and the father from that hour centered his whole heart upon the child; had given her every advantage abroad that wealth could secure; and now, at the age of seventeen, he realized with a feeling of satisfaction that his daughter was inferior to none in beauty, education, refinement and culture.

She was his idol.

Watch her as she perches on the arm of the great upholstered chair in which her father sits. Her right arm encircles his neck, and they make an attractive pair. He, with his handsome face lit with paternal love and pride, and she, with that wild, rich, magnetic beauty that baffles all description. Her brown velvety eyes are deeply fringed with long, dark lashes that incline upward and at the corners come together in so bewitching a manner as to impart a combined look of childish purity and innocence with a love of fun and mirth. The contour of her face is oval; her complexion most enviable, and her mouth so beautiful, so rich in coloring, and with clear-cut curves, which provoke a love for everything good and pure; and such a sweet expression!

One cannot look at her without a desire to kiss,

And both men and women were alike in this.

An abundance of silky black hair, carelessly put back in two long braids, is held by cream satin ribbons, and a dress of cream-colored summer fabric, on a faultless figure, complete the picture. She is happy, for Eugene that evening is to ask for her hand, and she soliloquized in this manner:

"I know papa's love for me is too great to deny me any pleasure; for I cannot recall one instance where he has refused me anything."

She seemed to feel certain of his approval. His refusal was never dreamed of; but that evening Eugene Eggleston received, in words most painfully to the point, an absolute and final refusal of her hand, with a warning, full of subtle meaning, to withdraw his suit at once. He was nearly wild, and did nothing but walk the streets all night and contemplate suicide.

The next morning, at the hour his darling was accustomed to take her daily ride, he mounted his favorite saddle horse, and searched the road she usually selected, just in time to see her emerge from a bend around a thicket of willows. From the expression of her face he saw she knew all. He had no hopes. He knew he must give up his darling.

"Eugene, I have never disobeyed my father in my life," she said, and broke down. She could not speak for an instant, and, believing that she was trying to summon courage to say "good-by" to him forever, and knowing he would rather hear his death-warrant read, he felt a paroxysm of pain, an uprising in his throat, and his heart seemed to stop beating.

Soon she continued: "But without you I cannot live, and knowing the depth of my father's love for me I feel confident of his forgiveness in the course I am about to follow. Eugene, I will marry you this hour, and before I dismount from my pony."

He felt as though he had been called back to life.

They turned their horses, and in silence reached the residence of the dear old divine who had baptized Laura and loved her as his own. The minister had not the moral courage to refuse the request she made, even though it was full of mad romance, and there, under the massive boughs of a grand old forest tree, and on horseback, Laura Le Favre and Eugene Eggleston were made husband and wife.

The laws of their State did not require the marriage license.

Realizing the hasty step taken, she felt her whole nervous system giving way; but she soon had control of herself, as she knew she had need of great courage to meet her father and disclose what to him would seem appalling intelligence.

They rode along, not in silence this

time, as many plans must be made to meet all emergencies. Eugene knew his bank account was ample, and if his life was spared by the Colonel, a heaven was his; for here by his side was the one dearer to him than his life, his wife.

On reaching the house Laura assumed a cheerful manner, tripped gayly to the door and pulled the bell. In a moment it was answered by her father. His countenance was stern, and her heart almost stood still; but she thought it wise to treat the subject lightly, and as she had often done before, she threw both arms around his neck and confessed all, begging his forgiveness.

She did not know Colonel Le Favre, although she was his child.

He pushed her from him almost savage-ly, and said: "Go from me forever, without my forgiveness or blessing," and shut the door in her face.

With a sad heart she turned to her husband, who, if such were possible, loved her more that moment, on seeing her turned from her father's mansion, than ever.

His plans were quickly made. In less than twenty-four hours he had completed his plans, purchases, etc., for a trip to Europe and was en route for London.

Was there ever such another impulsive, self-willed pair of lovers? So perfectly mated, and with true mutual love existing, could they help but be happy, even though they had made a sensation in their quiet little town and were deprived of a father's blessing? They remained six months abroad, loving one another more and more every day.

Business then called Eugene home. They returned, located in the neighboring city to the Colonel's residence, and, believing time would heal all wounds in his heart, and fully expecting a reconciliation, Eugene Eggleston was not an unhappy man.

He little dreamed of the sad event awaiting him, an event which would change his present state of happiness to hopeless misery.

Colonel Le Favre had grieved deeply for his daughter, and decided that their separation should not be further continued.

On learning of their return, he coolly carried out his plans to obtain her.

Eugene Eggleston had placed his darling in a home of grandeur, suited in every way to her exquisite taste; and just as they were prepared to enjoy life in a genuine, homelike, domestic manner, fancy his sorrow, on returning to his house, one evening, expecting to find an attraction therein, his love for which all words fail to describe, to find, instead, the following cool note, written in the bold hand of Colonel Le Favre:

"EUGENE EGGLESTON: Your bird has flown. Ill-gotten joys cannot last. They laugh best, who laugh last. All search or pursuit will be vain."

Pause and behold him, dear reader, for a moment.

He had reached the pinnacle of happiness only to be robbed so cruelly of all. He thought of the infinite bliss they had enjoyed undisturbed for six months. He knew her whole heart was full of love for him alone, and to be thus cruelly bereft of her was maddening. He felt the strength and meaning of these words, "Search will be vain," as he well understood the stern nature of their author, and the power and wealth at his command to assist him in his bold venture. The case was hopeless in the extreme, yet he vowed to find his wife, or at least devote his life-time in a search.

He left nothing undone in his endeavors to obtain some clew to their whereabouts, but each day, each year, more strongly proved the meaning of those words, "Search will be vain."

He lived. But O, what a sad life! He could not remain in any one place; he traveled continually. His grief had so stamped itself upon his countenance that strangers saw written therein volumes of untold sadness. It was gnawing his very life out. He could not apply himself to anything. His was a hopeless, ruined life.

He searched systematically for years, but with fruitless results. Then the search had become a part of his nature, and was mechanical. This one thought—to find her—had so absorbed his whole soul that he was powerless to do but mechanically search. He had ceased to follow out any course of plans or reasoning, but followed his inclinations, which led him everywhere.

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Five long, dreary years passed. We find Eugene Eggleston in Italy—a sad, changed man. His friends rejoice that he has at last found one pursuit which holds his attention. He now finds solace and comfort in the occupation for which he always had a passion and natural talent—the art of painting. It is not landscapes, animals, or marine views to which he gives attention, but ever the same subject—his wife. His continual effort is to produce or have produced a satisfactory portrait of his lost darling. The desire now absorbs his whole life. One of the large rooms of the suite he occupies is filled with paintings; the subject in each the same, his wife. All are productions of the most eminent artists the Old World contains; but none satisfy him. In vain these famous artists have endeavored to suit him in the coloring and expression.

He arises, leaves his easel in disgust, and starts for a walk. As he passes out the door his attention is attracted by a child of extraordinary beauty, chatting gayly to her French nurse, in her native language. They enter the house adjoining the one he has just left, but not until he has obtained a good view of the face and eyes of that child, which bears so marked a resemblance to his lost darling that his first impulse is to follow them and speak to the child. But he suddenly realizes how absurd such a proceeding would be, and moves on. He reasons with himself and tries to throw this trivial incident from his mind; but that sweet baby face fairly haunts him. He does not walk far, but returns to the easel while the face is fresh in his memory, thinking it will aid him to approach nearer to the desired expression of the picture.

The next day he saw the child again. She came out accompanied by a lady and gentleman—evidently her parents. The gentleman was tall and handsome and much older than the lady, who was dressed in deep mourning, with a thick veil which hid the face from view.

He watched them from his window till they passed from sight; then something about the lady's figure recalled an old familiar something, he knew not what.

He felt strangely, and could think of nothing but the lady and the fancied resemblance. Finally he banished the idea from his thoughts, or, at least, made an effort to do so; for if it should be her, was not that man her husband and the child their?

Two living barriers to a possible reunion with his darling, should it prove to be her! Far better,

thought he, never to know the truth than to find her thus.

To remain in a state of doubt was preferable; but all efforts to reason with himself and dismiss the subject from his mind were in vain. He felt, however, that it was best for him never to have revealed to him the identity of the lady in black.

He decided to leave Italy that evening, and go direct to Paris.

He had started down the street to make some arrangements toward this immediate change when his attention was again attracted by the French nurse and her little charge. He could not overcome the desire to speak to the latter, and he said, in English, hardly expecting a reply in the same language, as she had the face of a typical French child, and spoke the language naturally, as though it might be the mother-tongue.

"What is your name, little girl?"

Looking up with childish simplicity, she replied, in perfect English:

"My name, sir, is Eugenie Le Favre Eggleston."

He seized her in his arms, kissed her again and again, fondly, madly.

Before he could recover himself sufficiently to try, by further questioning, to positively identify her, the nurse, believing him to be mad, took the child in her arms, and ran from him with fear.

He stood spellbound.

Was it only an accidental similarity of names? Had there been but two names he might have believed it possible. But three, and those three—No, no, no! It must be true. He had caressed his own child.

What step to take he knew not. Was he happy or miserable, or both? Joy was mingled with distress and hopelessness. She, his wife, wedded to another—for he knew his marriage could easily have been set aside. Here, after years of continued search, to find her thus—beyond his reach.

"My child—for some powerful instinct tells me she is mine—to be forever with held from me! O, God, pity me," he cried out in distress.

How he reached his rooms he hardly knew.

Arriving there he tried to think of some course to pursue, but could decide on nothing.

What could he do? His brain was in a whirl. He ordered his valet to have the groom bring his saddle-horse at once.

As he stood at the window, waiting for his orders to be executed, he saw a party emerge from the adjoining house, a tall gentleman, the lady in black, maid, nurse, and his child. They entered a carriage and were driven rapidly away.

A maddening thought occurred to him. They may be taking final leave of the city.

"I must act; something must be done before it is too late."

He jumped on his horse and followed the carriage for a long distance, and he saw his worst fears realized.

Their evident destination was the depot, where they would soon board a train that would bear them swiftly away from his view forever.

He reins his horse nearer the carriage, and side by side keeps pace the distance of a block.

The carriage stops.

A lady screams in wild delight.

Laura Le Favre recognizes in him long lost-husband.

"Eugenie," comes from her lips.

In an instant he is face to face with his loved one—under more perplexing conditions; for he dares not claim her until he understands the relationship that man by her side bears toward her.

He is speechless; but she is conscious of the fact that an explanation must be made before he dare claim her.

She quickly introduces her uncle, Leeland Le Favre, who, she briefly states, since the death of her father, two years previous, has been guardian and protector of her and her child.

"O, how I have prayed for this hour!"

"At last," said Eugene, "I am rewarded. O, my darling, my two darlings."

The footman takes charge of the saddle-horse, the carriage door is opened, Eugene enters, and, barring the very objectionable presence of witnesses, this is to him like stepping into heaven.

Little Eugenie, with an inherited love for her father, puts her baby arms around his neck and calls him "papa." He had never dreamed of this additional joy—that of finding a daughter—their daughter.

He felt amply repaid for all his years of misery. Her love unchanged—his intensified! Oh! theirs would be undisturbed bliss through the future.

Each had volumes to relate, and together they traveled for months enjoying their second honeymoon. They returned to their old home in America, and there, on her twenty-second birthday, they held a grand reunion of old friends, who joyfully congratulated them, all agreeing that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Fooling the Old Soldier.

It is a touching thing to see an old soldier hurry up to get around the corner when he hears a bugle call that is familiar to him. The bugle call excites him, and he picks up his ears and hurries, limping may be, anxious to see what is going on around the corner.

The bugle rings out the "assembly," for instance, and the old soldier thinks there is a cavalry company forming around the corner, and he will be there to see if they get into position correctly. He comes up puffing, his old lame leg a little tired, takes off his hat and wipes the perspiration off his brow and looks for the soldiers. When he sees that the bugle call came from a perambulating waffle peddler he would kick himself if his old leg was not lame.

What connection there is between an army bugle and a waffle wagon is a mystery. It is cruel to fool old soldiers by playing a cavalry call to collect hungry people around a waffle wagon.—*Peck's Sun.*

Two Kinds of Powder.

They were having a heraldic discussion in the Faubourg St. Germain. Said a Marchioness a la mode, whose title is of this century, to an elderly Marquis, whose title was given to the family when the megatherium and the mastodon innocently played together on the plains of France:

"I see, dear Marquis, that our coats-of-arms are almost the same; we have each barrels in them."

"Yes, madame; but mine contains barrels of gunpowder, while yours contains barrels of powder for your charming face."—*Town Topics.*

STRANGE MENTAL CLOUDS.

BY DAVID SWING.

The eclipse of memory, writes Professor Swing, in the Chicago Evening Journal, which has suddenly fallen upon the once bright mind of a Chicago young lady awakens, indeed, widespread sympathy for the young beauty and her home circle, but it also compels us to perceive that the different faculties occupy different parts of the brain-tissue, and thus a calamity to a beloved girl casts light upon the physical basis of intellectual action. This lady awoke from a sleep and did not know her own sister or the other members of her family. Her mother lingered upon the borders of some well-known being, but to her sister and brother and father she spoke as to strangers. Her language, her reasoning power, her happiness remained, but the world of persons had vanished, to be succeeded by interesting people, but persons who were unknown. Thus upon some part of the brain a disease had fallen and the faculty which had for twenty years occupied that apartment was rudely evicted.

It may be there is some part of the brain which is the seat of consciousness and that the little nerve which leads from the memory of persons to that citadel of consciousness has been injured, and that therefore no communication can be made from the suburb to the central city. Blindness results from some paralysis of a little thread which runs from the eye to the brain, and, while the eye itself may be perfect and the consciousness perfect in ability, yet, owing to the injury to the intermediate nerve, the image on the retina can not pass over to the consciousness. Seeing takes place in the dark caverns of the brain, but the image can not travel in the dark if the bridge be down between, for the abyss is bottomless. In the case of Miss L., the injury may be only to some nerve delicate as a spider