

## ONE YEAR IN HEAVEN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

One year in Heaven. O, blue-eyed little darling, One year an angel by the throne of God; A flower of earth transplanted to the garden, Where never yet a grave had marred the sod.

O, child, so dear, we often feel you near us, Here, as of old, beside each loving heart; We call your name, and love to think you hear us; Here, yet in Heaven—so near, yet far apart.

So far apart! No, 'tis not far to Heaven, God's world and ours touch in the grave's green sod. And what we lose on earth in pain and sorrow We find in gladness in the world of God.

O, happy voice, that drove away all sorrow From those who loved you in this lower land, How sweet the songs are that you join in singing—

Too sweet, as yet, for us to understand.

How sweet the thought. In Heaven a fair, pure angel Is all our own, our own forevermore. Though we are poor in all of earth's possessions, In God's dear world what treasure is in store.

O, joy above all other joys, to see thee, To clasp thee, kiss thee, have thee as of old, And know in Heaven there is no loss or parting, But always joy and happiness untold.

Watch for us, darling. Watch and wait our coming. Be at the golden gate to let us through, And may the sight that greets us first in Heaven Be one, we pray, dear little one, of you.

SHOOTON, Wis.

## LOVE IN A CAB.

BY JULIA E. LEWIS.

Englewood is not a very large place and is not apt to grow much, for the simple reason that it is situated some four miles from a railway station. The town was settled long before the railroad was built, and when the surveyors were at work on the route of the road, they made arrangements to make that place one of their principal stations. They never thought that they would be hindered in this plan, but they did not know the people of Englewood.

There were only two classes of people in that town. One class included the residents who had lived in that town all their lives, and whose children would most likely occupy the same houses, pursue the same business, and do just exactly the same things as their ancestors had done. This class was decidedly averse to anything new. They hated improvements, frowned down every enterprise that would change the primitive method of doing business in Englewood, and endeavored to make that town the same old sleepy place it always had been. The other class comprised a number of newcomers, who were anxious to see Englewood improve, but, seeing no indications that such a state of things would occur, were for making all the money they could out of the property they owned in Englewood. Between the two classes the railroad company had a hard time of it. The old-time citizens positively refused to sell an inch of the ground to the railroad company, resisted all their efforts to secure ground, and by legislation hampered the company with such restrictions that the operating expenses in the vicinity of Englewood would have been much greater than on any other portion of the line. The other class of people, thinking that the company would be compelled to tap Englewood, asked such awful prices for their ground that the railroad company refused to negotiate with them. To solve the difficulty a new route was surveyed, and the road branched off in another direction, the nearest point to Englewood it touched being at Clifton, some four miles away. A line of coaches and a few cabs carried passengers from Englewood to Clifton.

One night in September, I took the train from New York to Clifton. I was feeling miserable, and no wonder, for I was just about bidding farewell to all my friends in Englewood, to leave the associations I had grown up with since childhood, and go to far-distant California to commence life anew. Up to two weeks before that time I had considered myself one of the luckiest lawyers in that portion of the country.

I had a good practice, splendid prospects, and enjoyed the best of health. Suddenly there came a sorrow into my life that made me make up my mind to break all the ties that bound me to Englewood and its people, and go to a portion of the United States where I was unknown. As you no doubt have, ere this, fathomed the sorrow, I might as well confess and tell you it was a woman that caused me to make this resolution. She was the fairest creature in Englewood, with rippling golden hair, laughing blue eyes, and a complexion that needed no artificial embellishment to enhance its beauty.

I had loved Ethel Linton for years, but being one of those men whose bravery and courage all ooze out of them when talking to a beautiful woman, I had never asked if my love was returned. True it was that Ethel always treated me in a cordial, friendly way, but she did the same with all the rest of her admirers, and I never could tell whether she loved me or not. At last, I made up my mind that the torture would have to end, and I nervously asked to ask the question which would make me either happy or miserable. For weeks I endeavored to secure a favorable opportunity, but Ethel always seemed to divine my intentions, and on some pretext or another would turn the conversation to some other subject. I tried in every way possible to find the time when I could deliver the carefully prepared speech I had rehearsed offering her my hand and heart, but it came not. If I became sentimental in my talk Ethel would dash into some prosaic subject that would take all the romance out of me. If I asked her for a few moments'

serious conversation, she would tell me that life was too short to indulge in seriousness, and would break out into a rapid description of some gay ball or party she had attended. At last, angered by her seeming indifference, I one evening called her a heartless coquette and left her, convinced that she was toying with my affections, and, unwilling to stay where I would be perpetually reminded of my love for her, I made arrangements at once to leave Englewood forever. I had almost completed arrangements for the disposal of my practice, and had been in New York to settle everything definitely. I was returning to Englewood to pack my trunk and leave that place the next day forever. As I thought Ethel was a coquette, I determined she should not see me again, so I took a late train from the city and intended leaving Englewood in the morning.

It was a terrible night. The rain was coming down in torrents, the thunder was roaring, and the sharp flashes of lightning made the few passengers in the car draw their heads away from the window. It was the kind of a night that would give a man the "blues" if he had not the pleasure of looking forward to a comfortable fire and cosy room awaiting him at home.

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"GOOD ENOUGH," SAID THE DRIVER, AND HE ASSISTED HER IN.

As I had no anticipations of such a joy, but was looking forward to saying farewell to the familiar scenes of my life, on the next day, my feelings were decidedly morose. The train sped on and I thought how happy I could be if Ethel Linton were not heartless. Then I thought of the misery of being separated from the only woman I had ever loved, and, as my mind lingered on the subject, I clenched my fingers until the nails were driven deep into the palms of my hands.

At last we reached Clifton, and I alighted. Hurrying along the platform, to escape the rain, I reached a cab, the only one standing there. I engaged it, and jumped in. The long train moved off into the darkness of the night, and I was just congratulating myself on the fact that there were no other passengers for Englewood, who would disturb my gloomy thoughts on my way there, when a trim, neat figure came along the station platform. It was a female, and I mentally cursed my luck in being compelled to ride those four miles with a woman, and most likely being compelled to converse with her, when I wanted to be alone with my thoughts. The driver waited for her, and when she came up said, "I'm sorry, Miss, but this cab is the only one here, and if you want to get to Englewood you'll have to put up with this gentleman as a passenger."

Instantly my gallantry asserted itself, and jumping out of the cab I said, "Miss, you certainly will have to occupy the cab with me, as there are no other conveyances here and it is too bad a night for either of us to walk." To my great surprise the lady raised her veil and said, "Thank you, Mr. Herriatt, I shall be happy to accept your kind offer and will occupy the cab with you."

"Good enough," said the driver. And he assisted her in. Then he mounted the box and I, stunned by the thought that I would be compelled to ride four miles in a cab with a woman I was going to run away from, got in the carriage and sat beside her. The door closed and the driver whipped up his horses and away we went. I drew myself to one side of the carriage and looked out of the window, but I could see nothing. Then I felt an irresistible desire to hear Ethel talk once more. In a matter-of-fact tone I asked her how it was she came to Clifton so late, and why it was that no one was there to meet her. In a cool, deliberate manner she informed me that she had been on a visit to her aunt in New York, and had missed an earlier train.

Thinking that there would be plenty of conveyances at Clifton, she had not telegraphed to her father. Then we were both silent, and we heard nothing but the patter of the rain and the steady tramp of the horses' feet. The silence was terrible to me. My anguish increased as the thought flashed across my mind that this would be the last time I should ever be in Ethel Linton's company. With each successive flash of lightning I looked at Ethel, but there was no encouragement there. She sat with her beautiful face close up to the window peering out into the darkness.

At last a brilliant inspiration came into my head. Here I had been trying

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