

SOMETIMES.

Sometimes we're all life's lessons have been learned. And sun and stars for evermore have set, The things which our weak judgment sets here have spurned. The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet. Will flash before us, out of life's dark night; As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue; And we shall see how all God's plans are right. And know what seem reproof was love most true.

And we shall see, while we frown and sigh, God's plans go on as best they can and me; How, when we called, He hooded not our cry, Because His wisdom to the end could see. And e'en as p'udent parents disallow Too much of sweet & crav'g babyhood, So God, perhaps, is keeping f'om us now Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes, coining with life's wine, We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,

Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine Pours out this potion for our lips to drink; And if some friend we love is lying low, Where human kisses cannot reach his face, Oh, do not blame the loving Father so.

But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath Is not the sweet gift God sends His fri'nd,

And that sometimes the sable pall of death Conceals the fairest boon His love can send, If we could push ajar the gates of life,

And stand within, and all God's workings see,

We could interpret all this doubt and strife, And f'r each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then I content poor heart! God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold;

We must not tear the clo-e- but leaves apart; Timo will reveal the calyxes of gold.

And it, through patient toil, we reach the land.

Where tired, lost, with sandals loosed, may rest,

When we shall clearly know and unders'nd, I think that we will say, "God knew the best."

A JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

"Hugh, come here," called Mr. Alfred Nevalls, the active partner of Nevalls, Son & Co., forwarders, from his private office.

The bookkeeper left his desk in the middle of the room and stood silent before his master.

"Close the door and sit down."

Hugh obeyed quietly, demurely, as he did everything else, as undisturbed and as imperturbable as the beffry is to the clangor of the bell.

"Soph—that is Mrs. Nevalls—has returned from Armway and is now visiting her mother, Mrs. Tracey," began Mr. Nevalls.

"Sorry to hear that, Sir."

"And she has little Mary with her."

Mr. Nevalls looked fiercely at his retainer as if expecting a response, and Hugh replied: "Sorry again, Sir."

"Yes, and by the Lord I won't stand it. My— that is, Mrs. Nevalls has broken her word, or at least our understanding; while I have been true to every undertaking. What did she mean by saying that she would take the house at Armway and educate the child if she didn't intend to stay there? She knew full well that, separation or no separation, I would never submit my little girl to the dominion of that old harridan. And yet she is back here in a month's time."

"I suppose, as it always was, it's 'mother.' She has ruined the child! I tell you, Hugh, I won't stand it; by Jove, I won't stand it!" and Mr. Nevalls, as if to exemplify this determination, began to pace up and down the floor. "You must get little Mary for me," he continued. "I am her natural guardian. The law gives me the right, and now Sophia's—I mean Mrs. Nevalls'—own act makes it a duty. You must get her, and trust me, I'll keep her."

"Yes, sir," said Hugh, and he arose as if he had been asked to fetch a file of paper.

"Wait a moment. Don't be so abrupt. Can't you see I'm nervous? You won't do anything to shock Sophia. She has such a tender, sensitive nature."

"Oh no, indeed, sir."

"And will you need any money?"

"I will let you know this afternoon, when I have reconnoitred and found out how old and ugly the maid is."

"Well, take your time and method, Hugh. I trust you. But look out for that old warrior if you value your eyes and hair."

"Can't spare them, sir, even to oblige a lady." And silently, furtively, Hugh passed into his office, and thence out of the warehouse, leaving word with the boy at the door that he was going to a funeral, and would not be back before night if he had to drive to the cemetery.

And Alfred Nevalls swung around in his chair and clutched the topmost letter as if it were a drowning man's straw. But to no avail. He could not work. Who can, indeed, when self-cries out for justification? The black letters lost their form and meaning and assumed delightful shapes of a fascinating young woman, of a charming little girl. Delightful, yet exasperating, for these pictures seemed to say: "We are yours; why don't you claim us and hold us? Only a coward would abandon those so weak and trustful."

What a fool I've always been!" thought Alfred. "And what's worse, how foolish my present course will some day surely seem. From idiotic infancy I have passed through a driveling youth into asinine manhood, and there I stick. What a muddle I've made of life, or rather what a muddle life is! The more happiness one stores, the quicker it spoils. And yet, when I returned from college and father took me into business, and Sophie smiled, as she always had smiled, since we were little children together, and even that old vixen didn't show her teeth except to grin, why, earth seemed an Eden."

Meanwhile the faithful Hugh was meditating after his nature, as he proceeded on his mission. "People that play with fire are apt to jump and suck their fingers," he mused. "Matrimonial quarrels are so romantic on the stage and so easily settled; but it is real life, with a red-faced ranger to fan 'em, the prairie flowers are quickly swept away and nothing left but black, baked soil. Well, let them go it."

Hugh turned into a side street and stopped before a mean-looking shop, whose windows bore the proud insignia of Lombardy and displayed a mele-

collection of diamonds, harmonicas, revolvers, watches, flutes, and razors. When he came out a few minutes later his derby hat had been replaced by a broad-brim, and his demure black frock coat by a velvet shooting jacket. He gave his drooping mustache an upward twist and grimmed grimly, and looked far more like a German tenor out of a job than the confidential clerk of a reputable forwarding house.

It was a fall day, sunshiny, brilliant, with a zest to the air like the tingle of wine. Hugh took a car to the park and then strolled across toward Sammis street, in which the Tracey mansion was situated. There were but few pedestrians abroad, here and there a maid trundling her charge or watching 'tis play from one of the benches; but Hugh saw no fluttering gleam of little Mary's golden curls. He reached a clump of evergreens from which he could esp the house where she was held. To the left was a grove, and beyond this a terrace, at the foot of which ran the street through which he had arrived.

On the upper and lower sides of the grove were broad fields, on which the school children were permitted to play croquet and tennis. But now these were deserted. Indeed, if the park was lonely mornings, this was its loneliest part; hardly a sound, hardly a motion, save the crackle of a falling twig or the lazy curl of smoke from great piles of burning leaves.

Hugh found an obscure seat, and drawing his hat over his eyes thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, stretched his long legs, seeming to sleep, narrowly watched.

Presently a flaxen-haired, robust maid was busied with the ice at the Tracey's basement entry, and then Hugh awoke.

What more natural than that a poor German exile should dare approach and ask a woman of his race? What more natural than that a blue-eyed Madchen should chatter at the joyful sound of her mother tongue?

Oh, yes, she was more than busy, she could not linger with the much-to-be-considered stranger. Her mistress was a housewife with the eye of a lynx, and her mistress's daughter had arrived to visit and was quite ill, and she must attend on her and the little girl, besides the many duties of the ordinary day. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house, as the whistle responded and a shrill voice strayed the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather disengaged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if it was a baton. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear that she might harm one so innocent? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried