

L V E S ' S E A S O N S .

Full flowered summer lies upon the land. I kiss your lips, your hair—and then your hand; lo, we two understand That love is sweet.

The roseleaf falls, the color fades and dies; The sunlight fades, the summer bird-like flies; There comes a shade across your wistful eyes— Is love so sweet?

The flowers are dead, the land is blind with rain; The bud of beauty bears the fruit of pain— Can any note revive the broken strain, Is love so sweet?

The world is cold, and death is everywhere; I turn to you, and in my heart's despair Find peace and rest. We know, through foul or fair, That love is sweet.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

R JUST PUNISHMENT.

Two people were sitting on the veranda of an Indian bungalow; a tall man of about forty, handsome and bronzed, and a girl about fifteen years younger, fair and delicately pretty. From within came the distant sound of a piano and violin, and without, at the bottom of the compound, was the ceaseless sigh and whisper of the river.

"The air feels almost like England to-day," said the man. "When I shut my eyes I can fancy myself at home."

"Do you long so much for England?" said the girl, looking up with a smile. "It's all so new to me, and so full of interest, that I don't want to go back at all."

"Ah, Miss Graham, if you had been an exile for ten years, as I have, you'd know what the longing is."

"Ten years!" said the girl, sympathetically. "Yes, I shall want to go back long before that."

"I was only home for a month then," went on the man, as if he found it hard to leave the subject. "Twenty years of my life I have spent in strange countries and among strange peoples, and now I'm getting old and England is calling, calling to me louder and louder as the days go by. I've learned what it is to be homesick, Miss Graham."

"Then why not go home?" said the girl, gently. "Surely!"

"Why not?" the man laughed a little bitterly. "You see I am reaping the rewards of a mispent youth. I got into scrapes when I was at home—I wasn't worse than other people, but I was a bit more reckless. I belong to a respectable family, you see, and it's part of the contract that I don't go back unless!"

"Unless—what?" asked the girl, softly. "Unless I marry, and take my wife back with me."

"So it's either slavery or exile," said the girl, laughing.

"Don't laugh, Miss Graham," said the man, earnestly. "The truth is, I have never seen a woman I wished to make my wife, until!"

"'Alison,' said a voice at the window, 'will you have a scarf? There is quite a breeze, and your dress is very thin.'"

The man muttered something under his breath, as the girl rose and turned to take the scarf. She stood at the window a few minutes, and odd words and phrases of talk, punctuated with laughter, came brokenly to the man's ears.

"There goes my chance," he said, under his breath. He got up and leaned over the railing looking out upon the river. When the girl came back to her seat he turned towards her.

"Do you mind if I smoke, Miss Graham?" he said.

"Oh, no, I like it," she answered, smiling. She leaned back in her chair, gathering the scarf round her, and looked up at him, still smiling, while he lit his cigar.

"Jessie has been telling me a most absurd story that George has just brought home," she said. "The colonel's wife has got a new nurse girl from England, and she has been causing great interest and excitement among the men. To-day, two of them, each considering himself the favored swain, fell to quarreling about her, and, at last, there was a regular stand up fight. In the end, when some one in authority interfered and separated the bruised and gory combatants, the girl announced her preference for another man who had been a peaceful spectator of the fight. George says no one was more surprised than the man himself, and there were at least six other men who considered they had claims. One can't help laughing, though it isn't a thing to be amused about, really. I think they ought to send the girl straight back to England."

"Oh, come, Miss Graham, perhaps she did not mean to do any harm."

"No," said the girl, bitterly. "The people who first never mean to do harm, I believe, but that does not make it any less cruel."

"Would you—would you be very down on a man that flirted?"

"Oh, it's not really worse in a man than in a woman. It's heartless and mean, and contemptible on either side."

"But, Miss Graham," remonstrated the man, "it doesn't follow always that flirting means all the hard names you give it. Sometimes I fancy, it may be a very innocent form of amusement."

"Ah, you don't understand, you don't know," said the girl, earnestly. "You are too simple and honorable yourself to guess what it may mean when it's innocent amusement" on one side and not on the other. That game is so seldom played fairly on both sides. Perhaps I should have thought like you but for something that happened when I was very young. I can never forget—I can never think lightly of flirting again!"

Her voice stopped with a little quick catch of the breath; the man looked at her with a face full of sympathy and interest. Presently she went on again:

"I'll tell you, if you like; it doesn't matter now who knows. I had a friend—my dearest friend, though she was some years older than I. She died six years ago, and I was with her much of the time that she was ill. They called it all sorts of things, and no one knew but I that she died of a broken heart. I suppose it was one of those cases of innocent amusement."

"Her people used to go every summer to a little watering place, where they had a cottage and a boat. One year there was a young man there, handsome, clever and attractive, and with some halo of romance and heroism about him that made him specially interesting. Mabel liked him from the first, and when he began to devote himself to her, as he did almost at once, there grew up an understanding between them that, in Mabel's eyes, was equivalent to an engagement. You see my friend was quite incapable of flirting, and it never occurred to her that an honorable man could mean anything but that. Of course, in her eyes, this man was the embodiment of honor, and courage, and every virtue."

Mabel had said nothing to her people. There was no formal engagement, you know, no ring, and Mabel was a shy

and sensitive girl. She dreaded the publicity and the fuss of congratulations. She was not afraid of opposition, her lover was a good enough part, and she was glad that no one should know for a little while. One day she awoke to the fact that she ought, perhaps, to speak. Her lover had persuaded her to meet him by the river, after dusk, and they were to go for a walk. Mabel had rather reluctantly consented to this plan, for her people were rather straight-laced, and she did not think they would like it. In fact, after first intending to tell her mother, as a matter of course, as the day wore on she found it more and more difficult to speak of it. She worried herself quite ill, for she did not want to break her promise, and she could see no way of keeping it. As luck would have it, her people were going next door for a quiet rubber after dinner. Mabel looked so wretched that her mother suggested she should stay at home and go early to bed, and she gladly accepted the excuse.

"As soon as they were gone she put on a light wrap and hastened to the trysting place, determining as she went that she would ask her lover to speak to her people next day. The path by the river was a private footway used by the residents and visitors by courtesy of the owner. The meeting-place was an old boat-house, about a mile and a half away. When Mabel reached it she was hot and exhausted, for she had hurried, partly because she was a little late and partly from nervousness. She heard the sound of oars out in the stream, and paused a moment to listen, thinking it was her lover's boat, but it was going towards the harbor, and the sound soon died away. She sat down on a log and waited. Presently footsteps coming along the path made her jump up in a fright. A terror of discovery suddenly came over her. She crept round the boat-house, gently pushed the door open, and stepped inside, so that she was quite hidden by the shadow. The footsteps stopped close by and Mabel was in fear that her hiding place would be discovered. Presently she heard more footsteps, and then voices; a party of three or four girls had come out for an evening walk. They did not pass the boat-house, however, and after a little while they turned and retraced their steps. Mabel waited until their voices died away in the distance, and then followed them stealthily. She was cold and dizzy, but she did not dare to hurry lest she should overtake them. She got home without having made a mistake beside my fireside?"

These or other mottoes might be etched into wood, for a cottage, by poker work, a decoration of which too little is generally known. Pyrography, as it is designated, is done after a little practice by any one having the least art training or dexterity and precision in drawing.

While there are sets of tools by which finished work can be done, a small-pointed poker, heated either over a spirit lamp, or in a coal fire, can be made the instrument for fine effects. Not only lettering for mantels, but designs in lights and shadows, for panels, screens, picture frames, cabinets and brackets are made by the poker point.

Good, well seasoned wood, free from knots and cracks, must be used to expect good results. It is said by experts that elm shows the blackest tracings, but that sycamore, holly and lime, followed by the oak, ash and elm, lend themselves readily to this work.

On any simple design or lettering the beginner can practice. There are but few rules. The bright woman will soon find the limitations and the beauties of pyrography. The beginner should trace upon a panel a simple design, perfectly geometrical, and with the heated poker or point follow the pattern with light, quick strokes. She should avoid resting the poker for an instant, even, on first touching the wood or upon leaving it, under the penalty of leaving an unsightly hard dot or point.

Where the shadows are deep the point can be slowly touched again and again. With practice the amateur can shade the wood etching from any conceivable depth of shadow to the high lights, which are the untouched wood. It is well to first lightly trace the outlines, when the iron can afterwards go over the deeper portions at pleasure. The dark background is made by fine parallel lines crossed diagonally by others. The same rules in regard to leaving the design untouched should be observed, as in any other kind of drawing.

What Electricity is Doing.

The Mining and Scientific Press thus sums up the uses to which electricity is applied. It enters into the preparation of what we eat, drink and wear, and there are many articles of utility now produced by its aid. The residents of many citizens in the United States have their houses protected, lighted and heated by electricity.

"Yes, do you know Seaford?" asked the girl in surprise.

"And your friend—was it Mabel Cahnac?" His face had gone very pale under the tan.

"Mabel Cahnac, yes. Oh! Captain Aldenham, did you know Mabel?"

"I met her—once," Fred Aldenham spoke with a great effort. "Miss Graham, did you hear—the name of the man?"

"No," said the girl, sadly. "Mabel would not tell me that. And I don't even know whether his people were visitors or residents in the place. I am sorry, because I have so wished I could meet the man and see him get the punishment he deserves. But you see, I might meet him without even knowing."

"For which he may thank heaven," said Aldenham fervently.

"You knew Seaford and you knew Mabel!" said the girl, softly and wonderingly. "How strange it all seems! The place has often been in my mind since I came here. The river sounds just like this, and the gardens slope down to its banks just like the compound here."

"Yes," said Aldenham, in a low tone. "I was Seaford I was thinking when I said the place reminded me of home. I like to shut my eyes, sometimes, and fancy the wind is stirring in the oaks and beeches of the old garden."

"I don't wonder you long for home," said the girl, gently. "Seaford is such a lovely spot! It must have been hard to come away."

"Yes," said Aldenham, rising suddenly.

"When a man gets to my age suddenly begins to alter. When I was a youngster I wanted to see life. I wanted to get as much fun out of the old show as possible, and I was glad of the chance of getting in touch with a younger, freer, more spontaneous growth of civilization. I tried everything, Miss Graham. I've hopped on the prairie, I've washed for gold in an African river. And finally, fate landed me here, in the midst of an English society, more conventional, more dull, more corrupt than any I could find at home, in order that I might learn, I suppose, the value of the English life I had forfeited. I have learnt it, and I long for nothing better than a cozy house in my native place, with a few acres to farm, and a boat on the river. I want to know my brothers' and sisters' children, and before it's too late, I want to see my mother."

There was silence for a few moments; the girl was deeply moved, but she could think of nothing that was not trite and commonplace to say. The endless sweet song of the river beneath them seemed to be mocking at the human passion it had stirred.

"Miss Graham," said Aldenham, speaking with sudden resolve, "I've done many things in my life that you would not like—that I don't like myself; but I believe no man can feel himself worthy of the woman he asks to be his wife. Perhaps there may be some things you would put against that on the other side. I don't want to plead that, if there's any hope for me it won't be because I deserve it, but because—"

"Oh, please don't say anything more—I'm so sorry, so very, very sorry." The girl had risen and was standing before him with a face of utter bewilderment and consternation. "Oh, Captain Aldenham, I never knew, I never guessed—oh, I hope you didn't think—"

"No, I had no right to think—anything," said the man, gravely and sadly.

"Miss Graham, if I wait—is there no hope for me?"

The girl shook her head.

"It would be no use," she said.

"Miss Graham—will you tell me—is there some one else?"

Aldenham lifted her head, and steadied her voice by an effort.

"Yes, Captain Aldenham," she said, "there is—some one else."

She held out her hand to him in farewell, and he took it a moment between both his own.

"Then good-bye," he said.

"Good-bye," said Alison, gently; then she turned and went swiftly through the window.

Fred Aldenham stood a moment listening to the wash of the river. Then he drew a cigar from his case, and cut the end off slowly and deliberately.

"Poor Mabel," he said, as he lighted it, "after all, she has her revenge."

PROFESSIONAL SUCCESS.

Friend—Were you successful with your first case?

The Doctor—Yes; his widow paid the bill.

THE TRUE DISAGREEMENT.

"Going to live in the country, eh?"

"Yes."

"I suppose city air doesn't agree with your family?"

"Well, city air don't agree with my pocket book."

MOTHERLY KINDNESS.

Little Boy—Tommy Wing's mother is awful good and kind to him.

Mamma—What has she done that is so thoughtful?

Little Boy—Let him have measles just the day school began.

CERTITUDE.

When I hang up the racket,

The paddle, and bat,

When my red Tam o' Shanter

Supplants my straw hat;

When the cranberry's ripe and

The turkey is fat,

Thanksgiving is coming,

I'm certain of that!

AMBIGUOUS.

Poet—Did you get my Book of Sonnets I sent you?

His Friend—Oh, yes—delightful! I

couldn't sleep till I'd read 'em.

TOO MUCH GO.

"Yes, there is a good deal of go to Bridget," said Mrs. Birmingham, who was recommending a cook to Mrs. Hill-top.

"Then I don't want her," replied the latter. "My great complaint against the cook I have had is that they go too soon."

EASILY EXPLAINED.

Mabel—How did Jack happen to propose a second time?

Florance—Because I refused him the first time, of course.

YOUTHFUL BRAVERY.

Doctor—Now, Tommie, will you promise me to take your medicine like a man?

Tommie—No, sir; when a man takes medicine he makes a bad face and swears.

FORGETFULNESS.

"I tell you what it is, my boy, I'm losing my memory. I can't tell to-morrow what I did to-day."

"You don't say so! You couldn't lend me \$5, could you?"

BUT COMPANY DOESN'T LOVE MISERY.

Mrs. Wigwag—I'm afraid I've made enemies of all the callers I had to-day. I felt too miserable to entertain them.

Wigwag—I always thought misery loved company.

SMART LAWYER.

"I tell you what, the lawyer is a cute fellow and no mistake! I ought to know, for he lately defended my son."

"How's that? I thought your son had been sentenced?"

"Yes, but only for a twelvemonth!"

REFINED SPITEFULNESS.

"Can you tell me how old Miss Brilliant is, Miss Spleen?"</p