

INCOMPLETENESS.

No joy is in itself complete,
But from the past or future borrows;
No day is altogether sweet—
'Tis made up both of joys and sorrows.

No flower blooms for self alone,
No way but has another near it,
And echo but repeats the tone
That some listening ear may hear it.

Like circles made by rippling waves
The limits of our lives are rounded
By the heartbeats of those we love—
Our happiness on theirs is founded.

Without God's grace naught has the
soul—
Who made it knows its incompleteness,

Till Love rounds out the perfect Whole
And fills it full of Strength and
Sweetness.

Margaret's Secret.

"She is so cold!" said those who knew Margaret. "A fine girl, but so cold!" Sometimes Margaret heard them, and smiled—a half-mocking smile. She knew of warm affections, of fierce resentments, of passionate dreams that kept her lying awake through the night; of moments of anguish and hot tears. She knew that this outward coldness was but that of snow lying above a volcano. One whose feelings were not so strong might have dared to show them to the world; Margaret dared not.

She knelt beside her trunk, thinking something of this as she quietly and tidily packed it for *à jour*. On the morrow she was to leave her village home to teach music in a city boarding school. She finished it speedily, and then stood beside the little window, looking out upon the road—grass-grown, and little troubled by wheels; and, beyond a little wood; a field or two; a spire pointing heavenward; and a purple hue of distant mountains.

From this very window had Margaret looked upon this very scene for years—almost ever since years had been for her. It was hard to leave it—hard to leave her few friends. One must be richer than Margaret to have many. But this was not the pain that lay deepest in her heart. She could have left all others with a little softening of the heart, a tear or two, a lingering regret, which she could not have wished to conquer; but it was a different thing to leave Christopher Hayes, who did not care at all for being left—who did not care, as she knew, whether she stayed or went.

Margaret had had admirers, handsome and richer than Christopher—who, to other eyes, was only a not very ill-looking young man attached to the telegraph office of Fernley. She did not even triumph in these contests; they were all worthless to her since Christopher had proved his affection by forgetting all about it.

Margaret had but one comfort in the matter—that was, Christopher never guessed, never could guess, that she loved him.

"She is a statue," Margaret had heard him say. "One had as well make love to the marble in the churchyard yonder."

Now, the statue was burning for a glimpse of the man she loved so; for one touch of his hand before she left Fernley, it might be, forever! She could not go without it—she would not! And she put on her hat and turned villageward, and soon came to the little telegraph office, on which the setting sun of the August day flung his beams astern, lighting up also a youngish head with a rather pleasant face, under what any one else would have called very red hair!—to Margaret it was golden! The face was turned the other way.

"How beautiful he is!" there is said to herself. "What soul there is in his face! Oh, Christopher! Christopher!"

Never in her life had she called him anything but "Mr. Hayes," but he was Christopher to her. Once or twice she repeated the name, "Christopher! Christopher!" And then, with her quiet smile, walked up to the lounging figure at the door, and dared to do what not one woman in a thousand, desperately and hopelessly in love as she was, would have dared to do: offered him her hand!

"I saw you as I passed the office, Mr. Hayes," she said, in her low, measured tones; "and since I am going away to-morrow, made up my mind that it would be the time to say good-bye."

"Going away?" he exclaimed. "Why, Miss Margaret, you were one of the institutions here, I thought. They'll miss you. It is certainly very cruel of you. Though, to be sure, for your part, I congratulate you. Fernley is a dull place."

"Yes—it is dull," said Margaret. "But then I like it. Nothing like habit, you know."

"Else how could one endure this," he said, looking into the office, and yawning little. "I beg your pardon," he said, apologetically, for his stretched mouth, "but it is so stupid here."

She laughed.

"I'm like Robinson Crusoe," he said. "It's very good of you to come out of your way to say good-bye, Miss Margaret, to an isolated wretch like me."

"Sorry to quench your vanity," she laughed; "but perhaps I should not have thought of it had it not been just in my way. Good-bye, then."

"A pleasant journey," said he; then forgot all about her. His eye grew bright, his face flushed. His glance passed Margaret. She turned her head.

A little pony carriage, driven by a girl, was whirling softly over the dusty road. She knew Virginia Hazlewood's parasol. The carriage stopped. The little gloved hand beckoned.

"Excuse me, Miss Margaret," said Christopher, and ran away to obey the summons.

For one moment Margaret was white to the very lips; the next she smiled and buttoned her glove.

"It's only about a message, Mr. Hayes," twittered Victoria. "I want you to bring me up some face to-morrow. One can't go down such days as these."

And there was more of it, and some scribbling on a bit of paper.

Meanwhile, Margaret saw something—a pile of small vignettes, on a table

under the window, the "counterfeit presentations" of Christopher. She drew near; one arm rested on the sill; the other hand darted forth swiftly, surely, and came back with a vignette in her fingers. The vignette was in her pocket; and she glided away from the window, and passed Christopher on the road.

"Oh!" cried he, apologetic, once more; "are you going? So sorry, but business must be attended to, you know. Good-bye."

Again their hands met. He lifted his hat. Victoria, who did not know Margaret, except by sight, regarded her with that impudent school-girl stare reserved by some young women, who are all smiles and blushes before their masculine adorers.

Margaret's face was a statue's; and she went her way quietly, as though she had not seen the look.

"Don't you think she's dreadfully funny?" queried Victoria, a little anxious to dispense.

"I've heard her called fine-looking," said Christopher; "but she is cold—no animation."

Victoria bestowed her arch look upon him, and said:

"She is cold; a perfect iceberg; horrid I think," and gathered up her parasol, and drove the pony off, looking archly that Christopher's brain went in whirl for hours.

Meanwhile, Margaret had made her adieux, and was whirling cityward, with Christopher's portrait next to her heart.

Beautiful, but so cold, said those at the Seminary, of Margaret. And because of this coldness friends were few. But Margaret's voice could not go for nothing, any more than her exquisite face.

She had her admirers, male and female. She made a conquest in the first fortnight; had an offer in a month, and refused it.

So the years passed. She kissed the stolen picture every night, and now and then a tear dropped on it. It was growing a little yellow, as photographs will. The eyes had always been white, pale-blue eyes, the sun will so white. The cheeks were plump and boyish; the nose had a re-trouse, toss in the air. It was a pleasant face, but not that of one who would ever endeavor to do or be anything; but it was pure perfection to Margaret.

It was August again—the very month in which she had flitted from Fernley three years before. The Seminary had a vacation, but she did not go home. In the holiday she took long walks in the city, always full of interest to her. She went into the picture galleries and whiled away hours at pleasant matinees, alone in the crowd.

"What a cold face, but very handsome," stringers said of her; and the long yearning had made no mark upon any more than had the dull throb of pain at her heart.

The face was never colder or lovelier than when she took it one day through the open door of a church on Fifth avenue. Carriages were at the door, gaily-dressed guests within—a wedding was afoot; and what woman will not delight in a wedding? Margaret sat in a seat half way up a side aisle, her modest attire had not tempted the usher to lead her farther front—and looked intently. The spectators whispered, fans fluttered, eyes were turned downward. A carriage rolled noisily up. There was a sensation. The bride was coming. Margaret turned her stately head and saw her.

It was Victoria Hazlewood. Her heart gave one wild bound. She looked at the bridegroom. It was not Christopher—a very different man, imposing, with large features and wondrous mustache. Margaret could scarcely believe it. Could Christopher love any one and not be loved in return?—impossible.

Margaret watched the ceremony through, and went out of door with the rest; but the crowd was great, and in the vestibule she was quite pushed to the wall, and being so, would not make an effort to stir, but stood still until the last bonnet had vanished, when she quietly shook out her compressed robes, and slowly followed. Before she reached the door, a man with a pale, grieved face dashed down the stairs of the gallery and passed her. She had never seen the face with that expression on it, but it was Christopher's.

Margaret wept for him that night as she had never wept for herself. She kissed his yellow picture and whispered soothing things to it. "I would have thought so much of your love," she said, softly, as mothers coo to children—"what heart has she, and what is he beside you! I hate her—I hate him—I hate them both! Ah, Christopher!" and then she kissed the paper and cuddled it up to her cheek and slept with it over her heart.

She slept late. Those holidays were resting—she only awoke when heavy knuckles struck the door and someone without cried:

"A letter for you!"

Then she opened the door and took it in. It was from her aunt.

"Dear Margaret"—it ran—"I want you to come and see me. I am ill and doubt if I shall live long. You were a troublesome child, but you've been a very good girl since you grew up, and I must say, have done your best to repay me for my kindness. I want to see you, and as I have made my will and left you all I possess, you owe me a sort of duty. I shall expect you on Monday for the rest of the vacation. Truly,

"YOUR AUNT ELINDA."

It was not an affectionate letter, and it was the first invitation the old woman had ever sent to Margaret, but she was not revengeful. She packed her trunk once more—it was better filled than of yore—bought a new novel, and took her way to the depot. Not many miles lay between her old home and the city; a few hours and she should be there. She settled in her place comfortably and opened her book. It was interesting, and she lost sight of everything in its pages. Suddenly the consciousness that some one stood near her made her lift her eyes. A man was passing through the car and had stopped to answer the inquiries of an old lady who took him for a conductor.

"The next stopping place is—" she heard him say. It was Christopher's voice. He passed on them and the door shut behind him.

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under the window, the "counterfeit presentations" of Christopher. She heard the scream of a whistle, shouts and shrieks. The car stopped.

"A man is killed!" said an old gentleman who had thrust his head out of the window. "Good heavens! he is cut to pieces, I believe."

Passengers rushed to the platform, Margaret with them. They had lifted Christopher—from the first she knew that it was he—from the ground. They were carrying him into a tavern hard by. Margaret followed.

"I am an old friend," she said, and they let her in, while others were shut out. Christopher lay upon the bed and a surgeon bent over him.

"He has no chance, I think," said this man, looking at the others; "best not torture him. Nothing could save his life. I am glad he has a friend here."

And then Margaret sat down beside the bed and said:

"I will stay until the last. Will you know me?"

No one could tell her that. After all that could be done was over, they left her alone, for she asked them to do so.

She bent over him looking at his face as though she were reading it off to remember for eternity. The country sounds came in through the window. The perfume of hay—the scent of flowers reached her. Within all kept still because of the wounded man. Once or twice the landlady looked in and asked:

"Is he quiet?"

And Margaret said:

"Yes, thank you."

At last, in the stillness, she dared to touch his cold hand and hold it in one of hers. The touch seemed to arouse him. His eyes looked at her.

"Who are you?" he asked.

She answered:

"Margaret."

"I remember you," he said, "were you in the car? I came down to see the wedding. She jilted me. I hate her. I hadn't money enough, you see—money—money—money," and he muttered away again.

Ten minutes afterward he looked up again.

"I'm badly hurt. I shan't get well. Miss Margaret, when you go back to Fernley, tell them the truth. They'll think I killed myself, because Victoria jilted me. It was an accident. My foot slipped. I was not so much cut up as that. I should have got over it. I made fool of myself by going to the wedding though. You'll tell them,"

"Yes," said Margaret, and then as she looked, the face, the pleasant boyish face that she had loved so, changed under her eyes with the awful change of death. She had no power over herself then.

"Christopher!" she sobbed. "Christopher, I have loved you so long, so well. Give me one kiss before you go. Call me Margaret, promise to love me in Heaven. Oh, my darling, darling Christopher."

Did he hear? Did he comprehend? A sort of startled look came into his eyes. He gave her his cold lips. Margaret kissed him wildly. Then she sat down beside him—beside what had been him an instant before—and hid her face upon the pillow!

"It is very still in there," said the landlady, an hour afterward.

Then she opened the door, peeped in, and gave a cry that brought others to her in a moment.

Christopher lay dead upon his pillow, and on the floor, at the bedside, Margaret had fallen, face downwards!

"She has fainted," said the landlady.

"She is dead," said the surgeon. "Heart disease. I saw it in her face when I first spoke to her."

"He must have been her lover," said the landlady, weeping, "and it's killed her."

"Not likely," said the doctor. "Such a splendid woman! and he—no any agitation might have done it."

PEARLS WITHOUT PRICE.

Two Strings Owned by the Duchess of Marlborough.

Casual mention has been made of the beautiful pearls which Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt gave her daughter, Miss Consuelo, when she became Duchess of Marlborough, but nothing like justice has ever been done to a collection which is undoubtedly the finest and most costly in the world.

The pearls originally consisted of two strings, one of these being his

strand of the once glorious

strand of Catharine of Russia.

This string was about two yards long, and while the pearls are well matched, of great size and of good "skin" or brilliancy, they are nothing to be compared to the second string,

which Mr. William K. Vanderbilt

brought to collect for his wife soon after their marriage.

This string was the first loop, one designed to be close to the throat, the second and third coils being long enough to hang down over the bodice of a dress, the whole string going three times around the neck.

These larger pearls are without equals in the world, and measure fully a half inch in diameter. There are about fifty of them, and a conservative valuation has recently fixed them worth at \$15,000 to \$20,000 each, making the group cost nearly a million dollars.

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These pearls will undoubtedly make a sensation when worn abroad by the young Duchess of Marlborough, whose graceful throat seems just designed for so adorned.

As they pass into the keeping of the Marlboroughs these pearls may

become an heirloom in that family, to be