

TERRE HAUTE SATURDAY EVENING MAIL.

THE MAIL
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

(From the Indianapolis Herald.)

A CYCINIC.

Rhythical stenographic report of his remarks at a camp fire in the mountain.

(Colorado, 1873.)

BY J. C. B.

I hate the world—you think that's strong. Stranger! It is, to you; but hate's the word, and right or wrong, I'm going to pack it through.

It hasn't been very long ago, Since I could draw a check, And have it paid, for a thousand or so, But now, I'm through the deck,

I've got my hands, and that's 'bout all; The rest, my money and wife, Left behind in a general brawl— Right glad I kept my life.

You might not think a rough like me Had ever loved, and lost; But there you're off a point, you see— And here is what it cost!

I was fixed up once, I was, you bet; A right good home was mine, A carriage, and horses black as jet— Everything nice and fine.

And lots of friends we had, you know, All simple and sweet-lipped; A love as I had the chink to show— But when I broke, they skipped.

That's just the truth of it, you hear me; As long's you're rich as trout, You're friends'll freeze in, good and free, And then they'll just skin out!

Oh! I've been there; I know 'em pat— Just how they come and go, When Honorable this, and Colonel that, And are on your list, for show.

As I was sayin' a home I had, A wife, and baby too, A little scrub that called dad, With eyes of the bluest blue.

Well, in my biz I wanted mon., I had to make a raise;

They suppose those money-grabs would wait A month, all on the square?

No, sir; they just pranced it at date, And cleaned me out right there.

And then that child began to cough, And died, and what was worse, My wife, in pride and shame, went off— Leavened me to swear and curse.

Tain't just the cheese to sound your notes. And tell you how you was whirled; But there I am with the d—d coyotes— That's why I hate the world.

For men and women are on the make, No matter how it's done— They'll sell their souls to pull the stake, And chip in number one.

Wynfield Hall.

BY FLORENCE PERCY ALLEN.

"So this is James' daughter," said a kind voice, "look up at me, my dear—I am not going to hurt you," and then I raised my eyes, and for the first time, saw my Uncle Robert.

A tall, straight man, was he with keen blue eyes, and a resolute mouth—a proud man and a stern man evidently, but his smile was pleasant, and he spoke to me gently as though I were a little child.

"I am glad to see you," he said, after a moment's steady scrutiny of my upturned face—"you look like your father," and then, after a little pause, "James and I never got along very well together—we were not of the same breed, you know, but I always thought more of him than he knew, and his sending you to me shows that he did not cherish any hard thoughts toward me at the last; so, my dear, you are doubly welcome," and that was all.

He did not kiss me, nor even touch my hand, but I felt that his words were sincere, and that there was a quiet, understanding established between us from that moment.

"Your aunt will be down soon," he said, as I turned away, and then the door opened, and a dark-eyed, tired-looking young lady entered, accompanied by two children.

"Good-morning, Miss Silverton," said my uncle, courteously, and then, turning to me: "A member of our family at present, Leonora; Miss Silverton, my niece, Miss Wynfield, and these are your two cousins."

I noticed even at the first how extremely pretty she was, in spite of the tired look, and how ladylike she was with her plain dress and smooth hair, and then I devoted myself to making the acquaintance of my small cousins, until my aunt joined us.

A tall, thin lady was my Aunt Barbara—with a frosty smile and a predisposition to chilliness. She wore on this particular morning a novel head-dress, consisting of a small white woolen open-work shawl, folded corner wise, and pinned together under her chin, and the little dry kiss she gave me actually made me shiver.

"I was sorry not to have welcomed you here last night," she said, "but you came so very late—I hope you will be contented here. It is quite pleasant in the summer, but now"—and she shuddered in a stately, expressive manner. "I trust you are not addicted to carache," she continued. "I am, and have to be very careful, as you see"—and then my uncle gave her his arm and led the way to the breakfast room.

After we were all seated, I noticed, with a little wonder, as to who the absent one might be, that there was a vacant place just opposite my seat; but as this question rose in my mind Uncle Robert looked across at his wife.

"Is Marchmont at home?" he inquired, a little frown contracting his fair forehead; and then, as she looked up to reply, a tall young gentleman made his appearance, and with a careless word of excuse for his lateness, sauntered to the vacant chair.

"Leonora, this is Marchmont Severn," said my uncle, and then the new-comer, with a little complimentary speech concerning the pleasure he felt in making my acquaintance, took his seat, and proceeded to the business of breakfast.

After a little I found an opportunity to look at him unobserved, and I did so. Such a handsome young fellow as he was—so tall, and straight, and graceful, with his wide blue eyes, his fair, English face with its long silken moustache, and close-cut curling hair. Marchmont Severn—I wondered a little as to his place in the family; and then, finding this course decidedly unsatisfactory, I gave it up and turned my attention to my coffee and toast.

It was a silent and uncomfortable meal—my first breakfast at Wynfield Hall. My aunt was evidently "under the weather," as the country folks express it—and shivered and trifled with her emollient in silence. Miss Silverton was busy with the children, and paid no attention to anyone else, save once, when looking up suddenly, I detected her standing swiftly from young Mr. Severn to myself—and then her long lashes drooped; and a little flush came into her face; but she went on instructing eight-year-old Bertie as to the proper manner of managing his fork, and did not raise her eyes again. Uncle Robert was grave and taciturn—in fact the last comer was the only one of the circle, save six-

years-old Alice, who seemed either cheerful or amiable; and he was imperturbably good natured, addressing his remarks now to my uncle, then to my aunt, and then to me, in no wise discouraged by their unfattering reception.

I, for one, was heartily glad when we at last rose from the table and returned to the pleasant library. Mr. Severn gallantly escorting me, and Miss Silverton marshalling in the children.

"It is too raw for Bertie and Alice to walk this morning," said my aunt, seating herself in a large lounging chair before the fire, "supposing you have a game of battledore before the school hours," and Miss Silverton acquiescing, departed with her charges. Then Uncle Robert left us on piles of letter writing; and finally Mr. Severn sauntered away with us excuse in particular, and I was left alone with my aunt.

How tediously the minutes dragged as she sat there with her head lying back on the crimson cover of her chair, and her eyes closed. I began to feel nervous and wretched, and devoutly wished that I knew the whereabouts of Miss Silverton and the children, that I might join them in their game, when suddenly my aunt opened her eyes, and sat upright.

"You must really excuse me, my dear," she said, pinning her shawl closer around her head; "but my bad health makes me miserable company. You'll find it fearfully dull here, I'm afraid. By the way—where is March?"

"I have not the slightest idea," I answered, and my aunt smiled indulgently.

"I hope that you two will be good friends," she said, and then, with more real interest in her face than I had seen before: "Isn't he a fine handsome boy? I am very fond of him, you know—possibly so perhaps." And then, seeing the look on my face, she laughed softly.

"I forgot that you don't know anything about us," she went on, "except that my husband was your father's half-brother. I was a widow when your uncle married me. My first husband was Colonel Marquand Sevren, and he died in India when Marchmont was nine years old. He was a very fine man—Marchmont's father—one of the handsomest men I ever met. March is his father over again—so you can judge."

And here my aunt looked at me very keenly. "He is indeed very handsome," I answered, feeling that she expected me to speak, and then the door opened and Marchmont came in—so suddenly that I was sure he heard my last words, although he looked so entirely unconscious.

"I am glad you have come," said Aunt Rebecca. "Leonora here, is growing lonesome and wretched. I want you to cause her."

"I shall be most happy," he looked at me laughingly, "anything in the world to make myself useful," and then, going to the window he looked out. "It has turned pleasant after all," he said, "supposing we ride to Four Corners—or don't you ride, Miss Wynfield?"

I had never mounted a horse more than twice in my life, but a tinge of sarcasm in his voice made me suddenly brave.

"I should be pleased to go," I answered, "only—and here a thought suddenly arrested me—I have no riding habit with me."

"You can take mine," said Aunt Barbara; but her son indulged in a low whistle of dissent—very impolitely.

"Really, now, mother," he said, "do you want to make a guy of her? It would take three of her to fill your habit."

"Miss Silverton will lend you hers," she said, "just for this time—you must have one at once, for riding is the chief amusement here—I will send for it or—"

"I would rather ask for it myself," I said hastily. "Please let me in." And so, escorted by my self-appointed cavalier, I made my way to the school-room.

The game of battledore was over, and Miss Silverton was just about to commence the lessons when we entered; but on making known my errand, a five minutes' respite was allowed to the children, and the pretty governess hurried away to bring me the garment which I wished, and I went with her as far as my room, while Marchmont dazed off.

"I think it will fit you nicely," she said, returning with her burden; "we are about the same size. I am sure it is not worth mentioning," as I thanked her—and then she went back to the school-room, and I proceeded to array myself for my ride.

Ten minutes later I came down the great stairway, and as I paused a moment before the mirror, in the hall, I glanced, not unpleased with the reflection therein.

I was never a pretty girl, but I was strikingly looking, with my black hair, clear, dark complexion, heavy brows, and great black eyes; and to-day, with my jaunty hat and trailing feather crowning my heavy braids, and the little flush of excitement in my cheeks, I knew that I was looking my very best.

Marchmont was waiting for me by the fire with his mother, and with a word of commendation for my speedy appearance, we went out together.

The horses had been brought around—fine, spirited animals, with a look in their eyes that made me actually nervous.

"Are you afraid?" said Marchmont, looking down at me sharply. "Jesus seems to be pretty lively—shall I send her back and order a quieter horse?"

The look in his eyes piqued me. "I am not a baby," I said. "You can do as you choose."

"Steady, then," and then I was in saddle, and with Marchmont beside me, went slowly down the drive.

"Do you like to race?" we had ridden along in comparative silence, I with my heart in my mouth at every sudden movement of my horse—conscious that my cheeks were flaming and my hands trembling in spite of myself; but perhaps you are a timid horsewoman?"

What could I say, with Marchmont's kiss still on my lips, what could I answer?—and as I hesitated, Uncle Robert spoke again:

"Perhaps so!"

Answer me this time, please, and truthfully. Do you love him, my dear?"

The real kindness of the tone brought the tears to my eyes, and looking in his face I was heartily thankful that I could answer honestly and earnestly, "No, I do not, Uncle Robert."

"Very well, then," he said, "with a long breath of relief I fancied, "I will tell you something; I would rather see you dead where you are sitting, than see you married to that man. Do you understand me, child?" His mother spoiled him when he was a boy, and he has grown up to be what he is—handsome, worthless good-for-nothing, and bad at that as bad can be. I should have sent him to India long ago, had it not been for his mother; she is so fond of him, and proud of him in spite of everything. Perhaps I ought to have spoken of this before, Leonora, but I put it off, until at last, in simple justice to yourself, I felt that I must do so."

Here was the opportunity which I had waited for so long, to tell Uncle Robert a little heart history which I hid so carefully from others; and as I told him that as bad can be. I should have sent him to India long ago, had it not been for his mother; she is so fond of him, and proud of him in spite of everything. Perhaps I ought to have spoken of this before, Leonora, but I put it off, until at last, in simple justice to yourself, I felt that I must do so."

It was a small portion of brandy, and I swallowed it obediently. "I didn't tumble off," I said trying to straighten myself—and then her long lashes drooped. I'll have Briggs skinned for his carelessness. Luck's the brute didn't drag you. What is the matter with your arm?"

He was the opportunity which I had waited for so long, to tell Uncle Robert a little heart history which I hid so carefully from others; and as I told him that as bad can be. I should have sent him to India long ago, had it not been for his mother; she is so fond of him, and proud of him in spite of everything. Perhaps I ought to have spoken of this before, Leonora, but I put it off, until at last, in simple justice to yourself, I felt that I must do so."

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I had tried to raise it and found it im-

possible, it was simply an aching helpless weight. "I don't know," I answered, "but I think—I am quite sure—it is broken."

"The devil it is!" I could excuse the profanity, seeing him go down on his knees beside me, in the muddy road to examine it, and then he made a sling of my vest and tied it up.

"The quicker we get home the better," he said, and then mounting me on his horse, he walked beside me, leading him with one hand and holding me in my seat with his other arm until we were again at Wynfield Hall. Such a fuss as they made over me. Aunt Barbara forgot her aches and hovered around like an actic angel. Uncle Robert looked into the room a dozen times a day, to inquire as to my welfare, and Marchmont was represented by his mother as wandering around the house all day in a grimly disconsolate state of mind, impudently anxious to know when I intended to make my appearance.

My arm did remarkably well however, and very soon I was able to spend my days on the wide sofa in the library and from that time Marchmont devoted himself to my amusement. He read to me, talked to me, he sat in the music room with the door open, and played to me by the hour—and his fingers had the very magic of melody—and I saw by his mother's satisfied face that she approved of the friendship which seemed to exist between us.

Of Miss Silverton I saw very little during these days, but one evening when my arm was nearly well, I was coming by the school-room door, and hearing a stiffed sob, I pushed the door open and looked in.

There sat the pretty governess, her arms thrown despairingly out on the table in front of her and her head bowed down upon them in a very agony of weeping. One moment I hesitated, and then, moved by a sudden impulse of sympathy, I entered, closing the door securely, and went to her.

"What is it?" I asked, touching her head lightly. "Can I help you?"

She started up, and pushing her hair back with both hands, looked at me almost fiercely. "Let me alone," she said. "Don't touch me, don't come near me!" and then, seeming to collect herself, she turned away suddenly. "I get homesick, sometimes," she said, "silly, isn't it—and I am best alone at such times."

"Home-sick?" I really pitied the poor girl, she looked so wretched and forlorn. "Haven't you any friends near here?"

"I haven't a friend in the wide world," she answered, "not one—except—no one."

"Can I not help you then?" I said, noticing with a little wonder, how thin and pale she had grown of late. "I am home-sick too, sometimes," but she stood silent, trifling with the cover of her chair, and looking at me over her shoulder.

"If there is anything I can do for you," I said, at last, as I turned to go, "please let me know. I do not like to think that you are unhappy," and as I passed her, something in the pretty face arrested my steps—yearning frightened look in the dark eyes that puzzled me.

"Home-sick?" I really pitied the poor girl, she looked so wretched and forlorn. "I am very kind," she said, constrainedly, "and I beg your pardon for disturbing you. Good-night," and so she left me, her long, dark hair veiling her shoulders, and her face white as death.

The next morning, to my great surprise, Miss Silverton and the children did not appear at the breakfast table.

The children have made me quite nervous with their shocking manners, said my aunt, "so I have decided that they shall have their meals in the nursery for a while."

I fancied that her grey eyes glanced across at Marchmont as she spoke, but he met them with a careless smile, and she said no more.

All that long rainy day Miss Silverton was invisible. March lounged around the house, growling at the weather and everything in general. Uncle Robert wrote letters in his "hermitage" and read the Times, and I constituted myself Aunt Barbara's companion, and with my embroidery and a novel managed to feel utterly envious.

"Don't trouble yourself to stay with me," said Aunt Barbara. "March is always more in need of sympathy during these wretched days than I am. Go and play billiards with him for a while."

Marchmont's eyes seconded this proposition, although March himself, lazily indifferent in appearance, was stretched out in a great lounging chair by the fire; but I expressed myself perfectly contented where I was, and Aunt Barbara dozed off again.

So the long day passed off. March read to me, played and sang to me; but even Heinie's tenderest songs could not lure me from Aunt Barbara's side, and at last Marchmont grew sulky, and, donning his overcoat, went out into the storm.

"Anything is better than this confounded dull hole!" he said savagely, in response to his mother's protest, and she looked reproachfully at me; but I was apparently unconscious that my failure to be entertaining was the cause of his departure, and wished him a "pleasant walk" with the most calmly indifferent manner possible.

March having departed, I incontinently deserted Aunt Barbara, and wandered around the house like an unquiet spirit—playing a little, singing a little, writing a little, and reading a little—until it was time to dress for dinner.

My toilet was speedily accomplished, for my deep mourning admitted of but little change, and then remembering that a precious letter was lying between the leaves of a book which I had been reading, I ran down to receive it.

Aunt Barbara's chair was vacant, but her shaking hands stretched out toward her son, and an awful gray pallor settling down on her face, cried out like one in mortal pain, "Marchmont you dare not say that this is true—oh, my son! tell me that it is all false!" but Marchmont, looking askant at me, answered never a word.

"Marchmont," said Uncle Robert, "and then, with his wary eyes fastened on the girl's face, he obeyed.

"It is all," he said, "she is my wife. I fell in love with her pretty face, and so like a fool—I married her, never thinking how soon the romance of the thing would wear off. There is no use in making such a row, mother; what's done is done, and there's nothing left for me but to go to the devil as quick as possible." He moved