

THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERRE HAUTE, JULY 13, 1878

THE ROSE.

"I am weary of the garden,
For the roses and the winds are sighing.
All my playmates round me dieing,
And my leaves will soon be lyning,
'Neath the snow."

"But I hear my mistress coming,
Gif the roses will be to me,
She will take me to her chamber,
Where the honeysuckles clamber,
And I'll bloom there all December,
Spite the snows."

"Sweeter fell her lily finger
Than the bee!
Ah, how feebly I resisted
Smoothed my thorns, and e'en assented
All this blushing I was twirled
Off my tree."

"And the fixed me in her bosom
Like a star,
And I dashed there all the morning,
Jasmine's incense scalding,
Parasites forever fawning,
That they are."

"And when evening came she set me
All of me and radiant metal,
And I felt her red lips stile
On my leaves till each proud petal
Touched her face."

"But I am above her slumbers
Like a light;
And I said, instead of weeping,
In the garden vigil keeping,
Here I'll watch my mistress sleeping
Every night."

"But when morning with its sunbeams
Softly shown,
In the mirror where she braided
Her brown hair, I saw how jaded,
Old and coloress and faded,
I had grown."

"Not a drop of dew was on me,
Never one;
From the leaves no odors started,
All my leaves had departed,
I was pale and broken-hearted
In the sun."

"Still, I said, her smile is better
Than the rain,
Though my morning may forsake me,
To her bosom the will take me,
And with crimson kisses make me
Young again."

"So the took me... gazed a second....
Half a sigh.
Then, alas, can hearts so harden?
Without ever asking pardon,
Threw me back into the garden,
There to die."

"How the jealous garden gloried
In my fall;
How the honeysuckles child me,
How the smearing jasmine bid me
Light the long gray grass that hid me,
Like a pale."

"There I lay beneath her window,
In a swoon,
Till the earth woe o'er me trailing
Woke me just at twilight failing,
As the whip-poor-will was wailing,
To the moon."

"But I hear the storm-winds stirring
In their lair,
And know my soul will lift me
In their arms and sift me
Into ashes as they drift me
Through the air."

"So I pray them in their mercy
Just to let me die,
From my heart of hearts, or near it,
The last living leaf, and bear it
To her feet and bid her weep it
For my sake."

When the Ship Comes Home.

BY WALTER REESENT AND JAMES RICE.
Authors of "The Golden Butterfly," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

FULL CONFESSION.

Mr. Baldwin's words were conveyed to the outer office, and, being curious and inexplicable words, were repeated among the clerks. To them the story of George Warneford was an old and almost forgotten thing, so that they did not connect it with Mr. Baldwin's expression. One of them, however, when he heard them, trembled and shook. He was so nervous and agitated that he could do no work that morning. His hands could not hold the pen. His mind would not take in the meaning of the words which he had to read, the figures danced before his eyes, and amidst the buzz of those who came and went he heard nothing but the voice of Mr. Baldwin, which repeated, "Innocent? Then God forgive us all!"

Forgive whom? Samuel Pringle's cheeks were white when Helen asked him for news of his brother; but his very lips were white when he thought of what these words might mean to himself.

Might mean? Did most certainly mean? There was no doubt in his mind at all that the young lady was come to Mr. Baldwin's about that old business of George Warneford—a business which had ruined his own life and destroyed his peace. If the innocent man had suffered, much more had he, the guilty, endured tortures of remorse and helpless remorse. There was no way out of it now, except to confess and take the consequences.

He sat out the dreadful hours, full of unpealable terror, from ten till one, and then, taking his hat, went out when his turn came to take his dinner.

One thought always came to the guilty—the thought of flight. As he had emerged from the office where he had expected all the morning to feel the hand of arrest, it occurred to him that he might escape. He looked up and down the crowded thoroughfares; no one was watching him, he thought; he would hasten to his lodgings, pack up a few necessary articles, and then be off, somewhere—anywhere—out of danger.

Excellent thought! He was a thrifty young man, who did not spend all of his small salary, and had a little money with which he would pay his fare to America. He would write to the office and say that he was called away on urgent business, but would be back in a week; then he would not be missed. Once in America, and on his way to the West, he would be safe from pursuit, and they might prove whatever they liked about himself and George Warneford.

Excellent thought! He lived at Lexington. He took a cab, and drove to his rooms in hot haste, mad to be away from this dreadful fear which stung him like a hornet. And not only to be rid of this fear of detection and arrest, but also of the slow devouring fire of remorse, which had never left him for a single moment, since the day when George Warneford had been sentenced for a crime which he had never committed.

So good and wise a plan did it seem to him, so practical and so original a method of shaking off the inconveniences of remorse and anxiety, that when he stepped out of his bedroom, portmanteau in hand, and saw who were waiting there to frustrate his manoeuvre, he fell fainting on the floor.

His visitors were John Wybrow and the young lady he had seen in the of

for Helen lost no time. She drove from Mr. Baldwin's straight to John Wybrow's chambers, and, in a few words as she could, told him what was necessary for him to know.

Said John Wybrow promptly, "I know that fellow Pringle. He is a cur and a sneak. I always thought he was capable of villainy, and now I know it. He is the man who did it; not his brother, at all. Now, Miss Elwood, the first thing he will do is to run away."

"Run away!"

"Just that. They always do it, fellows like Pringle. He hasn't got the pluck to stay and broach it out. The mention of his brother's name will make him suspect that the worthy Tom has let it all out. He will run away and we must stop him."

John wasted no time in going to the office of Batterick and Baldwin, but drove straight to Ping's address, right judging that, if he was going to escape, he would probably take the very first opportunity of getting away from the city. So it came to pass that when Samuel had finished his packing, and was joyously bringing his portmanteau from his bedroom, he found this pair of conspirators ready to receive him, and the shock was so great that he fairly swooned away.

When he recovered, he found himself lying on the horse-hair sofa which decorated his apartment. His head was dizzy and heavy, and it was some minutes before he remembered what had happened and where he was. Then he awoke and realized the position.

"Innocent?" Then God forgive us all!

The words rang in his brain. Who were those who chiefly needed forgiveness? And by what suffering was that forgiveness to be arrived at? He clutched the head of the sofa, and groaned in his misery.

Before he stood John Wybrow, looking hard, stern, and pitiless, and at the table sat the young lady he had seen at Mr. Baldwin's private room, and her eyes, too, meant punishment.

"Not a drop of dew was on me,

"Never one;

"From the leaves no odors started,

"All my leaves had departed,

"I was pale and broken-hearted

"In the sun."

"Still, I said, her smile is better

"Than the rain,

"Though my morning may forsake me,

"To her bosom the will take me,

"And with crimson kisses make me

"Young again."

"So the took me... gazed a second....

"Half a sigh.

"Then, alas, can hearts so harden?

"Without ever asking pardon,

"Threw me back into the garden,

"There to die."

"How the jealous garden gloried

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"Light the long gray grass that hid me,

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"There I lay beneath her window,

"In a swoon,

"Till the earth woe o'er me trailing

"Woke me just at twilight failing,

"As the whip-poor-will was wailing,

"To the moon."

"But I hear the storm-winds stirring

"In their lair,

"And know my soul will lift me

"In their arms and sift me

"Into ashes as they drift me

"Through the air."

"So I pray them in their mercy

"Just to let me die,

"From my heart of hearts, or near it,

"The last living leaf, and bear it

"To her feet and bid her weep it

"For my sake."

Samuel obeyed, so far as standing up went. It was a groggy sort of standing at the bed, and he felt, if he felt anything at all, that he hardly looked his best; for his long legs bent beneath him, his thin and sandy hair was hanging helplessly at his sides, and his eyes were red and swollen. He looked at his portmanteau and at the door, but between the door and himself stood the stalwart

form of John Wybrow. Samuel Pringle was neither a strong man nor a brave man. If the thought of forlorn departure entered his head, it was dismissed at once.

"Sit down," said John, peremptorily.

Samuel sat down.

"Take the pen."

Samuel took the pen in his shaking hand, mechanically drawing the paper

caught. He left the envelope on the table. I put the last check I had forged in an envelope exactly like his own. I made an excuse for going into his office.

"I changed the envelope. Tom said it

was the best chance to throw suspicion on somebody else. How should we

know that George Warneford would be the one on whom it would fall?

It was not our fault. We had to look out for ourselves—Tom and I. Mr. Baldwin locked up the envelope when he went away; he clean forgot who had been in his room; he forgot that he left his desk for a moment when I was in his office, and he aware positively that no one could have touched that envelope, except himself and George Warneford. Tom was in court when he awoke to it, and when Tom told me in the evening, we laughed—that is, Tom laughed till the tears ran down his face."

Helen made an involuntary gesture of disgust.

"He laughed, miss, not me. I repented.

I repented at once, and the man

—hundreds of pounds it was—that Tom had through me, never did him any good. I always told him it wouldn't. Oh, it's a dreadful story; and somehow Mr. Wybrow, now that I've told the whole of it, I feel easier in my mind.

John Wybrow whispered a few words to Helen, then turned to the man again.

"Look here, you have told us, I believe, pretty well the whole truth.

Of course we don't believe a word about your repentance, and all that. Repentance, indeed! But you have done us involuntarily, a service. Now, in return, Miss Elwood, this young lady—

Samuel Pringle bowed, as if he were being introduced to her—has consented to this man again.

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