

DAY BY DAY.

A little older every day,
A little nearer to the close;
Nearer the ending of the fray,
Nearer the long repose.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

A Story in Three Chapters.

CHAPTER I.—WHICH IS IT TO BE?
'I am sure I don't know!' said Adelaide Berry crossly to herself, as she stood before the glass, hurriedly tying on her plain dark bonnet.

But Miss Berry frowned more crossly than before as she said this; and then, having drawn on her gloves, she forgot that she had been in a hurry, and stood still for a minute by the dressing table to think.

Words came to her, which she had read to Mrs. Mountebank only that morning—"No man is bound to be rich or great; no, nor to be wise; but every man is bound to be honest."

"And I am honest," she said to herself in a low, quiet tone. "Who dares to say that I am not?"

She was a young woman of seven or eight and twenty, dark complexioned, and rather sharp featured fairly good looking, with black eyes and shining black hair—very nicely, yet, at the same time, very plainly arranged; for Mrs. Mountebank, with whom she lived as companion, would have found fault at once if the slightest sign of a curl or a braid had appeared, even on an afternoon like the present, when the two were going out together to drink tea at the vicarage.

"Miss Berry!" called a somewhat irritable voice now. "I hope you have nearly finished your dressing! I have been ready these five minutes!"

And Adelaide hurried out, thinking to herself: "I should be foolish indeed if I said 'No.' I am getting more and more tired every day of this kind of life; and yet—"

But now she had reached the hall, and at the open door stood Mrs. Mountebank—a little old lady, with a pale face and white curls, and robed in rustling black silk, over which a white shawl with lavender border showed to advantage.

The two were soon in the lane; and there only a few hundred yards distant, was the vicarage—a little, brown, old-fashioned building, almost hidden by trees.

And very near it was another house, also partially hidden by trees a larger and certainly far handsomer house, with an imposing white front. More than once Adelaide glanced in its direction, but Mrs. Mountebank did not observe her.

The sky was dull, the air was chill, but the ground was dry and both ladies felt that the short walk was refreshing and cheering them. But they spoke scarcely a word as they went; they saw so much of each other that they really had very little to say.

They arrived at the vicarage, and were presently seated at the table in the bright, cheerful drawing-room, and being talked to by the kind but absent-minded vicar occasionally; and by his busy, happy little wife continually.

And now Miss Berry felt that she might consider herself relieved for a time from her duties as companion, Mrs. Mountebank, being an old inhabitant of the village, would find enough to talk about—with Mrs. Leigh—for some time; and very possibly would even forget her companion's presence.

As Adelaide (even more silent than usual this evening, Mrs. Leigh thought her) sipped her tea very leisurely and composedly to all appearance, the door was thrown open—and Mrs. Stapleton announced—a thin gentleman, with a face as dreamy and gentle as the vicar's own. And Adelaide started visibly and spilt a few drops of tea upon the pretty, bright table cover. But no one observed her, for all were busy in welcoming the newcomer, who was a person of no small importance in the village, being both rich and benevolent. He was also unmarried, and, as far as was known, disengaged.

As he went round shaking hands the gentleman was, in a slow, kindly voice, making his excuses for being late. But no one appeared especially to regard them; the wonder would have been had he been in time, for, as every one who knew him was aware, he was punctual only in being unpunctual.

"I am afraid I entirely lost myself in

a box of new books which I received to-day," he said. "I am very much ashamed to own it; but it is better to tell the truth at once."

Adelaide did not feel pleased with this. "Complimentary to me!" she was thinking. "He knew I should be here. However, everybody knows that he is always late. \* \* \* And, besides, what can it signify to me? I have quite made up my mind now; and I shall not say yes!"

No one imagined for a moment that Mr. Stapleton had ever given a thought to Miss Berry; therefore Mrs. Leigh was not careful that he should have an opportunity of conversing with her as she otherwise would have been. And Mr. Stapleton did not feel inclined to make his opportunity. His time would come. And he engaged himself in conversation with the vicar, for the most part, and appeared quite content. And Miss Berry sat holding wool for Mrs. Mountebank to wind—or looking through a collection of photographs with Mrs. Leigh—thinking her own thoughts the while; and, in a way, also she was content.

But the hours passed quickly away, and the evening seemed soon over; and bonnets were once more donned, and the two ladies were returning. And Mr. Stapleton had volunteered his services as escort, to Mrs. Mountebank's evident gratification.

And on the way he contrived to find an opportunity to whisper—gravely enough: "Is it: Yes or No, Miss Berry?"

And Miss Berry whispered hurriedly in return, "I'll write."

CHAPTER II.—NO.
And she did write.

And there sat Mr. Stapleton, the owner and occupier of the white house among the trees, on a dismal rainy day, in his little dark, dull, dusty study, whose window was almost overgrown by a now fast withering creeper—reading her letter.

He sighed as he finished it and laid it upon the table before him. And then, rubbing his hands, for they were cold, he cast a forlorn glance at the black, smoky fire.

"I had thought"—he uttered, half sorrowfully, half resignedly. "But—never mind. So our dream vanished." And the wind moaned outside, and the rain, and the dying leaves of the creeper pattered dolefully against the window. And now a servant entered—an untidy girl with a black face and dirty apron—and with a great noise and clatter made up the fire and departed.

Next, Mr. Stapleton took up the letter again, and re-read it. It was a long one; and in it Adelaide Berry had told him all her mind. Part of it ran thus: "I wish to be free—and to be mistress of such a house as yours. I thought how surprised everybody would be, and what a little triumph it would be for me. But—when I remembered how good and honorable you were—though I tried to say yes from mercenary motives, I could not. And now I am glad and thankful that my better self conquered. The simple truth is that I had no thought of loving you; for I never dreamed, till I received your letter yesterday, that you would care for me. I thank—I respect—I honor you; but this would not be enough to make me the good, and loving wife you deserve."

It was No, then. Mr. Stapleton gave another long sigh rose from the chair, thrust the letter into his breast pocket and left the room.

And then taking his hat and umbrella, but forgetting his overcoat, he went out in the rain.

In the course of an hour or so he returned, soaking wet through, but far more cheerful and hopeful than when he had set out.

"She is worth having," he said to himself, as he closed the hall door behind him, and was proceeding to the study. "I will not give her up yet, but I must have patience; there is nothing like it. I will wait a year and see how she treats me. But, dear me!" suddenly observing how the rain was dripping from his drenched garments to the floor, "I had no idea it was so wet!" and he returned again and went in the direction of the kitchen.

CHAPTER III.—YES.
Autumn gave place to winter. And a very long, dreary winter it was, Miss Berry thought. However, it passed away at last, and the spring came again; but she even thought the spring dreary also. The flowers seemed so long coming out, the clouds were so many, the sunbeams so few.

At length the summer was advancing. It was a warm, sunshiny afternoon, and Mrs. Mountebank and her companion sat in a neat, prim little parlor sewing, the latter lady moving her fingers rather listlessly. Neither had spoken for perhaps an hour, when Mrs. Mountebank said suddenly, almost sharply: "Are you not feeling well, Miss Berry?"

"Yes thank you, madam," returned Adelaide, the color mounting in an instant into her dark cheeks.

"Then why do you not speak occasionally? You get more and more silent every day, I do believe! And you are as pale, and dull, and dismal looking as it is possible for a person to be, I should think!"

Miss Berry was moving her needle energetically enough now. There was a moment's silence, then she rejoined, in a resolute but quiet voice—"I have no doubt that I am all you say, madam, and worse! \* \* \* I do not deserve any further kindness or forbearance from you, for you have

shown me both; and I might have been received into a far less happy home than this. I have long wished to speak, but I had not the courage. I had better leave you, if you please, a month from this. In a strange place with only strange faces around me, I may have the good sense to be more contented. Forgive me—I am—"

But here Miss Berry's work fell on her lap, and she covered her face with her hands; and astonished Mrs. Mountebank thought that she heard a sob.

"My dear Miss Berry!" in a tone of mingled concern and impatience, "what can possibly be the matter with you? Leave me! What do you mean? I don't want you to leave me! and what is more, I shall not take your notice! And so I tell you! Perhaps the hot weather has tried you. Put on your bonnet and go out for a quiet stroll under the trees. That will do you good, I dare say; and don't let me hear any more nonsense about leaving!"

And Miss Berry dried her tears, uttered her thanks, and did as she was bid. And, ten minutes later, she was slowly walking up and down a shady field path, while hoary old oaks waved their green branches over her head, and whispered their sweet "leaf music" in her ear, and "clouds of bluebells" stretched away under the hedges, and dogrose and bramble were flaunting their long streamers against the clear sky. And bees were humming, and grasshoppers chirping, and butterflies flitting hither and thither. And altogether made up a happy living picture of a golden summer day.

But Miss Berry herself was the center figure in the picture, of course; and she certainly did not look happy. She had long ago discovered that she had made a great mistake last autumn. If she had been honest, she had also been hasty; and "too great caution, too much rashness, both alike are harmful." "Honor and respect" for Mr. Stapleton had by this time developed into something far deeper and stronger; but, sad to say, though she not infrequently met that gentleman at the vicarage, or in the village, he seemed entirely to have forgotten the past, and simply treated her as the most commonplace acquaintance might have done.

But now she paused in her walk and listened. What did that sound of rushing and running mean? Were all the cows in the adjoining pasture setting out on a race?—or what? Why it was Farmer North's bull—the terror of the village! And after whom was it rushing? But he (the bull) could not leap the stile, and—

"Oh it is Mr. Stapleton!" Adelaide exclaimed, aloud, in distress; and at the same moment the gentleman leaped the stile, and, only a little out of breath apparently, was proceeding, without much discomposure, on his way, when a trembling, shaking voice said: "Oh! Are you hurt?"

Mr. Stapleton turned with a great start, and there, with flushed face and frightened eyes, stood Miss Berry. "No," he slowly answered; adding then, "and if I had been, what would it have signified?"

The only answer was a deeper flush. "Would you have cared?" coming nearer. A low "yes."

"Then you must think a little more of me than you did last autumn?" The question had to be repeated, and then came a still lower "Yes."

Mr. Stapleton heard the bull bellowing in disappointed rage on the other side of the stile, and in his heart he thanked him.

"Then—if I once more beg of you to become my wife—for, believe me, I have never forgotten you for a day—no, nor for an hour, during these past months—what will you say?"

And, is there any need to write, that it was yes after all?—The Quiver.

Personal Paragraphs.

"A judicious wife," says John Ruskin, "is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning."

Ex-Governor English, of New Haven, Ct., is 70 years old and worth \$7,000,000. He says that the outlook for trade and business is good. Most any outlook to a man worth seven millions ought to be good.

Rev. Chauncey B. Brewster of Christ Church, Detroit, Mich., has been called to Epiphany Church, Washington, to take the place made vacant by the election of the present rector, Rev. Dr. Parret, to be bishop of the diocese of Maryland. Mr. Brewster was graduated at Yale, with high honors, in 1868.

Captain E. D. Ellsworth, father of Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth, who was shot in Alexandria, while tearing down a rebel flag at the beginning of the war, still maintains in a pasture in Mechanicville the horse that belonged to his son, which is now 33 years old.

The \$50,000 awarded to the plaintiff in the Fortescue-Garmoyle breach-of-promise suit is probably—the Law Journal of London says—the largest amount of damages in such an action ever recorded in England. The nearest approach to it is a verdict of \$17,500, given in 1835 to a solicitor's daughter, who had been jilted by a rich lawyer. In earlier times it was more common for jilted men than women to bring such suits; and in the reign of William and Mary a man obtained \$2,000 damages for the loss of a fiancée whose fortune was \$30,000.

THERE'S NO POCKET IN A SHROUD.

You must leave your many millions,
And the gay and festive crowd;
Though you roll in royal billions,
There's no pocket in a shroud.

Whether pauper, prince, or peasant,
Whether rich or poor or proud—
Remember that there isn't
Any pocket in a shroud.

You'll have all this world of glory,
With a record long and loud,
And a place in song and story,
But no pocket in your shroud.

So be lavish of your riches,
Neither vain nor cold nor proud,
And you'll gain the golden niches
In a clime without a cloud.

A LITTLE SHOP GIRL.

"She's an old darling," said Grace Craxall. "And I mean to help her all I can. I've got a beautiful recipe for chocolate eclairs, and on Friday evening I am going there to make up all that I can, so that the school children will buy them on Saturday. I know how to make cinnamon apple tarts, too, and lemon drops and cocoon tarts."

"Grace, I do believe you have taken leave of your senses," said Medora May. "One would think it was disgrace enough for Aunt Deborah—our own mother's sister—to open a horrid little huckster shop without our mixing ourselves up in the affair."

"But Aunt Debby must live, you know," said Grace, who was perched, kitten fashion, on the window sill, feeding the canary with bits of sparkling white sugar. "And cousin Nixon couldn't keep her any longer, and her eyes are not strong enough for fine needle work, and her education has not fitted her to be a teacher, and her poor old rheumatic bones keep her from going behind a counter or entering a factory. I suppose you wouldn't be willing to have her come and live with you?"

"I?" cried Medora. "Do you suppose I want to proclaim to the whole town that I have such a dilapidated old relation as that?"

"I would take her quick enough," said Grace, "if I didn't board with Mrs. Howitt, and share the little room with the two children. Just wait until I marry some rich man, she added with a saucy upturning of her arched brows, "and then see if I don't furnish up a stately apartment for Aunt Debby!"

"Don't talk nonsense," said Medora, acidly. "It's very likely, isn't it, that a factory girl like you is going to marry a rich man?"

Grace Craxall laughed merrily. All through life she and her cousin, Medora May, had agreed to differ on most points. Grace, seeing no other career before her, had, on the death of her last surviving parent, cheerfully entered a factory, while Medora, taking her stand on the platform of a false gentility, had done fine sewing and silk embroidery on the sly to support herself, putting on all the airs of a young lady of fashion in the village. And now Aunt Deborah, to the infinite disgust of her aristocratically inclined niece, had actually opened a little low windowed shop in a shady street just out of the main thoroughfare, and as Medora despairing expressed it, "gone into trade!"

For Aunt Debby, in her bewildered loneliness, had scarcely known what to do until Grace Craxall came to the rescue with her hopeful courage and straightforward common sense.

"I only wish it wasn't sinful to take a dose of laudanum and put myself out of the way," sighed the poor old lady.

"Now, Aunt Debby, that doesn't sound a bit like you," said Grace, cheerfully. "But what am I to do?" said Aunt Deborah. "I don't know what to do for anything," said the old lady with a quiet tear or two, "except to help around the house, and I ain't strong enough for regular hired help. Your uncle always used to say I was a master hand at making bread."

"Then make it," brightly interrupted Grace. "Oh!" said Aunt Debby.

"There's a nice little store to let on Bay street—used to be on Grace for ten dollars a month." "But I haven't got ten dollars a month," foebly interrupted Aunt Deborah.

"I'll lend it to you," said Grace, "out of the wages I have saved. And there's a pretty bedroom at the back of the shop, and a clean, dry basement under it, where you could bake your bread. I know for the sister of the lady where I board, is looking for dress-making rooms, and I heard her speaking about it."

"Do you mean to open a bakery?" said bewildered Aunt Debby.

"Not exactly that," explained Grace. "But if Mrs. Howitt, or Mrs. Taylor, or any of the ladies around here could get real home-made bread, such as you make, do you suppose they would put up with the stuff they get at the baker shops? And you could easily get up a reputation on your raisin cakes, and fried crullers and New England pumpkin pies. Now couldn't you?"

The old lady brightened up a little. "I used to be pretty good at cooking," she said. "And if you think I could support myself so—"

"I am sure of it!" cried cheerful Grace. "And I'll go there with you very day to look at the place, and will engage it for three months on trial. And I can paint you a sign to put over your door, 'Home-made Bread by Mrs. Deborah May.' And I'll hem you some curtains and arrange the shelves in the low window. I almost wish I was going to be your shop girl," she added merrily. "But I can help you in the evening, you know!"

Grace Craxall's prophecies proved correct. Aunt Debby's delicious home-made bread, whiter than powdered lilies, sweet as ambrosia, soon acquired a reputation, and the old lady could scarcely bake it fast enough. People came half a dozen blocks to buy the yellow pumpkin pies and delicious apple tarts; children brought their hoarded pennies to invest in chocolate sweetmeats, vanilla caramels, and cream cakes with puffy shells and delicious centers of sweetness. The little money drawer grew fat with coins, and Aunt Debby's dim eyes grew bright and hopeful again.

And one day Mr. Herbert Valance, walking by with Medora May, stopped and looked in. "Isn't that your cousin Grace," said he, "behind the counter?"

Medora turned crimson with vexation. "My cousin Grace?" she said. "No, indeed! We are not—in trade!"

corner, taking some newly baked maple caramels off the pan. She looked up with a smile. "Good evening, Mr. Valance," said she. "So," he thought, "I wasn't mistaken after all. And the little blue-eyed seraph is mortal enough to tell a lie in spite of her angelic appearance!"

But he looked serenely at Grace. "I didn't know you were in trade," said he. "Didn't you? Well, I forgot Grace, I am my Aunt Deborah's shop girl at present. I always come here in the evenings to help her, because," she added, with a sweet shade of seriousness coming over her face, "Aunt was old and poor, and she didn't quite know how to maintain herself in independence; and, unfortunately my wages at the factory are not enough for us both. So I advised her to open this business, and she did, and she is doing well; and she bakes the most delicious bread and pies you ever ate, so," with a saucy twinkle under her eyelashes, "if you know of any customers, will you please recommend our firm?"

"To be sure I shall," he answered in the same spirit. "And I am very glad, Miss Craxall, to see that you are not ashamed of being a working girl."

"Of course I am not," said Grace. "Why should I be?"

"But your cousin Medora is."

Grace gave a little shrug of her shoulders. "Very likely," said she. "Medora and I differ in many things."

Mr. Valance bought a pound of caramels and went away.

"She's a beauty," he said to himself. "And she is a sensible beauty into the bargain. One of those rare avises in our country, a thoroughly well-balanced girl."

He must have been very well pleased with his purchase, for he came again the next evening, just in time to walk home with Grace Craxall. And they talked over Aunt Deborah's affairs, and concluded, as flour was low just then, it would be a favorable opportunity for the old lady to lay in her winter stock through Mr. Valance, who was acquainted with one of the great New York grain merchants.

Only a few weeks had elapsed, when Medora May was electrified to learn that her cousin Grace was engaged.

"To some master baker or journeyman confectioner, I suppose," she said contemptuously. "No," said Grace, with eyes regally sparkling, "to Mr. Herbert Valance."

"I—don't believe it," said Medora, growing red then pale.

"But it's really so," said Grace. "And we are to be married in three months. And Aunt Debby is to come to the hall and live with me as soon as she can dispose of her business to advantage. And dear Medora, I hope you will often come and visit me there."

Medora May did not answer. She could not. But in her secret heart she recognized how infinitely more successful in life's lists had been Grace's true, frank honesty than her own subtle and devious course.

Like many another, however, the lesson had come to her too late.

A Boston Romance.

From the Chicago Courier.

About eighteen months ago, a young gentleman living on Commonwealth avenue was smitten with a violent passion for a pretty servant employed in his mother's house. They were married secretly; but the family early discovered the state of affairs, and then there was a terrible time. It was proposed to the erring son that his low-born wife should be given a certain sum of money and sent so far away that she could never trouble him. It is presumed he regretted his hasty act, for he accepted the terms, and the girl was sent away. The matter was confined to members of the family, with the exception of an aunt of the young man who helped furnish the money to buy the silence of the girl, not even the most intimate friends knowing the way things stood. The young gentleman, of course, passed for an unmarried man.

About six months after the disappearance of his wife he met a beautiful girl at Cambridge, with whom he fell desperately in love. She was lovely, accomplished, and his equal in birth and fortune. He paid her marked attention for several months, and finally offered himself in marriage. The young lady accepted him and the engagement was announced. Now during this time the aunt, who knew his secret, had been taken violently insane, and was put in the McLean asylum for treatment. The Cambridge young lady, whom we will call Miss White, had a sister in the same asylum who was insane from melancholy. Miss White frequently visited her sister, and continued to do so after her engagement, even speaking of her coming happiness during one of her visits. One day one of the keepers at the asylum said to the melancholy patient: "Miss White, your sister is coming to see you to-day. In the opposite gallery the aunt of the young man was confined, and she overheard the message. She immediately called out, 'I must see your sister when she comes; I have a secret to tell her.' Accordingly, when Miss White called, the aunt found means to see her, and after asking if it was true she was engaged, told her the story of the young man's marriage, and that he had never been divorced. The young lady was almost stunned, although, obtaining the news in such a place, she could not believe it. Returning home she told her father what she had heard, and upon investigation he found it true. At this time the invitations were out for the wedding and all preparations made. Miss White sent her betrothed husband a note asking him to call at a certain time. When he arrived she walked into the room and in the presence of her parents accused him of his treachery and the terrible position in which he had nearly placed her. He did not attempt a denial, and could not find anything to say in extenuation, except that he loved her and thought that his wife would never appear. The young lady suffered a serious illness, which sufficed as a pretext for recalling the invitations. The kind of honor in a family which could permit such a thing to go on and allow an innocent girl to be sacrificed, ought to be bound in a separate edition of the blue book.

Bishop Kip, of California, does not inscribe his name on his visiting cards, but simply the words, "The Bishop of California."