

## THE OLD STORY.

Shadowed by the lilac tree,  
Near the garden fence,  
Stands my neighbor, Rosie Lee,  
Charm of innocence!  
Sweeter than the fragrant flower,  
With the dew-drop laden,  
Fairer than the morning hour,  
Is the winsome maiden!

From the maple's top-most limb,  
With the flash of day,  
Come the redbreast's matin hymn,  
Sweetest roundelay!  
Yet the song the maiden sings,  
Tuneful, soft and lowly,  
To one heart a rapture brings,  
'Een more pure and holy.

Happier thought than lips can speak  
Beams in her blue eye;  
Joy lights up her glowing cheek—  
Her betrothed is nigh!  
Headless of the lilac's bloom,  
Or the morning's glory,  
All that in her heart dwells  
Is Love's sweet, old story!  
—Nathan Upham.

## "DONNA ISABELLA."

Elizabeth H. Bohan in Chicago Tribune.

We had been married four weeks, Louis and I, and had just returned from our eastern trip to the cozy little home waiting for us. I was a teacher; Louis a bookkeeper. All our savings were in bank and were the nucleus around which our dollars were to cling until there was enough to buy us a home. I was strong and well and was going to do my own work. Why, I just laughed at the idea of having a servant. "What work was there to do," I said, "in a house all newly furnished and with only Louis and me in it?"

"Have you everything you want, love?" asked Louis the first day after our housekeeping.

"Why, yes, I think so; let me see—bread, butter, meat, vegetables, sugar, tea, coffee—but there! we have no milk. "Where shall I get milk, Louis?"

"I'm sure I don't quite know, dear; milkmen go about the streets; I've seen them with their tin cans hundreds of times. I wonder who that nice looking little woman next door gets her's from."

"Don't you think I'd better run over and ask her?"

"I don't know that it's just the thing, pet; you see, she hasn't called on you, and—"

"Called! why, how could she when we only got back last night? I'm sure there could be nothing wrong in my going to her door and ask her to be so kind as to tell her milk man to bring us milk, too."

"No, of course there couldn't," said Louis, so he waited while I ran over.

"A little girl brings her milk, and she says they are clean people, so I asked her to send to us also. She seems to be a nice little woman," said I when I returned.

"Well, now you are all right; I'll be off," and Louis kissed me and went down to the store.

O, that first dinner! You see I knew very little about cooking, and cooked three times too much, and it was not done nicely either, but Louis only laughed and said: "What could be expected of a school teacher?" and that he "was sure in a month's time I would be the best cook in that street," and that it was "the best dinner he had ever eaten anyway, because the best little wife in the world cooked it." Then I laughed and we were just as jolly as could be.

Just as we had finished there was a timid knock at the kitchen door and the little girl with milk entered.

"Come right into the dining room," I said, "I want to give you some cake. Have you little sisters and brothers?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, take this cake to them," I said, filling her pail. "Now what is your name?"

"Donicabelle."

"What?"

"Donicabelle."

"Good heavens, Louis! Can she mean Donna Isabella?"

"Yes'm," said the child with a pleased smile.

There was a dreadful pause. Louis' eyes were wider open than I had ever seen them before. He did look so ridiculous.

"O—ha—yes—there—you may go now. "Good night," I stammered. The door closed after her, and then I relieved myself. Laughed until the tears rolled down my face, and Louis took me on his lap and we both laughed.

Ah me, what a little thing it takes to make young, happy people laugh. It seems to me as I look back that Louis and I were laughing nearly all the time in those days.

"You did not tell Her Majesty to keep on bringing us milk," said Louis at last.

"I was too overcome, but one of her rank will surely know enough without being told," I returned. And she did. The next evening as we were at dinner the little, timid knock sounded, and in walked Donna Isabella and a little brother no less doleful looking than herself; both pale thin and red haired.

"What is his name?" I asked, indicating the boy.

"Prince Albert," she answered quietly.

"Ah? and what are the others named?"

"There's Victoria, an' Marylouise, an' Elizabeth, an' Yongerry, an' Josephine, an' George-third, an'—"

"Henry the Eight," I suggested.

"No'm, but maybe the baby'll be he. 'Tisn't named yet."

"Good Lord, deliver us," I cried, looking at Louis for the first time.

"The group would be more artistic, dear, with Henry the Eight. It's pretty hard on Maria Louisa and Josephine to be compelled to live in the same house, but Napoleon is absent, you'll observe, so if we let Henry the Eight appear he will, no doubt, appropriate them both, so unless Napoleon should make his appearance in some future time—and we must hope that this catastrophe—"

"Prince Albert, do you like apples?"

"Yus, I do."

"Of course you do, take these; there now, I would like to see the rest of the royal—that is, bring one of the others to-morrow. Let me see, Elizabeth; I always thought I should like to see Elizabeth. What a pity Raleigh or Leicester can't come with her. Good night, don't forget to bring Elizabeth, after that we may arrange an audience with Victoria, and—well, I don't know about George the Third. I'm afraid he is not very presentable, but—"

"O, he can't walk yet!" exclaimed Donna Isabella.

I could not begin to relate all the sport we had about that family. We had them all, one after another, excepting George the Third, who could not walk, and the baby. There was no end to the harmless jokes we perpetrated upon them, there was no end to the laughter their ridiculous names excited in us; as I said before, it took so little in those days to make us laugh. We loved each other so well, Louis had a nice salary, and I was released from duties which had become tiresome to me. There was absolutely no cloud upon our lives, no shadow even of a skeleton in our closet.

O, how very, very happy we were! How wonderfully beautiful was life! How unrealized were sorrow and care, and then as the summer wore on there came to me a new joy, a wonderful mystery, and I saw in Louis's eyes a deep reverence that I had not seen before, and his tones were more tender and we prayed together oftener and our joy was of a quieter kind. I thought then that I had only imperfectly understood what happiness was before.

A great wish sprung up in my heart then to do something for God's sake.

"He has done so much for me, love, I must do something for Him," I said to Louis.

"What better can a woman do for God than to become a good mother?" asked Louis, with a shower of kisses.

"Yes, I know, dear, but my heart goes out so to all mothers now, and more than all to the poor wretched ones with brutal husbands—the ones who are ill-treated, who have to be overworked and poorly fed and clothed; and to the hopeless ones, the ones who have to look forward to the time when the vices of the fathers will appear in the children. O, I wish I could do something for these, if it ever so little."

"I don't know of any one you could do anything for," said Louis reflectively. "I've never been in the parts of the city where the very poor dwell, but I will go; I will find some one for you to aid, my darling."

"O, how good you are, Louis; how I wish every woman had as good a husband as I have—but I won't tell any more of our foolishness."

That day, as the time drew near when Donna Isabella was to bring the milk, the thought suddenly came to me that perhaps I could do something for them. That they were very poor I knew, for I had seen many evidences of it about the children. That there was some reason why Donna disliked to mention her father I had seen also. So I resolved to go back with her that night and discover a way to help them. When Louis came the dinner was on the table—a full half hour before the usual time.

"I'm going home with Donna Isabella, love. I'm going to help them if I can. We should always do what is just at hand to do, I think."

So we hurried our dinner and Louis wiped the dishes for me. Yes, he really did! He often wiped the dishes in those days, and we had such good times. I used to think it just the nicest thing in the world to have Louis in the kitchen helping me. He used to look so comical with one of my large working aprons on, standing bent forward so as not to let the towel touch his vest—he was very neat in his dress. I remember once we had been talking such nonsense and laughing so much that I did not observe that my pan was very near the edge of the table. All at once down it came, and all the water ran over my nice clean floor. You should have seen Louis jump. I laughed until I had a pain in my side; then I cried hysterically. Then Louis got frightened and started for a doctor, with the apron still on. I screamed for him to come back, and he came. I pointed to his apron, and then fell to laughing again. He took me in his arms and begged me stop, but I could not. I laughed and cried until I had not strength enough left to raise my head. Louis was as pale as death. He told me afterwards he thought I had gone mad. It was his first experience with hysterics.

But, O yes! I was talking about going home with Donna Isabella. I went home with her, and found, O! such a home of misery. There was actually

not one comfort there. The mother had a terribly worn, hopeless look on her face. There were nine children, with not clothing enough for four on them all. There were two rooms, and just inside the second lay the father in a drunken sleep.

There was a pile of yellow-covered books on the shelf. I picked up one—"The Primrose Princess of the Pathless Prairie." Another—"The Imprisoned Earl and His Faithless Bride." Another—"Lord Mounttower's Haunted Castle."

"You read these?" I asked the woman.

"O, yes," she answered, brightening up, "that is, I don't know how to read, but Donie and Prince Albert read 'em to me. He—indicating the drunken sleeper—didn't want 'em to go to school, but I made him b'lieve they could earn more money b'ymby if they went to school sum fust, and Donie she ken read all them books just splendid. He says I've made 'em love their stations givin' on 'em good names an' sendin' 'em to school."

My soul fainted within me as I answered:

"It is right to send them to school, but you won't have to spend any more money for books; books you will like, I am sure. I will send them by Donna if you'll let me, and she can read them to you."

"Yes, I had to take the money I got for the milk, that is some ov it, fer these. I thought of he spent so much for drink, it wouldn't do no hurt for me to get books ter eddicate the children, though they need clothes bad, too. Prince Albert's pants are patched all over, and George the Third has only one dress, 'n I wash it nights when he's asleep, 'n Henry the Eighth hasn't nothing to wear."

"Who?" I asked, my hair almost standing on end.

"Henry the Eighth. Donie, she said you thought one uv 'em ought to be named Henry the Eighth, so I named baby that."

What could I say? It was too awful. "I think," I at last faltered, "that Henry is a nice name, but I would leave off the rest of it. I must say I don't like the rest of it."

"Don't you? Well, I'll leave it off then, though Henry's rather plain alone."

"I like it for that," I said, "and if you'll call him so I'll send him a pretty dress for a present."

When I started home my heart sank within me and tears would come. I had never been in such a place before, and the dark cloud of ignorance and the darker cloud of intemperance that brooded over that home seemed so very, very pitiful to me. The next day I sent them the books—pure, good, useful books—and a lot of bright calico for dresses for the children, and I felt that I was doing a little, for God's sake.

"Why did I not do it long ago?" I asked, sorrowfully, but Louis said, "Never mind that, love; only let us resolve never to forget again."

A few weeks more passed away, when one afternoon my next door neighbor came rushing in in great excitement.

"Do you know?" she cried, "that that family—the royal family, as you call them—have had scarlet fever in their house for a week, and that Donie has been bringing us milk just the same?"

"Oh," I said, "it can't be possible, can it?"

"It is possible. It is true. One can never tell what such people will do. Have you ever had it?"

"No," I said, and I felt myself growing faint and cold.

"You poor little thing," she said, compassionately, "and there are three little ones too."

There was a ring at the door. "If it's Louis," I said, "don't say a word just yet."

It was Louis, and he looked ill. "Darling, I've just received a telegram. Brother Sam is dying. I must go to him. Throw a few things into my valise. There's a dear wife."

I did so mechanically, and he embraced me and was gone.

"I did not tell him," I said, as I returned to the dining room. "His brother is dying, and he has gone to him. One thing at a time is enough."

"Come over and stay with me to-night. You cannot stay here alone."

"Yes I will go," I said. Just then Donie's knock sounded on the kitchen door. My neighbor flew to open it, and I could hear the bitter torrent of words she poured forth.

"Never show your face here again, you awful creature. How could you right from a pest-house into our homes, bringing disease with you? Go off, and never come again!"

I felt badly for the poor child. "It is this awful ignorance," I said; but I felt badly for myself, too, and for Louis. Then I locked up the house and went over with her. The next day I came back and staid at home all day. Towards night two men came to the house and asked for Louis. I told them that he had gone home to his brother, who was dying.

"When is he coming back, madam?" asked one of the men sharply.

"I don't know. He did not tell me. I don't suppose he knew," I answered.

"Of course he didn't!" said the other, sneeringly. "They never know, do they?"

"If you will leave me your address I will send word to correspond with you, if your business is important," I said, with all the dignity I could assume.

"Most likely you would." And they both laughed and walked away. I sat down, trembling violently. Something dreadful was going to happen I felt

sure. O, if Louis was only at home, I thought. But when he does come, I must tell him I am going to have the scarlet fever. I felt it coming on, I was sure, and perhaps his brother should be dead, and then perhaps I would die, and then—like a good angel one of Fenelon's splendid sentences came into my mind: "I will not have scarlet fever. Louis's brother will not die. These men were only rude. They meant nothing wrong. Louis will be at home to-morrow most likely, and everything will be all right." I felt a little better then and my courage came back, and, locking up the house, I went over to spend another night at my neighbor's.

The next morning Louis came back, and he looked so cheerful. Sam was not even sick, he said.

"Some one must have been playing a joke on me, though a cruel and foolish one."

Then I told him of my fears of scarlet fever, and he took me in his arms and told me not to be afraid; that he could not believe it until he had investigated it himself; that he would go then and be back in half an hour and tell all about it. He took his hat, and was just going out of the door when the same two men stepped in and seized him by both arms.

"You are my prisoner," said one of them.

"Your prisoner," exclaimed Louis. "This is another mistake. What am I arrested for, pray?"

"O, say, now, that dodge won't work; you had better come along quietly."

"So I will," said Louis calmly. "Take your hands off and I will walk along quietly." Then to me: "I will be back presently, love. For my sake be calm. It is all a mistake, and it will be all right soon." So they went out.

My brain whirled; I could scarcely think; but in a moment a desire to go to the store where Louis was employed took possession of me. I was soon on my way, filled with a fiery indignation against some one, I knew not whom. I asked to see Louis's employer, and he received me in his private office.

"My husband has just been arrested," I said. "Can you tell me what for?"

"Be calm, madam, he may be wrongly suspected; but as things stand now it looks as though he is guilty of—of appropriating a large amount of our funds."

I sank upon a chair; my Louis, the best man the sun ever shone upon, guilty of stealing! The world was slipping away from me, it seemed. The man in compassion handed me a glass of water, reiterating that it might turn out all right after all.

"I thank you for telling me," I said, "but it is to come out all right, for the best man that lives is not more innocent than he is. Can you tell me where they have taken him?"

He told me, and I went there and found my Louis again. I staid with him as long as they would let me, and then went home. My friend next door came and begged me to spend the night with her, but I would not, so she staid with me. I am sure that was the most dreadful night I ever spent.

No sleep came to me. My Louis was in prison. These awful words rang through by brain continually. The clock striking the hour struck out the words, "Louis is in prison!" The trains coming in shrieked it out on the chill night air and told the world my Louis was in prison. Even the little cricket in the wainscoting piped out all night long, "Louis is in prison."

I went to Louis in the morning. My kind neighbor and other friends went his bail, and he returned with me. I could keep up no longer, then, and Louis tended me. He never left my side, and there was no smallest attention that could be paid to me that he omitted. He petted me like a child, but I kept my bed for several days, so greatly had been the shock. Then gradually the horror of that night wore away, and I went about the house again as usual.

If Louis felt troubled he concealed it from me, and he spoke so confidently of everything coming out right at the trial that at last I believed it would, too. We had not many weeks to wait for the trial. Then again my love was prisoner at the bar.

As I listened to the array of evidence against him my heart grew sick with fear. I wondered how I could have been so hopeful; I wondered how he could have borne up as he did through all those weeks. His attorneys did all they could for him, but the attorneys for the prosecution drew closer and closer about him a chain of circumstantial evidence that I felt it would be almost impossible to break.

It was almost over. The counsel for the defense had finished his eloquent appeal. The counsel for the prosecution had made it appear quite plainly that Louis was guilty. It only remained for the judge to charge the jury, and then—then the fearful sentence.

So this was life. O, how long ago seemed to me the time when Louis and I laughed so joyously at every little thing. It was not two months ago, but it seemed years, ages.

It was very still as the judge arose and he did not speak just at first. In that pause a slight disturbance at the door was distinctly heard. Then a woman and a little girl came timidly up to me. It was Donna and her mother.

The mother whispered to me, and I in turn told our counsel what she said. Then he arose.

"Your honor, we have a new witness. This little girl claims she knows who the real culprit is, and I beseech you to let her be examined." Her objections

were interposed by the counsel for the prosecution, which were promptly overruled by the court, and Donna was placed upon the stand.

"You won't let him go to jail?" she said, appealing to the judge. "He didn't do it. I know who did it, but I've been sick, awful sick, but we didn't have the scarlet fever either. I didn't know nothing about it till now, but I knew all about it weeks ago. I know all about it the night it was done. That is the man who did it"—pointing to the junior partner of the firm, who laughed scornfully, but whose face later on as her story progressed became livid with terror.

An angel from heaven could not have looked more glorious to me at that moment than that pale, hollow-eyed red-haired child.

Then she told it all in her quaint, illiterate way—how she was passing the store the night she had been spurned from our door, and by the light of the lamp she saw her father approaching in a drunken frenzy. Afraid of a blow if he should recognize her, she slipped into the dark alley and crouched down in the shade of a large packing-box until he should have passed by. She had been there but a minute when two men came swiftly up the alley and stopped so near her she could have touched them. They were the junior partner and his accomplice, one of the clerks.

"This is what he said," she went on, taking a slip of dirty paper from her pocket. He whispered, but I heard him, and I writ it all down. It's almost like what the prince said in the Primrose Princess of the—"

"Never mind about the princess, child, but let us hear what this man said, said our attorney. So she repeated: "Remember the quarrel to-morrow, and don't overdo your part. I'll dismiss you; then you take the first train for Dakota and buy up those lands I told you of, and as soon as I can find an excuse I'll sell out and join you. I've fixed the telegram right."

The junior partner was arrested, the clerk was traced out west and confessed the crime and justice was meted out to them. My Louis was a free man. He was offered a partnership in the store, and not many years after became sole proprietor.

My poor baby came a few weeks after the trial, but God took her back immediately to Heaven. Our hearts were full of sorrow, but we felt that it would be wrong to mourn long, so we tried to bear it bravely.

And Donna? You saw that tall, fair girl who passed through the room just before I began to relate this story—the girl with the glorious hair—hair which looks as if it had caught and kept prisoner the sunshine—and great dark blue eyes—eyes like violets that have grown in the shade—that was Donna. She has been our daughter ever since the trial, and no daughter in the whole city is more beloved.

## ALONG BROADWAY.

An Afternoon Sketch of the Great Thoroughfare of New York.

A gossip writer in the New York Citizen says: I have stood on the Corso of Rome, the Strada Toledo of Naples, the Prado of Vienna, the Linden of Berlin; I have wandered through the bazaars of Constantinople and of Smyra; I have looked down upon the motley group of Russian soldiers and Polish peddlers in the streets of Moscow; I have stood at heat of day amid the throng of London bridge, and watched the tides of men ebb and flow along the Boulevard des Italiens and Boulevard Montmartre of Paris, but in no city have I seen so strong a mixture of races as in Broadway at noon. The great annual fairs of Saxony, of Russia, and of France—Leipsic, Novgorod, and Beaucaire, and the motley quays of Gibraltar, Marseilles, Alexandria and Genoa—come nearest to New York in the strange picturesqueness and variety of their crowd. In those great fairs you see once or twice a year a huge commingling of those dreamy eastern races who hang around the gates that separate Europe from Asia, and along the beautiful shores of the Adriatic, where the ocean seems to have sent its worn waves to seek, like so many other wasted spirits, a soft and sunny grave, are to be seen lounging on every quay sailors of every zone and clime and race. But over these pictures there hangs a lazy, indolent cloud, and they are to be seen but periodically. The scene of Broadway is equally varied, ever constant and more brisk. There goes a Yankee parson, an embryo Talmage, for instance, evidently calculating how he can concoct a sermon which will not only suit the pulpit on next Sunday, but with some gentle torturing a second appearance on the lecture stand, and possibly after find a lucrative repose on a shelf of the Messrs. Appleton and Harper. Next comes a Pennsylvania farmer, looking as if he had just risen from the lake of Harlem, carrying in his eye a vigilant determination not to be outdone, which proclaims that, though broad Dutch in frame, he is sharp Yankee in spirit. Here we see two of the most honored judges of our bench— which has of late years much grown in honor—one Irish, the other American: one in the autumn, the other in the spring of life; one covered with the full ripe fruit of eminence and distinction, the other wearing the blossom of one day ripening into a similar richness—pleasantly discussing the last novel or the last play as a light relief to their weightier intellectual morning work as they saunter home.