

SOLITUDE.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with
bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie. — Pope.

SIX YEARS.

Mr. Alvin Sutton stood in the shadow of the drapery, looking up the long and brilliantly lighted salon where Madame Marschel had gathered her "dear five hundred."

He was not so elaborately dressed as the other men present. His coat had been sponged and brushed for the occasion, although his gloves were fresh and of the nicest quality, which bit of extravagance nearly emptied his purse.

Truth to tell, Alvin Sutton's fame just at present exceeded his finances.

He was a rising young author, and as such Madame Marschel who was a charming little old French lady, had become interested in him, and chose to introduce him into her set.

Alvin would not have acknowledged that he came to-night for the express purpose of looking once more upon Kate Chamberlain, but such was the fact.

Outwardly, he was quiet and easy, carrying himself—despite his shabby coat—with the graceful insouciance which attracted and fascinated so many of his acquaintances; but in his heart, refusing to be quieted, was a restless memory of old days, when with a laughing sixteen-year-old girl, he strolled along the beach of the dear little seaport across the ocean, or drifted with merry jest and song over the moonlit waves of Penobscot Bay.

Six years ago!
She was a romping, gypsy-faced girl, whose best dress was a fifty-cent cashmere.

He was the village doctor's son, earning a modest remuneration with his pen, and dreaming dreams.

Ambitious friends had stepped between them. Kate went abroad with a wealthy aunt to complete her destiny by a wealthy marriage, he supposed; and now at this late day he found her in Paris, unmarried still, surpassingly brilliant, the admiration and the adoration of the gay world wherein she moved, and betrothed, it was whispered, to Lord R., a prominent M. P., twice her years in age, but immensely wealthy.

Kate's beauty did not consist of regularity of feature, her mouth was too large, her chin too decided. She had magnificent hair and eyes, however, and there was an intangible witchery about her presence that brought scores of lovers at her feet.

For this they called her a coquette, and women said spiteful things about her.

Only a few among her society friends understood the real nobility of her nature. Those who knew her best were to be found in the poverty-stricken haunts of the great city, but Kate was not made of the stuff to rehearse her own deeds of tenderness and charity.

To-night, as she stood in the centre of a brilliant group, radiant in satin, lace and costly jewels, her old-time boy-lover was doing her a great injustice in his thoughts.

Proud, selfish and vain, he told himself; the innocent girl-heart he had known warped by her frivolous, shallow life—sold to an old man for money.

Nevertheless he did not object when his hostess led him forward.

"Miss Chamberlain, I have the pleasure to present Monsieur Sutton—of your own country, madame!"

Alvin bent low before her, with a faintly-sarcastic smile curving the big brown moustache. Would she recognize him?

"Sutton—Alvin Sutton!" said Kate, a sudden bright smile lighting her great eyes as she frankly gave him her hand; "of my own native village, dear madame!"

And she nodded gayly at the French woman, who arched her delicate eyes in surprise.

"Ah! is that so? What pleasure!" "Yes, indeed, it is a pleasure," responded Kate, with another smile at Alvin, which made the men about her green with jealousy, while the young man himself bowed again and murmured something about "too much honor."

One by one the others drifted away, until they stood quite alone together. A hot resentment had grown up in Alvin's heart against her. She was so much at her ease, so lovely, and gracious, and smiling. Did she know or did she care what he was suffering?

When the others had left them, a new shyness came into her manner. That smile in her eyes, that fluttering color in her smooth cheeks, the old

child-like cadence in her low tones—what did it all mean?

But with the sudden remembrance of her title lover, he crushed out the passionate hopes in his heart, and mentally called himself a fool to be thrilled so by the coquettish arts of this woman.

She was making the most of her last days of freedom—that was very evident.

Well, since she desired a flirtation, why should he not gratify her, and indulge this mad desire of his for companionship with the woman whom he had struggled so vainly to forget?

Surely, a more intimate knowledge of her folly and weakness would work a radical cure of his passion.

If Kate Chamberlain was surprised and puzzled by his manner, she was also fascinated by it.

He seemed to have grown as variable as the wind; at times tenderly gallant in his treatment of her, at times bitter and sarcastic.

And Kate's meekness was a wonder to behold.

To be sure she quarreled with him, but much as a naughty child would quarrel with its lawful guardians, the fiercest never seemed to keep them apart.

Wherever Kate was, the young author was sure to appear in his shabby coat, sometimes smiling and debonaire, sometimes with a coldly, careless expression, which made him doubly handsome.

Match-making manmas whose daughters were attracted by his fine face and figure, were wont to say of him:

"A handsome young man, but so very poor, you know, in spite of his talents."

It mattered little to him. He had eyes and ears for but one woman. He denounced himself a hundred times a week for being a contemptible fool, if not a knave, for lingering about this woman whom rumor had betrothed to Lord R., yet night after night found him in her presence at ball, at opera, hiding his pain and passion under a careless exterior.

But the end was near.

Lord R.—was expected in Paris soon and Kate's aunt's had been showering reproaches upon the girl for her reckless disregard of appearances in flirting so desperately with "that poverty-stricken scribbler, who hadn't a decent coat to his back," and Kate was quite desperate.

"Lord R.—returns next week, and what will he think of you?" pursued her irate relative.

"It matters little to me what Lord R.—thinks," replied Kate, very calmly, though there was a glitter in her dark eyes.

Mrs. Chamberlain, who affected Parisian manners, uttered a little shriek.

"And you are as good as engaged to him! What can you be thinking of? I am sure he is coming here to propose to you. People consider it a settled affair already, and you are the envy of half the women in Paris—you strange, perverse creature!"

"Aunt Louise," said Kate, very decidedly, "Lord R.—is not coming here on my account. I think he understands that I shall never marry him. You have been kind to me, and have shown me many favors, for which I am truly grateful—therefore I regret to disappoint you, but honesty compels me to confess that I shall consider myself a happy woman, when Alvin Sutton asks me to be his wife."

And she swept away, leaving Mrs. Chamberlain in a condition bordering on frenzy.

Kate was so sure that Alvin Sutton loved her. Had they not vowed eternal constancy in the old days? Had she not kept his image pure and undimmed in her heart, while she waited, waited for fate to bring them together once more.

She laughed, with blissful tears in her eyes, thinking over the old days and their more recent intercourse, during which he had not scrupled to condemn her frivolous life. She would show him some day how dress and fashion had not quite spoiled her! How she would keep his house, and get up delicious dinners for him out of nothing, and economize in any way so that she was with him his happy, loving wife!

That very evening, at the Russian minister's reception, she met him.

He led her into the conservatory, presently, where the music of the band, softened by the distance, mingled with the splashing of a fountain. She looked like a bride, in her dead-white silk, with creamy roses in her hair and bosom.

Alvin's eyes clung half sadly to her smiling face, as he said, slowly:

"I suppose I must congratulate you."

"Upon what?" queried Kate, looking up in surprise.

He laughed bitterly.

"How innocent you are! I have learned to-day that your fiancée, Lord R.—, returns next week. I must, of course, congratulate you, as well as bid you farewell; for business demands my presence in America. My new book is to be issued this spring. Our little flirtation has—"

"Stop, sir!"

She had arisen and stood before him, white and trembling in every limb.

All the anguish that mortal seemed capable of suffering seemed to be crowded into that one cruel moment. Even the sensitive pride, which is a woman's shield, was thrust aside by the suddenness of the blow which had struck home to her heart.

For a moment there was a silence,

broken only by the far-off crash of the band.

At last she spoke, tremulously, despite her mighty struggle for self-control.

"I am at a loss to know what manner of a woman you consider me," she said; "but justice for myself and respect for Lord R.—compel me to inform you that I am not, and never have been betrothed to him, neither do I expect to be."

"Kate—Kate!"

He threw his arms towards her with this passionate exclamation, all his undying love for her glorifying his face.

She would have been blind or stupid had she failed to read that love aright, although he had spoken no word beyond that simple utterance of her name.

Blinding tears rushed to her eyes as he drew her toward him.

"Kate, dearest, do you remember the old days? I thought you were triling with me. I love you so dearly that my heart was wild with the burden of parting. You do love me? Speak Kate—you will be my wife?"

He had out his handkerchief, wiping away her tears, as if she were his girl-sweetheart of the old days.

"You don't deserve any answer, you horrible man!" she said, with a little laugh. "Do you think I would have allowed you to go so far if I had not loved you?"

Why, Alvin—she swayed toward him, and lifted her two slender hands to his shoulders—"I never doubted your love any more than I did my own."

A week later they were married, to the great horror of Kate's aunt, and to the great delight of the Paris scandal mongers.

Alvin cared nothing for any of them. He was determined not to return to America without his wife, and she was just as determined to go with him.

Shortly after his book was issued he found himself not only a famous man, but a wealthy one; and Kate never regretted marrying the shabby author without a second coat to his back.—Annabell Dwight.

Good Hot Weather Reading.

Frederick Schwatka in New York Times

Seventy-one degrees below zero means 100 deg. below freezing point. It was in the Arctic regions, not far from Back's Great Fish River, when the author was conducting a homeward sledge journey to Hudson's Bay in the depth of an Arctic winter—November, December, January, February and March—that he experienced it.

Severe weather—that is, intensely cold—had set in just before Christmas, in 1879, the thermometer sinking down to 65 deg. and 68 deg. below zero, and never getting above 60 deg. below, and we were having a hard time with our sleighing along the river, our camps at night almost in sight of those we had left in the morning, so close were they together and so slowly did we labor along. Reindeer, on which we were relying for our daily supply of food, were not found near the river, and being seen some ten or fifteen miles back from it, I determined to leave its bed and strike straight for home in Hudson's Bay.

We had been gone three or four days, when, as we ascended the higher levels, the thermometer commenced lowering, and on the 3d of January, 1880, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, reached 71 deg. below zero, the coldest we experienced on our sledge journey of nearly a year in length, and the coldest ever encountered by white men traveling out of doors, for that day we moved camp some ten or twelve miles to the south-eastward. The day was not at all disagreeable, I must say, until along toward the early night, when a slight zephyr, the merest kind of motion of the wind that would hardly ruffle the leaves on a tree, or even subside to cool the face on a warm day, sprang up from the southward, and, slight and insignificant as it was, it cut to the bone every part of the body that was exposed, and which, fortunately, was only the face from the eyebrows to the chin and about half of the cheeks. We turned our backs toward it as much as possible, and especially after we had gotten into camp and got to work building our snow-houses and digging through the thick ice of the lake for fresh water, and so lazily did our breath, that congealed into miniature clouds, float away to the northward, like the little, light cirrus clouds of a summer sky, that we knew well enough how terribly cold it must be without looking at the thermometer that stood 71 deg. below zero, Fahrenheit.

It is not so much the intensity of the cold, expressed in degrees on the thermometer, that determines the disagreeableness of Arctic winter weather as it is the force and relative direction of the wind. I have found it far pleasanter with the thermometer at 50 deg., 60 deg. or even 70 deg. below zero, Fahrenheit, with little or no wind blowing at the time, than to face a rather stiff breeze when the little tell-tale showed 20 deg. warmer temperature. Even an Arctic acclimated white man facing a good strong wind at 20 deg. or 25 deg. below zero is almost sure to find the wind freeze the nose and cheeks, and the thermometer does not have to sink over 4 deg. or 5 deg. to induce the Esquimaux themselves to keep within their snug snow houses under the same circumstances, unless want or famine demands their presence in the storm. With plenty in the larder for all the mouths, brute and human, none of them venture out in such weather.

THE RIGHT SORT OF A GIRL.

Just fair enough to be pretty,
Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just saucy enough to be witty,
Just dainty enough to be neat.

Just tall enough to be graceful,
Just slight enough for a fairy;
Just dressy enough to be tasteful,
Just merry enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to be tender,
Just sighs enough to be sad,
Just soft enough to remember
Your heart tho' the cadence may glad.

Just meek enough for submission,
Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for ambition,
Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without harming,
Just mischief enough to tease;
Manners pleasant enough to be charming
That put you at once at your ease.

Genious enough and kind-hearted,
Pure as the angels above;
Oh, from her may I never be parted,
For such is the maiden I love.

BOTH IN ERROR.

"Your fare, please?"
The daintily-attired lady addressed glanced up in surprise to the familiar face, whose brown eyes had a mirthful gleam as they met her own.

"Mr. Carroll!"

"Conductor of Number Four, and very much at your service, Miss Hamilton," said the young man, doffing his cap with a bow that would have graced a drawing-room.

"You are surely jesting?"
There was something in this that roused the warm and hasty temper of our hero.

"It isn't likely to be much of a jest to me. What a pity it is that I should be reduced by the misfortune of a friend to such a necessity as this!"

"That depends on how you look at it," said the lady icily, "you know my father's position—"

"Certainly," interrupted the young man; "and now that you know mine, our little romance, which was very pleasant while it lasted, will have to end, I suppose?"

"Very well; let it be so."

The car, which had only a few in it when this conversation commenced, was now nearly full, and Arthur Carroll turned away to attend to the duties of his office.

But as he passed around to collect his fare, his eyes rested more than once on the partly averted face, which looked strangely pale in the dim twilight. A feeling of yearning tenderness swept over him, and passing by the place she sat, he said hurriedly:

"Ida—Miss Hamilton, I fear I have spoken too harshly; if you will suffer me to explain—"

"There is nothing to explain," said Ida, rising to her feet. "I think I understand you fully. Please stop the car; I get out here."

Arthur mechanically gave the signal. The silken robe swept past him with a faint rustle, leaving upon the air the perfume of the rose upon her breast.

With a dazed, bewildered feeling, the young man watched the erect and graceful figure, which never vouchsafed him a glance, until it disappeared.

"Can it be possible for me to be so deceived in her?" he thought. "I would have staked my life on Ida's love for me, and that it was for me alone. But what am I to think now? Before the dawning of another day I will know."

As Arthur stood upon the steps of Mr. Hamilton's stately mansion he saw that there was no light from any part of it except the library.

"I fear Ida is not at home," he thought.

But she was, so the servant said who answered the bell. He gave the man his name and errand, who returned almost immediately, saying:

"Miss Hamilton is busy and begs to be excused."

"It is better so," muttered the young man, as he descended into the street, he scarcely knew how. "Had I seen her I might have been fool enough to let her know how baseless her apprehensions were."

Passing swiftly along Arthur turned into a by-street, where the houses were few and scattered, and, pausing in front of a wooden building, he went in.

Ascending the stairs, he found himself in a plain neatly furnished room, where a young man sat, about his own age, his arm in a sling and a plaster on one of his temples.

"How do you find yourself to-night, old fellow?"

"So nearly recovered that I shall resume my duties to-morrow," responded John Ainslie with a smile; "which, I think, you will be glad to learn."

"Well, I don't know. I'm glad to have you up again, but I've enjoyed the excitement and novelty on the whole, especially the astonishment among such of my acquaintances as I chanced to meet. It has certainly given me a revelation in one direction, which, however unexpected and painful, will prevent my making a lifelong mistake. I don't want you to do so until you are strong enough, but if you think you are able to go back, I believe I will leave town for a few weeks."

Arthur put his resolution into effect early the following morning, telling no one of his design or destination. In fact, he scarcely knew or cared whether he went, his sole motive in going at all being to escape from the wounded and

bitter feeling at his heart, and which at times seemed more than he could bear.

He had been gone about two months when he received a letter from John Ainslie, on the envelope of which were various postmarks, obtained in following his erratic movements.

It was as follows:

"FRIEND ARTHUR—I have been thinking a good deal lately about what you told me in regard to Miss Hamilton and wondering if you knew of her father's failure, and which occurred, as I have learned since, the day I was hurt and you so kindly took my place. It seems that Mr. Hamilton lost everything; even his house was attached and all his beautiful furniture sold by auction. His daughter, Ida, I'm told supports them both by teaching, her father being a good deal broken in body and mind since his misfortune. She teaches in a school a few miles out, but was in town yesterday, and getting on my ear in leaving the boat I chanced to see her. She was dressed very plainly, and so altered that I should not have known her but for her beautiful hair and eyes. It seems to be the general impression that you broke your engagement on account of her father's loss of fortune, and knowing how far from the truth that is; and believing that you were entirely ignorant of the fact at the time you left town, I thought I would write and tell you of it.

Your friend truly,
JOHN AINSLIE."

Arthur was not long in reaching town after reading this. He went directly to his rooms, finding on his desk a small package and a letter.

"The letter came the day you left," said the landlady, "and the package a few days after; but as you left no directions about sending anything I kept them for you."

The package contained some letters and a ring, whose costly diamond sparkled like a dew-drop as it fell up on the desk.

How well he remembered placing it upon the small white hand, and all the glowing hope that made his heart beat so high!

By the date of the letter Arthur saw that it was written the morning after his attempt to see the writer. It ran as follows:

"MR. CARROLL.—Owing to an unfortunate blunder, the servant did not give me the right name when you called last evening.

"I have been thinking that perhaps I was too hasty in the conclusions I drew from what you said at the last interview, and which occurred at a time when I was feeling wounded and humiliated by my altered circumstances, and so more prone to take offense."

"I infer that you have also met with reverses, but if you think any change in your outward surroundings could make any change in me you do me a great wrong.

"If there is anything to explain I shall be glad to see or hear from you. Failing to do so, I will return the letters and the ring you gave me, glad to know, ere it was too late, how worthless was the love you professed to feel for

IDA HAMILTON."

The writer of the above letter sat alone in the rustic school house to which she had been confined many weary months, with but brief seasons for rest and relaxation.

There had been a dull, throbbing pain in her temples all day, making the shuffle of little feet on the bare floor the murmur of childish voices almost unendurable.

But they had vanished now, and she sat alone in the gathering twilight, alone with her troubled thoughts and mournful recollections. Never had life seemed so wearisome to her, so void of all joy and brightness.

The hardest thing to bear was the consciousness that, in spite of his unworthiness, her thoughts would turn with regretful tenderness to him who had obtained too strong a hold on her heart and life to be easily dislodged.

"I would never have forsaken him thus," she murmured through her fast-falling tears.

"When misfortune came, I would have clung all the more closely to him."

Hearing a step upon the threshold, Ida raised her head and the object of her thoughts stood before her.

"Nay, do not turn away from me," he cried, as the bewildered girl shrank from that eagerly extended hand. "I have only just received the letter you wrote to me so many weeks ago. Nor did I know until recently of your father's failure and the consequent change in your circumstances."

"It was all occasioned by my own stupid blunder," said Arthur, after the mutual explanations that followed, after the two were sitting together in loving and happy converse.

"Oh, no," smiled Ida; "I cannot let you take the blame. We were both in error."

What He Did.

"What does your beau do for a living, Mary?" asked a fond father, addressing his daughter. "He's an entry clerk," she replied, with a bright blush. "Gets about \$7 a week, I suppose?" "He gets \$8." "Indeed! Well, I think I can get him something better than that." "Oh, pa!" she exclaimed with a glad sparkle in her eyes, for she fancied her father was about to admit her beau to an equal partnership in his business. "Yes," continued the father "as he is able to sit up all night when he comes to see you, I think he would make an excellent night watchman in a large store. I am willing to recommend him for such a position, being able to testify to his qualifications. He might get as much as \$15 a week." Mary ran upstairs and threw herself on a sofa with a sad, sad pain in her heart, while her father departed for his office, with a smile on his face.—Boston Courier.

Sir Moses Montefiore's last business transaction was to draw a check for a present to Princess Beatrice and to dictate a charming letter of presentation.