

TREACHERY FOILED.

"Consent to your marriage with May!" cried Mrs. Delorme indignantly. "Never, girl! You—the heir to your father's position and wealth—marry a girl with neither money nor family! Preposterous! You are mad to dream of such a thing. Your father would dishonor you rather than consent—be sure of that!"

"Let him!" responded her son, no less angrily. "I shall not sacrifice my happiness and May's for the sake of my father's money! She is beautiful and good. I remember that you saw nothing incongruous in the idea of her marrying Richard Staines, when he proposed for her; and he is as rich as I shall ever be, and of quite as good family. Family, forsooth! May Wilmer's mother was a lady, if she was your housekeeper, and her father was an honest man. That's quite as much as I care to inquire into the pedigree of the girl I love!"

Mrs. Delorme regarded him with pride and anger at once.

"You are a self-willed headstrong boy!" she said. "From your birth—that's now four-and-twenty years—you have been petted, and humored, and indulged, until you recognize no law but your own fancy. Your father and I have other views for you, but you set our wishes at defiance. What do you care what we may suffer so that you have your way? And for this girl of all others to abet you in your disobedience! This girl whom I took—a helpless, friendless orphan, from her dying mother's arms—whom ever since I have cherished as my very own! This is the return she makes me, is it? Ungrateful beggar that she is—"

"Madame! For Heaven's sake!" It was the agitated voice of a young girl that thus broke in upon the torrent of Mrs. Delorme's wrath and checked its fury. A soft, sweet, tremulous voice.

The speaker had entered the room unobserved, and now stood pale and trembling, with one little hand upraised, as if to ward off the bitter angry words that fell on her heart like blows.

"Not 'beggar,' madame," she said tearfully, "or at least not until to-day. I was too young to know my own necessities when your goodness first protected me, and, therefore, your charity was as freely given as it was unquestionably received. You have been—in care, in affection, in tenderness—a true mother to me—oh, why is it such a crime in me to aspire to be your daughter indeed? I am a beggar to you now, for I beg you not to belie the goodness of your whole life. Clarence and I have been brought up to love each other; oh, do not—do not part us!"

But Mrs. Delorme turned on the lovely pleader with eyes of angry fire. "You were brought up as brother and sister," she said. "I never dreamed of any other affection between you. May Wilmer, hear me. It is best that we should understand each other once for all. It is impossible that Clarence should marry you without bringing utter ruin on us all. Mr. Delorme's business affairs are less prosperous than the world supposes. Unless Clarence weds a wealthy bride he will be a poor man. You know what his training has been, and how little it has fitted him for poverty and toil. Will you, by your selfish love, condemn my son to them?"

Before the girl could reply, Clarence broke in indignantly:

"You don't know me, mother. I will wed no woman for her wealth's sake. I am a man, and can toil, if need be, for my wife—the woman whom I marry for pure love. I will make a home for you, May, never fear, if you will trust me."

But the girl shook her fair head sadly.

"I shall never marry you without your mother's consent, Clarence," she said. "Never, though my heart should break. I owe her everything. I cannot repay her with disobedience and ingratitude—oh, I cannot!"

Mrs. Delorme was touched. With a sudden impulse of affection she drew the weeping girl to her bosom and kissed her tenderly.

"My child!" she said, sighing, "my good and dutiful child, more dutiful than the son whom I love so devotedly, whose welfare is my life's one care—it is not for his happiness or yours that you should marry. You are not fitted for the stern battle of life—to be ground beneath the iron heel of poverty. You think me cruel, but I only save you from yourself. The day will come when you will thank me."

"Never!" cried Clarence bitterly. "There are limits even to a son's duty, mother. If, with cold axioms of worldly wisdom, you estrange May's heart from me, you will drive away from you your only son. I swear it!"

May started, and looked from one to the other in terror—these two, mother and son, so much alike, so resolute, so self-willed, so proud.

"Oh, let me not bring trouble between mother and child!" she cried. "Anything—anything but that!"

And hours afterwards—as she lay alone and sorrowful, wakeful, on her tear-wet pillow, through the long dreary watches of the night, that thought recurred, that prayer still lingered on her lips:

"I owe her all; I would not estrange her from her only child."

When morning dawned, there formed within her mind a certain resolution.

"I will remove myself out of their lives," and she set about putting it into execution. "When I am gone he will forget me," she thought with tears. "I shall not stand in the way of his welfare and prosperity, and happiness will come back to them once more. I shall be happy, too, some day, perhaps, having preferred duty before love."

But, oh, the struggle was a hard one. It took several days to complete her plans, during which she carefully avoided her lover, and concealed her intentions from all.

At last she found herself one day in the presence of her old governess, a fugitive from friends and home.

"And in order that Clarence may never find me," she said, when she had concluded her story, "I have resolved to assume another name."

It was this that made his weary search so vain. When months had passed, and still no clue of her whereabouts, he announced his intention of going abroad.

"Home is hateful to me," he said, in answer to his mother's prayers. "I cannot endure the place without her. Do not reproach me, mother. Rather blame your own ambitious pride, which has sundered two fond hearts and spoiled two lives. I warned you how it would end, remember; as I have lost my little love, even so have you lost me."

So he went; and though to the eyes of the world his mother's pride sustained her, yet her heart was desolate indeed.

So desolate that she thought for a time she had drained the cup of sorrow to the dregs. Alas! she found that she had but raised it to her lips, and tasted the first flavor of the bitter draught.

In the selfsame hour they carried her husband to his stately home, a corpse, and she heard—ay, even while she knelt, stunned and horror-stricken, by that death-bed—she heard, cried in the streets, the news of the utter loss at sea of the ship in which her only child had sailed.

"I have killed him!" she cried. "I drove him to his death! My son! my son! I am your murderer!"

And she sank upon the floor beside the bed, almost as white and cold as the corpse upon it, so that it seemed to those who raised her up likely enough that she would be buried with it.

But it was not to be. Out of that dreadful shipwreck of her life and heart one little hope survived. The bread that she had "cast upon the waters" long ago came floating back to her even after many days; and when at last, weeks afterwards, she opened sad but understanding eyes upon the weary world again, May Wilmer was the watcher by her pillow.

At sight of her the pent-up tears burst forth.

"He is dead!" she wailed. "Oh, May, he is dead!" And they wept and mourned together.

But May's tears and grief were for her foster-father only—the dead merchant, Mr. Delorme. She knew nothing of that second bereavement which had stricken the mother almost down to death. She had never yet learned the name of the ship in which her lover sailed.

When she did learn it, the blow had almost killed her, too. Mrs. Delorme had to put aside, in some degree, her own anguish, in order to sustain and console the stricken girl. Night and day her agonized prayers went up to Heaven:

"Spare her, oh, Lord! She is all that's left me in the world. Oh, merciful Heaven, let me not lose her too!"

And at last her prayer was granted. May recovered.

They were comparatively poor, now. For some time Mr. Delorme's wealth and seeming prosperity had been but an empty show. With his death the brilliant bubble had burst, and small indeed was the remnant that was left.

A pretty house in the suburbs belonged to Mrs. Delorme in her own right. To it they removed, and May, with the assistance of her former governess, obtained several pupils.

It was touching to see these two women—Clarence's mother and his betrothed—cling to each other now, each striving bravely to endure the griefs of life for the other's sake.

And, through it all, there was one who, with a word, could have changed their sorrow into joy, and he would not speak that word.

It was but to say: "I was with Clarence on the day he sailed. He did not go in the vessel you suppose. Some fancied clue to the whereabouts of May detained him, and only a few hours before he should have started he sold his passage-ticket to a friend, and himself waited for the next ship. He is safe in Paris while you are mourning here; and a letter, telling you of his safety and fair prospects, arrived but a few days ago at the house you have left, and lies now in the office, waiting to be claimed."

But Richard Staines would not speak these words of joy. He had intended to do so at first—he had come to the stricken mother with that purpose—but when he saw May—May whom he had loved so long and hopelessly—and realized that she believed her lover lost to her, a wild hope sprang up in his heart.

"Believing Clarence dead, her heart may turn to me. It never will if she knows him to be living. Shall I destroy my own hope and chance? No, no; I cannot."

Besides this, he argued: "They have endured the anguish of bereavement now; the worst of the pain is over. The joy of learning that her son lives will be the same to the mother whenever it comes, and it shall come upon that blessed day when May becomes my wife."

Poor Mrs. Delorme! Her happiness would be long delayed, indeed, if she waited for that day. But Heaven was too merciful to permit it.

Clarence, knowing nothing of the changes at home, grieved at his mother's silence, but did not greatly wonder at it.

"She is so proud," he thought, "and I offended her by leaving."

So he continued to write for several months, although he got no answer; and then, becoming seriously uneasy, wrote to a mutual friend for explanation. The same:

"Your letter came like a message from the dead. It is believed here that you perished in the ill-fated Clyde. Return at once. I have lost sight of Mrs. Delorme since your father's death, but have heard that she is living somewhere with Miss Wilmer, keeping a school."

There was much more to the same purpose, but that was enough. Clarence sat like one stunned.

"May found! My poor father dead! Myself believed to have perished! How can that be when Dick Staines knows the contrary?"

Then, with a sudden gleam of comprehension:

"Ah! I understand. He loves May, and she refused him; but now that I am dead, he hopes, perhaps— Oh, villain!"

Not many hours later Clarence had left all and started again for his home.

The school was not pecuniarily successful. It takes time to establish a school upon a profitable basis—time, and some capital. Moreover, May's health failed visibly; the sad heart weighed the body down. Life, robbed of love and hope, seemed little worth the toiling for.

"She needs change, and rest, and happiness!" said Staines to Mrs. Delorme.

The man's conscience reproached him for the evil he had done. It was torture to him to witness the sufferings of the woman he loved so selfishly.

"Oh, if she would but consent to marry me! I am rich. I adore her. I can make her happy. Oh, madame! will you not use your influence to save her?"

Mrs. Delorme shrunk away.

"Do not ask me. I shall influence her neither way. My boy loved her. I cannot ask her to be false to him before he is six months dead. If you can win her, perhaps it will be well, for her own sake. I at least, can mourn for him to my grave."

So could May, it seemed, and she had resolved to do so.

"If, indeed, he is dead," May said wistfully.

Staines started guiltily.

"What in the name of Heaven do you mean by that?" he cried. "Have you—have you any reason to doubt his having died?"

"My heart doubts it. At first, when the news reached me, I was overwhelmed by despair, but latterly I feel as if he were alive. I don't know why. Persons have been thought dead before now, and have returned after long years. It may be so with him. Oh, Heaven, grant it! I have thought of it, prayed for it so much that it would scarcely surprise me if he should suddenly stand before me. Oh, would in Heaven he could!"

"He can! He does!" cried a well-remembered voice beside her.

With a cry that rang through all the house she turned, and was clasped in her true lover's arms.

His mother stood behind him, happy, trembling, pale.

"I saw him first," she said. "He sent in his friend to prepare me. As soon as he asked: 'Are you sure your son sailed in the Clyde?' I knew the truth. Oh, joy! joy!"

And Clarence clasped them to his heart together.

"Staines knew it all the time," he cried. "Where is the villain?"

But the "villain" had discreetly disappeared.

"He is punished enough," said Mrs. Delorme. "We are happy, while he is miserable. Let him go, Clarence."

Explanations followed.

"I fled that I might not part a mother from her son," said May. "Alas! it seems I parted you more widely than before."

"And now you reunite us. Is it not so, mother? Mother, I want my wife."

Mrs. Delorme placed the girl's hand in his.

"I give her to you," she said happily. "All the wealth in the world could not make her more worthy. May you be blest, my children."

And they were so, for happiness is never far away when love and duty travel hand-in-hand together.

Boys under sixteen years of age can no longer buy tobacco at Grass Valley, Cal.

MISSING LINKS.

There are only two professional prize-fighters in Italy.

There are fifty-one active volcanoes in Japan. This accounts for the multitude of hot springs in that country.

The lettuce grown in the southern part of California is said to be more crisp and delicate than any grown in the East.

Sarah Bernhardt believes that touching the shoulder of a hunchback person brings good luck, while Patti will not sign a contract on Tuesday.

The tunnel recently completed at Schemnitz, Hungary, is 10.27 miles long, the longest one in the world. It took one hundred years to build it.

Mrs. Fisher, a brunette with good features, fine eyes, and a ready tongue, runs an eighty-horse power Harris-Corliss engine in Providence, and does it well.

Discussing the problem of disposing of telegraph and other electric wires, the London Standard remarks that in American cities they are run along the streets "on ornamental poles."

Dr. Thomas A. Emmet, of New York, who owns one of the finest collections of Washington's letters and manuscripts in the country, is a grandnephew of Emmet, the famous Irish patriot.

The countess of Aberdeen still keeps up her interest in the higher education of women in Ireland, and has given a yearly exhibition to Alexandria college, the prescribed course being in English and French.

Mary Anderson says she will not marry until she leaves the stage, and she won't leave the stage until old age compels her to. The chance of her becoming somebody's grandmother is not particularly hopeful.

Lady Brassey, the narrator of the "Voyage of the Sunbeam," has an apartment whose prevailing decoration is the monkey, which is depicted on walls, carpets and ceiling, and whose figure is utilized in every sort of design.

A writer in a Washington newspaper suggests that the word "boodle" is doubtless derived from the Dutch word "boedel," which means property or goods. A "boedelster," he says, is the attorney or other person who finally possesses the "boedel."

An English agricultural paper tells of a duck whose egg-laying record is as follows: In 1878 she laid 211; in 1879, 143; in 1880, 145; in 1881, 155; in 1882, 84; in 1883, 30—total, 769. She has now ceased laying, and is resting on her laurels.

William D. Howells' wife says that her husband writes as a man sees wood. The trouble with Mr. Howells is that he doesn't keep his pen greased, as the wood-sawyer treats his saw to bacon, and there is more or less screeching, as it were.

A young man playing billiards in Soquel, Cal., was bothered by a corn on one of his little toes. He yanked off his boot, cut off the toe with a chisel, stopped the flow of blood with cobwebs, bound up the stump and resumed the interrupted game.

Dr. Edward Olney, professor of mathematics in the university of Michigan, whose death was recently recorded, was known among the students as "Old Toughy." This was a reference, not to his own character, which was of great moral elevation, but to the indigestibility of his text-books by the undergraduates.

In Florida houses are very different affairs from those in the North. Laths and plaster are not essential to comfort, and few houses have them. For the most part the new houses in Florida villages and in the newly-cleared lands are very small boxes, containing only two or three rooms.

Mr. George Bancroft has a German body-servant who has been with him ever since he was at Berlin. The servant wakes the historian precisely at 7 o'clock every morning and prepares his clothes for him to put on, and an hour later brings him his breakfast, of which the principal feature is fine wheat bread.

Henry Clews, the Wall street broker, remarks that "the man who can't make milk and honey to live on out of the prosperity which is going to prevail throughout the country for the entire year of 1887 ought to die for the benefit of his family." When a man has a few millions to begin with the crop of milk and honey is very easily harvested.

Alma Tadema has a quaint iron bell, copied from an old German or Dutch model, in the shape of a woman with enormous petticoats, who hangs from a wrought-iron bracket, while her streaming hair flies out in ten rays. It is placed eight or ten feet from the floor and is rung by a long iron chain, delicately wrought, which hangs straight down from it.

The newest and most extensive mining camp in Montana is Butte Anaconda, which, with its 22,000 inhabitants, supports four daily newspapers, as many brass bands, several variety theaters, an opera-house, and a large number of some of the worst gambling resorts, and saloons ever established in that part of this country. The city has \$14,000 in its treasury, and is only four years old.

The fiber of the pita plants, which grow in great abundance in Honduras, is used by the natives for various purposes. It is converted into thread for sewing boots and shoes, and into nets, fishlines and cordage. The finest and most costly hammocks are also made of it. Small quantities which have been sent to this market have been manufactured into handkerchiefs, laces, ribbons, false hair and wigs.

While a jeweler was chatting to a New York reporter a colored lady, attired in the latest devices of fashion, purchased a brilliant and planked down \$240 without a murmur. "Some of our best customers are colored people," said the jeweler. "When they have money they wear good clothes and good jewelry. Diamond earrings are set off better on a dark background, and the colored ladies understand it."

The Calicoon (N. Y.) Echo has the youngest compositor on record. She is only 9 years old and sets type easily, but can not empty her "sticks." "Incredible as it may seem," says the editor of the Echo, "the little typesetter often sets from one to four sticks from our manuscript, sometimes correcting a slip in our grammar or spelling, and is never as happy as when sitting at the case 'helping papa.'"

Among the Montana Blackfoot Indians polygamy is still rife, though the redskins are beginning to abandon it—that is to say, the Indians take no more plural wives. When buffalo were plenty—when more squaws meant more buffalo robes tanned in a given time—polygamy was in high favor among these Indians. Now, however, they find that more than one wife is a burden, and are not inclined to increase the number.

Master Walter Harrington, of Norwood, now considers himself the greatest hunter in Rhode Island. Recently his father presented him with a repeating rifle, and, of course, the first thing he must do was to go out into the woods and shoot it off. Soon he saw what he was sure was a deer. He walked on carefully, and, as the animal raised its head, fired. It was a deer, and the ball entered its mouth and lodged in the brain, killing it instantly. The deer is supposed to have escaped from Roger Williams' park.

Lincoln at the War Department.

From "Recollections of Secretary Stanton," by a clerk of the War Department, in the Century, we quote as follows: "In the days of which I write, Mr. Lincoln was a particularly woe-begone figure. It was one of those periods of the war when the whole situation, military, financial, and political, was one of almost unrelieved blackness. He spent hours at a time, shut up with Mr. Stanton, all business and speech mainly being put aside, so far as outsiders could judge, while these lonely communions lasted. Was it not the gloomy autumn days of 1864, that the tearful Secretary had in mind, when he spoke those pathetic words as he took the hand of the just-expired President: 'Ah, dear friend! there is none now to do me justice; none to tell the world of the anxious hours we have spent together!' Even before the autumn had well set in, Mr. Lincoln had begun to enwrap himself in the familiar plaid shawl, and, with his hat pulled well down in front, he would scurry along the halls of the War Department, and into the retiring-room of the Secretary, noticing and speaking to nobody. At times he would sit in the retiring-room with the door open between that and the apartment in which the Secretary, walking about as was his wont, was transacting business with the departmental officers and clerks, or visitors, prolonging his course, every few minutes, into the adjacent room, to hold converse with his chief. It was an interesting and a pleasant sight, that of Mr. Lincoln seated with one long leg crossed upon the other, his head a little peaked, and his face lit up by the animation of talking or listening, while Mr. Stanton would stand sidewise to him, with one hand resting lightly on the back of the chair in the brief intervals of that everlasting occupation of wiping his spectacles. But if, while in such proximity, Mr. Lincoln should happen to rise to his feet, farewell to the picturesqueness of the scene, for the striking differences in height and girth at once suggested the two gendarmes in the French comic opera."

Decorum in Western Courts.

"When Eastern people read Fack and see signs which are claimed to be taken from court-rooms out West they imagine that the signs are burlesques. I thought so until I went West," said a gentleman from the Arrounder last night. "I know now that the signs are literal in every sense. I have two pasted up in my office which may do as samples of those I have seen. They were taken from a court-room in the northern part of Wyoming territory, and read: 'No cracking peanuts in this court-room,' and 'Lawyers are not allowed to kiss the baby during court hours.' This latter being translated means that they are not allowed to take a drink. Then I saw one in a court-room at a town on Lake Superior which read: 'This court adjourns at 2:30; the court is going to the dance at 8—' The dance was held in a camp about six miles back of the town."—Buffalo Courier.