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June 15.--tf TOR SALE "JOURNAL" OFFICE,

BLANK MORTGAGES FOR BUILDING ASSO-CIATIONS, prepared by one of the most careful At-torneys of the Baltimore County Bar. Feb. 5.—tf

Moetig.

HOW A GIRL GOT ENGAGED. Across the fields as we idly strolled In the cloudless summer day, The winds were wafting the rare perfume From the meadows of new-mown hay, And our hearts were still as our lips kept time To our steps on that pleasant way.

And down where the brook, like a wayward child, Rushes on o'er the pebbly floor And sprinkles the rocks with its diamond spray And ripples along the shore. We stopped at the crossing: I gave him my hand And trustingly followed him o'er.

And when, in the twilight, we came again, Our lips for the once were still, And he held my hand as we crossed the stream. And hardly against my will: For I gave my heart where I gave my hand, At the foot of the noisy rill.

And when in the shade of the vine-clad porch We parted, it seemed to me The stars were twinkling in rare delight, Though I'm sure no eye could see If the spot on my cheek had a crimson blush And my heart an ecstacy

[Rockaway Journal. ONE OF US TWO. The day will dawn when one of us shall hearken In vain to hear a voice that has grown dumb, And moons will fade, moons pale and shadows darken-

While sad eyes watch for feet that never come. One of us two must some time face existence Alone with memories that sharpen pain, And these sweet days shall shine back in the dis-

Like dreams of summer dawns in nights of rain. One or two, with tortured heart half broken, Shall read long-treasured letters through presence and helping hand, but I must lay self Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished token

That speaks of those love-crowned delicious One of us two shall find all light, all beauty. All joy on earth atale forever done: Shall know henceforth that life means only duty... O. God! O. God! have pity on that one.

> ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Qriginal Story.

[Written for the Maryland Journal.] MISSIE."

A Story of the Civil War.

It was twilight; soft, beautiful twilight

The time-Which, of all day's changing hours, is the fittest and the meetest For a farewell hour—and parting looks less bitter Earth seems like a shrine for sorrow. mother-voice is sweetest,
And her hand seems laid in chiding on the unquiet, throbbing breast."

Near the end of a long, deeply shaded avenue of noble oaks two persons were talking; the one, a girl of some twenty years was seated on a rustic settee. She was a very tiny specimen of womanhood, indeed; but one look into her face would prove she was a very noble one, too. Just now her features were fixed in a dazed sort of way on the tall, pompous old gentleman who stood before her speaking

rapidly. ing her answer, let me describe her to you.--She was Margaret Chester, the only child of Col. Allen Chester, a wealthy slave-holder of Southern Virginia.

Ever since her birth she had been the idol of the household, from Old Daphne, her "mammy nurse," to the smallest darkey on the old plantation. "Little Missie," as they called her, had beautiful, pure face : deep-set, luminous gray eyes, and hair of a rich bronze hue, with golden ights and shadows in it. She looked up piteously as her father asked

for her answer. "Must it be this, Papa; will no other sacrifice do? Harold has always been my lover, and it is so hard to give him up." "Well, you know what hangson your answer:

our mother's health—nay, her life; and your father's good name." He spoke in a hard, cold voice, and she winced at his last words. Why | to his heart, then pressing unnumbered kisses had her father, whom she thought so noble, deceived her so? If her delicate mother heard what her father had just told his daughter it would cause her death. There was no other alternative, she must give up her lover.

child of Col. Chester's youngest sister. At her death the Colonel became trustee and guardian at "Chesterwood."

formed a deep attachment for each other, which only strengthened with their advancing years Margaret's father always looked with disfavor upon any serious mention of their future. The poor girl buried her face in her hands

when her father left and sat so for several modimmed her eyes, and her trouble was too deep for them now. Only a drawn line came round her firm, clear-cut mouth, and when that look shone in her face anyone who knew her would see at once how she suffered.

She was trying bravely to face her duty, as t had been clearly shown to her, when a quick, firm tread on the gravel behind brought a look | bear." of unspeakable happiness to her face for an instant, and then left her whiter than before. A hand, white and shapely as her own, was laid on her shoulder, and a deep, tender voice said, in a tone of such joy and contentment at having found ber-

"Margaret! my own." In an instant she was in his arms, and kisses searched all through the house for his "Little and Margaret slept. Missie." When he found her, everythingonly they were together; her arms were closely clasped round his neck; her cheek rested

against his heart. deep-brown eyes looked tenderly down on her. and his bearded lips pressed her cheek fondly time and again. "Margaret, darling; I don't think I can ever

be, and if ever a man's heart longed for the | Oh, heaven, I cannot bear it!" thing it loved, mine did for you, Queenie. I felt as if every moment spent away from you was worse than wasted. I am sure when we are married,"—here he felt her shiver—"I shall have to secure some efficient overseer so I can always be in the sunshine of my Margaret's presence." She said nothing in return for his tender

he raised her face to full view. A stray moonbeam fell athwart her features. and Harold passed his hand rapidly over his eyes to see if he were really awake. "Margaret! Queenie! what is it? I didn't know you were suffering; tell me what is the

matter. I have been so selfish in my happiness.

I hadn't seen you were ill."

He drew her gently to the settee and pressed her head down on his shoulder. "Margaret, you know Harold would give his | blue-eyed Norah a day past; but, cheer up, life to save you from suffering; won't you

share your trouble with him?" "I think my heart is broken," she said in a low, trembling tone. "I seem to have grown old in a few hours. Oh! my Harold, my love, how can I say such words to you? You are so look forward to the returning home to her that his body, then all was quiet. good to me-you love me so, and I, O, I love the kindly Irishman spoke of. you, too, how can I bid you leave me?"

"Leave you? why, dear, I have just come back to you. Why do you speak so strangely?" "It is, nevertheless, true," she said, "our happy love-life is over, we will have to separate. Oh! Harold, don't look at me so, or I will never say it."

"Margaret Chester, are you trifling with me," he asked, sternly. "No, oh no, it is too true. Something has happened to-day that tears us apart. It is

another's secret, or you should share it. Look into my eyes and you will know I am sincere. The whole thing is this: we must separate. I love you; it is severing my very heart-strings | man much feared throughout the neighborto give you up, but I must do it." "Oh! Margaret, where are all your yows? Don't you know the Bible says: 'Leave father,

mother, and cleave only to your husband."" "But I am not your wife, dear, would that I were," she said, gently. "Not my wife? Then all these vows and kisses go for naught; it is only the 'I will' murmured to the priest that joins us?" I tell you I have counted you as truly my wife as if

we had clasped hands before the altar; since first you told me you loved me and promised to be mine." "But, Harold; if I were free to tell you, you | presides." would see where my duty points. It will be a

aside and think of others." "Certainly I am not one of the 'others," then, or you could never wound me so deeply," Harold said, bitterly, withdrawing his encircling arm and pressing his hand over his eyes.

"Please don't make it harder for me. I will tell you so much that will. I hope, make you understand why our hard fate must be," and, leaning over, she whispered a few words to him. Instantly the hard look that was beginning to cloud his face changed to one of inexpressible

love and tenderness. "My darling girl, it will, indeed, have to be as you say, but I could almost find it in my heart to wish we two were dead together than alive, with divided lives to look forward to. You have been heart of my heart, and queen of my life ever since I came hero—sixteen years ago, and now must I give you up? It is almost more than I can bear." Then the truly noble nature that was Harold's showed itself. and, controlling his emotion by a mighty effort. ne said in a low, though unutterably sad, voice: "Margaret, my darling, I release you from all promises, and though I can never forget what you are to me, I know it is from no want of

ove you send me away. I believe I will always keep your heart, and mine will never hold | his creditor." another's image." His was disinterested nobleness. He was well fitted to be, as he had always been. Margaret Chester's king among men. The moon had almost gone down, still the heart-broken lovers sat, utterly oblivious of

As he finished, and stood, evidently await. | time. At last Margaret said, gently: "Will you go in with me now, Harold?" "No, dear; I couldn't; I will walk over to R----, attend to some business there, and then-"

"Oh! are you going to join the army and go "speak, Harold, are you?" "Yes, dear," he answered simply. Then the full truth of the situation rushed over her and she broke into a passion of tears that shook her whole frame. Harold soothed her, though his own eyes were dim. He knew

she must go in, but how could be leave her. "Darling, come kiss me once more. When we meet where there is no giving in marriage -my own Margaret."

She clasped her arms around his neck and kissed him. He strained her close and closer on her pure, white brow and quivering lips, he released her, and with a dry, tearless sob and white, agonized face, turned away. The weary girl dragged herself slowly to the

house, and, passing the half-open door of the Harold Seymour had been an inmate of the sitting-room, went directly to her own chamhousehold for sixteen years. He was the only ber. "Alma," she said to the little mulatto, who was her especial maid, "go send Daphne to | feat. me." The girl glided out quickly, and Margafor him, and he came to live with the family ret sank wearily into a chair. Faint perfume old self, and becoming interested she concocted of flowers floated through the wide, open many dainty dishes for the hospital in the near-Margaret was then queen of the place, and | window, but the girl was unconscious of all, | est town, sometimes carrying them herself .--Harold soon became one of her most devoted save her first overwhelming sorrow. She was She had a haunting dread of some day seeing no weak-minded, lackadaisical girl, but her life | Harold's face among the wounded there, had always been encircled with such protecting love and devotion that this blow was

doubly hard to bear. In a few moments Daphne stepped softly in. "Honey, what will you hab," she asked. "Oh! Mammy." Margaret sobbed, laying her ments. She did not cry. Tears rarely, if ever, head on Daphne's shoulder, "I --- "but she her chief pet. The two had many long conficouldn't say more, and before the old nurse had recovered her astonishment Margaret slipped to hold. For several hours each day they were

the floor unconscious. "O. blessed oblivion, that comes to our weary, overstrained spirits just at the time when one drop more would overflow our cup, and our burden would become heavier than we could

The old nurse called no one, as she saw her "Missie" was in trouble, but hastily applied restoratives, and, undressing the weary girl, asked no questions. Then Margaret said, "Mammy, I am in deep trouble and my head

burts me so : sit by me and don't mention to my mother anything of this." "No indeed, honey, bress yo' heart; mus' were showered on her up-turned face. It had look bright to-morrow, as Massa Harold done a bulky letter to his Captain and sauntered off grown almost dark; a crescent moon and a few | come. I hear." She rubbed Margaret's head in bright stars shone in the blue ether. Harold a mechanical sort of way, all the time croonhad just returned from a long journey and had ling softly. Tired nature triumphed at last,

Meanwhile Harold walked away from the he seemed to them in some indefinable way, so despair, with mingled emotions. Contempt and anger against the one who had caused the trouble, and love and longing unspeakable for

"I am almost tempted to wish we had never known each other. It seemed as if we were made for each other, and now to be so cruelly leave you again. Time had almost ceased to torn apart to serve one man's cold purpose. He threw himself under a tree and after a time slept till daybreak. He was finally Could she help but love the father of her child? wakened by a rough touch and gruff voice. "Why, man, what ails ye?"

> Collecting his faculties he sat up and asked the man where he was bound. "To the nearest town to enlist, shure, if one "Well' I'm your guide, then, as I am going there myself, if you will help me up. I am

"Yes, I have just now returned from abroad and came immediately here to join the ranks." "Don't ye be looking so down in the mouth, Mayhap ye were afther bidding yer sweetheart | ing but moisten his lips; perhaps as evening good-bye. I sympathize wid ye, as I left my comes he'll get better." fine stories to carry back to them before long."

some property of his father's when the war | the heart-stricken mother, she whispered softbroke out. As soon as possible he had returned,

country. inhabited by a small army of dogs of all breeds, Walter St. Clare sat, busily reading a letter. The contents must have been pleasant, to judge from his expression. He was some forty odd years old. His face was rugged and stern, and the unpleasant glitter of his keen gray eyes emphasized his tyrannical disposition. He was Col. Chester's next neighbor, and a hood. Unknown to all, and loved by none, he

lived altogether alone. The Colonel and he were pretty fair friends, and it was well known that "Massa St. Clare wanted Little Missie." Harold and Margaret both disliked him thoroughly, yet it was this man to whom Col. Chester had pledged his daughter's hand. He re-read the letter once more.

after all, it wasn't a bad transaction. caught my pretty bird at last and can soon tress, and I fancy neighbors won't be so chary | when he returns?" of 'Solitude' when a graceful woman like her | A sudden impulse prompted Margaret to tell | upon it.

hard, rough road to travel without your dear his post and wished to secure his pretty wife some tangled lives in this great, weary world?" iar servants weeping bitterly. "Masse" Harold

before his furlough ended. The morning after Margaret and Harold's | troubles will lighten them." parting the little maid brought a message that Col. Chester would see his daughter a few moments before she came down. Her head them all—her father was a slave to the vice so cold. throbbed severely, but she sent for him at once.

wishes?" he asked on entering the room. "Father, you have ruined my life-happiness, ing of and dislike very much."

cel both mortgages and forget the ---- other. to re-open it. And it must be soon, as his leave expires in a month. What is your answer?"

not love him." father left. "He has sold me." Margaret said, bitterly. "My father, whom I loved and honored so

highly, has separated me from the best and From that day nothing more was said. All wondering questions were skilfully parried, and Capt. St. Clare was accepted as Margaret's future husband. One thing she never submitted to. and that was a tete-a-tete meeting. Her mother | ings toward Margaret very tender.

will and triumph, and he could patiently wait | of his gambling propensity for some time; inuntil she became his wife. One clear, sunny day, the latter part of June, him. they were married. The bride made her response in a low, firm tone. She had resolved | came to "Chesterwood" of either of its soldiers.

pale and listless, and this day her face rivaled the lillies she carried. The "happy couple," (how often is the expression misused, as now,) were driven at once to the groom's home, and no one at "Chesterwood" saw Margaret until the Captain's departure for the army, when she came to stay at home once more. She was utterly unlike the you will come to me, good and pure as always | bright girl who reigned supreme there a few months past, and moved around languidly, tak-

ing little, if any, interest in anything. Shortly after this was the memorable battle of Bull Run, which, though counted as a victory for the Southern troops, desolated many a hearth there. Margaret seemed aroused, and scanned each paper that came eagerly. No news came, either of her husband or Harold, and her old apathetic manner returned. The days and weeks passed uneventfully by, varied

After awhile Margaret seemed more like her

One day, greatly to every one's surprise, visitor arrived at "Chesterwood," Aunt Serene Ripley, the Colonel's maiden aunt. Her name suited her well. She was a sweet, low-voiced old lady with silvery hair, and Margaret was dential talks, which greatly mystified the house-

The long, dreary winter passed slowly by for the weary soldiers in their canvas tents. Great was Harold's chagrin on finding himself in Captain St. Clare's Company. He tried to overcome all personal feelings and act as i naught had happened between them. If sharp rebuke was given the brunt of it was sure

One spring evening a bag of mail (a rare ocprecious letters from sisters, sweethearts, wives -he only had none. His comrades respected unlike the rest. His face was pale and wornlooking, and the deep-brown eyes that could look so tender never smiled.

"Congratulate me, Sergeant," exclaimed his just reached me of the arrival of a small son and heir."

Harold merely said, touching his cap, "Accept my congratulations, sir," and turned aways Was it honorable, to feel as he did towards his officer? He could strike him every time anything relating to Margaret passed his lips .-And now, wasn't she more lost than ever? Wouldn't that little life draw them closer together? All this he reasoned, and to drown his thoughts threw himself on his blanket and tossed in unquiet sleep.

Meanwhile the news was true. Margaret's tiny son throve well for awhile and the mother | back his ruined hopes and wasted life. seemed like a new person. One evening he seemed fretful and feverish

NO. 1295.

As it came, however, baby's soul drifted man, we'll see some fun soon and have some | heavenward, and just at sunset his great grey eyes became unnaturally large and brilliant. Every word his companion spoke cut Harold | Margaret held him. "Oh, my bright boy; my like a knife. It was too true; 'he had bid his poor little baby," she meaned over and oversweetheart good-bye,' but, alas! could never Suddenly a convulsive shiver passed through

Aunt Serene gently took the little still form Harold had been to England looking after and laid it on the bed. Putting her arm around intending to offer his services at once to his an angel now, darling, and immeasurably happier where he is. 'The Lord hath given, and In a large library, luxuriously furnished, but | the Lord hath taken away;' say 'Blessed be the name of the Lord."

"I cannot," Margaret answered in a lowstrained tone, "my baby is gone and I'm, oh, so lonely.'

Her dazed look alarmed Aunt Screne, and she summoned Old Daphne. "You have seen her this way before; break up that forced calmness or she will have brain fever herself."

The old woman sung and soothed, and at last Margaret fell asleep, crying softly. For many days she was too ill to move, and when at length she was able to be about, it was only the merest shadow of herself. Aunt Serene came upon her, crying bitterly, one day, and spoke very kindly, but decidedly (for her)

to her niece. "Margaret, my dear, you will grow morbid; you are already unhappy, and your father seems tame her. She will make my house a fine mis- | miserable. What will your husband think

her aunt her sorrows. Capt. St. Clare was home on sick leave from "Auntie, can you listen to a long story about softly in, followed by several of the old famil-"Certainly, dearie; maybe the telling of your

Clasping her hands tightly together and closgambling; how he borrowed money, mortgaged all his property, and finally forged his neigh- tone, and, raising her head, saw the kneeling "Well, are you prepared to accede to my bor's name to satisfy his insatiable appetite. figure with face bowed; then she heard the Then how the mortgages were to be given back. prayer, though the words sounded far away. the forgery forgotten, her father's name kept and now wish me to marry a man I know noth- clean before the world, and all knowledge of "That has nothing to do with it. He wishes her marriage. Upon her parting with Harold, you for his wife, is well able to take care of Margaret touched but lightly. The old wound you, and the day you marry him he will can- was still in her heart and it needed but a touch

"Well, darling; you will forgive me, I know, for thinking your troubles were partly fancies." said Aunt Serene, "now I see my mismother's sake, but Capt. St. Clare must be told | take. You have my tenderest sympathy, dear; the exact state of the case and must know I do and, never fear, some day it will all come right, and you will see that things which now seem Margaret, I said, had barely mentioned Har-

old's name, but Aunt Screne had seen them together many times and guessed their secret. Thoroughly understanding her niece's nature. noblest of men, and has regularly sold me to she was well aware how she suffered. "Poor little one, my heart bleeds for her," she

came thronging over her, and her short, happy love-dream, with its sad ending, made her feel-The news about her nephew, Margaret's no resentment. All he wished was to bend her | father, scarcely surprised her. She had known

> deed, had advanced certain sums of money to Meantime, the war raged fiercely. No news One warm day in October Margaret had just returned from her baby's grave. A small marble shaft marked the spot in a shady nook of the village churchyard. The simple inscription "Chester St. Clare, aged 3 months," showed the passer-by whose it was. She entered the shaded hall and passed the library-door, when, remembering a book her aunt had expressed a desire to see, stepped in to get it. As the door swung to her eyes fell on a figure before her. "Who is it?" she asked. Receiving no answer, she came nearer and saw. "O, Harold; is it you?" she exclaimed, with dilated eyes. The dear, well-known voice answered, "Yes, Mar-

long, dear." He rose with difficulty, and came to where she leaned against a book-case, white and trembling.

"I'm a useless feilow, now, Queenie, see;" and he held up his right sleeve-empty. A lameness in his foot proved he had been zealous in his country's service. Margaret's past life, her marriage, and all

that had transpired since their separation, faded from her mind like a bitter dream as she looked into the idolized face before her. It was so pale and wan that she could only sob softly, and as the voice that was to her the sweetest music on earth told the surgeons had given him his final discharge, as he could never serve again, she cried out pitifully and fainted. Hearing the agonized cry, Aunt Serene came

Ringing for a servant, she sent him to his peal of joy. I hear my mother's voice, and she room, and, rousing her niece, took her up-stairs | says: "Victor, my boy, came, let me sing you to bed. Leaving Daphne installed there, she | to sleep.' Oh, God! I stretch out my hands and

swiftly to her, and almost fainted herself upon

hastened to Harold. Col. Chester and his wife had driven to Capt. St. Clare's place, so she was alone. To and from the two chambers she went. In a short time the physician she had summoned arrived. He looked very grave after examining Harold. "I must tell you, madam, there is very little, if any, hope. He is still quite weak, and this exposure and excitement is already telling on him, and I am afraid I can give you no en- and them. I turn back and the board is on

By Margaret's bedside he shook his head duhiously. "Mrs. St. Clare's condition has long puzzled me. She seems to be mentally affected, and has lost all interest in everything since her child's death. Tell me, madam, you know I am an old family friend, and have often been puzzled to know what separated these two. who are now both here, and ill. Has Mrs. St. Clare's trouble anything to do with Mr. Seymour? He seems to have no desire to rally. either. I only ask in the interest of my pa-

"Yes; doctor, I think it has. They once loved very dearly, but were separated through the force of cruel circumstances. She has never seemed the same since."

"Thank you," he replied. "When she is able. let them be together, it cannot be for long, as his days, poor fellow, are almost numbered, I fear, and we may as well let them pass in peace | wonderful spectacle of a man living without and happiness." Col. and Mrs. Chester were deeply grieved

when they returned and found this sad state of affairs. They did all they could to make Harold comfortable, but, alas! could not give him face a moment, his eyes fell again as he started Col. Chester was stricken with remorse when he saw his daughter's pitiable condition. She

moved only to call "Harold" in low, heart-

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and he furned his face away. Their hands met and she looked down on him with infinite tenderness and pity. She was past crying now. They said but little, as both were too weak. Only that mute clasping of hands showed how full their hearts were. They seemed to forget their surroundings, all that had gone beforeeverything, save they were together; but for how long, ah! that was the question each

It was plain to be seen Harold was on the eve of his long journey, and Margaret knew ly, with her hand on her babe's head, "He is that life now to her, with or without him, would be but a heavy burden.

She grew paler and thinner as he sank, and a shudder would pass over her as he sometimes whispered, "Queenie, we are still together, darling, thank God!"

One early morn, just before dawn, Aunt Serene, who watched by the sick man, roused Margaret. "I promised to waken you if there was any change, and there is a great one. Be brave now, darling," she whispered, looking

one caress before we say 'good-bye.' Don't forget your promise, Queenie, to be mine once more when we meet again." She kissed him again and again, then clasped his wasted hand and bowed her anguished face

Her aunt and father and mother tip-toed had been dearly loved by them all. She did not move, though she knew they were all there. A strange, numb feeling seemed creeping over ing her eyes, Margaret told how-unknown to her, and the hand she held was growing, oh!

issues of life and death. Teach us in all humthese actions kept from the delicate mother by | bleness to say, "Thy will be done.' Do with our loved ones as scemeth best to Thee, but, oh! Father" (here her voice quivered so as to become almost inaudible, and Margaret could no longer hear her,) "if it be Thy will, space them to us yet a while longer."

> gling through the half-open blinds, and the night-lamp, which was still lit. flickered faintly once or twice, and then went out. The room seemed enveloped in a strange, weird light, and all was still, save the half-hushed sobs of the faithful servants. Harold's eyes opened and looked tenderly at the bowed form beside him. His lips shaped

> Her head fell forward and Aunt Serene saw her dread fear had become a reality. Laying her beside the dead soldier, she turned and simply said, "They have gone home together."

Col. Chester gave a deep groan and turned

away. The servants were awed into silence by her solemn words and the awful truth they presented. With her arm around the weeping mother she said, in tremulous tones, "My dear ones, let us still our grief in knowing how happy they are together." Then, clasping Margaret and Harold's marble hand's together, she murmured: "Oh, God! we thank Thee; they were lovely and peaceful in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

August 23d, 1889. A MAN WITH NO HEART.

GUSSIE D. HOOK

insane expert, "and I will show you an interesting case, as well as a very sad one." garet: I have come back. I won't trouble you In the mad cell a man about 32 years of age was pacing distractedly up and down the floor, muttering to himself. He was well built and possessed of regular and handsome foatures, but with a vecant and expressionless counte-

"Dreams? Aye, what dreams do come to me," and the poor fellow shivered as if a cold stream of water had glided down his back. "Dream, dream, dream. I dream that I am once more a little boy, that my father holds me finding Harold bending over Margaret's pros- by the hand, and that I hear my sisters' and brothers' voices shouting to me in peal after the vision departs. Oh, God! Oh, God!" and

the voice broke down completely, while soh after sob shook the man. "Ha! ha! ha!" he suddenly laughed out discordantly. "Do you wonder that I am crasy,

figures of my childhood's home in la balla France and a huge board comes between me the opposite side. Turn as I will the board is there, which, even in my dreams, keep me from them. No, no, I can never see them again -they are dead, dead, dead! "But I trouble you, doctor."

sir?

the matter with your heart?" The prisoner's expression changed. "Heart! Why I have no heart. I lost it. Dr. Munn on Angel island asked me for it and I mid 'Certainly,' and he pulled it out. Why, feel here and you will see it does not beat." "That's a fact; it doesn't beat." "You are right, doctor, my heart havn't beat for three weeks. You know my history? No

in an immense citadel in Austrialia by the Chinese, who were commanded by Julius Casear about three weeks ago. A number of beautiful American women heard of the case, interested themselves in me, and Secretary Blaine sent a fleet down to have me brought back. was recaptured, carried to Angel Island, gave my heart to Dr. Munn, and now I present the "I was in the fort two weeks, and did not eat a mouthful during that time, and-

on his mad pace up and down the call, muttering as he welked:
"Weep, weep, weep," Journet has been a soldier of the regular

army in Colonel Shafter's division, stational at Angel Island. His term expired a short time broken tones. After a week she was almost a off to himself. Being cut off from his old asshadow, but had regained consciousness and sociations and having nothing to coupy his could be carried in their arms to a lounge like mind it is supposed that memory turned with a rush to bygone days, apon which he brooded a child. At last she was taken to see Harold, to such an extent that he became issue. He

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time, place, all were forgotten; he remembered spot that had witnessed both his happiness and She was such a tiny mite beside the tall, well- the girl he had left. Self was put aside at | Captain a moment later passing him, "news has proportioned man who held her so closely. His length. He knew how she would suffer, gauging her nature by his own.

can ever find it." words, and, putting his hand beneath her chin. rather stiff from lying in so cramped a position." The good-natured Irishman assisted him. Serene. and they journeyed together. "Will yer honor enlist, too?" he asked.

"It may as well be now and over."

"It can only be 'yes,' father, for your and "Very well; that is sufficient," and her so hard were all for the best."

was always present, but the Captain showed

into this dreadful war," Margaret interrupted, | to do her duty fully if it cost her her life. In the short time that had elapsed she had grown

only by the war news, now of victory, now de- long, dark scar on his temple, and a slight

alone together.

to fall on Harold; and in many little ways, as a superior officer can, the Captain made himself very disagreeable. currence) was being distributed, and his Company's share was given to Harold. He passed Here and there were knots of men reading their him and never intruded on his melancholy:

and the next morning Margaret sent for Aunt | lay with wan face and closed eyes. Her lips

"Oh, auntie, tell me what to do for my baby see his little face burns and his mouth seems parched with fever." Aunt Serene saw the little life was hat drawing to a close, but only said, "You can do noth. Neither spoke. Harold's eyes filled with tears | was sent to Stockton,

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asked their own heart.

uneasily into her niece's white face.

She went to call the rest of the family, while Margaret entered the room softly and knelt by Harold's side. He stretched out his hand to show he knew her, but his brown eyes glittered strangely and his voice was very weak. "Margaret, I am dying. Kiss me once, darling, I have never asked you before, but now it won't matter. He surely wouldn't grudge me

Suddenly she heard her aunt's low, clear "Oh! God in Heaven! in Thy hands are the

The first faint streaks of dawn were strug-

eyes, and Aunt Serene saw that he had entered the "Valley of the Shadow." Stepping Long-lost memories of her far-away youth | close she stooped and gently raised Margaret.

the word "Margaret," but no strength was

given him to utter it. He wearily closed his

Strange Hallucination of Victor Journet, "Come with me." said Dr. Samuel Tevis, the

"How do you feel?" asked Dr. Tevis. "Bad enough, bad enough," muttered the restless agure, as he paused in his tireless walk for a moment. "What is your trouble, my friend?" "Trouble? Trouble? Why, my life is all trouble. Nothing but trouble. When I am awake my life is a sea of troubled thought. When I sleep, my sleep is an ocean of troubled

"Why, I stretch out my hand to grasp these "Not at all," said the doctor. "But what is

Well, it is this. I was arrested and confined

The wild promptings of the disordered brain ceased. Victor Journet stared into the doctor's

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