

A FISHING TRIP.

Wunst we went a-fishin'—me
An' my pa an' ma all three—
When they was a picnic, 'way
Out to Hünen's Wood one day.
An' they was a crick out there
Where the fishes is, an' where
Little boys 'taint big and strong
Better have their folks along.
My pa he ist fished an' fished,
An' ma she said she wished
Me an' her was home; an' pa
Said he wished so worse'n ma.
Pa said if you talk, er say
Anything, er sneeze, er play,
Haint no fish, alive or dead,
Ever goin' ter bite! he said.
Burt' nigh dark in town when we
Get back home; an' ma says she
Now she'll have a fish fer shore!
An' she buyed one at the store.
Nen at supper, pa he won't
Eat no fish, an' says he don't
Like 'em—an' he pounded me
When I choked—ma, didn't he?
—James Whitcomb Riley.

A WOMAN'S FACE.

Only one glimpse of it was all that Julian Chestwick caught in the swaying crowd that filled the rooms on the night of Mrs. Pelgrove's masquerade ball, yet it struck on his consciousness like a new sensation. Julian Chestwick had always laughed at the idea of love. But when he saw that face at Mrs. Pelgrove's masquerade ball, he furl-ed his banners and sent in his letters of capitulation to the little blind god with the bow and arrows. Julian Chestwick, in spite of the theories of a life, fell in love with a Marquise of the time of Louis XIV., with big black eyes, a pale oval face, and a mouth whose sweet archness corresponded not illy with powdered locks and dainty high-heeled boots. It came and went like a shadow the bewitching face—and Julian Chestwick hastened to his hostess with heart that throbbed with the fevered quest: "Tell me, Mrs. Pelgrove, who is the marquise?" Mrs. Pelgrove stared. "My dear Mr. Chestwick there are at least half a dozen marquises here." Julian bit his lip. To him there was but one. He haunted the rooms like an unquiet spirit all the evening, until people began to believe that the Hungarian Prince was an ubiquity; but the face shone upon him no more. "So you won't marry Miss Pearlfield?" asked his uncle, a choleric old gentleman, who was particularly fond of two things in this world—nutty port and his own way. "No," said Julian, recklessly. "And what the deuce is the reason?" "Because I love somebody else." "Who?" Julian looked awkward; he could not very well say "a face." So he said nothing at all, and in consequence thereof his uncle went home in a passion and altered his will. Miss Pearlfield married somebody else and Julian Chestwick worshipped at the shrine of the oval face, contented with its remembered smiles as they haunted his dream. "I shall see her some day," he told himself, "and until then I will wait."

He haunted the galleries of photographic artists—he stalked up and down the sunny side of Broadway what time the fashionable promenade inundated it, staring persistently into every feminine face that passed—but in vain. When Field Pakenham invited him down to a Christmas party at Pakenham Court, an old-fashioned place with wide-throated chimnies and groves of evergreens, Chestwick hesitated; New York was a great human be-ive; in New York his chances of realizing the dream of his life were as five to one, compared to any other place, and yet he was so good a chess player not to comprehend that the tide of luck needs a change now and then. "You'd better come," said Pakenham; "we shall have no end of darks." "Shall you have a large party?" "Twenty or thirty." "It will be such a bore." "No, it won't." "All right, then, I'll come."

"But when?" demanded Pakenham, who, having been ordered by his sisters to "be sure and secure that handsome Mr. Chestwick," was naturally desirous to clinch the nail of assent. "Let me see. Christmas is on Friday. I'll come down to the Court on Thursday afternoon." "All right," said Pakenham; "and mind if you fail up—we'll have you hung, drawn and quartered! Why, man, there are 15 girls coming, and if I don't get some masculine help I haven't an idea what's to become of me." "Don't get discouraged. I'll stand by you." Pakenham wrung his friend's hand and went on his way rejoicing. Chestwick's eyes moved from face to face, as he took his seat at the long table in the antique old dining room at Pakenham Court. There were blondes and brunettes, and blue eyes and gray, scraggy throats and dimpled shoulders, but there was no look or feature in all the gay assemblage which might suggest the French marquise. "I wish I had stayed at home," he thought. But Lucia Dallas took him in hand and made him talk whether he was willing or no. "It's all nonsense about your being a Diogenes," said that young lady. "Where's your tub and lantern?" "They're coming down by the next train." "Well, then, until they come, I shall make the most of you. Do you dance?" "No." "Do you sing?" "No." "Do you flirt?" "No." "Gracious! what do you do?" "That's precisely what you must find out for yourself."

Lucia looked at him meditatively. "Are you fond of pictures?" "Yes. Did you bring your album?"

"No; I was thinking of the old picture gallery upstairs. Only imagine it—the portraits of the Pakenham ancestry for 200 years back!" "They must look awfully ancient!" "Oh, they do. I'll show them to you to-morrow." Lucia kept her word. She was not one lightly to let off a captive knight, consequently Julian's pleas of "letters to write" met with no consideration in her eyes. "At all events," thought Julian, as the little damsel dragged him off, I'm glad it isn't leap year. The Pakenham picture gallery, however, was well worth seeing. A long, lofty room, lighted by a dome of glass, its walls lined with portraits, it reminded one of some old baronial hall in England. Julian Chestwick looked dreamily around and shuddered a little. "I prefer the future to the past," said he, briefly. And then turning, his eyes fell upon a pictured face which thrilled him through and through. A dimpled, smiling face, with black eyes which seemed to melt and glow, even against the opaqueness of the meaningless canvas, a mouth full of arch expression, and a dress of the time of Louis Quatorze.


"Field," he said turning to his host, with features as pale as if they had been carved in ivory. "who is that lady?" "Who was she, you mean," laughed Pakenham. "Why, you know she's been dead these 200 years." Chestwick felt an odd, icy tremble through his veins. Was he then in love with a ghost? He remembered the vow he had registered in his secret heart to wed none but the marquis whose fair face had haunted him so long. Could it be possible that this shadow should rise from the grave of centuries to claim his vow? "It is Marie de Roubise of Normandy, afterwards married to Gerald Pakenham, who died two years after her marriage—my great, great grandmother—and a very good looking woman, too," added Field, rather irreverently. Chestwick listened silently. He was not superstitious, yet there was something in all this that he regarded almost as an omen. The jewelled finger of the beautiful Marie de Roubise seemed to beckon him—her arched, jetty brows to contract frownishly. Had it been a ghost whose beauty had gleamed on him once, at Mrs. Pelgrove's ball? And was it possible for a man to look on the face of a woman who has been dead 200 years?

He followed the party down stairs, comprehending nothing of what went on around him—walking like one in a dream. "Marquerita has come," he heard Mrs. Pakenham say to her son. "Was it not lucky? we had just given her up?" "The more the merrier," said Field, philosophically. Chestwick had taken his seat at dinner in a mechanical sort of way when a young lady glided into a seat opposite. "Merciful fate!" he ejaculated, half starting from his place—"Marie de Roubise!" "Hold your tongue," whispered Field, dragging him back into his chair; "it's only my cousin, Marquerita Leslie. Stop staring and let me introduce you like a Christian."

And as Pakenham spoke their names to each other Julian Chestwick found himself looking directly into the lovely dark eyes of the radiant marquise of the days of Louis Quatorze. "I never thought of it before," said Pakenham; "but she does look like the portrait of our French ancestress." "I dressed like it for a masquerade ball in New York last winter," laughed Marquerita herself, "and you would have fancied I had just stepped out of the frame."

"Before you went to Havana?" asked one of the Miss Pakenhams. "Yes." The riddle was solved at last! Chestwick's heart grew light as a feather within his breast and life became a possibility of brightness once more. "I'll marry that girl," said he to himself, or I'll die a bachelor. You see our friend hadn't cured himself of the habit of rash vows even yet. But he kept this one. When he went away from Pakenham Court, Marquerita Leslie had promised to become his wife. "It's a very short acquaintance, though," observed Miss Leslie, with a demure shake of her diamond eardrops. "No it isn't; it's a very long one," said Julian earnestly. And then he told her how, when and where he had first fallen in love with her. "And you have really loved me all this time?" she asked. "I have!" "Dear me—I didn't know there was so much constancy in a man!" was her answer.—New York News.

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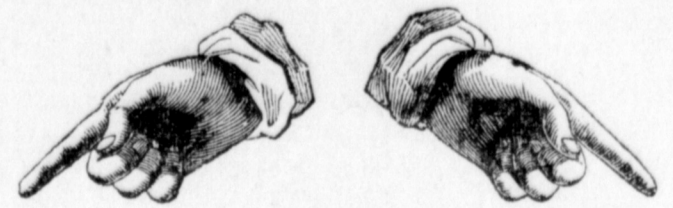
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