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Aleck's Love.

(Continued from page 1.)

beauty in her face made her "a joy for ever."

Her features were so clear-cut and delicately distinct! Something seemed to keep the surrounding dull air, as it were, away from her face, and each part of it was imbued with expression. The skin was transparently colorless, but her lips were a vivid carmine. Oh, she was beautiful!

Horton came hurrying up to them.

"Did you come—and meet?" he cried. "I hoped I should have the honor of introducing you."

"There was no need of an introduction," she said. "Mr. Aleck and I are quite old friends."

"You don't say so. You're a fine one, Aleck, not to tell me you knew Miss Somerlea! Let me write your name on her card, all innocence. Taken to joking, have you?"

Aleck sat dumb. At that moment his heart gave a great throe and ache. He saw that Garrie's love and his were one. He heard himself speaking, like the voice of some one beyond a closed door.

"It was the most delightful surprise in the world. But you never mentioned her name, so how was I to know she was in town?"

"Really? Well no wonder you were surprised?"

He never noticed the life had gone out of Aleck's tones.

"But you told me you had often spoken of me with Mr. Grimshaw. Pray how did you speak of me?" asked Mildred, who regarded it as a great joke.

"How—what did I say, Aleck?" said Horton, his face a puzzle, his eyes radiant with mirth.

"He said, Miss Mildred, that you were the prettiest young lady that would be here, or words to that effect, and held out our introduction as an inducement for me to come. I should not have heeded it under ordinary circumstances, but something told me I should be repaid for coming, and I have met you."

Garrie smiled, very broadly indeed.

Mildred laughed, and said: "Thank you! I see you have added flattery to your other accomplishments."

"I never flatter, but one does not meet a beauty every day in the week, and it brings out my admiration when I do."

"There is our waltz, and your soul is spared further sinning!" she cried. "I made it a waltz because I do not like the lancers and always talk them out, and I did not care to talk so much with a stranger. That was before I knew it was you, when Mr. Horton said he had a friend to present to me, and wrote the name down."

"That waltz was full of miserable happiness for Aleck. He held her in his arms, the sweet, exquisite face nearer his own than it ever would be again. She it was upon whom he was to pass judgment. If he said aught, he would say too little to prevent saying too much. If that music would only stop or else play on for ever! What would eternity be without her—or with her! By that time, most likely, Garrie would be tired of her, and then Aleck could claim her, and, in his heaven, would never grow weary. He had never looked so handsome. A deep glow filled his eyes. He felt he could die then and there. Life without her must be a dreary sort of existence, and even his patient philosophy had no power against his love. He had always dreamed of going back to seek her, and trying to win her heart. He had lived and striven for her. For her, he had, eschewed evil and tried to live a blameless existence. Some odd, indefinable charm about her had drawn him to her; and now, with her beauty, she had made it impossible for him to love any one else.

The last notes died away; the last, slackening steps were taken: Aleck's arm fell from about her waist with a lingering tenderness, and it was over. He walked around the ballroom with her until her next partner came. He tried to lose the knowledge he had gained, to imagine her perfectly free, and for a few moments enjoyed the delusion.

Then Horton came along. On his arm leaned a tall, fair woman, young, beautiful, with glorious brown eyes. Aleck bowed, and Garrie and his companion bowed to Mildred. Garrie made a sign to Aleck by means of his facial expression, but his friend did not comprehend it. Then Mildred's partner claimed her. Aleck lingered a moment to say he was going home at once. Would Miss Mildred bid him good-night? A fleeting shadow crossed her face.

"So soon? Well, if you must, good-night." She held out her hand and thus he bade her good-by.

He did not see Garrie; could not. He hurried away like one with a crime at his door; went to his room, wrote several letters, took one to Garrie's office and dropped it in the letter-box, and then returned to his room, where he packed his trunk and valise, left written instructions to several people, and then he was ready to go.

He went into his studio and lit the gas. He bade fair to be an artist of mark, and had succeeded in a financial way. He was interested in all of his work, but he did not glance at that on hand at the time. He went to a carved chest and took out a sketch-book, and carried it with him to

the other room. There he laid it open upon the table and sat down.

The lamplight cast warm depths of shadow upon his face. His stern, sweet eyes and the mouth were full of saddening pain. His hands turned the pages rapidly and he at last left the book open and looked at it.

The sketch was rough, but masterly. It was a girlish face—not pretty, but interesting, and strangely like the face of Mildred Somerlea. The set of the small head upon the shoulders and the laughing eyes were like hers, and beneath the picture was "M. S."

He sat there, his elbows on the table, till night made ungracious way for dawn. He spoke once, and then it sounded dimly. He cried aloud wearily:

"O Love! O Love!"

In the morning a pale, haggard Aleck boarded a West-bound train, and, in his office, Garrie, first with a hard, set face, next wonder, and then almost horror, read Aleck's letter:

"DEAR GARRIE: When this reaches you I shall be on my way to the West. I do not think, you saw, last night, through what will affect both our after lives. Oh, my friend, you know my love for you, and that I desire your happiness above all else! Let, then, no thought of me interfere with it. One of us must have suffered; it is best that it be I.

"If you had but told me her name! When first you told me that you loved her I felt sad at the slight break it must make in our intercourse, but happy that you have the blessing of loving. You remember I told you I had loved! Well, I do so still, and when I found that Mildred, the girl you loved, was the one to whom I too had given my heart, I saw I must withdraw. Therefore I hurried away, and leave for the great Western mountain region, where I may paint my time and thoughts away.

"Oh! God bless you, dear fellow! Treasure her and be true, and never let Mildred Somerlea know that she has unconsciously destroyed my hopes of happiness.

"I will wait over at Chicago, and hope for a short letter—care of the Palmer House. Good-by, my friend, for a time. Faithfully yours,

ALECK GRIMSHAW.

Garrie was wild. He was struck by the sadness of the letter, but through it all a wild desire for ridiculing Aleck's haste came over him. He spent the day in driving around town on sundry errands, chiefest of which was to Mildred's. And then he wrote the letter which Aleck received in Chicago. It read:

"MY DEAR OLD CHUM: What a guy you have made of yourself! I could tell at you if I had you here. What will you wager that you get beyond Chicago? You won't go on this occasion, at all events.

"Oh! Aleck! Aleck! I made an engagement early in the evening with my betrothed (notice that) to dance with you. I also put your name down upon the card of a young lady friend who was visiting her in the afternoon. I found you and Mildred knew each other, and was glad of it. Admired a certain facility of speech and invention you possessed and—

"Well my dear Aleck, my betrothed waited for the dance, and you never came. I had left it vacant on my card on purpose to introduce you, so I took it.

"Do you see? Is the light breaking in upon you? For oh! you precipitate sentimentalists! I never saw Miss Mildred till two days before that, and Maude Hallon is the name of my sweetheart.

"Have you strength to read the rest? When I wrote your name on Miss Somerlea's card she turned red and pale by turns, and Maude says she is desperately in love with you! Do you think you will go further west?

"Affectionately yours, GARRIE."

Something About Coal.

It makes the present generation smile to read the accounts which have come down to us concerning the prejudices which were formerly entertained against certain articles which are of every-day consumption.

For instance, it is said that when coal was first used in England the prejudice against it was so strong that the House of Commons petitioned to the King to prohibit the use of the "noxious" fuel.

A royal proclamation having failed to abate the nuisance, a commission was issued to ascertain who burned coal within the city of London and its neighborhood, to punish them by force for the first offence, and by demolition of their furnaces if they persisted in transgressing. A law was finally passed making it a capital offence to burn coal in the city, and only permitting it to be used by forges in the vicinity. It is stated that among the records in the Tower of London a document was found according to which a man was hanged in the time of Edward the First for no other crime than having been caught burning coal. It took three centuries to entirely efface the prejudice.

Erastus Wiman, at New York said the recent election in South Virginia, Ont., was a blow between the eyes for the cause of reciprocity between the United States and Canada.

Which is the most ancient of trees?—The elder.

PHRASES.

An Account of Their Origin, History and Meaning.

The phrase "I acknowledge the corn" originated with a slave in the south. He was charged with stealing corn found in his possession. Having a sack with him he was also charged with stealing that. His reply was: "No, sar. I 'knowledge de corn, but I ain't gwine to 'knowledge to de sack."

"Tipping the wink," generally regarded as a vulgar phrase, is to be found in a grave historical romance. It occurs in "Valerius; a Roman Story," by John Gibson Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, and for many years editor of the Quarterly Review.

"Any color, so it's red," originated among the class of characters called Jakeys in the local drama. One of them, being on a committee appointed to procure a new fire engine, was asked what color the company desired the apparatus painted. He replied, "Why, any color, so it's red."

The origin of the phrase "I can't see it" is traced to Lord Nelson, who, at the battle of Copenhagen, was told that a signal was given to cease firing and the direction pointed out to him. Seizing a telescope he applied it to his blind eye and exclaimed, "I can't see it."

"Hauling over the coals" dates six or seven centuries back, when feudal barons often used harsh methods of exacting gold from the rich Jews by suspending their victims above slow fires until they paid ransom or died. There is a scene of this sort in "Ivanhoe," in which the Templar endeavors to extort money from Isaac of York, father of Rebecca.

"Barking up the wrong tree" is a very common expression in the west. It originated from the fact that a dog will bark at the foot of a particular tree to indicate to his master where the game is located. While endeavoring to see the animal, he discovers it on another tree, and it finally escapes him altogether. In its applications it denotes that a person has mistaken his object, or is looking for it in the wrong place.

Anxious mothers often tell their handsome daughters that "beauty is but skin deep." The phrase probably originated with these two lines—

"Beauty is but skin deep, and so doth fall Short of those statues made of wood or stone."

Which occur in Rev. Robert Fleming's poem, published in 1691.

The term "blue stocking" was originally used in Venice about the year 1400, to designate literary classes by color. In Mill's "History of Chivalry" we are told that members of the various academies were distinguished by the color of their stockings, blue being the prevailing color. The application of the term to women originated with Miss Hannah Moore's admirable description of a "Blue Stocking Club" in her "Bas Bleu."

"Corporations have no souls" is a much older expression than most people imagine. It originated with Sir Edward Coke, who in the sixteenth century was considered one of the best legal writers of the age. He says, in one of his treatises, "Corporations cannot commit trespass, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicated, for they have no souls."

"Drowning the miller" originated from the following fact: If the mill stream below the mill is dammed or stopped, the water is ponded back, and the mill becomes what the millers call "tailed." There is too much water, the mill will not work, and the miller is said to be "drowned out." Hence, when too much of any one article is put into a mixture, it is called "drowning the miller."

There are few such common-sense proverbs, as "every man is the architect of his own fortune." Appius Claudius, a Roman censor, used it in a speech delivered by him 450 years before the Christian era.

"Better late than never" was used over 800 years ago by Thomas Tucker, in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry." Later on Bunyan used it in his "Pilgrim's Progress."

Not a few of the phrases in use at this day originated with Lyle, and are found in his "Euphuës," a popular book published in 1590. Among them might be mentioned "caught napping," "a crooked stick or none," "brown study," "catching birds by putting salt on their tails," etc.

When people do not particularly like each other it is sometimes said "There is no love lost between them." The phrase occurs in the old ballad of "The Babes of the Wood," and in a tale of the days of Shakespeare, entitled "Montchensy."

Walt Whitman on Poets and Poetry.

Grand as to-day's accumulative fund of poetry is, there is certainly something unborn, not yet come forth, different from anything now formulated in any verse, or contributed by the past in any land—something waited for, craved, hitherto non-expressed. What it will be, and how, no one knows. It will probably have to prove itself by itself and its readers. One thing, it must run through entire humanity (this new word and meaning Solidarity has arisen to us moderns) twining all lands like a divine thread, stringing all beads, pebbles or gold, from God and the soul, and like God's dynamics and sunshine illustrating all and having reference to all. From anything like a cosmical point of view, the entirety of imaginative literature's themes and results as we get them to-day seems painfully narrow. All that has been put in statement, tremendous as it is, what is it compared with the vast fields and values and varieties left unexpressed? Of our own country, the splendid races North or South, and especially of the Western and Pacific regions, it sometimes seems to me their myriad noblest Homeric and Bible elements are all untouched, left as if ashamed of, and only certain very minor occasional delirium tremens glints studiously sought and put in print, in short tales, "poetry" or books. —North American Review for November.

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