LOVE'S COMING.

Love came to me in life so late That Time had closed the outer gate-So late it seemed the door was barred, Bolts shot, and all house rough scarred That owned my habitation gave no sign For Love with all his power divine Had come so late.

It seemed that none would ever come In answer to his knock, though some Sweet thought stirred restless in my breast Uneasy waked from its long rest, So strange were such fair visitors that when Love came and called, and called again, It was at first in vain, for then It seemed so late.

No chamber had my soul prepared Against his coming, none had dared Foretell his advent: it did seem More of a sweet, unstable dreamof efore his summons, sweet and clear, rang out Waking the drowsy-lidded rout Of fancies, passion sweet, his shout Seemed all too late.

No rich feast had been spread for him; All the guest-chamber lights burned dim, For few had come that way to claim A resting place-e'en fickle Fame Had fled long, long before Love came-And yet the close gates opened wide At his approach; bolts shot aside; All the bright soul lights flamed, and loud Rang out the welcome of the crowd, My soul's best ministry did welcome him, Bright grew my dimmest, darkest dream, For after all it did not seem

Love came too late. -Richard K. Lyon.

PHIL.

we sat on the cliff overlooking the mine the last breath left her body. and the gloomy wall of the prison. The place is full of sad histories, but none, I think, so sad as the story of Phil, as told and I dropped down to peep through the us by the old Tennessee mountaineer. Of yellow sedge grass. course old Timothy told the story in the quaint dialect of his people, but I turn the narrative into plain English.

lived alongside of Hoover, Phil's father, in night-gown. I crawled around to that father. The man sat down and cried like a crack of Racoon Mountain. We knew little bundle of white, afraid to touch it, it a woman the first time he put on the prison Phil from the day she was born.

Raccoon, but the worst of the bad luck always fell upon Phil. She was born to dropped my head and cried like a child. trouble. The very day she was born her mother died. That was the beginning of the bad luck. She was a good woman, and Phil took after her some. She had her grit, motherless mocking-bird!' and her cheerfulness of spirit; but for daring and recklessness Phil was her father's own daughter. She grew up as free as a deer, and as saucy as a blackbird, and so baby in my arms and carried her to the wild in her ways that my old woman allowed still-house brook, and laid her down. prison here in the mountain. Phil folit was a downright shame for a girl to fly Then I took the little head that had been lowed, though the lawyer fixed it up with

"When she was a year old, Hoover used to take her to the timber, and set her in a lot of dry leaves whilst we were cutting wood. She'd sit there and listen to the birds till she learned all their tunes long before she learned to talk. As she grew up, she'd climb a sapling and imitate the mocking-birds and crows till Hoover would the man in me went off again, and I stop his work to laugh. She got way crouched there by the embers and cried ahead of her teachers, for there were turns to Phil's tunes that the old Tennessee mocker and said: himself couldn't touch. They knew her, the bird's did. She had only to pucker up her lips and give a saucy chirrup, and away down in the huckleberry thicket a mockingbird would sing back her identical note-

one as saucy and as sweet as the other! everybody's heart that you couldn't help loving her; and the way she loved her old father was a lesson to some that have more learning and less principle. She would have died for him any day the sun ever rose. She was always ready to stand shoulder to shoulder with Hoover.

"So when Hoover started a still in Hideout cave it was all right to Phil, because it was Hoover that did it. We argued mightily against it, but it was no use. Hoover's wife was always against such work, so my old woman went over and besought Hoover not to do it on account of Phil and his dead wife; but he was set upon it, and my old woman pointed to Phil sitting in a patch of sunshine on the doorstep, and burst out crying. Said she: "Take her, Hoover, an' kill her, an'

give her ter we-uns ter bury whilst she air good an' happy, an' disgrace an' trouble air hover was up she dragged away the ladonknown ter her. She'll live ter hate ye; der and hid it. when she air ole enough ter onderstand she'll hate ye!'

"And that little girl rose up like a young tiger cat, and fastened one claw in my Hoover's breast.

"Hit's a lie!' said she. 'Hit's a lie, father! I'll stan' by ye'-she lifted her hand, not knowing she was taking an oath

faithfully.

"The still was quick to come in favor. The Racoon Mountain boys fairly besieged that hole in the ground where Hoover made wild-cat whiskey. Everybody was so taken with Phil that nobody would have dreamed of reporting Hoover's unlawful still to the authorities. And she was as peart as a bird in a honeysuckle bush. She used to brag mightly of her accomplishments in 'stilling. She dan't know any better, poor little method the ladder out, and climbed to the roof-room.

"There was no man there. But Phil lay on the bed, as if sound asleep.
"About sunrise she staggered down; and in the ladder out, and climbed to the roof-room."

"There was no man there. But Phil lay on the bed, as if sound asleep.

"One day she came to me with a saucy little twinkle in her eye, and said she, 'Tim, did ye ever see a young buck limb a tree back'ards ?"

"Get out, Phil! said I. 'Ye be allus there in a dead faint on the floor. tryin' ter hector folks.'

"How she laughed! "'I set a trap las' night,' said she, 'to ketch the coon ez hev helped hisse'f ter my backin's lately. I shuk up the kaig, an' drapped in a passel o' hickeyes an'a shovelful o' ashes, an' kivered it up keerful agin. By the time the moon clomb the mount'n here, came Woodpecker Batey, the redheaded valley chap, an' his gang. I came on home and left they-uns ther', an' this "Then we tried to bring Phil mornin' the backin's air gone, an' the the Raccoon-back home. Woodpecker air tryin' ter climb a saplin'

back'ards!' "Phil laughed until I thought she'd burst her buttons off, but after a bit it turned out that the girl's joke didn't have any fun

in it. "The time we always dreaded had come. Batey was the deputy-marshal, and he set the bloodhounds on Hoover's track. The

A faded and discolored beard is untidy and a misfortune. It may be prevented by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, a never failing remedy

man was run down to destruction in a

single night. "Such a night! It was along about midnight when we heard a rattle of the latch and some one calling, 'Tim! Tim! There's trouble to the still!

"Trouble at the still! We had listened five years for that word. "There stood Phil in her night-gown, and her gun flung across her shoulder, begging me to come to the help of Hoover. "My old woman reached out and dragged the girl in, and pushed her upon

"'Set ther'!' said she. 'They ben't goin' to murder you this night nohow!'
Quicker than a flash of lightning something went through the window. There was a flutter of white in the moonlight, and Phil was gone. I ran after her toward the

"It was almost as bright as day, and so still that I thought Phil must have dreamed there was a raid until I came in sight of the cave. Then I saw what made me drop down and hold my breath. A gang of men with guns were making for the cave, and in the Hideout's black mouth, full in the moonlight, stood Phil.

"'Halt!' said she. Then the men fell back. 'Halt! The man that comes a step nigher dies in his tracks!" "'For heaven's sake, little Phil!' said I,

and I shut my eyes as a bullet went whistling by on its way toward her. There was a scramble, and then all was still, and I crept down to go to Phil.

"There was a scent of burnt whiskey and a heap of white ashes, and the lantern was left burning in a crack of the wall, but Phil was gone. There was blood on the floor. I snatched the lantern down, and followed the red trail out of the back end of the Old Timothy Barnes told the story, while cave, for I knew she'd follow Hoover till

"Outside the cave I shut off the light and listened. There was no sign no sound,

"All at once something took hold of my heart, and held it till I couldn't move hand "There never was a likelier girl than Phil," he said. "My old woman and I moon, and the blood showing on her white

"Poor little Phil! said I. 'They were breaking. might have shot you. and left the pretty throat. Poor little bird! poor little

the man in me back again, and I took the to go back to it. on my knee, and ran my hand over the Hoover that she was to stay down there the bunk.

" 'Thank God!' I said. 'She has been choked by a bloody hand, but the bird's throat is not slit.

"All at once she opened her eyes. "'Tim,' she said, 'holp me up.'

"At the sound of her voice, so natural,

" 'Don't stop to whimper, man! They're | could stay by him always?" after father, a-runnin of him down like a deer. I crep' through the grass to tell him, but they shot me, an' they'll git him down to the laurel thicket less I kin git ther'. I helt 'em-helt 'em at the cave's didn't know any fine way of saying so; "She had such a way of getting into mouth tell he got out t'other way. An' she just stooped down and touched his then they shot me. Quick! Holp me out hand with her poor lips.

> "Before I knew what she was up to, she was out like a ghost amongst the shining laurel. I started out after her, but a rifle rang out in the thicket, and a man's voice said, 'Git back, else you're a dead man!' And then all was still, and the moon dropped back out of the way of the young day, and something told me that Phil's good days were over.

> "Back I went to the cabin, and it wasn't long before we heard-my wife and as we stood there listening by the open door-a rustling in the laurel just outside. Then Hoover rose up there like a shadow. "'Hide me!' said he. 'For the sake o'

> "That one word was enough. My old woman pointed to the roof-room, and when

"Then came the men searching for him. They looked everywhere but in the right place; they did not think to look there, for the ladder was gone. Before they in the office. Nobody was there, and the wife's shoulder, and laid the other on went away they told me that Hoover had shot Batey at the mouth of the cave, and

that the wound was mortal. "Not a word about Phil. Had they taken her? Not alive, I knew! It seemed no time at all before we heard an--'I'll stan' by ye allus!'

"That was Phil's oath, and she kept it other creeping sound in the bushes, and a other creeping sound in the bushes, and a little creaking of the roof-room window, and a low voice: 'Father! father!'

"Then there was a sound of something sliding against the cabin outside, and everything was still.

"Presently the men came riding back.

when I looked into her face I turned away my head. It was like her dead mother's

when she lay in her coffin. "Before I could turn around again, I heard a gasp, and then a fall, and Phil lay

"I don't need to tell you all that happened after that. It's enough to know that Hoover was captured, and sentenced to the gallows for killing Batey; but the sound large that the sentenced to the gallows for killing Batey; but the sound large that the sentence that young lawyer that the court appointed to defend him got up a petition, and sent Phil to the governor with it. Her little, heartbroken face touched more than the lawyer's words could; and Hoover's sentence was

"Then we tried to bring Phil back to

"'Home?' said she, 'my home is 'long o' father.'

"But he's a convict now, honey,' said I. "'Hev a convic' got no feelin'?' she said, 'an' hev a convic's daughter no duty? No,' she said; 'he's my father, right or wrong. A girl hev no right to throw off

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her father, an' I'll stan' by that ole convic', Tim, till the term air expired.'

"So Hoover's lawyer fixed it that Phil tall, wet grass, her face turned up to the moon, and the blood showing on her white prison, and Sunday the blood showing on her white evenings the guards let her in to see her little black boy was crying with tear. was so still and deathlike. Then I saw stripes. But Phil saw him, and she laughed turn. "We saw a heap of trouble on the the blood on her throat,—a necklace of it and said, 'It fits too quick, father!' Then

"She was always cheering up Hoover, but his was a life sentence, and the warden said he was bound to die unless he got out "I took the little brown hand in mine. of that dungeon. He was always longing It was warm! The touch of it brought for the mountain, begging even in his sleep

"Finally they sent him to the branch and Hoover was dead. and go to school. When he told her, she swallowed back something in her throat and shook her head.

"'I can't,' said she. 'I'd ruther die than to leave him.'

"She stuck to him. When she was ready to go the lawyer asked her it there was up so pitifully, that I couldn't keep my like a baby. And that girl just rose up eyes from watering, and said she, 'Ef you could make a convic of me, too, so's I

"But she was not unmindful of the good words given her, for when the lawyer asked her if she ever needed a friend to let him know, she saw the kindness of it. But she

"It was but sundown when they first sighted the mountains. The sight was brand air on my brow, too.' like medicine to Hoover; he cried like a child getting back home. Phil let him have his cry out; then she bent down and too heavy. The little heart broke under touched her lips to the ring around his it. And when I saw her lying in her wrists under his handcuffs. And after a coffin, with a bunch of June roses in her while he dropped his head on the little girl's bosom, I was glad-oh, I was glad Phil shoulder, and went to sleep.

for Hoover was poorly. She even begged a job in the mines so that she could be near surroundings don't hinder the growth of him when he was able to work.

skipped the mountain like a wild doe, happy as a bird in the sunshine, a-burrowin' in a hole of the earth! Hoover ought to 'a' thought o' Phil whilst he was tyin' the rope round his neck. A man hev the right ter go ter the gallus ef he air minded ter, but he hev no right ter drag his chile ter it!'

"One morning I went down to the stockade to speak to the warden. He was not stockade key was in the lock on the outside of the gate. Only the sick were in the stockade, and the prison doctor's horse was hitched closed by whilst the doctor went down to see a wounded miner at the works. The warden went with him, and forgot to

"I was ready to turn back when I saw Phil crouched by the gate. She was excited, and suddenly it came to me that she was tempted. There was Hoover's chance! "She would have lain down and died any manner of death to give that old convict one minute's peace. And there was free-

dom-the key, the horse, and the unbroken wilderness of mountains. How I felt for the child, so beset by the evil spirit of temptation and the good spirit of love! "Three times she reached out her hand

and touched the key-then drew back and held her hand fast behind her. Three times, -then she flung her hands over her ears and shot out down the mount, like deer before the hounds.

"The next time I saw her, looking like

hand that visits the iniquities of the father on the children, visits the virtues of the mother on them as well.' "That night I told the warden about it. Said he, 'She told me that she was tempted,

and asked me to forgive her.' I reckon he

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S at all times. Hoover was growing worse "One day she came to me and said.

> "Said I, 'I'm a better one today than ever before, Phil. "'Then,' said she, 'I want to ask a word

'Tim, ye hev always been a frien' to we-

"Then she told me to go to Nashville and tell the lawyer that she needed a friend. I went, and he came straight back with me. All day he and Phil sat by the bunk in the hospital where Hoover lay

dying.
"That evening he went back to Nashville, and a telegraph dispatch came to Phil that he would be up next night. I never saw Phil so worried. She was always whispering to Hoover to 'live till it came.' Once the man cried out, 'I can't die an' go ter her with the brand o' Cain on my brow.

"'Hit's a-comin', father,' Phil told him; 'the pard'n air comin'. Ye must live till the cyars comes.'

"She was terribly worried, going to the door to listen to the train, then back to cheer Hoover up. Once the prison blood-hound howled, down at the stockade yard, and she stopped her ears with her fingers and hid her face in the coarse prison cover-

"She didn't say a word, but just crept down there by the bunk to wait for the messenger that would get there first, knowing that two were on the wav-one coming up the mountain on the breath of steam, and one riding in on the breath of the dying convict.

"The warden was there and Phil and I, and a little black convict who had lost his arms in the mine, and was afraid to go to sleep on account of the dog's howling; and the warden brought him into the white wing of the hospital.

"It was an awful scene that the man's sin had dragged his innocent daughter into. We sat there waiting whilst one messenger was getting in ahead of the other. Hoover was sinking fast. Phil was praying aloud for the other messenger to get there, and

the whistle; the train was making the last "Hoover rose up in bed. 'Little Phil!" said he, and fell back with a moan.

"The dog stopped howling, and the guard got up and went out. Phil bent over the face on the yellow coverlid.
"Father, the pardon air come! said

"There was no answer. A sweat stood on Hoover's forehead, and his eyes were fixed. One hand was tight down on Phil's,

"Phil gave one little choking moan, and rose as the lawer came in, and pointed to "Too late! she said, 'too late! He's

"She let them send her too school after Hoover died, but she was sadder than ever. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &c., She was a sort of a missionary to the men at the prison. She never whistled again: the birds had it all to themselves. But anything he could do for her She looked down at the stockade Sunday evenings, a woman's voice could be heard leading the men in their singing:

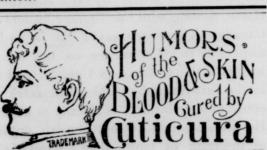
"'Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee, E'en though it be a cross,

"We knew the weight of the cross that had driven poor Phil nearer to her Maker;

"I never saw her smile for three years. They couldn't coax her from the prison,

"My place air here,' she said. 'The

"'Visited on the child, the iniquity of the father,' thought I. But the cross was was dead! And looking down at the "She was down at the prison constantly, blessed baby, my old face all tears, 'Little truth and virtue, for no truer heart ever "That raised my old woman's wrath. beat than the heart of the convict's 'To think,' said she, 'of that baby, that daughter, little Phil.'"—Youth's Companion.



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a flower the rain had washed whilst it was beating it, I said, 'Blessed is he that overcometh!' She looked at the blue sky, as if she might have been searching for the Lord Himself, and said:

"'I be a convic's daughter, but I be n't a rascal."

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