

It was there, one cool, delicious morning, that we received New York newspapers, and read accounts of the deadly, smiting heat of the Atlantic sea-board, accounts which it was hard to realize or believe while breathing that elastic and delicious atmosphere.

My last piece of advice to everybody who is thinking of the California journey is, Go! don't give it up! For it is a sweet and com-

pensating fact, that the pleasures of travel survive its pains.

"The tent removes; the vision stays."

The discomforts, the heat and dust, the weariness by the way, the trifling vexations, are soon forgotten; while the novelty and freshness, the beautiful sights, the wider horizon, the increased compass and comprehension, remain to refresh us always.

ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF.

SHE is no transient guest,
Whose mourning garments trail upon my floor,
For she has tarried many days before
Within the chamber looking to the west.

A sad, despairing one,
With clasped hands, and head forever bowed,
And somber drapery sweeping like a cloud
Across the brightness of the summer sun.

My little cottage home,
So few and small its rooms, so low its eaves,
O'erflows with sadness as she moans and grieves,
Pacing with restless steps that inner room.

Sometimes she seems to sleep,—
Her voice in dreary monotone of woe
I hear no more; her footsteps to and fro
Forget their weary repetend to keep.

And then loved voices call
Outside my windows and my long-closed door;
Once more, unvexed by shadows, on my floor
I see the pleasant summer sunshine fall.

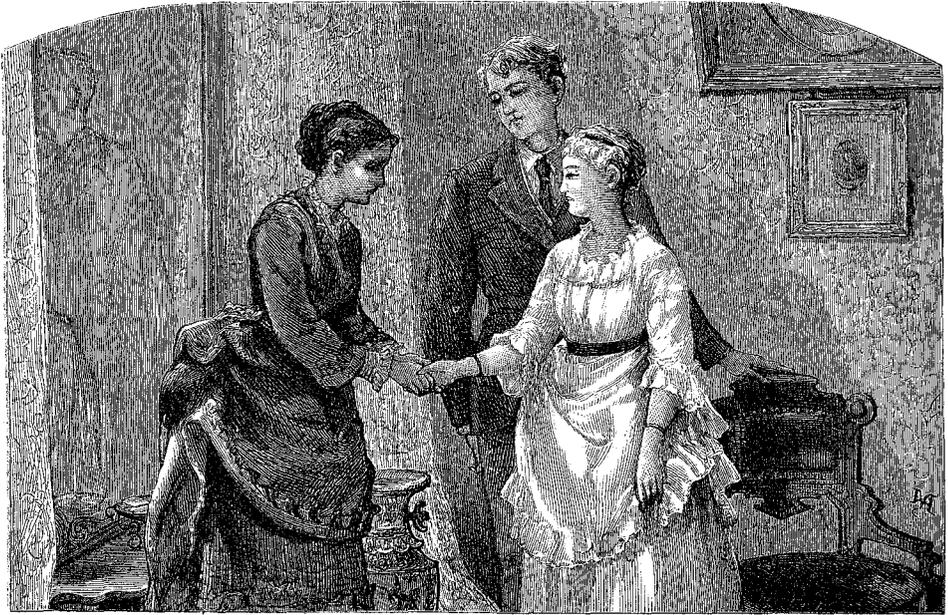
Forgetful I rejoice,
And haste to greet my old, familiar friends;—
But at some memoried word her slumber ends,
And they are frighted from me at her voice.

I turn within once more,
Shut from the world her pain and mystery;
They who must shelter such a guest as she
Should sit in silence, with a guarded door.

Because she is my own
By all the ties of this long sympathy;
Because she may have come from Heaven to me,
I cannot bid her from my home begone.

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



THE MEETING OF MRS. BELDEN AND CLAIRE.

CHAPTER X.

DURING the closing days of summer, I was surprised to meet in the street, walking alone, the maid who accompanied Mrs. Sanderson to the sea-side. She courtesied quite profoundly to me, after the manner of the time, and paused as though she wished to speak.

"Well, Jane," I said, "how came you here?"

She colored, and her eyes flashed angrily as she replied: "Mrs. Sanderson sent me home."

"If you are willing, I should like to have you tell me all about it," I said.

"It is all of a lady Mrs. Sanderson met at the hotel," she responded,— "a lady with a pretty face and fine manners, who is as poor as I am, I warrant ye. Mighty sly and quiet she was; and your aunt took to her from the first day. They walked together every day till Jenks came, and then they rode together, and she was always doing little things for your aunt, and at last they left me out entirely, so that I had nothing in the world to do but to sit and sew all day on just nothing at all. The lady read to her, too, out of the newspapers and the books, in a very nice

way, and made herself agreeable with her pretty manners until it was nothing but Mrs. Belden in the morning, and Mrs. Belden at night, and Mrs. Belden all the time, and I told your aunt that I didn't think I was needed any more, and she took me up mighty short and said she didn't think I was, and that I could go home if I wished to; and I wouldn't stay a moment after that, but just packed up and came home in the next boat."

The disappointed and angry girl rattled off her story as if she had told it forty times to her forty friends, and learned it all by rote.

"I am sorry, Jane, that you have been disappointed," I responded, "but is my aunt well?"

"Just as well as she ever was in her life."

"But how will she get home without you?" I inquired, quite willing to hear her talk farther.

"The same as she does now, faith. You may wager your eyes the lady will come with her. You never saw the like of the thickness there is between 'em."

"Is she old or young?" I inquired.

"Neither the one nor the other," she replied, "though I think she's older than she