SONG.

BY ARTHUR E. SMITH.

Now the whitethorns and the honeysuckles
are in bloom,
And the little birds are singing from each
tree,
Come and spend with me an hour,
Love, beneath some leafy bow'r,
For life is short at best, but let it sunny be!

Soon the whitethorns and honeysuckles all
will fade,
And the wind no more to them will tell
its love,
And the birds will fly away;
So let us enjoy to-day,
Before the time shall come when death,
our love shall prove!

Come, my love, while now the lark is high-
est on the wing!
Come where prattles e'er the brook the
live-long day!
Unto ev'ry loving heart
Nature will a joy impart,
Joy that sorrow cannot drive away.

Come, my love, and let us sit on banks of
green!
Come where grows the violet hid from
wanton eyes;
There I'll clasp in mine your hand,
Fairest maid in all the land,
For you have stolen my heart, you angel
in disguise.

Now the whitethorns and the honeysuckles
are in bloom,
And the little birds are singing from each
tree;
Come and spend with me an hour,
Love, beneath some leafy bow'r,
For life is short at best, but let it sunny be!

BELCHER, N. Y.

HIS OLDEST FRIENDS.

Her First Love and Her Second Husband.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER II.

When a man has a beautiful wife and a circle of intimates, however well he may have chosen his friends and however long he may have known them, there is always a traitor among them; there is always one man who holds no law sacred where a lovely woman's favor is, or may be, the reward of treachery. There is always one man who disbelieves in woman's chastity, and who thinks every man's wife a possible prize, if not for other men, at least for himself.

There was one such traitor in Maxime St. Vallier's circle, and that traitor was Vivien, the novelist, a writer who had painted duchesses from models picked out of the Parisian gutter, who had dissected and analyzed and poetized and bedeviled his own idea of woman, evolved out of his own very nasty inner consciousness, and who could not recognize purity when he saw it.

Hector Vivien was neither a shooting nor a hunting man, cared for neither fox-hounds nor falconry. He would have bored himself to death at St. Vallier le Roi if he had been without an object. Every man who lives in the country must hunt something, even if that something be only a moth or a butterfly. Vivien hunted Lucie St. Vallier. The calm, high-souled, beautiful woman was the quarry which he had chosen, and he fully believed that he should succeed in the chase.

"If not to-day, to-morrow." That was his motto where women were concerned. Elated by a succession of facile conquests, he thought all conquests easy. Lucie's matronly dignity was, to his mind, only the mask worn by all well-bred women. Behind the Roman wife there was always a potential Messalina.

He pursued his accustomed arts very carefully, varying his tactics in accordance with his surroundings. He was so subtle that neither husband nor wife suspected his motives. St. Vallier apologized to him for the monotony of life at the chateau. "You who care neither for hawk nor hound must find it a very dull business, he said.

"My dear Maxime, you forget that I have to finish my novel, and find a title for it, before the end of the year. Nothing could suit me better than the repose of this uneventful life."

"I fear you did not make much progress with your story yesterday, Monsieur," said Lucie gayly; "you were loitering about the gardens and the farm all the afternoon."

"Dear madame, I was thinking of my title. That is the hardest work of all."

It was to be observed that Vivien spent day after day in the same leisurely meandering between garden and farm, park and plaisance, or in accompanying the ladies of the party to distant ruins or rustic villages, or indeed in any direction that Madame de St. Vallier proposed for the day's drive. He was not averse to riding, was a light weight, and rode fairly well for a literary man; so, having found a mount of St. Vallier's that suited him to perfection, he took to accompanying his hostess and Madame Evremonde in their morning rides, and thus familiarized himself with every path and glade in the extensive woods.

Lucie showed him the spot where the phantom char-a-bancs was said to have appeared—a point where the footpath branched off from the road, and where a giant oak spread his gnarled and withered limbs, alive and flourishing on one side and dead on the other—fitting landmark for a haunted spot.

Vivien was very jocose about the char-a-bancs, but Lucie checked him with a sigh.

"If the legend were true," she said, gravely; "if some day Maxime were to tell me he had seen the phantom carriage!"

"You would guess, dear madame, that he had supped with the Widow Cliquot overnight," the novelist answered, gayly. He was not going to encourage sentimentality about a husband.

October wore toward its close. A pack of English foxhounds had been brought over to a neighboring quasi-royal chateau by an Irish nobleman, a man in whose family sport and fine riding were a tradition. The hounds afforded splendid sport, and the peer was a social success, dined at St. Vallier le Roi twice in a fortnight, and made himself particularly agreeable to the ladies of the party. It was curious that, coming upon the scene as a stranger, he should have been the only visitor who saw threatened mischief in Hector Vivien's languid sauntierings and close attendance upon Madame de St. Vallier and her friends.

"If I was a little more intimate with St. Vallier I should try to open his eyes about that particular friend of his," said the peer, communing with himself as he drove home after his second dinner at the chateau. "A fellow who is able to sit a horse, and yet does not care for riding to hounds in such a splendid country as this must have some darker game in view. I think I know pretty well what the Parisian novelist is aiming at."

Maxime had been completely happy during those short summer days. He had not been husbanding his strength, for he had ridden as hard as anybody else, yet he had felt in better health than he had enjoyed for the last ten years, full of life and vigor, and with an appetite which made him think, with a pitying smile, of the days when he had trifled fretfully with the choicest entree at Bignon's, and disdainfully rejected the costliest primeurs of the season. He felt that he was rapidly acquiring the hardy vigor of the genuine campagnard, and that henceforth he might laugh at doctors and diagnosis.

The month was waning, and several of the visitors had left the chateau; but the party seemed only cosier and more lively as the circle grew smaller. "Just the right number sitting around the fire and telling stories," Maxime said, as they drew their chairs in a semicircle about the wide hearth in the central hall, a hearth whereon burned huge logs of red fir, exhaling aromatic odors; just the right number to appreciate Lucie de St. Vallier's low, sweet voice as she sang Heine's ballads, or De Musset's passionate love songs, in the gloaming,

'Ninon, 'Ninon, que fais tu de la vie
Toi, qui n'a pas l'amour;

"What did she do with her life, this tranquil, dignified chatelaine?" Vivien asked himself, she who seemed to know nothing of love—certainly not of love as he interpreted the passion—a wicked transient fever, prompting to all manner of falsehood and treachery; a burning, fiery furnace, from which a woman emerges scathed and seared, marked with the ineffaceable brand of infamy.

The meet had been more remote than usual, and the hounds had gone far in a direction that led further and further away from St. Vallier le Roi; so on this particular evening Maxime was riding home alone, having left his friends, Tolpache, the painter, and the advocate, Bartrond, to take their own line. He knew that his wife would be full of anxieties and morbid fancies about him, should he not return till long after dark, and to stay with the hounds this afternoon would mean a very late homecoming. He had left the hounds at three o'clock, by which time they had lost their first fox and were drawing a wood fifteen miles from St. Vallier le Roi. In all probability the fox would take them further away from that point, and the run might finish thirty miles from home.

Maxime was riding a second horse, which took him homeward at the rate of seven miles an hour, and the sun was just beginning to set as he rode out of a bridle track through a thickly planted fir wood, and came upon the carriage road which Madame Belfort had christened the Phantom's highway. Nothing was further from his thoughts than the traditions of his family upon that particular evening. He was in excellent health and spirits, and was thinking how delightful it would be to get home in advance of the other men and to enjoy a quiet hour with Lucie, tete-a-tete in that quaint old turret room which she had made her boudoir. How sweet it would be to sit beside the fire in the curious hooded chimney corner, talking confidentially, and all and all to each other, just for that one quiet hour, before it was time to dress for dinner!

He rode slowly along, thinking of the woman he loved so dearly with such a pure and placid affection; a love so strong in its unbounded faith; a love across whose brightness there had never fallen the shadow of a change. As Maxime reached the turn of the road,

MAXIME SEES THE FACES OF HIS DEAD FRIENDS.

and saw the glade in a slanting line before him, he was startled by the sound of a horn, curiously faint, yet seeming near and looking straight before him he saw a carriage approaching, and mechanically pulled his horse out of the narrow road to make way for it. The carriage was large and heavy-looking, drawn by four horses, and neither wheel nor horses' hoofs sounded on the hard gravel road.

It drove slowly past him, filled with men whose faces were all turned to him, pallid in the gray faint light; the face of Gerard de Nerval, who hanged himself in the Rue de la Vielle Lanterne; the face of Alfred de Musset, who wrecked his constitution by drink and dissipation; faces of men less famous than these two—all gone before. One, his oldest, dearest, trustiest friend in the long ago, stood up in the carriage and, looking at him earnestly, pointed with solemn gesture to the setting sun. The red-gold edge of the orb dropped as he pointed, and the day was dead.

"Ce cher Horace," sighed Maxime, as the carriage vanished into the shadows of the wood. "That means a rendezvous. We are to meet soon."

He rode homeward very slowly. He had never believed in this legend of the char-a-bancs, and yet the fact of having seen it, and the faces of his dead friends, gave him no surprise. It seemed as if he had known always that he should see these familiar faces, and receive this message of approaching death. Yet only a few minutes ago he had been rejoicing in the idea of long and happy years lying before him, a quiet, leisurely journey, hand in hand with his beloved, down the hill of life. The effect of that strange vision upon him was like the effect of a blow that produces brief unconsciousness. The man who has been stunned awakens with a confused sense of time; feels as if years had gone by in those few minutes of total oblivion. Not for a moment did he try to reason away the vision, to think it a delusion of a mind prepossessed by that particular image. To him the thing was a truth—a positive, indisputable fulfillment of the family legend. He was doomed shortly to die. In the midst of his calm delight in life the fateful summons had come, and he must obey. He could not misunderstand that look in his dead friend's face, the hand pointing to the sinking sun. For him, too, the sun of life was going down. He had fancied himself so much improved in health, so much stronger than of old. A fallacy born of a contented mind, perhaps. That decay which he had once dreaded was going on within the citadel of life; heart or lungs, somewhere there must be hidden mischief, and the finger of death had marked him.

"I'll see what science says of me," he thought, "and if the Doctor's verdict coincides with the spectral warning I shall know that my race is run. There is always some comfort in certainty. I will go to Paris by the Rapide to-morrow and let Blanchon overhaul me."

Having come to this decision, he put his horse at a trot, and rode rapidly home, arriving in time for a cup of tea, which Lucie called "le five o'clock," in the turret boudoir, and for that long, cosy talk with his wife which he had anticipated. She praised him for his devotion in leaving the hounds and coming home alone, lest she should spend uneasy hours after dark. She was gay, caressing, charming, and it was exquisite happiness to snatch this hour alone with her. Not by one word or sign did Maxime reveal the mental shock he had experienced; yet, in the midst of their light talk and laughter, he was thinking of a day near at hand when she would be sitting lonely and widowed in that room, and he was recalling the provisions of the will which he had made directly after his marriage—a will which left his wife everything.

Before going to her boudoir he had dispatched a mounted messenger with a telegram, asking Dr. Blanchon to expect him at a certain hour on the following day. He would take the omnibus train from St. Vallier le Roi to Dijon that night, in time to start from Dijon by the Rapide. After much happy talk, he told Lucie that he had to go to Paris on particular business, and that he meant to travel at night, both in going and returning, so that he might be absent for the shortest time possible.

"But you will fatigue yourself dreadfully by two night journeys!" said Lucie, growing sad at the prospect of even this brief separation.

"Not at all. I shall take a wagon-lift each way."

"Be sure you do. And you will be back——"

"The day after to-morrow, much too early for breakfast."

"I will have breakfast ready for you, however early you may be. I shall be at the station with the carriage."

"I beg that you will do no such thing. A long drive on a cold wintry morning might give you a dangerous chill!"

"I am too hardy a plant for that, Maxime. The life I lead in these delicious woods has made me as strong as a lioness!"

"My lioness!" he cried, smothering the fair, bright face with kisses. "Queen of my forests and of my heart!"

The gong sounded loud in the vaulted hall, signal to dress for dinner. Maxime hurried off to change his clothes, and to give orders about his departure. A carriage was to be ready at ten to take him to the station. The omnibus train left St. Vallier le Roi at twenty minutes past eleven, reached Dijon in time for the Rapide, and he would be in Paris in the early morning, with two or three hours to waste before he could hope to be admitted to the great Bianchon's consulting-room.

He was full of talk and laughter at the dinner-table that evening, in the small, snug circle of seven, with the exaggerated vivacity of a man who wants to hide a canker in his heart. Vivien, too, was unusually gay; told his best stories, flashed his brightest repartees, a shade more recklessly than usual, and it may be that if Maxime de St. Vallier had not been preoccupied with his own gloomy thoughts he might have taken objection to some of the novelist's sallies. As it was, he talked and rattled on, scarce hearing, certainly not heeding, what was said by others, and hardly knowing what he said himself. In this feverish state he sat over the coffee and liqueurs till the butler announced the carriage that was to take him to the station. His servant and his valise were ready.

He took a hasty farewell of wife and friends, and was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Manners of Men.

The richer a man gets, the harder he tries to write his name so you can't read it.

There never was a man so good that he did not keep something from his wife.

In every scramble for a dollar, the men who do not get it say that the man who did get it stole it.

After a man has made a certain amount of money, his neighbors begin to hear he had ancestors.

There are only two kinds of husbands, after all; one kind swears by his wife, and the other kind swears at her.

You should know better than to trust a man you do not know, and you should know better than to trust a man you do know.

After all, there are not so many reasons for envying a rich man when you remember how many shoes in the course of a year he has to break in.

When a man is young, he mentions the Lord blasphemously; when he is old, he quits swearing, and only mentions the Lord with religious fervor.

When you hear a man boast that he never yielded to a wicked temptation in his life, you might do a little missionary work by reminding him that he is not dead yet.—*Atchison Globe.*

PROF. LINTNER estimates that if all the species of insects inhabiting the world were known, their number would reach a million, and, descending to the consideration of individuals, he adds that he has seen at one glance, within a small extent of roadway, more snow fleas of a single species than there are human beings on the entire surface of the globe.

THERE is value in experiment.—*Phillips Brooks.*

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Chicago & Alton Time Table

MAIN LINE

TRAINS NORTH

No 1, Mail	3:55 P M
No 5, Atlantic Express	10:25 A M
No 7, Kansas City Express	4:47 A M
No 9, Dwight-Streator Accommodation	7:10 A M
No 31, Local freight	11:30 P M
No 33, Freight	9:30 P M

TRAINS SOUTH.

No 2, Mail	11:50 A M
No 4, Lightning Express	11:50 P M
No 6, Pacific Express	2:53 P M
No 10, Dwight-Streator Accommodation	7:45 P M
No 18, Freight	3:15 A M
No 32 Local Freight	11:10 A M

Train No 8 is divided at Bloomington, part goto St Louis and part to Kansas City.
Passengers holding tickets will be allowed to ride on the following freight trains only: No 31 and No 32, and No 18 and 33, between Dwight and Bloomington.
Trains 6, 7, and 8 daily; all other trains daily except Sunday.

DWIGHT BRANCH.

EAST.

No 9. Accommodation	7:10 A M
No. 121, Mail, arrives	10:20 A M
No 127, Freight	9:30 P M

WEST.

No 10. Accommodation	7 45 P M
No 122, Mail, departs	4:00 P M
No 128, Freight	5:30 A M

Passengers holding tickets will be allowed to ride on fre ght trains 127 and 128. All trains on the Dwight branch daily except Sunday.
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I. I. I. Time Table

On and after Sunday, December 21, 1890, trains will leave Dwight as follows:

TRAINS WEST.

No. 1, mail	2:15 p. m.
No. 3, express freight	4:29 p. m.
No. 5, express freight	4:19 p. m.

TRAINS EAST.

No. 2, mail	9:04 a. m.
No. 4, express freight	11:55 a. m.
No. 6, express freight	2:15 p. m.

All trains daily except Sunday.
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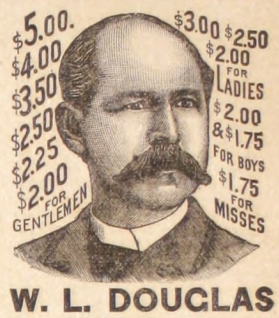

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