

eat but she never fed me, and I was
very hungry. Why did she look upon me
as clouds, but never give me one morsel to
drop to drink?"

"Child—poor, poor child," said the old
woman, oh, so tenderly—"try and
make one effort—I do so want to know
where have you been these many

years, but it confused me, and at
last, with starting tears,
she said, 'I do not know.'"

She put his face close to mine, and kissed
my cheeks that stood on my cheeks—then
she kissed me again.

"What is that?"
The word struck like cold iron upon my
ears, and I shuddered on the old man's bosom, my
head with the weight of some painful

thought, but it gave back no distinct answer. It
was as if his question had heaped mountains
around me, but I could only reply,
"What is that?"

He even a deep groan and walked on mutter-
ingly to himself.

By the door, that he was carrying me
in his arms, the air was
filled with the scent of heliotrope and flowering
plants, the breath of my old playmates. Then
he went up some steps, tearing his way
through a quantity of vines, and forcing open a
door with his foot, carried me in.

A luxurious apartment but very gloomy,
like a catacomb. The shutters were
closed, the air unwholesome and heavy with the
dead flowers. I saw nothing distinctly
before me, my eyes roved with a sort of fascination
about the room, but I could not see any object.

Something deeper than
curiosity stirred in the depths of my soul: a
familiarity, a feeling that I had been here before,
and I longed to go away.

He passed on, evidently glad to leave the
room, and did not pause
to look back. I reached
the door, and with
a gasp I opened
it, and she was
there, as when
I first saw her.

Curious of gossamer lace,
colored silk fell
from the ceiling
morning sun
of a rainbow
old man made
and while he
did the room
were covered
in sprinkled with
ground, with
scattered over

spread from side to side. A diminutive easy
chair and sofa dressed in satin, like the walls,
stood opposite to a small bed of gilded ivory,
gleaming through a cloud of gossamer lace,
which fell in soft, snowy waves from a small
hoop of white and gold, like the bedstead, swung
to the ceiling by a cord and tassels of silk,
twisted with threads of the precious metal.

Turner looked at me anxiously, as my eyes
wandered around the beautiful room, fixed up
evidently for a child—for the bedstead was
scarcely larger than a crib, and everything bore
evidence of a very youthful occupant.

A pleasant, grateful sensation stole over me,
as I gazed languidly around. The atmosphere
seemed familiar, and I felt a smile stealing over
my mouth.

Turner saw it and smiled, nay, almost laughed
through the tears that were clouding his eyes.
"Do you like this?" he whispered, softly.

"Oh, yes, so much!"
"Shall I put you into that pretty bed?"
"No, no!" I shrieked, with a sudden pang, "it
is white like a snow-drift; I would rather go back
to the meadow and sleep with the larks."

The old man looked sad again. He carried me
close to the bed, and put some folds of the cur-
tain in my hand; but I shrank back appalled by
their unmixt whiteness. He could not compre-
hend this shuddering sense of something that
had left an intuition in my mind stronger than
memory itself, but seeing my nervous agitation,
he sought to remove the cause. Curtains of silk,
like those at the window, were looped through
the ivory hoop, and these he shook loose till they
mingled in bright blossom colored waves with
the lace. Then I began to smile again, and a
sweet home feeling stole over me.

Turner carried me in his arms to the door and
called aloud. A woman answered, and I came
with her into the room. When
he had put me
and I reached
the door, and with
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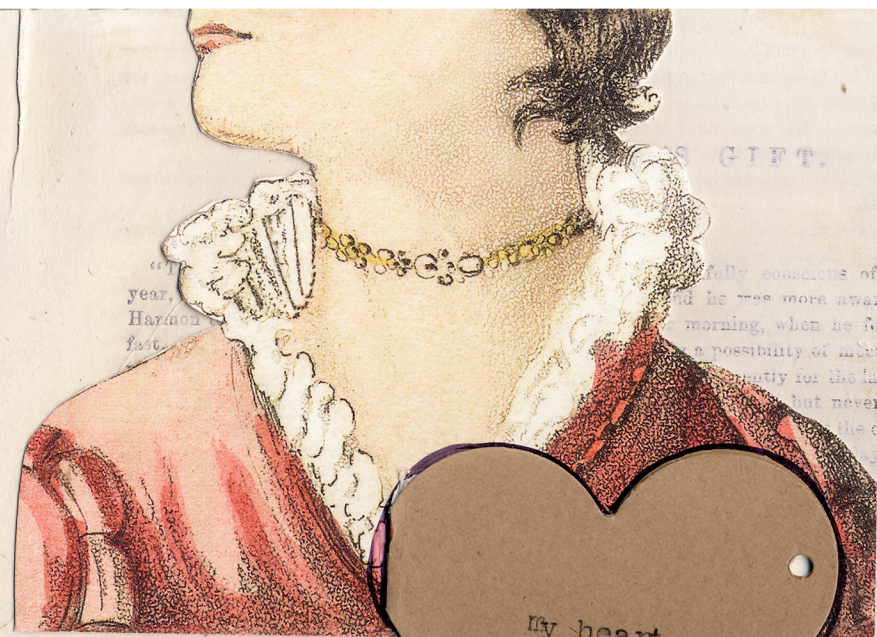
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MY MIND



"The
year,
Harmon
fast.

GIFT.

fully conscious of
and he was more aware
morning, when he fo
a possibility of what
necessity for the la
but never
the d



leave it all to your own choice,
be sure to give me an elegant pres

"Hum—yes—the thirtieth to-day
her husband, as if awakening from
Smith's note falls due to day, and that
thousand to-morrow. Dear—dear—how the
flies."

"Going to office so early? I have several
things to arrange with you about our party next
week, and, you know, I must get some more
money from you to procure dresses and various
articles. Well, if you must go now we will talk
it over in the evening. Good-bye, mind the day
after to-morrow is New Year's day."

Mr. Harmon took his way to office in a very
thoughtful mood. He had been married about
ten months, and during that time his domestic
peace had been undisturbed by a single breeze,
and yet, for the latter part of the time he had
been anything but a happy man. A cloud
hovered over his spirits, and the cloud gathered
density every day.

When he married, he was a merchant in a fair
way of business. His wife was taken from the
upper circles, and was consequently accustomed
to gaieties and luxuries to which he had been a
stranger. He could not, however, find it in his
heart to deprive her of anything to which she had
been accustomed, and so he kept up an expensive
style of living, utterly unsuited to his means.
He had given his wife two thousand dollars on
their wedding day, and the extravagant ex-
penditure of his household being added to this,
soon crippled his resources. Latterly he had

When Mrs. Harmon returned a
her husband's departure, she sm
cluding that he had gone to purcha
for the morning, thought no more

Night wore on, but the spirit bro