

at Mr. Bain

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POETRY.

The Cross Roads.

Where the roads crossed we met,  
My love and I;  
In the near bay the ships  
Tossed heavily.  
Lamps were gone out on earth,  
But those in heaven  
Trembled, for two more hearts  
That God hath given.

His accents broke the pause—  
My tongue was tied;  
He found last words to say—  
My sob replied.  
Then he drew my white face  
Up to the light,  
And said: "Farewell, poor love!  
Dear love, good night!"

At the cross-roads we kissed—  
I stood alone.  
His way the seaward road,  
Mine led me home.  
He called, "I shall return!"  
I knew, "not so;"  
Not one in ten returns  
Of those that go

Dr ary the great world grew,  
And the sun cold;  
So young, an hour ago,  
I had grown old.  
Our God made me for him;  
We loved each other;  
Yet fate gave him one road,  
And me another.

Found Wanting.

Sylvie Wintringham looked pleadingly into the handsome face that was bent so earnestly toward her—a dark, queenly face, with eyes that made one think of a Jewish princess, and hair as black as midnight skies.

"And you love him—you are sure, Sylvie? because, if you are, I never shall lay a straw in your way. You know that, darling?"

Miriam Lester laid her hand caressingly on the girl's golden hair, and smiled tenderly into the eager, upturned face, with its shy, proud blue eyes—blue as a violet petal, that were all aglow with the first love of her pure young life.

"You are always so good, Miriam; you are more like a mother to me than a half-sister, and I know perfectly well you will be as happy as I—if I marry Mr. Seville."

"Has it come to that dear? Has Mr. Seville made you an offer of marriage?"

"It was only a few weeks ago, Miriam, that he—told me that he would like to have me for his little—wife before he went to Long Branch."

"And you are sure of your own heart, Sylvie?"

"Why do you ask me, Miriam? Is it because you think I am too young to know what I feel? or because you think my lover's handsome face has only fascinated me?"

"Oh, no, neither of these are my reasons. Frankly, I have heard Mr. Seville is a notorious lady's man, and had made his boasts that he would only marry an heiress. I wouldn't have him break

your heart, my darling."

"It is too bad that any one should say that of him! He loves me for myself, I am sure, and not because I am an heiress."

"Well, little sister, I only hope it will be all right. When he comes back again, I will see him, and I may be more favorably impressed by a personal acquaintance than I have been by report. He writes Sylvie?"

"Oh, yes, twice every week—such lovely letters. Miriam, you never would doubt him if you could only read his lovely letters."

"If I was going to Long Branch instead of Saratoga, I might meet him. As it is, I may have to be patient a little longer. You have never mentioned me to him have you?"

"Often and often. Why, he knows that I love my beautiful Miriam above all people."

"Then he only knows I am your sister Miriam? He has never heard that I am Miss Lester?"

"I think not. It never occurred to me; you are not hurt, dear, that—"

"Hurt with you? Never! Only I hope this handsome Mr. Seville will have no power to cause you to feel wounded. Listen, Sylvie—isn't that Maud Myers' voice inquiring for you?"

A fortnight after this, Miss Lester's trunks, plainly marked with her full name, and labeled Saratoga, left the mansion on Madison avenue; an hour later, Miss Lester drove after them to the Grand Central Depot, where, instead of purchasing a ticket for the Springs, she ordered her baggage re-marked for Long Branch, and saw them off on an express truck, en route for the 1:45 boat, while she was driven to the pier in a hired coupe, her own carriage having been ordered home before she had made any alterations in her plans. She leaned back among the cushions, with a half amused, half-pitiful smile upon her face.

"I feel so sure it is only my little Sylvie's money he is after, and I shall bring to bear the strongest tests upon his loyalty. If he loves her nothing can tempt him. If he does not—poor little trusting girl! It is her first love, and the scars of battle, if lost, will take a long time to wear off. But better the brief bitterness now if bitterness there is to be—than a life of misery."

It was shortly before dusk—one of the most perfect evenings there had been at the seaside that season—and dozens of elaborately dressed ladies were promenading the long piazzas of the Ocean House, or sitting in picturesque groupings in the chairs, watching the continuous tide of fashion and elegance that surged by. Just in front of the entrance to the hotel an elegant barouche was in waiting—coachman and footman in olive green livery, and a span of coal-black horses, in gold plated harness, impatient-

ly pawing and champing, tossing their beautiful heads, and throwing flecks of snowy foam over their glossy breasts.

An elderly lady was sitting within, apparently waiting for some one. And in a second, Miriam Lester, in a faultless carriage costume, followed by her French maid, carrying her parasol and fan, came through the entrance and entered the carriage.

Among the group of gentlemen loungers one watched her eagerly, then turning to some one at his elbow:

"Who is that magnificent woman? I never saw such a walk, such a figure, in my life."

"Take care, Seville: you're the twelfth man that has asked that question since the divinity arrived last night. Remember the golden haired little girl of last winter, and then don't have eyes for anybody else."

"Just drop that, Lane! As if because a fellow's promised to a lilly he has no right to enjoy the rose."

"By which I am to understand you intend to cultivate an acquaintance with Miss Lester?"

"So she is Miss Lester, is she; the intimate friend of Mrs. Secretary Elworth? The Miss Lester I've heard of, I think, before. Why, Lane, a fellow would be an idiot not to cultivate her—she's a tremendous heiress, and—such a magnificent creature."

"What a deuced lucky thing it is that I'm on calling terms with Mrs. Elworth. I shan't be slow in paying my devoirs in that direction, mind you."

"For Miss Lester's especial benefit? Well, Rolf, it's to be expected she'll succumb—all the women do, it seems, to you."

"If they will, they will, Lane; and I don't see how I can help it. Indeed, a portion of my creed is—'take all the goods the gods give.'"

And as these two gentlemen sauntered along from the "Ocean House" to the "West End," Miss Lester was leaning back among the olive-green cushions of Mrs. Elworth's barouche—as picturesque and queenly as ever a proud, beautiful woman could be.

"Who was that fine-looking gentleman in a white cloth suit, who stood by the office door as I came out, Mrs. Elworth? Did you observe him?"

"Mr. Seville, I think. A gentleman with blonde hair, and long side-whiskers, no mustache?"

"The very one. I thought as much." Miriam returned, quietly, and nothing more was said on the subject.

Two days later Rolf Seville bowed low over Miriam Lester's hand, in Mrs. Elworth's drawing room, with a registered vow in his heart.

"I'll win her by Jove, engagement or no engagement."

While Miriam, laughing and chatting with bewitching loveliness and archness, thought—

"Now, my fine fellow, we'll see of what

sort of stuff you are made!"

The brilliant season at Long Branch was passing, day by day, into only a tender memory of the past. Many had gone to their homes.

It had been an eventful summer for more than one fair girl, had come to the crisis of her life beside those restless waves. Hearts had been broken; the happiness of many lives assured; hopes verified, fears realized; while to some who lingered still, the problem of their fate was still unsolved. Perhaps it was that they were waiting for—at least it was that Rolf Seville tarried for, so long as Miriam Lester staid.

They two had become very intimate during those four weeks of sea-side summering. Mr. Seville had left no stone unturned to capture the heiress and beauty, while Miriam had used all her powers of fascination for his benefit. And the issue was fast approaching—just on their heels, as they sauntered leisurely on the sands one bright September morning.

"I fear you are a sad fellow, Mr. Seville. Positively, that is the second letter I've seen you receive this week, addressed in the same pretty hand."

"Merely a child's letter, I assure you, Miss Lester."

"But a very charming child, I am told, whom you intend to honor with your name some day. Miss Sylvie Wintringham, isn't it?"

"From Miss Wintringham, I'll admit. That I am engaged to her is a positive untruth. I am too deeply interested in another quarter."

Miriam averted her face, and thoughtfully traced lines on the sand with her parasol. "I have seen Miss Wintringham—she is a sweet girl, Mr. Seville."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Yes—sweet. But one tires occasionally of sweetness alone. One longs for spice. A man's fancy may be attracted by a pretty face and cunning ways, but, Miss Lester, it is such a woman as yourself that take a man's heart by storm, that makes him feel life a defeat unless fair hands like those crown him victor. Miss Lester—will you complete my life? will you love me as I love you? I worship you—my beautiful, beautiful darling, with all the ardor of a mature man. Am I to be so blessed?"

A pale pain crept over her splendid face—pain for Sylvie's sake. Then, a torrent of indignation, a touch of triumph in her voice as she answered him.

"If you were any other man than Rolf Seville, I would thank for the high honor done me, even while I declined your offer. As it is, I simply despise you, and know you to be what I thought you were—what I have insisted upon to my dear little sister—my poor, wronged Sylvie. Shall I convey your withdrawal of your suit to Miss Wintringham, or will you, on my authority, accept your release from her?"

Of course, it was hard on little Sylvie, but she had good common sense, and Miriam comforted her, and to day she is quite content.