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MAY-TIME.

In the warm and sunny May-time
How glad the wide world looks,
And how musical the waters
In all the babbling brooks;
And in the quiet meadow
The places that I know,
The ever lovely violets,
They once more sweetly grow.

And the winds, they softly whisper,
Along the hill and dell,
While the melody of bird-songs
Through all the woodland swells;
And in the swampy marshes
The yellow cowslips shine,
And over many a doorway
The climbing roses twine.

FATE.

"Good-night!" said Guy Norton, softly, as he turned the latch-key, and his companion into the dimly lighted hall.

"Good morning, you mean!" laughed she, as the silver-chimed clock in the library rang out two strokes on the silent air; and nodding gayly, she flitted up the winding stairs, pretending not to see the outstretched hand, and the tender look in his eyes.

Evidently, Claire Hayden was not in the best of humors.

'To think Guy will be so silly," pouted she. "He knows I do not care for him, and yet he will persist in trying to make me. Of course, he is ever so nice, but—as if I could marry a man with no music in his soul! Why, he does not know Yankee Doodle from Old Hundred, said she, to her reflection in the mirror, as if that were a crime too dreadful to contemplate. 'I am sure he means to propose again; and, if it were not that I have promised to sing at that charity concert, next week, I would start on a visit to Madge Overton's to-morrow. As it is, I shall go as soon as possible."

* * * *

'Unavoidably detained; fill my place.
R. L.'

telegraphed a tall, dark man, late the following Thursday afternoon. Then he sauntered up and down in the front of the hotel.

"Poor Nell will be so disappointed,' he thought. "I promised faithfully to come. However, there is no help for it; and, after pacing up and down till he was tired, he went inside.

"There is to be a charity concert next door,' said the clerk.

He received no reply, for Raymond Lyle was not in a mood to be amused. He strode off to his room and sat down by the open window, to smoke and brood over his disappointment. Nell was his only sister, and he was to have been groom's man at her wedding. A slight accident had prevented his making connection, and he would not be at home in time. She had written: "I have the loveliest bridesmaid selected for you, and I hope you will fall in love with her. I know but one draw back; she cannot sing. But I hope you have got over that foolish notion long ago.'

He smiled at the thought of this. There was no regret at not meeting the lovely bridesmaid.

"No, Nell," he thought; "I am just as big a fool as ever, and still waiting for the magical voice that is to rouse my slumbering heart. Of one thing I am sure; I never yet have heard her sing.'

The room was warm and our hero tired. When he finished the cigar and sat leaning his head upon his hand, he soon passed into dreamland.

Meanwhile the concert next door commenced; and, if Raymond had been awake he would certainly have enjoyed it; but duets and quartets alike failed to rouse him. Suddenly, however, he opened his eyes. Was he in heaven, and was that the voice of an angel? He held his breath to listen. It rose and fell till the whole air seemed throbbing with the most exquisite melody. Raymond Lyle had heard many more powerful voices, many that showed signs of more careful cultivation; but there was in this peculiar sweetness, a magnetic power that thrilled his whole being.

The song was "The Message," and he scarcely breathed till it was finished. There was a moment's hush, during which his heart beat loudly, then a storm of applause that continued until the singer came back and gave them a Scotch ballad that brought the tears to many eyes. There were several songs after this, and the concert was over; but Raymond heard no more.

With his face buried in his hands, he sat and listened to the sweet echo that was awakened in his heart, while his lips said triumphantly, over and over again, 'I have found her."

His firm resolve, when he went to sleep that night, was that, on the morrow, he would see the face of his fair unknown. He felt she must be fair after hearing her glorious voice.

But morning brought more serious thoughts. Not one of Raymond Lyle's friends would ever have accused him of being romantic. A more thoroughly practical business man did not exist. He rarely acted on an impulse, and the serious thoughts to this case were the ones he followed out. He had business in a distant city where the bride and groom intended stopping a few days, and his best plan was to meet them there and explain his delay. The fair unknown must wait, and he was not sure but this was the best. The voice was yet a dream, and he was half afraid to see its owner's face, or hear her name, for fear of being rudely awakened. So an early train bore him out of town.

It so happened that the same morning, Claire started to visit her friend Madge Overton. How delighted Raymond would have been to know that the pretty girl who sat opposite him all the way was the owner of the charming voice. But no strange influence warned him of her presence. He noticed, without seeming to look at her, the lovely violet eyes and the bright hair, that constituted Claire's chief beauty. And he remembered afterwards of wondering whether she could sing.

She saw the brown eyes and blushed as she caught them looking into her own, then speedily forgot all about him as she became interested in her book.

The Overtons lived a little way out of the city in a beautiful country home. The house was large and handsomely furnished and the grounds beautifully laid out. Madge and Claire had been school friends, and were warmly attached to each other.

One lovely moonlight night, a solitary horseman rode slowly by the Overton's farm. There were lights in the parlors, and soon a sound of music, hearing which he urged his horse forward until he stood under the trees at the gateway.

There was first a piano solo, played with some skill, then a long silence; and just as he was thinking of starting away, some one began to sing. It was a simple Scotch ballad, the same that Claire had sung when they encored her at the charity concert; but it had a strange effect upon the listener at the gate. When the last sweet note had died away, he looked around and rubbed his eyes as if awakening from a dream, pinched his hands to assure himself that it was not a dream, then said:

"It is fate."

He lingered there until the light went out, and then a new sound floated over into the open window where two girls sat and talked over the events of the evening. A pure, melodious tenor voice, as strong as it was sweet, began "Then you'll remember me." As the first words,

"When other lips and other hearts,
Their tales of love shall tell,"

fell on their ears the girls rose to their feet in surprise, and never spoke or moved again until the song was ended. Then there was a clatter of horses feet, and in the moonlight they saw a lone horseman riding over the hill.

"Who can it be?"

"Oh, I was in hopes you knew!' said Claire, in a disappointed tone. "I never heard as sweet a tenor in my life."

"Pshaw!" said commonplace Madge; "I did not notice anything remarkable about it."

Her friend was silent. She could not tell her thoughts and have them ridiculed in return; indeed, they were so confused she hardly knew them herself. The strange voice was familiar to to her, and yet she could not tell where she had heard it, only in her dreams. Its tones had awakened emotions in her heart never felt before. 'Is it my fate?' she asked.

Meanwhile the serenader was finding his way back to the hotel, thinking this opportunity should not pass without discovering more of the mysterious songster. He did not doubt for one moment that it was the same voice, although he could not account for her being in this place.

But alas for human hopes and plans! There was a letter awaiting him on his return that drove all other thoughts from his mind. His mother was very ill, that was all he read then. He hurriedly packed his valise and took a midnight train for the East.

Madge questioned her city friends, but none knew of a sweet-voiced tenor who was given to lonely rides, and so the affair seemed more romantic than ever.

The enjoyment of the visit was terminated a few weeks after this rather abruptly. The girls were out rowing on the lake, and their boat capsized. Fortunately some of the farm laborers saw them, and came to the rescue before it was too late.

The fright and exposure made Claire sick for several weeks, and when she recovered enough to go home, she made a discovery that caused her more unhappiness than anything that had ever happened to her. She had lost her voice. She had prized the blessing but lightly; and now that it was gone, she felt that she did not care to live.

The doctors had many learned theories regarding it, and finally concluded that it was from the fright and exposure, and that it might return as suddenly as it had left. Here was a faint thread of hope; but regained strength and health did not seem to make much difference. Her voice grew stronger in speaking, but she could not sing.

One year later.

DEAREST CLAIRE: I have accepted an invitation for you, and you must not say no. The Mertons were here the other day. They are getting up a party to spend the summer in their lovely home in Long Island. I told them they might count on you and I. They are delightful people, and sea-bathing will do you good; so prepare to go by first of July. MADGE.

The middle of July found a merry group assembled at the Merton cottage, four or five ladies, among them Mrs. St John, nee Lyle, who was a neice of the Mertons, and our friends Madge and Claire.

The ladies were left alone much of the day, the gentleman taking an early train to the city to attend to business.

One evening Mr. St. John brought another guest with him, his wife's brother, Raymond Lyle; and, as the young ladies had heard his praises sounded by his sister two weeks, they naturally had a desire to behold the paragon.

Raymond gave a start of surprise when Madge was presented to him, as if the name was familar, and immediately devoted himself to the saucy beauty, much to the disgust of the others.

The truth was, this young gentleman had discovered who lived in the farmhouse he had seen by moonlight, and naturally concluded that Madge was the object of his search. He was doomed to disappointment. It was several days before he could muster courage to ask her to sing, and when she seated herself at the piano, he could scarcely conceal his eagerness. He confessed to himself that he did not admire Madge as much as he did Claire Hayden; but if she owned the voice he would be compelled to love her.

Madge had not sung three notes before a great change came over his face. Much as he had hoped to find the object of his dreams, he felt relieved to know that he had been mistaken. The song over, he turned to Claire and asked her if she sang.

"Not at all," she answered, coldly, a shadow of pain crossing her face as she remembered the magnificent voice that had been silent for a year.

Raymond had a month's vacation soon after this; and announced his intention of passing it with them. He seemed to have forgotten music in his eagerness to study Claire Hayden's lovely face, all the more attractive for the shadow that had fallen upon her. And she soon learned to flush and pale beneath the glance of his brown eyes.

It was a clear case of love on both sides, and the rest wisely let them alone to work their own destiny. No words had been spoken to reveal the state of their feelings, but they understood each other, and were consequently very happy.

If Raymond ever thought of his dream of winning the owner of the marvellous voice, he also thought, "they say a man never marries his ideal in every respect, and I am quite content with Claire as she is."

A rainy evening drove them all into the parlor, and each one tried to help make it pass pleasantly. Mrs. St. John had said much about Raymond's voice, and they all united in urging him to sing. Being in a very happy state of mind, he complied.

Imagine Claire's surprise when she heard a full, sweet tenor voice take up the air—

"When other lips and other hearts,
Their tales of love shall tell!"

How vividly it all came back to her! The beautiful moonlight night, and the sweet tones that floated in at their window, then the horseman climbing the hill in the moonlight. It also brought back her loss—that night had been the last time she had sung. Her mind was strangely excited and suddenly her throat felt as if a hand that had clasped it closely was removed.

The last note had hardly died away before Madge sprang up and cried:

"It was you, then, who sang under my window a year ago. I always thought I should hear you again."

"It was your window, then," he answered; "then I should like to hear the voice that sang 'Robin Adair.'"

Madge looked at her friend in dismay. She was the only one in the room who knew of Claire's loss, for the subject was so painful, that it was never mentioned even when they were alone.

She was surprised no less than the rest when Claire rose and walked to the piano. A few chords, and then the long lost voice was heard again. The notes trembled a little at first, then gained strength, and Claire sang as she had never sung before.

The doctor's prediction was fulfilled. Her voice had returned as suddenly as it had left her, and this time the magic touch of love had worked the change.

As she turned on the stool, she found herself clasped in her lover's arms.

"You must excuse me, good people," said Raymond, to the astonished company; "but I have been searching for this voice for a year. Fate has at last been kind."

HER LOOKS GOT THE CITRON.

The Nashville (Tenn.) American says: In a pleasant little family of this city there is a bright, black-eyed, golden-haired five-year-old girl named Louise. The family has a young lady boarder named Miss Annie. The young lady had some nice cake and a jar of citron sent her a few days ago by her mother, and she had been very liberal in dividing her good things with the family, and especially with little Louise. Yesterday morning Louise said: "Mamma, I believe I will go up-stairs and ask Miss Annie for some citron." "Oh! no," remarked her mamma, "you have already eaten up nearly all of Miss Annie's citron; and, besides, it would be very unladylike to ask Miss Annie for it." "Well, mamma," suggested Louise, "I will just go up-stairs and stand and look like I want some." She went up-stairs, and it is needless to say that her looks got her the citron.

MISS MULOCK'S CAREER.

THE ROMANTIC LIFE-STORY OF THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX."

She was obliged to write for her daily bread, and, that she might forget how miserable she was, she wrote a great deal. Of course, with all this practice and with her vast experience in sorrow, for her pen was end actually dipped in tears, she wrote better and better, till finally this retiring, griefstricken woman awoke to find herself famous. Her first novel, "The Ogilvies," was very successful, and was published in 1849 when Miss Mulock was only twenty-three, but her great masterpiece, "John Halifax, Gentleman," did not appear till 1857. In 1864 a pension of sixty pounds a year was awarded Miss Mulock.

All this fame and unqualified success doubtless assuaged her grief and helped to make life endurable, but to one with such a loving heart and such quick sympathies, bereft of a home and without a relation, her life was still very sad and lonely. But in 1865 Capt. George Lillie Craik met Miss Mulock and although some years her junior, addressed her and succeeded in winning her hand. They have proved most congenial companions, and their married life has been all they could wish, with but one exception. The woman whose love for children amounts almost to a passion, who wrote "Philip my King," has been denied the happiness of feeling baby fingers upon her cheeks or of ever hearing herself called mother. This is a severe sorrow but even this pain has been partially assuaged. Strangely enough, one dark, rainy night, while she and her husband were speaking of children and of the joy and brightness they bring to so many dwellings, there came a loud ring at the bell and then a furious knocking. On opening the door, lying upon the sill, they found a basket inclosed in many wrappings. When they were removed they discovered a lovely little baby only a few hours old. The child was wrapped in one roll after another of India muslin, and on its breast was pinned a note begging Mrs. Craik to be kind to the little waif thus brought to her door, and assuring her that no mean blood flowed in its veins. Tenderly she lifted the little thing in her loving arms, and her heart opened as warmly to take the poor little deserted creature. They called the child Dorothea, God-given, and she is now their legally adopted daughter whom no one can take from them, not even the parents who so cruelly deserted her. The little girl is most tenderly attached to the only mother and father she has ever known.

Mrs. Craik's happy home is in the vicinity of Richmond. Let us hope that she has left her sorrows all behind her, and that while she lives no pain or grief shall ever again cross her peaceful path.—Christian Union.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

The long evenings which followed the short days are made, in some families, the happiest of all happy times. The cares of the day are ended; the mother's resting time has come; the the father has dropped all sorts of business worries and perplexities, and the whole family throw themselves with zest into the innocent pleasures of the home circle.

Solomon tells us that there is a time for all things; a time to weep, a time to laugh, to dance and to play. Surely the time to laugh, play and dance comes most appropriately in the long, pleasant evening hours, when

"The cares that infest the day
Fold up their tents like the Arabs,
And silently steal away."

It is well for the women of the household to remember that the pleasant evenings, at home are strong antidotes to the practice of looking for enjoyment abroad, and seeking for pleasure in forbidden places; for relaxation and he indulged in somehow by most men, and happy are they who find in the home circle the diversion they need. A lively game, an interesting book read aloud, or, in musical families, a new song to be practiced, will furnished pastime that will make an evening pass pleasantly. A little forethought during the day, a little pulling of wires that need not appear, will make the whole thing easy, and different ways and means may be provided for making the evening hours pass pleasantly, and a time to be looked forward to with pleasant anticipations.

We visited once in a large family, where it was the duty of each sister in turn to provide the evening's occupation; and there was a pleasant rivalry between them as to whose evening should be the most enjoyable. The brothers entered fully into the spirit of the simple home entertainments, and were as loth to be obliged to spend an evening away from home as their sisters and parents were sorry to have them absent. Every one spoke of this family as an uncommonly united one, for every member showed such a strong attachment for the home to which each one contributed so much pleasure.

"There's no smoking allowed!"
The conductor exclaimed
To a man who had jumped on the car;
"I'm not smoking aloud,"
He gently explained,
"For I noiselessly puff my cigar."

The kindness of Heaven is nowhere more apparent than in the fact that the women it puts on earth are, as a rule, so much too good for the men.

REASONING AMONG ANIMALS.

A small English terrier belonging to a friend has been taught to ring for the servant. To test if the dog knew why it rang the bell, it was told to do so while the girl was in the room. The little fellow looking up in the most intelligent manner at the person giving the order (his master or mistress, I forget which), then at the servant, and refused to obey, although the order was repeated more than once. The servant left the room, and a few minutes afterward the dog rang the bell immediately on being told to do so. I give the following as told by my wife, now dead, who personally witnessed the transaction on various occasions. At her sister's house in Kent a donkey, which, when not employed by the children, grazed in a field with some cows, was in the regular habit of acting as follows: At the usual hour for the cows to come home to be milked the donkey lifted the latch of the gate opened and held back the gate (which would otherwise have swung close again), till all the cows passed out, then allowed the gate to shut, and went home with the cows. Of course no one taught the donkey to do this, but the quadruped gave the biped a practical lesson, from which I am not aware that they drew the abstract verbally formulated conclusion that reason may be exercised without rhetoric.

FRITTINGS.

One fretter can destroy the peace of a family can disturb the harmony of a neighborhood, can unsettle the councils of cities and hinder the legislation of nations. He who frets is never the one who mends, who heals, who repairs evils. More, he discourages, enfeebles, and too often disables those around him, who, but for the gloom and depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave cheer. The effect upon a sensitive person of the mere neighborhood of a fretter is indescribable. It is to the soul what a cold, icy mist is to the body—more chilling than the bitterest storm. And when the fretter is one who is beloved, whose nearness of relation to us makes his fretting at the weather seem like a personal reproach to us, then the misery of it becomes indeed insupportable. Most men call fretting a minor fault—a foible, and not a vice. There is no vice except drunkenness which can so utterly destroy the peace and happiness of home.

A SHORT HONEYMOON.

Going up the street about 10 o'clock one night recently, a citizen heard the sounds of a fiddle, banjo and a tambourine. As he neared the point from which they proceeded, he heard footsteps keeping time to the music and a voice calling out the figures of a cotillion. He soon learned it was a negro wedding frolic. Just as he arrived in front of the house, a loud, angry voice called out:

"Stop dat music immediately!"

It stopped, and the dancing ceased in the midst of the figure.

'What's de matter, Sam?" said another voice. "What do you mean stoppin' de dance?"

"I mean jes'zactly what I say!" answered Sam. "I 'gaged dat band myself to play for dis party. I'se de boss ob dis 'casion; de band shan't play any more. Dis party shan't go on; de ball's broke up. Gemmen and ladies, you can all go home!"

"What is de name ob sense is de matter wid dat niggah!" was the speech that came from all parts of the room. "What's de matter, Sam? You talk like a crazy niggah!"

"No, I are not crazy!" said the one addressed. "I'se gwine to have a divoce! Dat's what I'se gwine to have!"

"Divoce! divoce!" spoke several voices together. "What's dat niggah thinkin' 'bout, getting a divoce! He's crazy sho'. You's crazy, Sam!"

"I tell you I'se not crazy!" said the latter. "Here I'se been courtin' Lucindy for two years, with honorable intentshuns, and she's bin makin' me believe she had money, dat she was rich; and now she tells me she ain't got but a dolla—a dolla! Stop de music, I say! Dis party's broke up. When dis chile marries a gal for her money, she's got to have more'n a dolla, or I won't live with her a minit. I'se gwine to quit in time. What's a dolla to a man wid a family!"

Dat's more'n you've got anyhow, you good-for-nothin, lazy, no-count niggah you!" here chimed in Lucindy.

"Nex' time I marry for money, I's got to be coaxed out bein' de preacher ties de knot," said Sam. "I's gwine to get a divoce immediately!"—Mobile Register.

LEVYING UPON GRAVESTONES.

A singular legal seizure was made at Bonnie Brae cemetery, Baltimore, which gives a good exhibit of the careful distinction the law sometimes makes in personal property rights. A lot holder in the cemetery had recently removed thither the bodies of his relatives from the old Cathedral cemetery. Around the new graves he had placed new curbing, and upon them new tombstones and marble vases. Payment to the marble cutter being delayed, suit was entered for the debt and judgment obtained. The law, however, does not allow ground or appurtenances in a cemetery to be seized for debt, and thus the curbing and vases were secure from seizure as long as they remained in their positions on the graves. A few days ago, as it happened, the superintendent of the cemetery had some grading done in the vicinity of this lot, and obtained permission from the lot holder to temporarily remove the curbings, tombstones and vases. As soon as these were removed from their positions on the graves they became seizable property, and the marble cutter discovering this, had them levied upon by due process of law.

We have met many people who never knew enough to attend to their own business, but they always knew how to run a newspaper.