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NO TEARS.

"No tears to weep?" "Nay, speak not thus, For tears bring relief, And God has set them unto us To wash away our grief. When earthy sorrow, pain and care Our souls in sadness steep, We go to Him who heareth prayer To wash our sins from deep."

A YEAR AGO

"But you have known me so short a time—only six weeks—how is it possible that you can love me?"

"How is it possible to avoid loving you? And besides, it is really so inexpressible. Am I? You have known me since the same length of time, and yet—yet—I have ventured to hope that you—that you love me, dear. Oh, Avis, is the world to have false? Have I deceived myself? Or will you, indeed, confirm it by promising to be, some happy day, my wife?"

"He would have caught and clasped the fair girl in his arms, but she, keeping him back by a gesture of her little hand, while her great dark eyes were fixed with beseeching earnestness upon his face, answered:

"It is not what I wish—or even what you wish—that must be thought of, Mr. Roy, but your mother, who has been like a mother to me also, so good, so generous."

"What would she say?"

"A voice, tremulous yet stern, interrupted her—a voice that made them start and turn in some confusion."

"She would say that you are right in remembering her, Avis, and that she is glad of this proof of your gratitude, for the rest, Roy Livingston's mother looks farther than her own family circle and higher than to a poor dependent, however good or fair, when she seeks a bride for her only son and a future mistress for The Laurels. Leave us, Avis. I do not blame you, child; forget this folly, it has been no fault of yours. I will speak to you further presently—wait in my room."

"And so," she went on, turning to her son, when Avis, silently weeping, had left them—"and so this is the result of your artist's fancy. You would paint my pretty companion's picture, forsooth, and while so doing have stolen her heart and left her here. I might have looked for this. I should have been more careful. But do you hope that I shall tolerate such folly? I overheard you ask the girl, just now, to be your wife."

"You did!" The young man answered gently, but with a resolution that was unmistakable. "I love her and will marry her."

"Without my consent? Without your mother's blessing? Is this the affection—the duty of my own child?"

"He put his arms around her, and said, "I shall never set you at defiance, mother, and least of all for Avis's sake. She is too good, too ardently attached to you to do anything that could wound you. But will you not have compassion on us, also, mother? We love. Avis has been to you as a daughter always; let it be mine to make her so, indeed. Where could you ever find a child so truly yours—whose heart and soul you know—whose mind is of your own pure training? I love her with a love that will not change. Unless you give me Avis for a wife, I shall not marry."

"Abund!" Mrs. Livingston's eyes flashed scornfully. "When my guests arrive to-day you will find many far superior to Avis. A fondling! It is not her poverty—we are rich enough—but her birth."

"We know nothing of it, and I care nothing of it, is herself I love!"

"Listen, Roy." The lady's proud face softened as she laid one white hand on her son's shoulder, while his arms stole around her fondly. "You are my only child; all my hopes are bound up in you. Let us not quarrel about this foolish girl. She is dear to me, also. Let us take time to think. Compare the girl with others. When our guests are gone, if you are in the same mind, we will see what is best for all. Will you promise?"

"To wait for your consent until our guests are gone? Yes, I can promise that."

"And, meantime, not to speak of this to Avis."

"That's harder, mother. But if you will tell her that you may consent, I will pass it up."

"I will tell her every word that has passed between us," said Mrs. Livingston.

"And she meant to keep her promise, but Avis was not waiting for her, as she had expected. The girl had gone to her own room, sending to Mrs. Livingston a piteous little message of excuse. Her head ached. Might she be allowed to keep in her own chamber?"

"The lady smiled.

"I will set her heart at rest to-morrow," she thought. "There is no time now. For her expected guests were arriving. And when Roy looked at her inquiringly, as he missed the girl.

"She wished to keep her room to-night," she whispered. "All will be well to-morrow."

"But when to-morrow came a sad surprise came with it. Avis had disappeared."

"That I may not cause you grief or pain—who has been to me a true friend—I fly from a temptation that would prove too strong if I remained. When I am gone your son will soon forget his sake. I pray God that he may—forget his sake. But I shall not forget, nor cease to love you. Farewell, dearest friends. Forgive your little Avis."

"This was all, and she had gone—leaving no trace, making no further sign.

In vain Roy sought for her, even with the help of detectives; having left home and come to the city for that purpose, while his mother, no less anxious for the safety of the lost girl, made what excuse she could to her assembled guests for his absence. After a month of weary searching he returned, heart sick and discouraged.

"No news," he said, in answer to his mother's anxious questions; "nor will there ever be. I have lost all hopes of finding her."

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"how shall I thank you for your love and care? Oh, bring her to me. Let me clasp her once more in my arms. Why do you hesitate? I am strong enough, joy does not kill. What is it?" she continued wildly, gazing with growing fear upon the pale averted faces of mother and son. "Has harm befallen my child? Have I found her only to lose her? Avis, my daughter! Where is she?"

"Be calm," she cried. "Avis is safe and well. No harm has come to her. Listen to me, I can tell you where to find her."

"You! It was Roy who spoke. 'You know her well, but I have never known, until this moment, of her connection with this family. Why have you kept your loss and grief a secret, Roy? I could have helped you, had I known your troubles, long ago.'

"It is nearly a year since she came to us, in answer to an advertisement for a music governess for little Ida. Mother was sick when first she called and consequently I received her. She was so beautiful and innocent and yet so sad and friendless, that my whole heart went out to her from the first. She told me the simple story of her adoption here and of Roy's love and hers, but without mentioning a single name, so that I never thought of you. She had left, she said, in order that he might forget her. She gave me as a reference her own former music teacher, who, while answering for Avis in every way, declined to tell anything that the girl had left concealed. So she came to us and has dwelt with us ever since, quiet and sad, poor child, but safe and kindly cared for. I left her at home with Ida and mother when I came away. She is there now."

Roy Livingston caught her hands in his and pressed them to his lips.

"God bless you, Rose!" he cried, hoarse with emotion. "You have given me back happiness and love. Mrs. Grey, I will bring my daughter to you. I go by the train that leaves in half an hour; before nightfall you shall find her in your arms. Adieu, all!" and he was gone.

The dusky gray of an autumn twilight filled the lonely school-room that afternoon, but occasionally flashes of light from a small but cheerful fire fell on the slender figure that sat before it in a low arm-chair, her soft pale cheeks supported by one little hand, her eyes fixed on the glowing coals.

A world of longing love and fond regret was in those great dark eyes, that saw not what they gazed upon, but were looking far away into the past.

"Thinking of Roy—always thinking of Roy. Where was he? How far he had! Had he forgotten Avis? Alas! poor Avis could not forget! Hark! what was that?"

A footstep in the hall outside the door. Nothing in that to make the eyes so bright and the pale cheek flush to vivid crimson! Ah, but it had sounded like Roy's footstep. Roy's footstep here! What strange tracks fancy played her oftentimes.

"She could close her eyes and hide her face in her hands, as now—now, partly for shame at her own fond folly—and fancy, oh, such things! Fancy the Laurels her happy home once more; and Mrs. Livingston her kind adopted mother! Fancy Roy's tender smile and loving look; recall the very words he spoke—his earnest tone—his sigh."

"What was that? That was not fancy, surely? She sat quite still—her face still covered by her hands—and listened; a sigh had sounded close beside her, breathed like the very echo of her dream; and now a voice—oh, heaven, what voice!—whispered her name:

"Avis! Look at me, Avis!"

"She turned, she rose, gazed for one moment in her face as if bewildered; then, with a cry of love and joy unutterable; 'Roy! my beloved!' sprang to the arms, snatched on the breast of her true lover."

"You have found me!" she cried. "You have found me!"

"Never to love you again, Avis—never again!"

"And your mother?"

"Her great eyes searched his face timidly, anxiously.

"She will welcome you as I do. We shall part no more. You will learn, dear, that she never meant to part us. And another waits for you. Oh, come, love, come, to the heart that aches to welcome you—to the arms of your own true mother."

Only one month later a brilliant bridal party aroused to joy and mirth the slumbering echoes of The Laurels.

And who so fair as Avis, the sweet bride, with her troop of lovely bridesmaids, of whom Rose Brandon laughed and blushed the merry chief? Who so rich, so proud, so happy as Avis now? Avis, the founding fad, indeed, at last, and by her own true mother; Avis, the lost, restored to all who loved and mourned her; Avis, the joyful bride of the generous noble lover who, in the days of her poverty and need—in spite of time, and absence, and silence, and desertion—loved her faithfully and truly to the last.

"Imagination cannot picture anything lovelier than the child was then. I loved her at first sight, and have loved her all ways. I adopted, educated her, and brought her up as my own. I have the clothes she wore when she was found, but they furnish no clue to her parentage, but on her arm, clasped firmly above the elbow, was a bracelet, it fits her slender wrist now; you see she wears it in the portrait; upon it is a single word—the old fisherman took it to be her name, and so called her, we never changed it. Avis was the word, and 'Avis' she is called."

A cry from Mrs. Grey interrupted her, she sank upon her knees before the picture with outstretched arms.

"Avis!" she cried. "My child—it is my child! Fourteen years ago the cruel sea washed her and her father my arms. The waves restored him dead, but she was seen no more. Where is she?—oh, where is she? And the clothes she wore?"

"She sank back in Roy's supporting arms speechless, almost insensible.

Mrs. Livingston hastened from the room, but returned immediately with the little garments.

Wearing with love and joy, the long-sought bracelet, she identified them all.

"Blessed be the merciful Heaven that has kept her safe, and restored her to me after all these years. And you, my friend," turning to Mrs. Livingston,

SAVING GRACE IN MONTANA.

RAWSON'S GULCH DETERMINED TO DOWN ROCKY BAR ON SALVATION IF IT'S IN THE PINS.

[From the St. Paul Herald.]

The other day St. Paul minister answered a ring at his door-bell and found there a brawny frontiersman, a buckskin suit and a white Mexican sash. He was invited into the study and after seating himself said:

"Partner, I'm tryin' to ease up a sky pilot to lade out the savin' grass to the boys in Rawson's Gulch, Montana. The barkeeper down to the Merchants' Hotel to me you slung about the hottest jaw in the hole line in St. Paul, an' I thought I'd drop in an' see you first."

"If I understand you, sir, you desire to secure a pastor for your church out there."

"That's our little game exactly, pard, and the boys constituted me an executive committee to come in yar'an run down one. We want the best heavenly mouth-piece in the country, an' we've got to the dust to put up for 'im."

"Who was your last pastor?" asked the minister.

"Never had one. You see, the boys out there never stood in much on the religious racket, but we're agoin' to bank big on savin' grace in the future an' play clear up to the limit. Glad to see of great joy the 'wain' card at Rawson's from 'now henceforth an' forevermore, partner, an' don't you forget it!"

"You say you never had a minister? What, then, has caused this sudden awakening—this new desire for just this?"

"I'll tell you, pard; it's just like this. That's a big rivalry between Rawson's Gulch an' Rocky bar, about five miles further up the creek. The two camps hev bin fightin' for the lead for a year, an' we've allers downed 'em on every pint. Last week one of the boys went up ther' an' come back an' reported that the Rocky fellers had a preacher an' that salvation were a rannin' loose in the camp an' amazin' gear growin' on the bushes. He said he heard the holy bloke preachin' 'imself an' that he dished up the livin' word a ten times mornin'. Wal, that sort o' paralyzed us, so to speak, an' we called a meetin' to see what war' to be done. At first it war' proposed to go up ther' of a Sunday an' clean out the congregation an' hang the preacher, but we wain't quite sure of the fightin' abilities of the rock an' lowly worriers on thar an' so got backed so it war' finally decided to try a Gospel sharp all that's what I'm far from. The boys'll treat you white, partner, an' if you kin do up the Rocky Bar paper in the heavenly game an' put it all over 'em a soundin' the glad tidin' of yer fortune's made, I like the cut o' yer jib, pard, an' I believe you'd shout salvation at us in a way that'd make the Rocky Bar galoots pow'ful weepy."

"What denomination is in the majority out there?"

"None at all. You kin play yer cards ter self an' come at us just as you think the hand order be played. But say, pard, I reckon I wouldn't ever give the boys a Baptist lay out to play up to."

"Why not?"

"Wal, yer see, we aint much stuck on water out thar only from a business pint o' view. Water's all good enough an' mighty valuable for washin' out dust, but aside from that 'tain much account. Still, if that's yer lay, partner, come right along. We'll turn an' keep you baptizin' half the time, jest to down them Rocky fellers. Thar's a gang o' twenty Chinamen workin' a placer claim below us, an' we kin run them up an' let you souze the hull mob two or three times a week, if it'll make the Rocky crowd think the good work's a movin' right along."

The minister was forced to decline the call, and the old man said as he rose to go:

"All right, partner, no harm done. I'll keep the hunt till I see my man. We'll down Rocky Bar on salvation if it's in the pins. Good day, sir, an' if you ever come out our way stop off an' give us a little wad o' fine old roosemoin' grace we'll treat you square."

"Good bye."

"Good day."

"OUT OF THE CURRENT."

"He fasts enough that has a bad meal!"

"Time marks his lines of travel in wrinkles."

"Contentment should be the best concealment of our sentiments."

What loneliness is more lonely than distrust?

Everybody drags its shadow, and every mind its doubt.

Languages begin by being a music, and end by being an algebra.