## The Alamante Gleaner:

VGL 6

THE GLEANER


Poetry.
Pry Youngeivinuti place:
 Midition






## CABMINE STBIUMPA,

[Sunny S.outh.]
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CIIAPTER 1
My wife an authoress! Ha! hal and
Staylor Rowan laid back his curly head
and laugtied in tie merry, ting fing way thay grated on his seusentive wiff.
She stood near wih dowicast eyes
and burning cheeks, lier slender fingers and burining cheeks, her slender "fingers
clasping the uifortunate magazine that contained a short story from her pent.
"Come herel' The trumbling calprit approactiod lier lord and naster,
drow her to his side. 'Caruniue, not going to reproach you tor your for
ly, nor shall I got angry with you if continue il, but if you love no no yous will
write no more. This thing?' touching the magazine lightitly, is but jast \&taitted ont eubryeorie authoro. It must haspe
 Nothting' she faltered: ' ot tio the Alist 1
ever nidepubitiled aind-

 attoinpt tanyiling fey this line, Caruifine It takes talent, scrise, finfuence, experi.
ence, tioanght and ealifivation to succeed.
Theso you thave not got, miy enod lille wirey' Thave stalied and thought and writuen tin bebret more than you think,
sho anid, eagerty, ratill am resolved-?
 conlongoont aspire to be $\bar{z}$ muse; vo graconil ©iftertainer. Depethe outside
of thet protty head with crmps, but don't twist up the inside with brain eh
forto that ofil never resalt in auything but efforis. I don't srant any slatternly, would be authoress, ap to her noes in ink whum $I$ ean bo proud; a wife a wio is of for compant, withan in Waut a woman for, a wifo like might be prond, energetically any man keeper and yet atwo than gifit of expod housessing thoughtes throught her pon, if God has
givet liee sucki a tio? giveb hee suchia gin? It io to no ist ot talk of fit any more, for it agree. And, I repent, if son love me,
your wil think no more of thingene 'writiug for the papers.' Sayligg which, he weut out of the door with
 the fiievitable refuge in that part of the
connity for men when onit of then Carmine aried heartily when he waa
gone, and she was otroungly tempted
five up her hope of becoming a write
T

 | It inusic or pai, ting, that might, haye |
| :--- |
| pleseel Staylor better, she thought, but |
| one must take the gifs of the goils as |

 Three years CIAPTER II. and Carmine Horvan sies in in her tastetui an easy charr. Iler dainty figure is and rayed in a warm colored cashmere, whinte
the filiny lace collar encirkling her white pin. Hiser litite feett are neatly clac
her hands are white and shopely her hands are winte and shapely, as the
rest on the elbows of her chnir. A smile
now plays around her tips, loosing isel in a faint tinut of dimples, Surely her Thunghis are pleasant. As
the hall, and elie rises to
color decpenitig in ther 'Ha! Carmine, this is comtortable,
said Staylor as he received nis usual wel coining kiss, then sank down juto the
vacaut arm chair, standing cosily near the fire. Sie sniiled halt sailly as he drew
her down to his laee 'Whys so thoughtifal
her eheek with his fluger. She turued suddenly.
'Staylor, what day is this?
-Why, He ave me the day tha - Fiatier
'You litte, witch you know it's so. But
for doubting me I shanll not show yout or doubting me I shanll not nhow you
what is here, ppotiug his hand in the
ing to put her own land in the mjemperi
outs recep: tecle. Ho it os eld, andsle drew forth a suall round
box, wrapped up ueatly iu tissue pa'What is it?' she asked, undoing its
Wrappers. 'For Carmine,' she read
then otes henl opened the cox. A cry of delight
escaped her. A tiny gold watolt ant
pretty cussion. She kissed Luim gratefutiy twice the fooligh tearas springing into her eyee
cMy geueros hinband I But arè you
 gement miv houseliold firiry.
Is that taid fous the heart Staylor? For auswer he put het taper fitte fin ger between his teeth aud bit it, while he lowly nodded hie hend.
Ebf? but my husband an
 Thank you. -Have I been a tidy wite
 You have been all theegolit very trath
What are you driving at litle yife? What tare yon driving at hitle wifa?,
Thanks agaln; one more question
have you a wite of whom you cam te
 me my wi,
herat A liapp
 chisevors her brown eyes, lest their mis and
leaned elower to him as stie soffly. Aolked -'Do you love me as well acyour moth
er? $\quad$ A thousand, thonsand fimes belter he cried, strainiling her to his heart. 'Release me!' she pantingly cried.
Wheit he had done mo, ste smoothei her hair and collitr, and reprimelifigh -HOT miny tines ngust I beg yon
cmenber jour promise not to interrupt Bat we now come to question last. Stay
lor, híveI Iany penve? He stared and inif


## 'I am <br> she said turuin

 are, yon are the moot heen back. To woman omy sequaintaice. Will - that' please your
'Thiter dep chism lesson io eniling. 'Well, yonr ant rewand, fur I too remembered it was th
uuiversary of our

 said, slaking her.head.
"Suppose you read it before passing
judgment, he answered, a a iltte pigued.
'I have, read it,' Jatgment, he answe
'I have read it,' she
He lookeds surprised.
'W hat already?'
'I read it hefore it was pablished; sh said demurely, bnt with throbbing heart.
'How $\rightarrow$ why'do you kuow the anthor, Cazuine?
Intimutely. 'Who is he? The pablic is on its head
'know him. Carmine laughed merrily. must boor public! in that ioncomfortable posi- that
tion, for no oue but her husband will know her.'
'Iler? 'The author is a woman then?
'Yes.' 'But Carmine, I can't nuderstand.
Who is ble, where is she, and what is







maby ann and a





## Gleanings.













 Yeara, mid hat Oiver Weondol I Iolimee


 mind Mon

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { cother. } \\
& \text { A plysioinh at Arath, Oif. har gor }
\end{aligned}
$$




his


NO. 5.


