

“Marster’s face begin ter wuk, an’ he open his mouf oncet er twicet an’ shet it ag’in wifout a soun’, but all on a suddint he drap right down on his knees by de bed an’ cotch Marse Archie’s han’ an’ cry out loud, ‘Don’ die! my son—my son!’ Marse Archie put out his ur-r han’, too, an’ marster put his head down on it an’ cry like a chile. Den Marse Archie tu’n ter de winder an’ he say, ‘De parf’s dere yit.’

“An’ while de sun wuz goin’ down, befo’ de las’ beam lef’ shinin’ on de bed, Marse Archie walk along it inter Heaven.

“Miss Ca’line, she did’n live long arter dey buried Marse Archie, an’ marster an’ Miss Rose dey wuz lef’ alone at Hill-top. Marster warn’t like de same man—he so quite. When he had pra’rs in de mawnin’ he pray fur de Union, an’ dat de Lawd ’ud please ter eend dis wicked waw, jes’ like he used, but he pray anur-r pra’r, too, an’ dat wuz dat de Lawd’d forgive dose dat med misteks, an’ accept ’em fur dere ’tentions, an’ I nuver year ’im mek dat pra’r dat his voice didn’ shek like he mos’ gwine cry. When dey rung de bells kase Richmon’ done been tuk marster come in wif de tears a-runnin’ down his cheeks, an’ he went ter his

room an’ stay dar all day. Den he hung Marse Archie’s picture back on de wall an’ put his sode ober it, an’ he’d sit an’ look at it fur hours. He got so ole-lookin’ an’ white, an’ so gentle an’ mile, an’ bimeby he tuk sick, an’ dough Miss Rose ten’ him faithful he didn’ pear ter hev de spunk ter git well. When he died Miss Rose’s relations down in Balmer, dey com an’ tuk her away, an’ she lef’ me an’ my husban’ Jim fur ter ten’ de place, an’ she on’y comes back in de summers. But my Torm, she got him a good place ez coachman wif some city folks, an’ I see him ev’y now an’ den. De res’er de niggers dey’s done gone away, an’ de place is like you see it. Tain’ like it useter be.”

The fire had burnt itself out, and the crackling hearth was now a mass of embers. In the silence that fell upon us when Aunt Charity finished speaking I could hear the rush of the November wind whirling the yellow leaves against the window. The sky was overcast and a storm seemed brewing. When I came away, and turned to say good-by, Aunt Charity was still sitting by the red coals, with the mysterious smoke encircling her head, and her voice came out after me, “I wuz sho’ly fon’ er Miss Rose.”

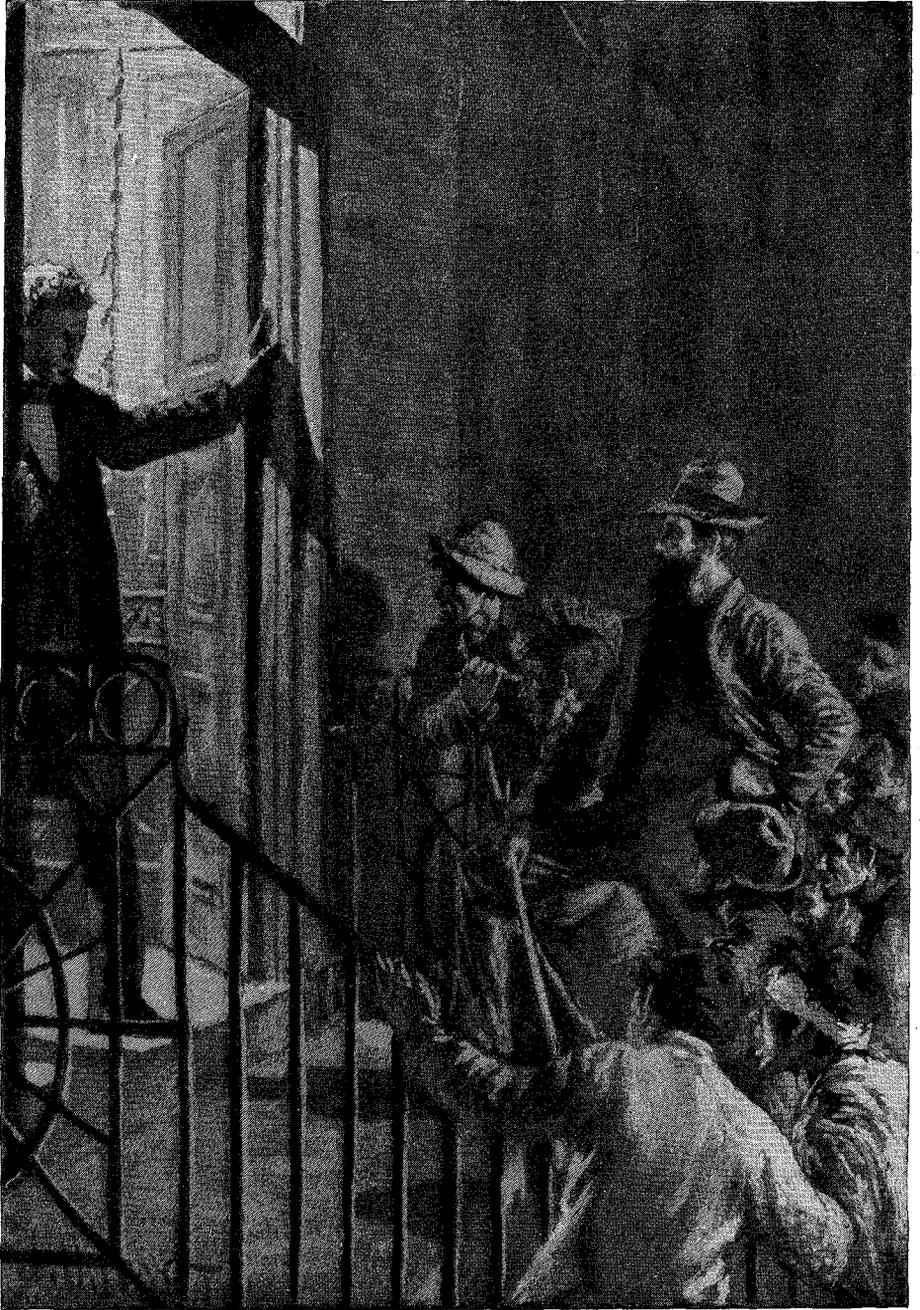
AN IRISH WILD-FLOWER.

(A BAREFOOT CHILD NEAR ——— CASTLE.)

By Sarah M. B. Piatt.

SHE felt, I think, but as a wild-flower can,
Through her bright, fluttering rags, the dark, the cold;
Some farthest star, remembering what man
Forgets, had warmed her little head with gold.

Above her, hollow-eyed, long blind to tears,
Leaf-cloaked, a skeleton of stone arose. . . .
Oh, castle-shadow of a thousand years!
Where you have fallen, is this the thing that grows?



"Have you got a nigger here?"

THE STORY OF A NEW YORK HOUSE.

By *H. C. Bunner.*

V.



It is to be said for society that there was very little chuckling and smiling when this fresh piece of news about the Dolphs came out. Nor did the news pass from house to house like wildfire. It rather leaked out here and there, percolating through barriers of friendly silence, slipping from discreet lips and repeated in anxious confidence, with all manner of qualifications and hopeful suppositions and suggestions. As a matter of fact, people never really knew just what Eustace Dolph had done, or how far his wrong-doing had carried him. All that was ever positively known was that the boy had got into trouble down-town, and had gone to Europe. The exact nature of the trouble could only be conjectured. The very brokers who had been the instruments of young Dolph's ruin were not able to separate his authorized speculations from those which were illegitimate. They could do no more than guess, from what they knew of Van Riper's conservative method of investment, that the young man's unfortunate purchases were made for himself, and they figured these at fifty-five thousand odd hundred dollars.

Somebody who looked up the deed which Jacob Dolph executed that winter day found that he had transferred to Van Riper real-estate of more than that value.

No word ever came from the cold lips of Abram Van Riper's son; and his office was a piece of all but perfect machinery, which dared not creak when he commanded silence. And no one save Van Riper and Dolph, and their two lawyers, knew the whole truth. Dolph never even spoke about it to his wife, after that first night. It was these five people only who knew that Mr. Jacob

Dolph had parted with the last bit of real-estate that he owned, outside of his own home, and they knew that his other property was of a doubtful sort, that could yield at the best only a very limited income—hardly enough for a man who lived in so great a house, and whose doors were open to all his friends nine months in the year.

Yet he stayed there, and grew old with an age which the years have not among their gifts. When his little girl grew older, and could sit upon his knee, her small hands clutched at a snowy-white moustache, and she complained that his great, dark, hollow eyes never would look "right into hers, away down deep." Yet he loved her, and talked more to her perhaps than to anyone else, not even excepting Aline.

But he never spoke to her of the elder brother whom she could not remember. It was her mother who whispered something of the story to her, and told her not to let papa know that she knew of it, for it would grieve him. Aline herself knew nothing about the boy save that he lived, and lived a criminal. Jacob himself could only have told her that their son was a wandering adventurer, known as a blackleg and sharper in every town in Europe.

The doors of the great house were closed to all the world, or opened only for some old friend, who went away very soon out of the presence of a sadness beyond all solace of words or kindly look or hand-clasp. And so, in something that only the grace of their gentle lives relieved from absolute poverty, those three dwelt in the old house, and let the world slip by them.

There was no sleep for anyone of the little household in the great house on the night of the 14th of July, 1863. Doors and blinds were closed; only a light shone through the half-open slats at a second-story window, and in that