

LITTLE ROSE.

She comes with fairy footsteps—
Softly their echoes fall—
And her shadow plays like summer shade,
Across the garden wall.
The golden light is dancing bright
Mid the masses of her hair,
And her fair young looks are waiving free
To the softest of her hair.
Like a sportive fawn she boundeth
So gleefully along;
As a wild young bird she caroloth
The burden of a song.
The summer flowers are clustering thick
Around her daisies feet,
And on her cheeks the summer breeze
Is breathing soft and sweet.
Thy every smile seems to linger
Around the holy head,
And the wild flowers at her coming
Their richest fragrance shed.
Oh! how lovely light and fragrance
Mingle in the life within;
Oh! how fondly do they nestle
Round the soul that knows no sin.
She comes—the spirit of our childhood—
A thing of mortal birth.
Yet bearing still the breath of Heaven
To redeem her from the earth.
She comes in bright robed innocence,
Unclouded by blacker light,
And passeth by our wayward path,
A gleam of angel light.
Oh! blessed things are children—
The gifts of Heaven's love!
They stand betwixt our world's hearts
And better things above.
They link us with the spirit world
Of purity and truth,
And keep our hearts still fresh and young
With the presence of their youth.
—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Idol and the Idolaters.

BY E. TREFFRY DUYKWOOD.

There was a crowd of ladies in the office of the Atlantic House, and the centre of attraction was the hotel-register; over this bent two or three with greedy and enraptured eyes, admiring, commenting, then sadly dragging themselves away from the book to make way for the others.

"P. D. C. Howard," read one young lady, letting each initial melt slowly in her mouth as though it were a delicious bon-bon. "I wonder what his name is!" with a little sigh and eyes that gazed at nothing.

"Perhaps it's Peter—or Patrick," her mother suggested, with apparent mental exertion.

"Oh, mamma."

And all the ladies pursed their lips and shook their heads to show the utter inadmissibility of these names.

"But my dear there have been emperors of Russia named Peter, and there is a Saint Patrick."

"An Irish saint!" And the daughter shuddered delicately, while the entire company felt the name to be irretrievably damned.

"Yes, but an aristocratic name meaning 'Patrician,'" persisted Mrs. Grey.

"Oh!" went Miss Adeline Grey, and "Oh!" went the other ladies.

"That can't be his name," asserted a tall, young lady with an eye-glass, bending over the register: "his uncle the Earl of Prestonsburg, is related to the Northumberland. His name is probably Percy."

Great relief was visible among the ladies, then a calculating look overpread their faces, as though they were trying to add seven and eight together and had doubts as to the result.

"Or Prestonsburg," came faintly from one.

"Or Penrhyn!"

"I am certain it is Percy," declared the tall young lady, still admiring Mr. P. D. C. Howard's signature through her glass. "Look, mamma; his handwriting is almost exactly like the Prince of Wales's!"

At which there was a rustle and a pressing forward, and such a general anxiety to see the register that Miss Elizabeth Standish, after a parting look, passed on with the "Peerage" under her arm.

Then a flying step was heard on the stairs, and a little lady with delicately sharp features, picturesque hair, and the quick movements of a bird swooped down upon them and fastened herself on an old lady's arm.

"Oh, auntie, his things have been brought up stairs and there are two leather trunks, and a hat-box, and a valise, and a tin bath-tub with a cover and a strap around it; and his valet has just carried up some umbrellas and canes, and a rug, and some newspapers, and an opera-glass. I peeped over the balustrade and saw him—"

"Hush, Auntie, you may hear her!" And the white-haired lady glanced timidly about.

But the others had already gathered around the poor corner, and were preparing to pour out a deluge of questions when they were cut short by the quiet distinct voice of Miss Standish: "Here is Mr. Howard's name! Plantagenet Delaware Cavendish Howard, only son of the Honorable Edwin Fitzmaurice de Bracy Howard and of Georgiana Constance, fifth daughter of the Earl of Bosworth; he is her presumptive of the Earl of Prestonsburg." And Miss Standish brought this with calm, distinct emphasis and hardly veiled exultation.

The assembled ladies had expected something aristocratic, but they were unprepared for so many and such high sounding names; they lost breath and could only gasp.

"Plantagenet!" murmured Miss Adeline Grey.

"Heir to the Earl of Prestonsburg!"—oh! from little Miss Avis Lyons.

"I did not say he, but her presumptive," said Miss Standish severely.

"Lord Prestonsburg married this spring, Lady Terpsichore Penelope Brandwynne, eldest daughter of the Duke of Paley. They might have children," she added sagely.

How much more noble information might have been vouchsafed by Miss Standish, had she not been interrupted, it is impossible to say; but the dining-room doors being thrown open, the ladies scattered to their respective rooms where they made most elaborate

toilets, and were very late to tea in consequence.

Twenty-four hours later, every lady in the house had been presented to Mr. P. D. C. Howard, and each and all were delighted with him. His condescension and affability aroused gratitude beyond words to express, his good nature awakened their deepest veneration, and his adaptability and ease of manner stirred their wonder and enthusiasm. What! the nephew of an English viscount could put up with all the discomforts of an American hotel? A noble foreigner could so quickly and simply make himself at home in a democratic land and amid only republican surroundings? The ladies were yielding to fall upon their knees before him, to swing incense in his face, and to burn the costliest wax candles to him, as some slight proof of alleviation to their feelings. "Such benignity, such unaffectedness, such simplicity, in a nobleman!" ecstatically exclaimed little Mrs. Lyons, who always addressed Mr. Plantagenet Delaware Cavendish Howard as "My Lord." "He has been here just three days, and you would think he had known us all his life." And then she drew herself up short and blushed like a girl as the subject of her praise appeared around the corner of the passage.

Miss Avis Lyons was by his side, and he was petting and admiring one of her hands.

"Just look at that hand!" he cried as they neared the ladies; "just look at it, now!" And he held it up on the palm of his own. "Ah, that hand is worth a fortune, Miss Avis."

"Dear, dear! Does your lordship really think so?" exclaimed Mrs. Lyons, in a flutter, while Avis smiled adoringly at the young Englishman's face, and Miss Standish made her own handsome hands as jealously conspicuous as possible.

"She is a pretty little thing all over," went on Mr. P. D. C. Howard unprovokedly and paternally; "but her hands are exquisite."

Miss Standish could control herself no longer. "I think Mrs. Dashaway's hands are more beautiful than any I have ever seen," she remarked distinctly, her own hands well to the fore all the while.

"Eh?—oh, Miss—er—Miss Hobbs, you spoke, did you?"—I hope you are well this morning!—so glad!—no, don't!—oh, I thought you were going to say—So glad you're glad, you know!—Charming morning, isn't it? Afternoon?—yes, thank you for the information—er—Miss—Miss Dobbie."

"Here, Snap, Snap, come here, come here!" cried Miss Avis, looking about in apparent perturbation for an invisible dog.

At which Mr. Howard remarked, with a paternal smile, "There's my dear little Miss Avis calling me 'Tat-tat!'" And, turning his back upon the group, he and Miss Avis went off arm-in-arm, to the great envy of the assembled ladies.

This was a state of things impossible to be born by Miss Standish, and ten minutes had not elapsed before she found it necessary to visit the opposite side of the piazza to see what the western sky portended for the morrow, and then the remaining ladies had to depart in search of Miss Standish, until Mr. P. D. C. Howard found himself surrounded by nine young ladies, all eagerly leaning toward him to catch and treasure every word that fell from his lips, reminding one of a Sultan in the midst of his harem.

Now, this magnificent Englishman, could do everything—or he thought he could; he could sing a popular song, so he called himself musical; he could draw a tolerable pretty face and had seen a book on pottery, so he called himself artistic; he could find rhymes for a couple of four lined verses and had read about as little as most young men, so he flattered himself—literary and poetical—this afternoon he had dipped for bits of these things. In vain the ladies besought and implored—only one song; just one pretty face; a solitary verse; well then, a light criticism on Arnold's "Light of Aethel," or the names of three or four books for them to read. Mr. Howard was coy; he was haughty and couldn't sing; he was nervous and his hand ached and he really mustn't tire his brain. Among his many accomplishments Mr. P. D. C. Howard reckoned that of being a wit and an expert at practical jokes and on practical jokes his mind was set that summer afternoon. The nine young ladies were speedily infuriated, and the fun began. First, by the aid of a long fishing pole and much perturbation, scrambling on the piazza roof, seventeen bath-sponges were dropped from their various hooks and were hung on the parlor chandelier, the tags on all the keys to be found in the office were interchanged, and the office clock was turned back an hour. These and a few other tricks of a like nature isolated Mr. P. D. C. Howard and that he promised his hours no end of fun if they would only wait until the evening. And with the evening came a truly infernal din: rooms were invaded, night gowns stolen and bathing suits substituted in their stead, slats were taken out of the beds, hair-brushes put between the sheets, pepper on the pillows, alum on the tooth-brushes, trunks were exchanged, and salt water was put in the ice-water tank. At midnight Mr. P. D. C. Howard himself ringing a large bell, headed a procession of young ladies, beating tin pans, playing on Jew's harps, and whistling through keys and on combs, and led them through the length, breadth, and height of the hotel. Tables and chairs were carefully adjusted against the bedroom door, and an alarm of fire was sounded, the result being extremely disastrous to both the furniture and to the bones of the too credulous inhabitants of the Atlantic House, and affording a fine gratis exhibition of curl papers, dressing-gowns, night-caps, bare feet, which

greeted with shouts of laughter by the Little Jokers—so they had named themselves. The next performance consisted of rolling empty beer and champagne-bottles down four consecutive flights of stairs, which bottles were the subsequent causes of bruises and sprained ankles, and even broken bones, to not a few. The whole affair wound up by a grand pillow fight (proposed by Miss Crawford) a vigorous blonde at two in the morning, after which Mr. P. D. C. Howard slapped that young lady on the back and told her she was worth any other man at helping to carry on fun, an offer to give her boxing-lesson, which high praise caused Miss Crawford to redden with pleasure.

This jovial night, over, Miss Crawford was constituted chief favorite; little Miss Avis, being nowhere. For one whole day did Mr. P. D. C. Howard and his fair pupil square off at each other, and then, the freak over, he retired to Miss Lyons and attempted to teach her billiards. This game Miss Standish aspired to learn; but, being to near-sighted, she drew laughter upon herself, and a most superior "My dear Miss—er—Miss Hobbs, Miss Standish, is it? My dear Miss Standish, what a funny little thing you are!" Whereupon the state-ly Miss Standish helplessly supposed she was.

At the end of the season Mr. P. D. C. Howard was carefully and irresistibly seized upon by Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, Miss Crawford, and two young Crawfords, and borne exultingly through the White Mountains as jealously guarded as if he had been an Eastern sultan and triumphantly deposited in their house on Commonwealth Avenue. From the instant of his advent the generous Englishman constituted himself the teacher, reformer, and savior of the entire household; he was shocked and concerned at their ignorance, simplicity, and provincialism. The fat went forth, and not one of the family dared to breakfast before eleven, or lunch before two, or sit down to dinner before half-past eight; five o'clock tea was established, and half an hour before retiring the ladies brewed with their own hands a hot whiskey-punch for the assembled company.

"It is done in the best Irish houses," said Mr. P. D. C. Howard, "and by Jove! it's a awfully jolly thing, don't yer know?"

He selected a livery for the coachman and groom and devised a crest for the family; he established an evening game of whist with dollar points, and laid in a supply of claret, sherry, port, hock, and champagne, besides whiskey, brandy, gin, rum, and liquors. At his command the ladies appeared at dinner in full dress, and the waiters disappeared, and a butler and two footmen took their place. In short after two weeks of hard and conscientious labor, Mr. P. D. C. Howard declared with great satisfaction that the entire establishment had been placed upon exactly the same footing as that of his intimate friend Lady Connet.

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