To Him Who Waits.

To him who waits amid the world's applause
His share of justice, toiling day by day,
All things will come now dim and far away,
To him who waits.

To him who waits beyond the darkness drear,
The morning cometh with refulgent light,
Bringing assurance of a day more bright,
To him who waits.

To him who waits, though tears may often fall
And knees be bound in sorrow and in prayer,
All grief will end, and everything be fair
For him who waits.

To him who waits and reaches out his hands
To aid a toiler up life's beetling crags,
Surcease will come from every ill that flags,
To him who waits.

To him who waits, and struggles not in vain
To overcome the evils that abound
Within his breast, sweet will the victory sound
To him who waits.

To him who waits, there comes a wily throng,
Who sneer and scoff and look with baleful eyes;
But what of them? They are but gnats and flies,
To him who waits.

To him who waits, there must be recompense,
For useful work, whatever may betide,
A compensation reaching far and wide,
To him who waits.

To him who waits, the stars are always friends,
The restless ocean, and the azure sky,
All things in nature speak and prophesy,
To him who waits.

To him who waits, true love will some day come,
And lay an offering at his blameless shrine;
Life will be love, and love will be divine,
To him who waits

To him who waits, the world will some day cheer
And sing his praises; Fame's mysterious gates
Will open for him; heaven seem more near,
To him who waits.

—MOSES GAGE SHIRLEY.

WON BY AN ENGLISHMAN:

A LOVE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

In 1869, on a beautiful afternoon in May, that month of months in Paris, when the gay world dons new garments, in sympathy with the new foliage of spring, and strives to vie with awakening nature in richness of color, of taste, and of grace, I was returning from a delightful ride in the Avenue des Acacias in the Bois de Boulogne, all my thoughts perfumed, as it were, by the fresh inhalations of the acacia bloom, and purified by the delicious and sparkling air which gives to Parisians their peculiarly bright characteristics. Lifted by the power of self-asserting spring into a healthier atmosphere of lofty projects, charitable intentions, and noble resolves, I suddenly bethought myself of a modest *pate aux huitres* and a glass of Madeira at Guerre's, the fashionable confectioner at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue Castiglione.

It is extremely annoying to find how quickly material wants assert their superior power over our mental aspirations; and indeed it is not a little humiliating to discover that it is so, though it may be some consolation to know that the greatest men, like the most insignificant, have been no expections to this rule.

As soon as the idea of a glass of wine had entered my head, away went the noble conceptions, pious projects, and that tender communion with verdant nature which had so inthralled and delighted me, and my sole preoccupation was to dismount and proceed to the confectioner's.

During the great days of the last years of the Empire, Guerre was more than an excellent *patissier*; it was a fashionable place of rendezvous, where people of all kinds invariably met by accident—where any one whom anybody else was particularly anxious to see would be sure to walk in by the merest chance, and where pleasure-parties for the morrow were planned on the spur of the moment.

Great ladies stopped there to eat *une petite tarte aux fraises*, until by incredible good luck their latest admirers walked in on the chance of meeting with an acquaintance.

Young girls fresh from some music or dancing *cours* would appear, followed by their governesses, and after relishing an ice go away, their minds filled with the accurate though hasty study of the toilets they had seen.

Serious matters may even have been discussed and momentous resolutions affecting a lifetime taken in that gay and brilliant shop; but for the most part all that took place there had but the petty incidents of existence for their object; and few of those who met by appointment or by chance ever thought of the possible consequences that might follow a mild flirtation, a word said in fun, or a secret too lightly revealed.

The shop was full when on this particular afternoon I entered it; and though I felt certain I would not be long there without finding an acquaintance, nay, even culling some invitation likely to prove enticing and agreeable, I had no other thoughts than that which animated the sage Ulysses when rescued from the waves on the hospitable shores of Ithaca, and requested to narrate his adventures; he expressed a longing for a biscuit and a glass of wine.

Mademoiselle Celestine, or Mademoiselle anybody else, having given me what I required, I presently noticed the entrance from the Rue Castiglione of a lovely girl about 17 years of age, dressed to perfection, and accompanied by her governess, a meek sort of a person, with eyes modestly cast down.

As she threaded her way to the counter with an "Ah, pardon, madame," here, and "Merci," there, as people made way for her, I thought I had never beheld so graceful a figure nor so enchanting a person. When, however, she had given the orders she wished, and looked round apparently to discover where she could relish her ice in peace, and presented to my enraptured gaze the full beauty of her face, I fancied I had never beheld, outside a picture of Greuze, anything so beautiful, gentle and love-inspiring. Her bright, smiling eyes spoke to a character full of mirth and guilelessness; her aristocratic nose, her tiny mouth, and the splendor of her golden-brown hair made her youth look as if it were encircled by a frame of dignity interwoven with garlands of attractive flowers.

Altogether I thought she was quite the prettiest French girl I had ever seen; and it cost me some effort to stop gazing at the little beauty, who had cast a glance in my direction in the course of her survey, and who, I was afraid might be hurt by my indiscreet and sudden infatuation.

I cannot call my newly born admiration by any other name; for it was not merely love at first sight, it was something more.

With all her loveliness, there was that about her which fascinated as well as attracted. I felt that this little girl still under the charge of a governess, and therefore not yet emancipated from the school-room, possessed in her a power of command which asserted itself in her look, her manner, her whole gait, and yet never militated against that feminine attractiveness which she already possessed to such an eminent degree.

It was plain that the spring-time of life in a woman destined to be admired was blooming in this girl, in harmony with the spring weather outside, and that all those precious gifts of beauty, grace, and gentleness, warmed by a generous soul within, were impatient to blossom forth and reveal their charm to a world she could not have yet known.

Intent on these thoughts, I remember wishing with all my heart that when her life, which was evidently now rushing fast to its flood, had reached the point where her destiny would have (French fashion) to be decided for her by others, it might be so ordained above that so gentle, modest and comely a creature might be reserved for an existence of tranquil happiness such as suited the angel form with which I considered her already favored.

Presently, and to my utter consternation, the little Venus passing close to me, and looking not in the least timid or abashed, whispered into my ear that she wished to speak to me.

"Monsieur, j'ai a vous parler"; and as I heard the words the blood rushed into my cheeks, and even to the roots of my hair, for I was fairly dumbfoundered.

That a French girl, a lady, and evidently a high-born one, should, without exhibiting the slightest sign of bashfulness, have deliberately requested a total stranger to come and speak to her, was more than I could compass; while I felt within me the pedestal tottering upon which a minute before I had exalted this goddess, and all the time I was dreading that the idol might fall and be dashed to pieces.

The vision had been so beautiful, was the reality to disperse it entirely?

The awakening, however, was sudden enough to justify the blush that suffused my countenance; but while a tempest of conflicting feelings reigned within me, the light, intoxicating perfume of violets, which accompanied her as a breath of her own personality, filled my senses, and the commanding tones of her request acted as a spell on my movements, so that involuntarily I found myself following her.

All of a sudden it occurred to me that after all I might be mistaken—that her beckoning was addressed to some one else, and that by doing what I believed to be her bidding I might wound the pride of this gentle and beautiful creature.

I was even about to turn back, when she, as if guessing my thoughts, looked round, and seeing me, smiled so prettily that it gave me courage, while it effectually put an end to any desire to retreat.

When she got to the end of the shop she requested her governess to get her something else she had forgotten; and then calling me by my name, said in silvery accents, such as a mouth like hers could alone produce,

"How kind of you to come to me at my request, and how silly you must think me! But I know you very well, though I am too young for you to know me, and I want so very much to have a serious talk with you. You are going to-night to the Duchesse de la Rochemontant, I know, and I am going too. It is my first ball; and if you will let me dance the cotillon with you, you will do me a great favor, because then we can have so much more time to speak than during any other dance. But I am so selfish," seeing I was about to answer her, "I only think of my own pleasure, and entirely forget that you may already have promised this dance to some one else; I hope not, however."

"Mademoiselle, I can assure you that the prospect of a cotillon with you is one which I look to with such delight that you need have no scruple in the matter," I replied.

"How kind of you!" she answered. "I was sure you would not say no," and then, offering me her hand as a queen might offer it to a humble subject, I felt like the subject as if in duty bound to kiss it reverentially; but the *patissier's* shop was scarcely a place to exhibit my devotion, and I made a great and successful effort to resist the impulse.

Her governess having by this time returned, she smiled once more; and with as pretty an inclination of her lovely head as could well knock into confusion the few remaining clear senses I possessed, my newly found divinity departed, leaving me hopelessly in love with a mere child whose name I did not even know.

The idea that I could not even give my idol a name served the purpose of restoring somewhat my scattered intellect, and I hastened after her to discover, if possible, by the arms on her carriage, or the livery of her servants, or any other means, what great name she might bear, convinced as I was that no other than an illustrious name could suit her matchless beauty.

I was in such a hurry that I heard several exclamations on my way to the street entrance, accompanying the upsetting of one or two ice-cuts and probably half a dozen cakes, as I dashed rather than walked to the door.

"Ah, le maladroit! quel homme affaire! mon Dieu, qu'est ce qu'il lui prend!" in variously high-pitched tones, followed me unheeded to the exit, where I arrived in time to hear mademoiselle — what the deuce was her name?—call out to her coachman to drive to la Comtesse de Chantalis—a lady I well knew—and wonder once more at the extraordinary *aplomb* of this young girl, scarcely out of her teens, who by dexterously throwing out this address, as it were, to me, seemed to guess what was uppermost in my thoughts, and to give me the means of realizing my wishes.

More stupidly smitten than ever, I recalled to mind the momentary fear I had entertained that the reality would, after all, oblige me to dethrone my first fancy; and now I blamed myself for having even so far done her wrong as to suppose that a whisper in the ear of a man she did not know was even unusual.

Of course, I reasoned, what she had done was quite natural, while her subsequent explanation showed that she was equally in the right. She knew me, if I did not know her; and was it not right of her, knowing me, and what she wanted to see me about, to tell me that she wished to speak to me? Not knowing her, nor the motives which impelled her, I might have been justified in my surprise; but such surprise did not say much in favor of my knowledge of character, for it clearly proved I could not discriminate between honest blue eyes and other eyes—that is, between a straightforward purpose and a cunning one; and the result of this cogitation was, that I considered myself wholly unworthy of being made the confidant of this dear little girl, though resolved that nothing in the world would prevent my being that confidant, if possible.

"Quatre frances, monsieur," said a voice at my side.

What? "Nous avons vingt sous de pates et dix de madere; trente sous; plus deux francs cinquante de brisage; somme, quatre francs." I was speechless but seeing the imperturbable countenance of the serving girl, whose sole business in life was to collect sous and distribute cakes, it was evident that argument would have been of no use; and, after all, if the refreshments did not come to four francs, was not my love—oh dear, how I wished I knew her name!—worth the extravagant expenditure?

I paid like a man and left the shop, directing my steps I knew not where, but of course in the direction of la Comtesse de Chantalis.

CHAPTER II.

In due time I reached the Hotel Chantalis in the Boulevard Malesherbes; and as I approached the house an elegant victoria, drawn by two splendid small bay horses, dashed under the porch to deposit upon the marble landing a fashionably dressed and handsome woman, who was no other than my friend the countess herself.

Seeing me coming in at the porch just as the *concierge* was about to close its doors, she waved her glove and beckoned me to her.

"You have come in the nick of time," she said, "for I was just about to give orders that no one should be let in. I am dead tired; and as I have to dine out, and to go the opera before the ball this evening I want to rest an hour if can.

"Then I at once retire."

"No, do not do that, for I want to tell you I have a niece who makes her *debut* this evening, and I shall like to hear what you think of her. She has only left the convent 'des Oiseaux' a year, and where she gets her beauty from I cannot I tell, for her mother comes from the worshiest but ugliest stock in all France; and as to my dear brother—well, Richard de Breteuille is not precisely a handsome man."

I was just able here to cut in an artful compliment in the shape of an oath, that the niece must have inherited her aunt's beauty. How this could be I did not quite make out; but it appeared to satisfy my friend, who laughed and said, "Toujours galant; quoiqu'il en soit elle est ravissante ma niece; and you will see that Diane de Breteuille does honor to her family."

I had gained my object. Diane was the name of the fairy who had bewitched me, and I had henceforth but one wish, viz., to reach the hour of 11 p.m., when I could decently proceed in quest of Mademoiselle de Breteuille at the duchess hall.

"Don't forget that you have to rest, countess," I said, "or, rather, let me remember that you have to do so, and ask your leave to pay my homage another time."

"Well, yes, let me see—to-morrow. No, to-morrow is all filled up; but come the day after—it is my day."

"Your day is like a reception at the Tuileries — one sees everybody but the hostess."

"You do not care to dine *en famille*, with Raymond and myself *pour tout potage*?"

"Nothing I should like better."

"Well, then, come to-morrow, and maybe I can meanwhile induce my brother Richard and his wife and daughter to come too."

"That would be charming!" I exclaimed with a vivacity of expression and such a gleam of delight in my eyes that the countess stared at me with a puzzled look, which I was not slow to dismiss, lest my indiscreet joy might mar the prospect of bliss she had just held before me.

"You are atonished at my enchantment," I said; "but you would not be if you knew how gracious I think it of you to allow a poor forlorn stranger in this big Paris to be admitted in the bosom of your family. The French are so exclusive in this respect that I take it as a great compliment whenever they do me such an honor as you have just bestowed."

Accustomed as polite Frenchwomen are to well-turned phrases, still this little speech was not enough to explain the burst of radiancy which illumined my countenance a moment before; and the countess must have thought so, as, giving me her hand, she said with a knowing smile, "Au revoir me direz un jour le secret de cette subite animation"

We parted, and a burning heat consumed my cheeks and ears, such as one often feels after a silly act or a foolish speech; but there was no help for it, and no doubt the evenings proceedings would set matters right; while I thought, with some comfort to myself, I had preserved intact the secret of my meeting with the countess's niece.

Evening came at last, and as the French proverb has it, "Tout vient a point a qui sait attendre;" though in my experience I have often found that, however patiently anything has been expected, its arrival, when accomplished, is generally found to have been solely delayed by the patience of the expectation.

Help good fortune by every effort is rather the guiding motto I most fancy; and indeed I have seldom found that a little earthly helping has not materially determined a providential stroke of luck.

Convinced that a girl's first ball, adorned as it was by a previous flavor of romance, was likely to bring the girl herself at an earlier hour than otherwise to the scene of her coming exploits, I made no scruple of being unfashionable, and arriving, if not exactly in time to light the candles, at least very soon after they were lit.

Early, as I did arrive, however, it was not before a crowd of people had already congregated in the magnificent salons of the duchesse's hotel in Rue de Grenelle; and as I made my way through the lines of liveried servants, and up the gorgeous staircase, with its Gobelin tapestry and Baccarat crystal chandeliers, every one I met seemed to have conspired with one another to ask me the same question—"Avez vous vu la nouvelle de butante?"

Why should they ask me the question, was what I wondered as, feeling a kind of guilty apprehension that my acquaintance with her, made as it had been in so curious a manner, had probably been noticed, and consequently reported.

I carefully hid all knowledge, however, behind such searching remarks as, "On l'a dit fort jolie; j'en entends beaucoup de bien; elle doit etre charmante; sa tante m'en a parle."

As no one answered these platitudes by some hint that I ought to know better than most, I was satisfied that all was as it should be.

Presently the drawing-room was reached; and having made my bow to the duchesse, I discovered a knot of young men discussing together, who on seeing me made signs that I should quickly join them.

When I reached the group—which was not easy, as the crowd in this particular room was uncomfortably great — they began a series of gesticulations, and from each came pouring most fervent encomiums about a new beauty who had just a moment before passed with her mother into the ball-room, and the particulars of whom they wanted to know from all their acquaintances.

As I happened to be stanchly devoted to dancing, I of course knew as well who were the best dancers among the girls out as I did among the married women, which is perhaps the reason why I was so eagerly appealed to.

"Je viens d'avoir une vision; cher ami," said le Vicomte de Moncalpin, a young man of large expectations and little brains.

Va te promener, une vision; dis donc bein une realite, Adalbert;" and then, turning to me, le Comte de Livelalongue mysteriously patted me on the shoulder, and whispered, "Une beaute!"

"Un brin de Nenus," said a cadet from St. Cyr.

"Une divinite en robe de bal," remarked a young scion of a noble house, then preparing for "le Baccalaureat."

"La connais tu?" asked le vicomte.

"How can I know her merely by such a description?" said I—"a vision, a reality, a morsel of Venus, and a ball-clad divinity. I ask you, how is a man to say whether he knows one woman answering to all these descriptions at once? Tell me her name."

"Mademoiselle de Breteuille—at least I think so," said the count with the long name, "for she followed Madame de Berteuille."

"I know it is," replied the St. Cyrien, "for I saw Amedee de Darnois make his bow to her, and he told me her name."

"In that case, messieurs," I said with a lofty manner, suited, I thought, to the subject, "I have the honor of knowing her, and agree with you that a lovlier being has not yet graced the earth, at least since I have been called upon to tread it."

"You must introduce us," they all sang out at once.

"Certainly," I replied, and left them.

As soon as I entered the ballroom I perceived Mademoiselle Diane, surrounded by a host of young men anxious to be the first to trot out the belle of the room and evening, and be honored by her acceptance.

She sat, as is usual in France, on a form opposite her mother's, who, I perceived, was a short, wiry person of delicate complexion and well-bred features, but without a trace of good looks about her. Indeed, without being plain, she was so strikingly wanting in color and attractiveness that I could not help marvelling how the brilliant star opposite could in any way be related to her, and where she had inherited that wonderful lustre which illumined her countenance.

The novelty to her of the entertainment, the pleasure she seemed to experience, the anticipation of a triumphant evening, and the promise of it already made certain by the number of aspirants to the honor of her partnership in the dance, all served to heighten her color, give brilliancy to her eyes, and life to those inward emotions of enjoyment which it is the privilege of girlhood to exhibit with peculiar freshness.

She was so simply and prettily dressed, besides—all white, and flowers in her hair; but the dress was the work of the best maker, and the flowers were natural.

She wore no jewellery but a single row of pearls round her lovely neck, and so beautiful did she look that for a few moments I stood riveted at the entrance, quite lost in admiration.

A friend passing by me, and noticing my enraptured gaze, called out, "Ah, l'heureux coquin! savourant son cotillon."

"Comment, tu sais?"

"Parbieu!" replied he, "elle nou promet tout excepte ce cotillon que tous nous lui demandons."

"What, then, makes you suppose that I am to have that pleasure?"

"Allons!" said he, "ne fais pas le moine c'est une affaire arrangee; j'ai vu ton nom sur son eventail."

"Then," I reply, "it is time I clinch this matter," and I went forward to make my bow, and ask her whether I might be honored by a dance with her, requesting at the same time that after we had settled this point I might be introduced to her mother.

"All is promised," she said, with a delicious smile; "I have nothing for you."

"All!" I exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the girl's mother.

"Every dance," she replied.

"Even the cotillon, mademoiselle?"

"I have not exactly promised that yet," she answered, with a knowing and amused look.

"Would it be too much to ask you to dance it with me?"

"You would be tired of me before the end."

"How can you suppose such a thing?"

"But a man like you cannot find anything very entertaining in so young a girl."

All this was said with overflowing mirth, and I was not anxious to end the dialogue.

"I might put it otherwise," I said. "You may not care to dance with so *blase* a man."

"Well, I'll try," she replied, "if you promise not laugh at my school-room manners."

Then, in a more subdued tone, I replied, "I have lived for this hour;" whereupon she turned to her mother, and with that same *sang-froid* I had so much admired in the afternoon, she introduced me as the friend of Jeanne de Chantalis, by which means the mother had no need to inquire how it was I had become acquainted with her daughter, and I was spared the explanation which would naturally have been asked.

We fancy in England that French girls are all demure, silly things, longing to get married so as to enjoy life, and incapable of appreciating some of their girlish days. Whoever knows the French in their intimacy will find some French girls to the full as cheery, as pleasant, as attractive as our own, though they, it must be confessed, are sadly few in numbers, owing to their too strict bringing up. On the other hand, when the exception is seen, the exception becomes in reality the event of a life—enjoyed in the present, recollected with pleasure as the days roll by and thought of with a smile on the lip when their names and frolics recur in after life.

Such an exception was Diane de Breteuille—an angle, who owed it to her training not to be *une diablesse*—a girl whose will rebelled against constraint, and whose heart controlled her will—a flower in the bud impatient of sunshine to blossom into luxuriant beauty, and yet kept back by home influences sufficiently powerful to stay too hasty a growth.

Impulsive though she was, and charming through that impulse, which quickened her blood and gave to her face those marvellous lights and shades which expressed her thoughts even before she gave them word, she was still eminently French in this, that she warmed to those who showed her attention and love; and if I must insist upon this, it is only because the sequel will prove the correctness of the statement.

The ballroom was filling, and I therefore did not stay long with the Marquise de Breteuille, but went away as the first notes of a waltz were being struck. Diane was led off by an impatient terpsichorean.

But all things come to an end; and towards three o'clock the prelude to the cotillon was played which summoned me to the side of my divinity, whom I hurried to two chairs previously secured in a corner of the ballroom as far away from "la maman Breteuille" as I could, so as to enjoy my new love's confidences.

To say that I was happy when I felt her arm in mine is to make a trite, silly statement; for any one can guess who has ever felt the mysterious warmth which the first contact with a loved being spreads throughout the frame, how raptured was the bliss I felt at that moment: but when, in unison with this delightful electric sensation, I peered into her deep blue eyes, pure as the light which illumined her soul, and sparkling with the innocent consciousness of an evening enjoyed without a drawback, it required all the moral courage I could command not to startle the lovely girl by an indiscreet, or at least a premature, token of the love she had inspired me with, and which I felt burning in every fibre. I must have looked all I felt, for, womanlike, she laid herself out to fan the flame by the most bewitching looks, the most captivating movements, and, above all, by the most radiantly bright smiles I had ever seen.

Her smile remains to this day one of those long recollections which never fade; it was so genuine, so descriptive of her inmost self; it sparkled on her countenance like the rays of sunshine on a rose from which the morning dew is just evaporating; and while it gave to her face a halo half sacred, half earthly, it seemed the more delightfully divine from its having a touch of the mortal in it.

As soon as we were seated in our corner, she said, in a half-frightened tone,

"I do hope you did not think I behaved indiscreetly this afternoon?"

"Well, mademoiselle, as you ask the question, I will frankly tell you that I never admired indiscretion so much."

(To be continued).

He Could Count.

Munsey's Weekly: Applicant (to proprietor of great newspaper)—"Have you a vacancy on your staff, sir?"

Proprietor—"I need a circulation affidavit editor, but I don't know that you would suit."

"I think I would, sir. I have been a census enumerator at Minneapolis."

"The place is yours!"

Sizzling and Red Hot.

Rochester *Herald*: The *Union* says that "Ella Wheeler Wilcox continues to produce tropical poetry," and gives the following as a specimen of her recent productions:

She smiles, in a mad tiger fashion,
As a she-tiger fondles her own;
I clasp her with fierceness and passion,
And kiss her with shudder and groan.

That is one of Ella's ante-nuptial productions, neighbor. She knows better now.

Not Much Change.

Hyde—There's a good deal of change in the hotels in this city to-day as compared with those of 20 years ago.

Parker—I don't think so. I had dinner at the Charmer House last evening, and when I paid for it I only got 75 cents out of a $10 bill.

Struck It First Clip.

"Papa, are there lots of lots out in Boomtown?"

"Yes, my boy. Millions of 'em."

"Boomtown's something of a lottery hen, ain't it?"

"You bet it is," said papa, fervently.

Left With No Excuse.

"Well, Bill," said the tramp, "it's time for us to be getting off into the country."

"Why so soon?"

"The city free baths are open."

A Wise Man.

Clerk at Summer Hotel—Would you prefer a room at the front or at the back?

Arrival—Where does the band play?

Clerk—In front of the hotel.

Arrival—Then give me a room at the back.

A man never gets too old for his mother to stop calling him "her boy."

The only woman licensed as a pilot on the great lakes is Miss Jessie Langford, of Duluth. She is the owner of a yacht.