

Select Poetry

THE HOUR OF DEATH

Leaves have their time to fall, And stars to set—but all, Time has all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

Miscellaneous

“YES, PAUL.”

BY ETHEL LYNN.

CHAPTER I.

The pavilion at Sharon in the height of the season. Beauty, wealth and talent jostled frivolity, vulgarity and ugliness; food mamas looked out “eligible” for waiting maids, and maidens refused to wait, but fell in love in the sweet old heedless way that always has been and always will be;

confusion, Paul wandered yet farther away, for he had been plotting a surprise for her, and had asked her to take her place by a certain window in the evening where he might find her and introduce a friend, whose name he had refused to give.

just concluding a jealous reverie thus—“Why can’t I love like other men, with a calm, quiet, dreamy passion, untroubled by these stormy gusts. But it maddens me to see those beautiful eyes look so earnestly at any one else, or that hand touched by another.”

—what is there about your tow head, big blue eyes and broad shoulders to take a woman’s fancy—least of all, such a being as Nina Aymar. What if she did come to you frankly and kindly as a friend, whom she could trust. She would have laid her pretty hand on the head of a big dog just as soon as on your arm that day that you were so happy about it.”

senderness at his young wife, and sometimes he paused beside the table where a half dozen newspapers were lying each with their staring capitals. “The War!” conspicuous on its every page. Yes, it was even so. These days when only grandmothers in garrulous moments told of “the last war” had gone by. It was here at our doors, and the incidents of to-day were but a page of history-to-morrow. Through the throngs of gathering worshippers on the calm Sabbath days, shone the glitter of bayonets, and the roll of the drum and the tramp of men kept time with the sweet church bells. In many a lonely home, sad women hearts kept down their beat, while they pecked the mournful knapsack with one hand and wiped away the coming tears with the other.

CHAPTER IV. “Col. Rinault! this is a meeting!” And amid the bustle Major Alban still thrust out a hand to grasp a stern warrior. This was private animosity, and the somewhat coldly returned, a dark face grew luminous a moment. But memory here trembled like an aspen vibration of the shannon’s th...