

## IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Why languish over the youth, boy, that's flowing fast away?  
Come, pass the wine and walnuts until the dawn of day.  
We'll sing of youthful love, boys, the lasses that we do know.  
As we kissed the lips of maidens in the moonlight O.  
In the moonlight O, in the moonlight O,  
Kissed the loveliest lips of maidens in the moonlight O.  
Wild hounds and wild dances, boys, may have these arms.  
In the moonlight O, in the moonlight O,  
Kissed the loveliest lips of maidens in the moonlight O.  
Live and die yet you may, boys, old fogies may repeat  
Of youthful pranks and kisses half. But if the girls consent  
And then longing cheeks to ours, I'd like for you to show  
Why we shouldn't kiss the maidens in the moonlight O.  
In the moonlight O, in the moonlight O,  
Kiss the loveliest lips of maidens in the moonlight O.  
—William Knauer in New York Graphic.

## E PLURIBUS UNUM.

HILLBROOK PLACE, Feb. 7.—DEAR JACK: The fur coat is a pronounced success. I saw you today when I was driving and was forcibly reminded of Solomon in his glory. Have you forgotten your friend old as it is been ten days since you were here?

The rest of the family are going to the Porters to-night, I shall stay at home and consoling myself with Beethoven, Sidney Lanier and you. If you'll come, for I have something to show you. A woman's head, painted from a photograph which I finished only yesterday. It is grandly decorative.

Yours just received. It is small, most unnecessary to tell you how well it shall be to come. Ever yours,

JACK.

The Crop, Feb. 7, 1867.

DEAR CARA: Yours just received. It is small, most unnecessary to tell you how well it shall be to come. Ever yours,

JACK.

"It isn't," says Cara a few hours later, as she pushes the ottoman to an easier distance, and turns a beautiful, fire-flushed face toward Jack, "it isn't that this will always keep much worse than the other, but I've been thinking and nothing is better. I don't often allow myself to be troubled by reason or remorse."

"Mental dyspepsia," says Jack, seem fully; this is the result of it, as all the square dresses with white lace, it is that draughty corner of my drawing-room.

"I refuse to be troubled," says Cara, smiling.

"You can't understand how I feel now you."

"Speaking of which, I am somehow made up to you. I have given up the old Mrs. MacLean. MacLean."

"I am too old for such a girl, you will say."

"Do you intend to marry me?" asks Cara, and gently buzzes.

"I don't know. Once, I thought it would come to the worst. I said, 'I must have to.'

"I should think that would be a very act of statesmanship of the case, the world coming to you or me."

"Don't you know more where than you can help, says Jack, flushing. You don't know what it is to be poor."

"I almost wish I did," says Cara, "I might then have amounted to something as an artist."

"You need hardly wish right for, as it is, you are the best artist."

"That's it," Cara breaks in impatiently. "Atavism, amateur, always amateur! I want to be an artist. Of late I have had thoughts of giving my money to found a home for other weak-minded women, and living in Paris on ten sous a day and the divine afflatus; only, as Hawthorne says: 'The great obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool.'"

"One doesn't like to be too precipitate after a remark of that kind," says Frank, meditatively, after a little pause, during which Cara has risen and seated herself at the piano, where she is lazily striking minor chords.

"Is that what has kept you from being too precipitate? Jack, what makes you so lazy?"

"Lack of incentive. Don't scorn."

"I wish I could make you feel your possibilities for yourself as I feel them for you."

"I asked you to try once and you refused." Jack laughs when he says it, but try as he will his voice falters as he speaks.

Cara blushes, and then says: "If we hadn't outlived a great deal of the happiness of our lives, we could not be the thoroughly good friends we are now. Come and let me introduce you to a woman who I think is worth a man's love. She's over in the library. I remember your dislike to climbing, and had her brought down."

Jack offers her his arm, and together they walk the whole length of the drawing room, across the hall to the library, the greatest part of which is in shadow, the bright light being directly over the picture.

Only a picture of a woman's head and the curve to the shoulders; rustly chestnut hair that cuts merrily around a face in which sweetness and firmness are strangely intermingled; great irised gray eyes, eyes with all the poetry and passion of Cabanel's Venus; a clear, almost delicately colorless skin, save for a warmth in mouth and cheek; and yet, with all the yielding beauty of womanhood, there is an intellectual vigor and strength in the face which one seldom sees save in the faces of men who have "suffered and been strong."

"It is by far the best thing you have ever done," says Jack, after a few moments of admiring silence. "May I see the photograph?"

"It's behind the Mona Lisa; not a very

good one, but we took I could get."

I should have it, as a very good one. I don't have time to take the same amateur pictures for you, but in the time, but I can't say, as the eyes here are like yours."

"The name of it?" says Cara. "I regret to see that you are regarding her more as a woman than as an artistic production."

"I'm afraid I am. Do you know her well? What have I never seen her?"

"No," says Cara, "we have made me jealous, and like a wise woman, I refuse to tell you her secret."

"On Thursday?"

"Yes, on Thursday."

"What have I never seen her?"

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