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THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

Sad Evening Primrose, with your silken stole
Hung delicately sunward, what a soul
Looks from your patient eye! How frail and pale
You stand among the flowerets! and your bowl
Shows like a vanishing phantom of the grail.

Young buds that point a finger to the blue
Crowd on your stem, and youth and hope are new,
While the sap runs; yet scarcely has the sun
Warmed twice upon your petals ere their hue
Falls into pallidness of death begun.

And strewn about the grass the blossoms hide
The poor discolored fragments of their pride,
Or hang disconsolate with draggled vest,
And clinging, sodden cerements, to abide
The gradual workings of the Alkahest.

Was it for this you struggled into light?
That one brief day should crown a tedious night?
Was it for this you felt your way along
The paths of natural growth, that from their height
Shrill death should echo in your triumph song?

It may be so. There are who say the bliss
Requites the pain; yet could it be for this
(God knows) you opened your sweet, patient eyes
To see the sun's face once and die in his kiss?
For me—you bloom again in Paradise.

—Nina Layard in Longman's Magazine.

Jarvis Murray's Campaign

continued from last week.

"Won't you forgive me?" he said, looking hard at her.

When he looked like that, you would have thought that his soul was leaking out of his eyes.

'Since you are so humble," she said, "I will; but I think you were very rude."

"So do I," he said, touching his lips to the tips of her fingers with a manner almost reverential.

He passed on, leaving her flustered and elated. The man had acted as if he thought her a female deity. After that he went on all the evening making things pleasant for all the other girls and leaving her out. It was enough to exasperate a saint. Florence was not a saint, and when she retired to her room for the night she was about as thoroughly vexed a woman as ever lived. She actually broke down and had a good old-fashioned cry.

"I'll fix him," she said. "I'll not allow him to treat me in that style. The first attempt he makes at impudence to-morrow ends our acquaintance."

But on the morrow he was not impudent. That was because he had carefully observed her face when she left the drawing-room the previous night. No, he was anything but impudent. He devoted himself to her for the whole day. He never left her side. Bathing, sailing and driving—he was with her in them all, and no woman could have asked for more respectful, yet tender attention.

"Vanquished at last!" exclaimed Florence triumphantly when she had gained the seclusion of her apartment that night.

But he refused to stay vanquished. The next day he devoted himself in precisely the same manner to Mrs. Chasby Soden's hang fire daughter. The finest expert from a mediævial court of love couldn't have discovered a shade of difference in the devotion of this day and that of the previous one. That made Florence wild; but what could she do? That is not the sort of thing that a girl can notice. So she had to swallow her rage and contented herself with flirting more desperately than ever with a towhaired gentleman who was possessed of a T-cart and a hyphened name. She overdid it, however. She had one or two outbursts of temper which frightened the young man, and he ran away. About that time she overheard Mrs. Chasby Soden saying to one of her old Nolas on the veranda.

"Oh, yes, Jaevis always had penchant for his cousin. I shouldn't be surprised if the unexpected happened in that quarter.,'

"So," thought Florence, "thad old bundle of gossip thinks he's going to marry her Nellie. Well, rather than that I'd marry him myself, and I hate him."

You see, Jarvis' campaign was getting on finely. A man has got to make a pretty serious impeession on a girl when he gets her to hate him. I've always been of the opion that between a young man and a girl a good, hot. palpitating hatred can give pity three to one. Jarvis had a sneaking notion that she hated him, and he liked it. He wished she would say she hated him. She did, too, the very next day. It came about in a very simple way. They were all down on the beach. Jarvis insisted that the sand was damp and that Florence must not sit on it. You see, it was one of his days for being attentive to her. So he found a short piece of log and a short board. He set the log up on end and laid the board on it. There was room enough for two, so he sat down beside her. Five minutes later he sprang up, apparently oblivious of Florence's existence, to speak to a simpering blonde nonenity. When he sprang up, Florence, of course, went over flat on the sand in about as ridiculous a way as you can conceive. She was so angry could hardly speak. She would not allow Jarvis to assist her to arise. He apologized very properly, but not very enthusiastically.

"Don't mention it," she said; and then added in an aside, 'I hate you!"

Murray really appeared to turn pale.

"Do you mean that?" he said in a low tone. looking at her with the soul leaking look.

"Yes, I do," she answered resolutely.

That man's actually filled with tears. He gave her one heartbroken glance; then walked slowly away, and—sat down beside another girl.

While he was looking into her eyes, Florence felt that she could forgive him anything. When he sat down beside the other girl, she wished she could run a knife through both of them. What was a girl to do with such a man? Florence did not know what to make of him. He troubled her mightily. He kept her in a perpetual state of change, from storm to sunshine and back again, like a hot August day with a southwest wind.

"How do you like it?" said Mrs. Chasby Soden to Jarvis Murray.

"I like it and I don't like it. I feel like a case-hardened brute when I treat her so badly. But it's going to work."

"And you'll stick to it?"

"Yes," he said grimly, "I love her."

Mrs. Chasby Soden went off into a corner and patted herself on the back. When she saw her daughter she astonished that damp-powder young lady with a spontaneous kiss.

That night Florence Craven made a discovery. She discovered that she was anxious. She called it "interested." But she was anxious to know what Murray meant. Up to the present time she had been unable to tell. The man was a puzzle to her, and she wished to solve him. The question was, how was it to be done? Sometimes she thought he loved her. When he looked at her with the soul-leaking look she could have sworn it. But she remembered that she had no faith in men. So why should she believe in him? But still she'd like to know. She decided that the only plan was to do something desperate.

The next day she went in bathing just as everyone else wos going out. Murrey stood on the end of the pier ond watched her dive off. She was au expert swimmer. She swam straight out from the shore, and when 40 or 50 yards from the end of pier turned over on her back and floated like a nymph. Murray started to walk away. Then she threw up her arms, uttered a scream, and went down. Of course Murray bit. He wasn't going to stand by and see her drown. He must have cleared 20 feet in his flying dive off the pier. He was at her side in a few seconds.

"I'm all right now," she said, panting. "It was just a monentary cramp."

"You'll not all right, and you're coming ashore with me. Float."

She floated, aed with one arm under her, he swam toward the pier with her.

"What made you jump in after me?" she said.

"Do you think I'd see anything happen to you while the breath of life was in my nostrils·"

A great thrill of joy swpt through Florence. It was the first time a great thrill of had been caused in her by a man since the era of the tall, handsome, strong, et cetera. She did not like it on second thought. It frightened her. She escaped from him as soon as possible when she reached the shore. That night Mrs. Chasby Soden played her right bower. She watched till she saw Florence sitting on the veranda just outside a window. Then she went up to one of the old Noms, who was sitting just inside the same window, and said:

"Do you know I really believe that Jarvis has just proposed to Nellie? I saw them in a corner and he was holding her hand and talking passionately to her. I stole away, and they didn't see me."

Florence did not know just how she got out of her chair, but she was some distance away from that window when she recovered her self-control. Then she stood still and clasped he hands. Great Heavens! Why did she feel that way? What difference did it make to her whether Jarvis Murray proposed to Nellie Soden or not? At that moment the miscreant came to her.

"I've been looking for you," he said.

"I don't believe you," she answered.

He calmly took possession of her arm and walked away with it. She tried to free herself.

"Don't he ridiculous," he said.

"I won't stand it," she exclaimed, "You are insufferably impudent. You treat me as if I were your property."

"After pulling you out of the water I feel a sort of personal interest in you."

"You didn't pull me out of the water," she answered, losing her mental balance. "There was not anything the matter with me at all."

He stopped short and looked her in the eyes.

"Honor bright?"

"Honor fiddlesticks!"

"And you did that just to see whether I would try to save you!"

"Yes, I—no, what nonesense! I did it just—just—for fun."

He let go of her arm and took both he hands.

"Florence, will you be my wife?"

"How dare you sir! How many girls do you propose to in one evening?"

"Someone has been slandering me. I have never proposed to any other woman and I never shall."

Oh, wasn't she glad to hear that! And she believed it without a moment's hesitation.

"Yon haven't answered my question," he said, "will you be my wife?"

"What for?"

"Because I love you."

"No!"

That was her little triumph. He had made her feel miserable so often, and now she had her chance to be even with him. So she said "no," and then waited. And what do you think he did? Dropped her hands and walked away without another word.

The next day he met her and treated her as if no word of love had ever passed between them. It was simply incomprehensible. Any other man would have gone away, or hung off in the distance and looked miserable, or proposed again; but this one did none of these things, and never left her side. He did not sigh. He did not look miserable. He looked rather contented than otherwise. And he was simply knightly in his attentions. He not only fathomed her thoughts and executed her commands before she uttered them, but he frequently knew just what she wished when she was not quitr sure of it herself. The result was inevitable. There never was a girl who could be comfortable in the presence of a newly-rejected suitor, and the peculiar conduct of this one was enough to set a girl mad. Florence was so upset by it that she tried to drive him away. But he would not be drived. He staid. And before night she actually felt ashamed of herself. He divined that, too, and told Mrs. Chasby Soden about it. Again she went off into a corner and patted herself on the back.

Jarvis Murray kept it up for a week. He was gentle, kind, tender and manly in his treatment af Florencs. He neither said or did any more rude things. He enfolded her in his protection. He perpetually fanned her nostrils with the incense of his devotion. But of love he spoke no word and made no sign. At the end of the week he told her he was going away the next day. He regretted that he could not remain longer, as it gave him great pleasure to think that his humble efforts had contributed to her enjoyment, and he flattered himself that they had so contributed. Was it not so?

Yes, that was so.

Well, then, he said, he should feel that his Summer had been put to the highest use. Good-by. He hoped she would spare him a kindly remembrance once in a while when she had nothing better to occupy her thought. At that she gave a little sob.

"Oh!" she said, "I've been so wicked."

"Wicked!" he replied. "Not at all. You mean in regard to me, of course. Well, well, it certainly is not wicked for a woman to refuse to marry a man she does not love."

He made a sudden movement as if to leave her, the villian. She seized his hand convulsively.

"But," she cried, hysterically, "but—but I"——

Then he took her in his arms, and that evening Mrs. Chasby Soden kissed her daughter twice.—*N. Y. Times.*

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