THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream so happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

A GUILTY MAN.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

SHE had nerved herself to meet her father. She glanced in the mirror and saw how pale she was. Her father would be pale, too, but how different his pallor from her own—his a pallor like none other in the world.

A shiver passed over her. Did she love her father? Her anger went out to him, not her love; her love was for Jack, and he could never be anything to her. Last night she had written to Jack and told him the truth, and the truth would separate them forever. She was the daughter of a thief!

What uselessness it had been for her mother to move hundreds of miles from the old home; it had been done for the husband, not for the daughter. For the daughter there had been a half year's residence in this new place, and a learning to love a man whom she had last night declined to marry. Her father had wrought this unhappiness as he had wrought so much more.

What grief had not her father wrought! The day he went to prison for the defalcation in the bank where he had been cashier and her mother's father president, had not her mother's father fallen dead? The world had said the old banker could not stand the disgrace. And what more? Had not her mother's mother, always an invalid, been stricken by her husband's death, and never been told of her son-in-law's crime? There had been a mass of deception, the poor feeble woman being led to believe that her daughter's husband, whom she loved as a son, had gone away on business, and letters written in his prison cell had been read to her, and they told her of great prosperity in the West, with a cheerfulness that was appalling. Yes, the girl almost hated her father as she thought over the events of the past four years. And, yet, would she have hated him save for Jack?

She pressed her hands fiercely to her eyes.

Suddenly she started; there was a step on the stairs, her mother was bringing her father up to her. How should she meet him him? Had it not been for Jack, she knew how she should have met him! But her father had forced Jack from her.

The steps ascending the stairs stopped. There was a cough outside the library door. She knew the sharp little cough—she used to fly to meet her father, four years back, when she heard that little cough in the hall in the dear old home. Now she did not move from the chair she sat in.

She heard a voice outside the door, her mother urging her father to enter the room. Then the handle of the door turned, and her mother led in a strangely aged man.

The girl rose; her father stood before her, expectancy in his face. She went slowly to him, and held her forehead up to his lips. Her mother looked angrily at her, but she went back to her seat and caught up some sewing.

"Annie," said her mother, sharply, "is this the way to meet your father? Do you know that all that has occurred has been more to me than to anyone else in the world? And yet I forgive because I love. And you, who have a lover—"

"I have no lover," coldly interrupted the girl. "I couldn't deceive him any longer. I wrote him last night; I told him the truth, and that I would not marry him."

The father shrank in his chair.

"Ah," said the mother, "now I understand." She turned to her husband. "Mark, do not mind it, dear. You have me, and I shall never fail you. Have I ever failed you? What is done, is done; it is all wiped away; it is only remembered by your daughter, not by me, and you are as much to me after all the mistakes and sufferings as the day when I stood by your side and vowed to be a loving and true wife till God should part us in death. We always spoke of you, mother and I."

"Your mother," his dry lips said, "where is she?"

His wife caught his hand.

"Dear," she said, "can you bear a little more?"

He looked at her.

"Annie," she said, sternly, "get me those letters."

The girl went and took from a bookcase a packet which she brought to her mother.

"My letters to your mother," the man's lips seemed to say, "and unopened."

His wife fondled his hand.

"It was only a few months ago," she said. "I could not tell you the truth any more than I could tell her. The truth would have made you unhappier, and I wished to tell you myself. She loved you as she loved me. One morning one of your letters came, and until I could read it to her, she asked me to let her hold it. An hour later we found her with the letter held up to her heart, and she was very white and quiet. There had been no struggle whatever, no pain. We laid her beside father, whom she had never ceased grieving for, and who had given her every comfort in life, even when, I am sure, he could hardly afford the extravagances ordered her by her physicians. It is all over, and happily over, for both of them, dear; and you were always kind and good to them."

A long, low sigh broke from the man. Then silence fell; the sound of the car bells in the street came distinctly to them, and the ticking of the clock on the mantel was strangely loud.

There was a movement on the part of Annie; she rose and came and kneeled beside her father's chair.

"Father," she said, "you must forgive me. I am not very happy. I do not mean to be hard, but I can't go back from my reasoning. You have not only mother, but you have me also; I will do what I can, I am sure you know that, and after a while you will not miss anything in me."

"Go back to your seat," commanded her mother. "Do you know that you are in the presence of a broken heart? Doesn't your father accuse himself of more than you accuse him of? Who are you with your paltry love troubles to come to him in a time like this?"

"Hush, Mary!" said her husband, "hush!"

The silence fell again.

Annie sat alone; she was apart from everything; there was no love for her any more. Her father had expiated his sin in the eyes of the world; in her heart the sin that had been his still lived. For there was Jack, and she had given him up because of her father's guilt. There was a narrowing of the radius; no matter for Jack, if her father were only an innocent man! Love surely created a desire for purity, for, since she had learned to love Jack, her father's sin had grown and grown upon her, and before that the sin had been tempered by her pitying love and her prayers for heaven's forgiveness.

The daughter of a thief! Oh, why had she met Jack? Why had she allowed herself to care for him! Why had she let herself feel glad when she knew that he loved her? Why had she greatly desired that he should tell her that he had given his heart to her, and demanded her own in return?

How many sadly confused questions did she put to herself as she sat there in the miserable silence! her mother and her father farther from her than they had ever been before, while she vainly tried to accuse her heart and her daughterly affection of transgressing, even though Jack called through the silence, that, but for her father's crime, she might have claimed woman's perfect happiness on earth.

Her mother and her father apparently failed to realize how much she was going through; it was only her lack of response to their love that touched them. Her adoration of a man who might have been her husband was merely a foolishness of hers, and not to be placed in the same category with her duty as a daughter—the daughter of a thief! That miserable word, that disgraceful word would come uppermost to her. But for Jack would this have been so? The daughter of a thief!

There came a tap on the door, and it sounded on her ear like thunder.

Her mother went to the door and opened it.

"Mark," she said to her husband, "it is cook; she wishes to speak to me about dinner. We are going to have all the things you used to—all the things you like. Of course, the servants know nothing, dear; you have been West, you know. The servants have only been with us since we moved here. Would you like to come downstairs, or will you stay here in the library?"

"I will stay here," he said, in his hushed way. "Here."

"Very well," returned his wife. "I sha'n't be gone long. See, here is all the old furniture, all your books, just as you used to like them, and the pictures." She leaned over and kissed him before she went out and closed the door behind her.

Annie was alone with her father. She heard him moving carefully around, taking up a book, only to lay it down again. He went up and looked at his wife's picture hanging between two tall book-cases, then at that of his wife's father. Before this last picture he lingered, making no sound, but looking, looking at the face of the old bank president who had fallen dead the day his trusted cashier and his only daughter's husband had gone to serve a sentence in prison. Annie could not see him, but she knew all that her father did. Her back was toward him as she leaned over her sewing, and her heart beat fast when he turned from the picture at last and swiftly crossed the carpet.

When his hand was laid upon her arm she almost shrieked aloud. "Annie!" said her father's voice. It was a firm voice now, no quaver of doubt in it, and it forced her like a command she dared not disobey.

She rose from her seat and faced him.

Despite the physical changes in him she saw before her his old self—strong, not unbrave, not disloyal, not a criminal.

"You have given up your lover," he went on, rapidly. "You have given him up because of me. Pay attention to me. I will tell you what I had hoped never to tell a living soul on earth. And I must speak before your mother comes back, for she must never know. But you must know, and the man who had asked you to be his wife and whom you refused on account of me. I will go to him and I will tell him as I tell you, that I have wrecked no life, that I have not wrecked my daughter's happiness. Do you hear me? I have not interfered with your right to be happy with the man you love. I have been adjudged a criminal, I have served a criminal's sentence. But I am an innocent man, and," he turned and pointed to the picture of his wife's father, "that man knew it. I sacrified, not your mother, not you, but my own standing in society and the minds of men for the sake of my wife's father and his invalid wife."

She gasped, she understood him, and she trembled from head to foot.

"I would never have told you," he went on, "only that you gave up your life's happiness because of my disgrace. Your forfeited love for me would never have brought this confession, for what I did was done to save an old man and an old woman who had been as a mother to me. If nature could not make your love surmount my shame, that love is of little account. Your mother's father's sin made me a prisoner; it was he who took the money, and I the blame. I have proofs of all this, and I am glad I never destroyed them, for I must show those proofs to the daughter whose lack of love makes my word of no account."

"Father!"

There was a quality in her cry that told him more than many words; she sprang to his arms, her heart held closely to his—he was innocent; he was innocent! and though her life's greater love might be over and done, the man who had asked her to marry him had not loved the daughter of a thief!

There was some one in the room, though neither of them heeded till the girl's name was spoken by the newcomer.

"Jack!" she cried out, and clung the closer to her father; "Jack!"

"You did not hear me knock," said he. "I came to tell you that I refuse to obey your note; you love me as I love you, and you will be my wife. And coming in here, I have heard what your father said to you. Your father—will he not let me call him mine?"

Her father's head was raised, and he looked deeply into the young man's eyes.

"Well, well," said the bustling voice of the wife, coming into the library. "And Jack here! Mark, my dear—Annie—Mark, is this the happy end of all your sadness and pain?"

"Yes," said the "guilty man," as he placed the hand of his daughter into that of her lover. "Yes."—Godey's Magazine.

Our Electoral College.

Ex-President Harrison, in writing of the "The Presidential Office," in the Ladies' Home Journal, presents an interesting bit of information regarding our method of choosing a Chief Magistrate. "The origin of the Electoral College," he says, "has been the subject of much speculation. The only American precedent is found in the first Constitution of Maryland, where provision was made for the choice of State Senators by electors chosen by popular vote in specified districts. In the Massachusetts Convention Mr. Bowdoin said: 'This method of choosing the President was probably taken from the manner of choosing Senators under the Constitution of Maryland.' An attempt has been made to find the suggestion of the Electoral College, as we have come to call it, by some in the method then in use of choosing the German Emperor, and by others in the method of choosing a Pope, by the College of Cardinals. Sir Henry Maine thinks that the members of the convention 'were to a considerable extent guided by the example of the Holy Roman Empire.' And as Maryland, where the Electoral College was first used, was a Catholic colony, the suggestion seems plausible. But there was this difference: our electors are not a permanent body, but fresh men chosen every four years."

Stages as Chicken Coops.

One of the old Broadway stages, of the kind that had plenty of gaudy decoration and a picture on each side, is now doing service in a New Jersey town, as a chicken coop, where it was seen the other day by a New York Mail and Express reporter.

The stage has been lifted from its wheels and the body placed on four posts. A large oak tree spreads its branches over the coop, and a stream flows within a few feet of it. The step behind has been retained, and the fowls go to and from the roost through the same doorway that once the aristocracy of Fifth avenue used in the palmy days of the stage coach.

It is coincidence that the pictures on the sides that the ravages of time have been most lenient with, represent a barnyard group of ducks in a pool and chickens busily scratching the earth, while a rooster perched upon a fence, is expressing his satisfaction with vociferous crowing. People often express wonder as to where the old stages are now.

Buried Alive for a Week.

It was on January 13, 1797, that Mr. Job Boden, a miner in the County of Derby, was a-digging at the depth of forty-five yards when earth and water fell upon him and filled the mine. On the morning of the 20th Mr. Boden was found, emaciated, but alive. Such was the vigor of his constitution that he was able to return to his work in the space of fourteen weeks, and he had several children, one of whom was born within a twelvemonth after the accident. When he was thus buried prematurely he was forty-nine years old, and he weighed about 170 pounds.—Boston Journal.

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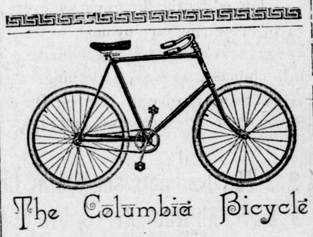
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