

I took such a wonderful drive together in the sunset a while ago, and a walk in the magic gray of the twilight, and in myself I am a whole chapter of her life. You others may belong to her past, but I—I am her joyous, unended, never-to-be-ended present!"

"Ay, in truth, I belong to her past," softly murmured a blue wrapper from a crowded corner. "A past of sorrow as well as joy, illness as well as health; and were the truth told, I believe she holds me dearer than you all. For I have lain close to her heart when it throbbed with pain and unrest and bitter trouble. Tears have fallen over me, that have burned through into her soul. Sighs have been breathed over me, that else only God has heard. Yes, in the life-history we weave together, you tell of her gathered flowers, I of the thorns; you of her gladsome days, I of the sorrowful nights. I remind her of pain, of doubts, of dark sleepless hours, of mental distress and physical misery. It humbles her when she puts me on. I show her herself as she is in and of herself, apart from the deceiving glitter and false lights of the world. I am her lesson-book, and to wear me is for her to go into her soul's inmost sanctuary, to commune with herself and be still."

"And I," said a plain woolen dress, speaking unexpectedly out from under a rustling silken mass—"I am her work-book. Scorn me if you will, my radiant sisters. I am very plain, I know, very dark and unadorned. I tell her of no golden dreams, and bring no wondrous echoes of silvern days. I belong to her working hours only. You are many, and I am but one, and yet I live nearer to her than you all. I tell her with stern yet loving gravity of duties still to be fulfilled, of hard lessons yet to be mastered, of life questions yet to be wearied over and unriddled. I show her herself as she should be; not as a butterfly in the ball-room,

nor as a dreamer in still cathedral aisles; but as a patient worker on life's great highway. I recall to her little, daily recurring cares, wearisome responsibilities, and trivial, unglorified, unglorifying trials. But for me, she would be a worthless unit amid life's millions. I give her a place in the ranks of men, a place to keep here on earth, and a place to win in the great hereafter. I am her conscience. Surely I must go with her into eternity."

The dress ceased, and hung very still, waiting for its day of labor to come again, while the other dresses tittered and gossiped among themselves, repeating stories and telling tales of this and that, till, aweary of their own chatter, they too at last grew quiet. "To-morrow will write another page in our history," they said, and waited in silence.

"But to-morrow came and passed, and many to-morrows passed, and still none came to the wardrobe. Then at last the door opened again, and two women stood there, robed in heavy black.

No, there is nothing here that we may put on her now," said one of the women, and turned weeping away. "These all belong to her earthly life. How may we dress her for Heaven?"

"Through her earthly life only was she fitted for Heaven, tho nothing of it may follow her into the beyond," answered the other softly. "These robes she has laid aside forever with her mortality. Their life ends where hers begins. She has no need of them more. Come away."

And they closed the wardrobe door as one closes a finished book, and the dresses hung sad and speechless against the wall. They knew that they were suddenly become as a biography written in a forgotten tongue. To none living could they ever speak again. They were dresses only and no longer histories.

For Miss Minnie was dead.

SAN REMO, ITALY.

THE WIDE AWAKE

APRIL, 1888.

MASTER SHADOW.

Grace Dennis Litchfield

I'M afraid of my Shadow, it goes such a pace,
As if to rush forward and look in my face
If I turn the least bit; or when for a space

I take pains not to move,
Then that queer thing above
That is me, yet not me, grows so big on the wall



WE ARE VERY CLOSE FRIENDS; BUT I HATE HIM BY NIGHT!

That I draw in my breath and don't like it at all.
What is it? And why should it watch me by
night?

Perhaps it's the ghost of that Me-by-daylight

That I ran such a race with over the tan,
And couldn't outrun though I raced like a man,

And has followed me in from my play
Right out of the heat of the day,
And is cooling and cooling away
To be ripe and ready for fun

With the dawn of to-morrow's sun!

Oh my Shadow and I, in the brilliant daylight
We are very close friends; but I hate him by
night!

I can't sleep a wink,

It is so odd to think

That I am down here in my snug little bed

All the time I'm up there too, above my own head!

It's excessively queer,

And not very clear

If I am my Shadow or my Shadow is me!
But what makes it shake so? Perhaps—
can it be

That my Shadow is really as frightened of me
As I am of it?

Then why does it sit

In this room where I am? It needn't to stay.
I shall not feel ready for frolic till day,
And it's perfectly welcome to go quite away
Downstairs to the rest,

And indeed—'twould be best.

Oh some one, do come! Do put out the light!
He's gone! Oh I'm glad! Master Shadow,
good night.

THE CENTURY

JUNE, 1888.

SELINA'S SINGULAR MARRIAGE.



HT is a common enough saying that truth is stranger than fiction; and indeed, though I have read many novels in my time,—I was always mad for novels,—I have never yet come across a tale in any book

that was half so strange as the story of Selina Jarvis's marriage. But Selina is my cousin, and I happened to be there, and so can vouch that every word of it is true.

It happened years ago, when I was a girl and much less sensible than I am now, and I had just arrived at my aunt's on my yearly visit. I was not overfond of my aunt, nor she of

Page

- 1 Roy's Heritage
5 Just His Way.
11 Little Delia's Gloves.
18 The Storm-King.
19 Almost.
24 The Top of the Ladder.
28 Day-Dreams.
29 Daisy-Song.
29 La Rochefoucauld's Saying.
33 Tie-Lock.
35 Pen Papa!
37 The Death of the Old Year.
37 The Beggar.
38 Sympathy.
38 The Earthquake at Mentone.
40 Only a Match.
42 The Day of the Mosquito.
42 To a Rosebud.
43 In the Line of the Earthquake.
45 Tweedledum & Tweedledum.
49 An Enigma.
49 How it really was.
52 The Grace of Love.
54 My other Me.
55 My Son-Lover.
55 Time's Warehouse.

Contents.

- 57 Listening.
58 Wardrobe Talk.
59 Lelina's Singular Marriage.
64 Master Shadon.
65 A Desecrated Memory.
77 Bin.

Contents.

Page

- 1 What the Roses Said.
- 2 Floertime Weather.
- 3 Pain.
- 3 Love's Young Dream.
- 4 Swinging.
- 6 The Fairy Needle.
- 8 The Song of the Golden Rod.
- 9 An Afternoon's Drama.
- 13 In an Eclipse.
- 13 In Memoriam. M. P. N.
- 13 Enni.
- 14 Caged.
- 15 In Memoriam. H. P. B.
- 15 The Hidden Brook.
- 16 The Publication of the
Browning Love-Letters.
- 17 "Hearts are Dust, Hearts' Loves
Remain."
- 26 In the Forum of Justice
- 26 The Setting Sun.
- 27 Song.
- 27 A Song of the Sunrise.
- 28 The Bend of the Road.
- 29 The Question.
- 35 One Remot.
- 40 Women as Advocates.
- 43 Tangle - Town.
- 56 In Memoriam. R. J. H.
- 57 As a Man Sows.
- 59 The Closed Door. (Sonnet)
- 28 A Birthday Song
- 60 Icarus. (Sonnet)

Page

- 60 Peace & the Sword.
- 62 On a Sabbath Year in
Authorship. (Open Letter.)
- 64 Semel.
- 65 "Where am I while I sleep?"
- 65 Sleep.
- 66 A Lost Message (Sonnet)
- 67 The Hermit Thrush
- 69 In Memoriam, P. H. S.
- 69 "Lazarus, Come forth!" (Sonnet)
- 70 To a Husband.
- 70 The Clarion Call.
- 71 Italy. (Sonnet)
- 71 The Late Brown Bungalow.
- 74 The Orchestra. (Sonnet)
- 75 Poetry. (Gustave)