

Both of them are laughing heartily.

"Yes, yes; there he was, poor fellow, sprawling on the bank like a monstrous tad-pole, lunch basket overturned, sandwiches in the water, line broken, and fish miles off down the stream. It was a four-pounder at the least, he swore. Ha! ha! ha! The very fish he had been waiting six hours for."

Two young men follow.

"He'd have bet his last dollar on that mare," says the one emphatically. "And, by Jove, down she came right in the avenue on both knees, lamed for life."

The other gives a low whistle of amusement. "That's too good. What a sell on Jenkins!"

"Why, there goes Mr. Harrison," announces one of the group of ladies, bowing and smiling to the occupant of a passing carriage. "I had no idea he was here. He is an old friend of ours."

"Is he, indeed? Then, perhaps, you can tell us the real facts of that story about his son," ventures another of the coterie. "It's going the rounds everywhere. Very unpleasant for the father, I should think."

"Oh! most unpleasant, most unfortunate," replied the first with animation, resettling herself cheerily in her place. "You see he was"—

Eva springs to her feet, looking pleadingly at Adams.

"Do let us go somewhere else! La Rochefoucauld has poisoned the air all about here."

Adams is nothing loath. He rises, and leading the way into the half-empty parlors, finds a quiet, and not too conspicuously secluded nook, where just they two can sit.

Eva gives a sigh of relief as she sinks down on the sofa.

"We are quite beyond reach of the old cynic here at least, I hope; for you are not a follower of his; are you?" she says, with such a smile as she has never given him before.

"I feel as if I could never be anything but good when I am with you," he responds, speaking very low, as people who are in love are needlessly apt to do when they are quite alone.

"With me and with Mr. Kenyon," Eva adds quickly, raising her voice, and moving imperceptibly away from him; for a third person has unexpectedly walked in upon their solitude. "O, Mr. Kenyon, isn't it hot and dusty outside? Isn't it much nicer here?"

Kenyon is likewise one of Eva's admirers, and Adams hates him. Eva's feelings nat-

urally are not so easy to determine; she would be no true woman if they were. She talks to both gentlemen now, lightly, carelessly and equally; her smiles and glances and all her innocent little coquettices are divided quite impartially between the two. Adams, however, makes less and less demand upon her attention, gradually leaving the conversation to Kenyon, who grows momently more confident and consequently more brilliant, and in exact proportion more hateful to his rival. But he has an engagement which ere long obliges him to leave, though he lingers to the very last moment possible. Adams waits moodily till he has quite disappeared, and then rises stiffly.

"I must go now, too, I am afraid," he says, with a very poor imitation of Eva's earlier feigned indifference.

"Why?" Eva asks softly; nothing more. A faint rose tinge creeps into her cheek, and it is her voice that is low now, though there is no one by to overhear.

And looking down at her fair, flushed face, and seeing how her sweet eyes droop before his, Adams forgets his reason for going—and stays.

They are quite alone, though through the open window the voices of the old gentlemen jubilating over Wall Street failures and the broken fortunes of their friends, still reach their sheltered corner, like the world's inevitable and jarring accompaniment to all that our hearts esteem dearest and holiest and best. But these two no longer heed; for La Rochefoucauld is quite forgotten; and for them just now, all earth holds nothing but the best. Adams has not stayed in vain.

Eva stands in the window and looks after him when at last he leaves her. It is her right now to stand so and watch him as he goes, and his privilege to look back and catch a last blessed glimpse of her lovely face, full of tenderness and adoration and a new, shy happiness.

"She is an angel, if ever there was one on earth," he thinks rapturously, as he pursues his way triumphantly, with buoyant steps and head held high. "Ha! ha! How will Kenyon feel when the engagement is announced? Where will Kenyon be then? Ha! ha! ha!" He quite revels in the thought of the other's coming discomfiture, rejoicing not only in having won the prize, but in Kenyon's having lost it. Indeed he would scarcely be human did not the keenness of the other's disappointment lend added zest to his own lawful pride of possession.

And Eva, standing in the window and

# The Independent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1886.

## LA ROCHEFOUCAULD'S SAYING.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

ON the broad piazza of one of Saratoga's smaller, but most popular, hotels, pretty Eva sits watching the passing to and fro of the throng, while the soft morning sunlight creeps nearer and nearer to her, with stealthy steps, as if longing to lay its illuminating touch upon her, and show all the world what a fair and dainty thing she is. No such revealing light is needed, however, in the eyes of the young man who sits beside her. He holds a book, but is not reading. He is watching her while she watches the crowd. It is not necessary to look at the couple twice to know that, for one of them at least, the everlasting old, old story, so eternally old and so immortally young, is again in the course of being told. The man attempts no concealment of the fact; the girl feigns indifference, allowing it, however, to be perceived that she is feigning, by which artifice he is piqued into heartrending conjectures as to which of the extremes of feeling, hatred or love, she is endeavoring thus to conceal. His eyes at last draw her's as to a magnet, and she turns her sweet face toward him, with a smile playing about her lips like a reflection of the distant sunlight. It seems to say: "I am ready to listen to you now, and will answer"; and her cavalier speaks accordingly, while his eyes brighten with the pleasure of sharing his thought with her, and so, for the moment, making their minds one.

"I was wondering," he says, "what you would think of it; if so cynical a philosophy could have any truth in it to you?"

Her eyes pass from his face to his book, and it is like an actual loss to him.

"'La Rochefoucauld'?" she says, questioningly. "I don't know much about 'La Rochefoucauld,' I am afraid, Mr. Adams."

She looks up at him deprecatingly, and it is he who looks down this time, fearing that his eyes may speak too plainly, when looking so straightly into hers.

"Perhaps not," he replies, lightly,

though feeling that she needs no added knowledge to make her more perfect than she already is. "But do you think it is true what he says—that, in the adversity of our best friends, we always find something not entirely displeasing to us?"

"True? No indeed!" cries the young girl in instant revolt. "How could any one believe it for a moment? What a hateful, heartless, and"— She hesitates, seeking a stronger epithet, and, not finding it in her limited vocabulary, repeats with a little flush on her cheek, that seems to give the word a new emphasis: "What a hateful monster La Rochefoucauld must have been ever to have said it!"

Her vehemence amuses her companion. He gives a low, pleased laugh.

"I knew you would say so. Of course you couldn't think differently. But"—

"Oh! don't add any but!" Eva interrupts indignantly. "There can't be any but. You surely haven't any excuse to make for such an abominable statement as that!"

"I! Oh! I am neither its advocate nor its opponent," he replies guardedly. "I am quite neutral. I was only speculating a little on the subject as I listened to those old men over there."

With the slightest possible gesture he indicates a group beyond. Eva's eyes follow the movement of his hand. Just below the imaginary line that marks off the territory of the smokers, four or five gray-haired men are seated together in friendly conclave, each with a cigar and with that air of making the most of his holiday which belongs to the hard-pushed man of business, accustomed to extract all he can out of everything that comes in his way, so that his pleasure days, like the scanty veins of rich ore in a mine, are more overworked than any others. The voices have that clear, emphatic ring which denotes thorough mastership of the subject discussed.

*First Old Gentleman*, slapping his knee: "And, Sir, I know it to be a fact. Hallam lost a cool sixty thousand by that Lackawanna speculation, if he lost a cent. Yes, Sir, I knew it. Sixty thousand at the very lowest figure!"

Is poor Papa's toothache *very* bad to-day, Ada?

*Ada.*—Quite too bad to risk the ermine cloaks on it.

*Edith.*—Oh, of course. But the check?

*Ada.*—I can't say, really. You might try a little laudanum with him first.

*Edith.*—But I do so hate the smell of laudanum. Is there nothing else?

*Ada.*—Why not wait for the check? You don't need it to-day, and his toothache is sure to wear off by to-morrow.

*Edith.*—Let's hope so, for really I want a lot of money. And if it doesn't?

*Ada.*—He must have the tooth out. We really can't suffer so from his toothaches. These attacks are getting periodical.

*Edith.*—Don't you think, all things considered, it might be as well any way to have it out before Saturday?

*Ada.*—The sooner the better, poor Papa, of course.

*Edith.*—You had better speak to him about it at once, then.

*Ada.*—No, I'll write and make the appointment with the dentist. You can speak to him about it.

*Edith.*—I would rather you did.

*Ada.*—And I would rather *you* did.

*Edith.*—I won't.

*Ada.*—I won't.

*Edith.*—But some one must. Suppose we *both* do.

*Ada.*—Oh, well, perhaps that's the surest plan. Poor Papa! What would he do if he hadn't us to look after him?

*Edith.*—Come on, then.

*Ada.*—All right.

*Both together.*—Poor Papa!

Grace Denio Litchfield.

## The Independent.

NEW YORK THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1886.

### TICK, TACK.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

"TICK, tack," said a morose old clock to a gay sunbeam that sat saucily astride of the window ledge. "I am well-nigh beat out. Tick, tack. Tick, tack. I am so tired that I can scarcely count. Tick, tack. Never a second's rest, day in, day out; night in, night out; year in, year out. Tick, tick, tack."

The sunbeam smiled compassionately, and slipped a little nearer.

"Of course I've got to keep at it, or old Time would get all out of kilter," grumbled the clock. "Tick, tack, tick. Tick, tack, tick. Never mind, though it does wear my very heart away. I'm too necessary to the world to think ever of myself. Tick, tick, tick. Tick, tick, tack. Tick, tick, tack. Oh! ho! It's all very splendid for you to sit there and smile that eternal little smile of yours, you ornamental good-for-nothing! But I'd like to know where you'd be but for me? Sleeping yet, as like as not. Tick, tack. Tick, tack."

And for a few minutes the clock gave itself up to a very stiff, irascible ticking, while the sunbeam in dismay crept under the edge of the window-curtain, whence only its bright head peeped out, smiling deprecatingly.

"Oh! I see you," said the clock, with an angrier click than usual. "I know well

enough that you're there. You'll be there till I tell you it's time to go, and then go you will, all in a hurry. Tick, tack, tick. I hold the times and the seasons in my hands. Tick. I regulate you and all your brothers. Tick. I regulate the sun and the moon and the stars. Tick. I regulate the hours, the days, and the years. Tick. I regulate gray old Time himself. Tick. Without me there would be neither to-morrows, nor yesterdays, nor to-days, and everything would fall back into chaos. Tick, tick, tick. Tack, tack, tack."

And so heavy a sense of its importance came over the solemn old clock, that it caught its breath and told off a second too few. The sunbeam sided out a little further from under its dark shelter, and drew as long a face as it could in appreciation of so much solemnity and awful responsibility. But even its longest face was a very, very bright one, and it angered the glum old clock to see it.

"Oh! yes, smile away, my fine fellow!" snapped the clock, ticking venomously out toward the offending sunbeam. "Your time's nearly up, nearly up, nearly up. But for me you'd stay and smile there right straight along the whole night through, smiling and smiling till all the world got a jaded, insipid look, just from your too long staring at it. But I'll send you off ere long. I'll tell you when you must take that brilliant face of yours away and leave the tired earth a little space to sleep. I hold you in my power. I control your coming and your going. But for me there would be no