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Poetry.

The Nun and Harp.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

What memory fired her pallid face?
What passion stirred her blood?
What tide of sorrow and desire
Poured its forgotten flood
Upon a heart that ceased to beat,
Long since, with thought that life was sweet
When nights were rich with starry dusk
And the rose burst its bud?

Had not the western glow then
Stolen through the lattice room,
Her funeral raiment would have shed
A more heart-breaking gloom,
Had not a dimpled convent maid
Hung in the doorway half afraid,
And left the melancholy place
Bright with her blush and bloom.

Beside the gilded harp she stood,
And through the singing strings
Wound those wan hands of folded prayer
In murmurous preludes.
Then, like a voice, the harp rang high
Its melody, as climb the sky,
Melting against the making blue,
Some bird's vibrating wings.

Ah, why of all the songs that grow
Forever tender,
Chose she that passioned refrain
Where lovers' "tand the air
Of was-lers that round their pass,
Hate their sweet secret? Now, alas,
In her nun's habit, cold and veiled,
What meant that song to her!

Slowly the western glow forsook
The statue in its shrine,
A scene of tears filled all the air
Along that purpling line.
Earth seemed a place of graves that rang
To hollow footsteps, while she sang
"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine."

—September Atlantic.

Selected Story.

THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

"No strawberries! What in the world is the reason you didn't order some?" exclaimed Edward Lester, as he entered his pleasant home in the suburbs of Boston. "You know, Maria, I am very fond of them, and you are determined to punish me in some way if you can."

"Punish you, Edward? What do you talk so fast?" returned the wife, a sweet little woman full of beauty and grace.

"You know I like them very much," added the petulant husband.

"But they taste too strongly of the money."

"Come, come, Maria, no more of poor Richard's saws. I am heartily sick of them."

"You would have me pay sixty cents a box for strawberries, would you?"

"Why not?"

"It is too much."

"No it isn't."

"You cannot afford it."

"Yes, I can. Isn't my salary fifteen hundred a year?"

"I do not think strawberries at sixty cents a box, are very profitable," replied the pretty wife with a pleasant smile.

Edward Lester did not deserve such a beautiful, sweet tempered wife as Maria. But in spite of his petulant manner, he was really an excellent fellow, and loved the pretty little woman with all his soul though it is true he had a very singular manner of showing it. He deserved a thrashing for his hasty words, yet as he essentially learned better, it is not worth while to dwell too long upon the dark side of his character.

The first year after his marriage he had boarded, but desiring to have the comforts of home in all their purity, the young couple had decided to go to house-keeping.

Edward would have hired a large house at a rent of four hundred dollars a year if his wife had not persisted that such a dwelling would wear her life out. He then left the matter entirely to her, and she found a nice little cottage, seven miles from the city, at a rent of one hundred and fifty. The husband liked it very well and Maria furnished it in a very plain but neat style.

They were at home now, and for a time the novelty of the thing kept Edward in excellent humor. But he was a reckless fellow and had no idea whatever of the value of money. He always spent all his salary and sometimes more.

Edward was out of humor because he had no strawberries, and when he sat down to the table the tea was too weak, the bread tasted of saleratus, and the butter was strong. He snarled then at a Bridget till the wife was almost discouraged. But she did not yield to the impulse of the moment and get out of temper. She kept smiling, however cutting and severe the criticism of her husband.

After tea he was a little more mollified, for there seemed to be nothing more to grumble at, and even condescended to smile.

"Edward, I want fifty dollars to-morrow," said Maria.

"That's rather a remarkable request for the careless little woman to make, for she was very prudent in regard to her private expenses."

"Certainly, Maria," replied Edward.

"I hope you are going to buy a new silk."

"I am."

He handed her the money, and hoped she would dress herself a great deal better than before, for couldn't he afford it?

"I am going to spend as much money as I can," she replied.

"That is right, Maria, do," added the reckless husband. And Edward soon had reason to repent this advice, for Maria now seemed to spend all her spare time in asking for money. He was too reckless, too magnanimous to deny her or to suggest that she was exceeding the bounds of reason.

She was merciless in her drafts upon him, and to supply her demands, for he had not the courage to refuse her modest request, he was obliged to curtail his own private expenses. On several occasions he had been obliged to borrow money to meet her requisitions upon his purse; and being an honest man, he had to cut off luxuries in order to pay this loan.

What had got into Maria? She was extravagant, and yet she did not seem to be dressed much better or his house to be supplied with many additional luxuries. But he was too proud to complain. He did hint but she did not take a hint.

A year passed by and there was no improvement in the reckless woman. Fortunately for him his salary was raised to two thousand, but it was scarcely done before Maria demanded a fifty dollar bill.

"You spend more money than you used to spend, Maria."

"What is the use for me to pinch myself if you spend all you can get?" smiled Maria, so sweetly he could not say another word. "I want to have the good of the money while it is going as well as you."

Edward had some doubts as to the consequences, but what puzzled him most was to know what became of the money. Another year passed by, and the danger of running in debt stared him in the face.

"Maria, we are living too fast, I am afraid," he observed in a melancholy tone.

"I am afraid we are, for yesterday you brought home a pair of chickens for which you paid twenty cents a pound," replied Maria, with her usual smile.

"Pooh, Maria, I don't mean these little things. We must have something to eat and while my salary is two thousand dollars a year I mean to live well."

"Great trees from little acorns grow," "Let us stop the bang hole first," continued Edward warmly. "Would you believe my dear, that I have given you six hundred dollars a year for the last two years?"

"What is six hundred dollars a year for a lady? You were reading the other day that a great many ladies in New York spend two thousand dollars a year for dress alone. You certainly cannot complain of six hundred."

"Oh, no, by no means. I do not mean to complain," replied Edward.

"I know you didn't. Whatever I spend goes to a good cause."

"I will turn over a new leaf if you will. You used to find fault with me because I would not buy strawberries at sixty cents a box."

"I haven't lately."

"No, you haven't."

"And I never will again. Now, Maria, I was thinking if we could save up four or five hundred a year for three or four years we might buy a house."

"Very true; and we will begin now, if you like."

"With all my heart."

"You shall allow me a fixed sum for my personal expenses."

"Say two hundred dollars."

"Half that sum will do."

"But you can't come down all at once from eight hundred to one hundred."

"Yes, I can," replied the pretty woman the mischief gleaming in her radiant eyes.

"Then we can buy a house in three years."

"Suppose you buy Raymond's now."

"But I cannot. I haven't a dollar in the world after my bills are paid."

"Then I will let you have fifteen hundred dollars to pay down."

"You? You are facetious, Maria. What are you laughing at?"

Maria for some reason or other had burst into a violent fit of laughter.

"You shall have the money, Edward. But you must promise me not to tell any one what an extravagant wife you have as you did Dr. Smith."

"What do you mean, Maria? Forgive me for that."

"I will, my dear," replied she; and going to a drawer she produced two bank books, and placed them in her husband's hand.

One of them indicated that she had a thousand dollars in one savings bank, and the other six hundred in another bank. Of course Edward was astonished. It was his duty to be astonished.

"Your extravagant wife has saved sixteen hundred dollars of your money in spite of your teeth, besides curing you of sundry reckless habits." And she threw herself upon a sofa and laughed until she had nearly gone into a fit.

"Maria, you are a jewel! I am amazed. You paid Dr. Smith."

"I did."

"He lied to me then."

"No, he didn't; you and I are one of course you paid it." I had to tell him my secret, and in return he informed me what an excellent character you had given me for prudence and economy."

Forgive me, Maria. You have made me the happiest man in the world."

"And I am revenged."

"Revenged?"

"You found fault with me every day when you came home, and I resolved to punish you. I knew you would not refuse me money, and I have at length brought you to your senses."

not paid the money, ransacked the papers for the note.

"There it is," exclaimed the doctor pointing to a paper.

To Edward's astonishment he read the note with the signature torn off. He was utterly confounded at the discovery. He had no recollection of having paid it; and Maria declared she had seen him pay it.

It was mystified, but satisfied with the result, though he could hardly believe it. If any one had paid it, it must have been his guardian angel, and he hoped she would not charge him the amount.

Three years from the time of Edward's introduction to the readers has passed away, and his finances were in the same condition. By a great deal of retrenchment in his own expense he has contrived to keep out of debt. Instead of dining at Parker's at an expense of five or six dollars a week, he made a quarter of that sum suffice. His tailor's bill had been reduced one half, and all other bills in like proportion. Better than all, he had been cured of grumbling at Maria.

For he complained of anything she was sure to ask him for a fifty dollar bill on the same day. In fact he was afraid of her.

Maria in her demand for money, had been even more remorseless during the last year than before; and had actually taken eight hundred dollars of the two thousand. And there was not much show of it in the house or upon her person. If he had hinted at any explanation, she always turned off so sweetly and adroitly that he could not resist.

"Maria, we must turn over a new leaf," he remarked. Here I am without a dollar in the world—and never shall have while things go on in this way. I have given you eight hundred dollars this last year."

"Have you? Indeed! What is eight hundred dollars?" chuckled she.

"There is Raymond's house opposite for sale. It is a beautiful place, and can be bought for four thousand dollars, by paying fifteen hundred down. I was thinking that if I had saved my money I might have been able to buy that place."

"No use to cry for spilt milk, Edward," replied Maria.

"I know that; but we needn't spill any more milk. I have been very economical the last year," and he proceeded to detail the retrenchments he had made.

"You have done very well, Edward."

"Yes, my dear, better than you have. Who would have thought I should ever preach economy to you?" he laughed.

"What's the use for me to be prudent while you scatter your money like chaff?" asked the wife, with infinite good humor.

"No use, I confess."

"I will turn over a new leaf if you will. You used to find fault with me because I would not buy strawberries at sixty cents a box."

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"I see where the money went to now. 'Do you, indeed.'"

"To tell the truth, I thought there was very little show for the money I gave you."

Sixteen hundred dollars, money in hand was a large sum to Edward, who spent everything as fast as he got it. He felt like a new man—like a rich man. What a treasure was Maria, who, besides being pretty, sweet tempered and devoted was a thorough financier.

For my part, I should not like a financier on any other terms. A prudent, but growling, ill tempered shrew, would be my abomination; and before her I should prefer a pretty, sweet tempered, devoted woman who would spend all I could get.

The Raymond place, and a delightful place it was, immediately came into Edward's possession. It is paid for now, and our friends are as happy as during their honeymoon.

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ing a prophecy in the form of poetical couplets. We hear, not the words, but only the sound of the Prophet's voice, and at the end of each verse the deafening shouts and laughter of the uproarious crowd in the boys' big tent, and then the same shouting and laughing caught up and continued in the tent of the ladies.

We thought it must be a prophecy of happy omen for the morrow, of sights and emotions seen and felt by those only who flee to these mountain eyries; or like that of the eagle soaring "on mighty pens," looks down on land and sea. The plan was to rise in good season and get an early start up the carriage road, and a faint attempt to imitate chattering issues from the female tent at an early hour. It was considered a failure by "the boys," who took up the "chicken crow" and did the "cock-a-doodle do" with a shrillness that must have roused from deepest slumbers the guests in the neighboring hotel.

This morning the enigma of last night's hilarity was explained (solving the air of abstracted mystery that hung about "The Prophet's" silent, solitary strolls yesterday). The couplets were read by the author around the morning breakfast, which "Oat-Melia" and "The Queen" had prepared, and now what cared we for wind or weather, since each and all are embalm in the charming epic of "The Prophet's" minstrelsy?

SCALING MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The outlook for a good day on the mountains is improving this morning. The tops are concealed in clouds, the mists are creeping down the mountain sides, and some of the party are quite disposed to bide their time at the Glen. A council of war was held in the field, and "The Directory" gave the order to march on Mount Washington—to storm and capture its heights, even though we do it in a storm. We now decide to spend the night on the summit (which was not our original plan), and thus in the two days we hoped for a better prospect than this morning offers. We packed up the team, and the driver, with Charlie, starts on his forty-mile journey over Cherry Mountain, to meet us on the following afternoon at the base of the mountain, on the other side. At 8 o'clock we take shawls, waterproofs, rubber coats, and a substantial lunch, and move on this loftiest New England mountain. The first four miles we pass over with little fatigue—a gentle mist occasionally falling upon us, though giving us no discomfort, and in no way dampening our ardor. We pass the Cambridge Entomological Club (their white canvas houses perched on an airy lookout some rods from the road) just before we reach the Half-way House. Here we are all glad to tarry an hour (though none of us are exhausted) and eat our lunch, some of us taking a nice hot biscuit and a cup of tea from the proprietor's hospitable board. The views we get in the first half of the ascent, though not so extensive, are all the more delightful because so distinct and clear. After leaving the Half-way House we enter a cloud, which soon lets fall a wealth of water, giving us a muddy road and the wettest of feet. The breeze that blew, as only a mountain breeze can blow, had a decidedly cooling effect, and made the walk, hard as it was for the ladies, less fatiguing than it would have been under a broiling sun. When near the summit we met the Veiled Prophet, whose veil, in the form of thinnest netting, had suffered fearfully in the blast, retracing his steps in the rain and mist, in which he mysteriously disappeared. When we reached the summit, the broad-brimmed sun hats in which many of the party had invested presented a decidedly limp and lifeless appearance,—they might have been very appropriately styled "shocking bad hats."

CLOUD EFFECTS FROM THE SUMMIT.

For several hours after reaching the summit nothing was to be seen in the heavens above or on the earth beneath—it simply blew and poured, and most were quite content to sit quietly about the office stove chatting and singing, while a few took baths and went to bed, portions of their apparel being hung up to dry around the kitchen stove. We had often heard of fine cloud effects on Mount Washington, but had always supposed it a mere ruse, intended simply as a salve or balm for storms and disappointed sight-seers. We have, however, now learned our mistake. As evening drew on the sun burst through the upper strata of clouds and dropped his beams upon the heaving, billowy cloud-land stretched like a vast, surging ocean far below us and obscuring the landscape at every point. It seemed, indeed, "a new heaven and a new earth," while to the south, far above us, in a serene and marvelous light stood silent, grand and motionless, what seemed like Alpine heights clad in their virgin snow and lighted up with a splendor such as might have shone upon Sinai when God came down upon it in all His glory. Again those mountain clouds seemed like huge icebergs, stately and grand, floating about in a cloudy sea, lashed by gale and tempest into tossing billows of wave, mist, and spray. We all agreed that, if we could see but one, we preferred this wonderful cloud view to that of land, sea, and sky, and that of the evening train brings up twenty-two passengers to spend the night with us. The evening is spent in games, chat and song; and here the vocal powers of the O. M. C.'s were put to their greatest strain, for, after we were fairly sung out, the guests,

like Oliver Twist, called for more. We decide to have a moon rise, even though we fail of a sun rise, and we watch till after ten, when we behold "Cynthia" arise from the ocean, full and rosy as Old Sol, though more mildly beaming. We enjoy a night's rest, and take a morning nap as the king of the day refuses to put in an appearance. No sun rise, no joyous day stands tip toe on the misty mountain tops, but cloud upon cloud, and mist flying at the rate of thirty miles an hour. We employ the day in examining stereoscopic views of mountain scenery, in a general exchange of autographs—whereby we spoil a ream or more of paper—and in visiting the Signal Station, where we get much information in regard to its workings and wonders, and learn how they endure the Frost King and winds of winter. One of the girls, in payment of valuable information, and for free use of medical stores and "advice" to a friend, seizes the dishcloth and insists upon washing the dishes for Mr. King, which after many protests on his part, she is permitted to do. Mr. K. was asked if it wasn't "lonely here in the winter." We learn that a long walk was taken after this by Mr. K. and his "assistant dishwasher," and arrangements entered into. All day till 2 P. M. (the time of leaving for the last train), the sun occasionally broke through the clouds above, but the grand cloud-veil below refused to be lifted. Our "showman" Dan (who is ever on the qui-vive to see any streak of light, lurch of cloud, or any promise of a view,) is full of hope and enthusiasm, and assures us that his panoramas will soon be in working order, and urges us to tarry with him and walk down the mountain railway. Most of the party, however, departed on the 2 o'clock train, but two of us, having faith in Dan, tarried and received the full reward of those who "learn to labor and to wait." In thirty minutes after the train left, the cloud lifted and the pictures we saw of the grand panorama of nature (the curtain now rising now falling) set in such airy and delicate frames of mist and spray, will never fade from memory's gallery. We who remained were happy, we had seen Mount Washington in his rough and hairy mood, and in all the infinite variety of storm, cloud and sunshine. We now take a last lingering look from these heights, and with gratitude for what we have seen and felt, begin the descent of the mountain, walking down the railway track. We stop and make a contribution of boulders to the Lizzie Bourne monument, which, surmounted with a white painted headstone, stands close beside the railroad walk, telling the sad fate of the unfortunate girl who perished here twenty years ago.

SLIDING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN ON A SHINGLE.

As we descend the mountain, we go out upon the shoulder of Mount Washington, making a slight detour from the track, and take a perpendicular peep into the dark green gorge known as the Gull of Mexico. When half-way down this three mile ladder, we were startled by a noise as of a railroad train dashing down the mountains, and close upon us. We suddenly turned to see what was coming, and our eyes beheld a man not more than ten rods distant, sliding down the centre cog track at a fearful rate of speed, on a board not much larger than a shingle. In our astonishment and fright we jumped the track as quickly as though we had been shot. Fortunately the trestle-work was only four or five feet above the ground at

