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Kiss Me Good Night.

The shadows steal the purple light away,
The winds breathe softly to the dying day,
And darkness hastens o'er us silently,
Go to your rest, and sweet your dreams shall be;
Kiss me good night.

At coming day your smile to me shall be,
As rays of sunshine on a storm-swept sea,
And if my watch be starless, touched with tears,
Joy born of pain, shall rise when day appears;
Kiss me good night.

My soul, though tired, is stronger than your own.
Your couch is spread, and I would be alone,
I'll press the grapes though I may win no wine,
For one comes shadow, for another shine;
Kiss me good night.

And it is well, at least so I am told,
One wins a crown of laurels, one of gold,
Another thorns, and so the world moves on,
We will wear roses when the day shall dawn;
Kiss me good night.

MISS MAYO'S Love Story.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I don't believe in love in a cottage," said Kate Mayo, looking defiantly round. "I, for one, mean to marry rich!"

"Oh, Kate!" cried Helen Dewey reproachfully.

Miss Mayo shook the tiny golden ringlets that hung like spirals of sunshine over her pretty forehead, while a mischievous sparkle came into her blue eyes; she rather seemed to enjoy the consternation she had created.

"Well," said Kate Mayo, "I mean it. Who wants to be a drudge, in an ill-fitting calico dress and last year's style of bonnet, just because some idiotic young man asks you to be his wife? My taste is for thread-lace shawls and moire antiques, and bonnets that look as if they had floated across the sea on a Parisian zephyr! Moreover I have a fancy for brown stone houses and chocolate-colored coupes, and a box at the opera, and a French maid. Oh, I tell you, girls, I mean to marry rich!"

Kate Mayo spoke as if fate were at her own command, as if she were crowned queen of her destiny. And she was, in so far as wit and beauty and a certain royalty of self-possession may constitute the sceptre of one's own existence. Tall and gracefully formed as a Greek statue, her loveliness took you as it were by storm. She was fair as the waxen leaf of a white rose, pure, straight features, cheeks just tinted with the faint delicate pink that comes and goes like a fleeting shadow, and a little ripe mouth that made one think of the crimson sugar hearts little children delight in. And Kate had been sent up from the old Mayo farm to see what a winter in New York would do for her in the way of a life establishment; and Kate had some very decided ideas of her own upon the all-important subject.

"My dear," said Aunt Dewey solemnly, "all this sounds very mercenary!"

"I can't help it, aunt," was Kate's rejoinder. "I am mercenary."

"At your age, Kate?"

"What difference does age make, I wonder?" said the beauty, with a petulant shrug of her shoulders. "I'm going in for diamonds and a tour in Europe. Sentiment is very well in a novel, but in real life it don't work."

And Aunt Dewey's face of horror only made Kate Mayo laugh.

Miss Mayo was decidedly a "success" in the brilliant circles of metropolitan society that winter. It was not entirely her faultless beauty, nor her quick readiness of repartee, nor yet the bewitching confidence with which she seemed to take the world's favor for granted, but a mixture and mingling of all three—a something which could hardly be expressed, save by the word "fascination." But notwithstanding her triumphs, Kate Mayo had, as yet, made no election in life.

"My dear," said Aunt Dewey solemnly, "what was the reason you refused Harry Pelham?"

"The reason? Why, aunt, he's a customhouse clerk, as poor as Job's cat."

"Kate! what a very inelegant comparison!"

"As a church mouse, then, ma'am, if you like that better."

"Mr. Ryerson, then?" pursued Mrs. Dewey.

"I've no idea of coming to the poor-house before my time."

"Mr. Ryerson is well off, I'm sure."

"The positive degree won't suit me, aunt; I must have the superlative!"

"Kate, you will die an old maid yet!"

"Better an old maid, aunt, than a care-worn old wife."

Aunt Dewey shook her head.

"Kate! Kate! there is such a thing as going through the woods and picking up a crooked stick. What do you value yourself at, pray?"

"A hundred thousand dollars at least, aunt, and from that up to half a million!" laughed Kate, as she put the last rose into the vase of flowers she was arranging.

"Where will you get such a price as that?"

"Not in society just now, to be sure, aunt, but its representative will be here yet."

"Whom do you mean?"

"I mean Mr. Emmett."

Aunt Dewey sat down with uplifted hand and eyes.

"What! the millionaire of St. Augustine's Place?"

"Yes, aunt."

"But he is in Europe."

"N'importe—he is coming home soon."

"You have never seen him?"

"I dare say I shall see him."

"Kate, you are crazy!"

"No, I'm not, aunt; you yourself will own it when you see me Mrs. Emmett!"

The audacity of the girl fairly bewildered her sage relative; it was as if a little French grisette had aspired to share the august throne of the Napoleons!

"Well, I never did!" gasped Mrs. Dewey.

"But that's no sign you never will, aunt," said Kate. Evidently the mischievous elf enjoyed the old lady's sore perplexity.

"But, Kate," suggested little Helen, who had sat by demurely listening, "suppose you fall in love with somebody else?"

"Me fall in love!" said Kate, with a merry, mocking laugh. "Rest assured, Helen, I shall never commit any such absurd piece of folly as that? Haven't I told you forty thousand times that I intend only to marry for money? It may sound a little conceited, but I do consider myself a jewel, and I want a choice setting—a bird that will sing only in a gilded cage! Helen, you shall be my bride's-maid when I marry Lawrence Emmett!"

Things were at this interesting juncture when, one delicious moonlight evening, Miss Mayo went up to the Central Park to skate, and came back under convoy of a tall handsome young man who had been introduced to her there.

"Did you say his name was St. John?" asked curious Helen, when the parlor servente had gone. "Oh, Kate, how handsome he is!"

Nothing of the kind," said Kate tartly, "only rather pleasant looking."

"But who is he, Kate?"

"Oh, I don't know; a clerk in some bank, I believe."

"Poor fellow!" said Helen reflectively.

"What do you say that for?" asked Kate, suddenly turning round upon her cousin.

"Because, Kate, if he is poor and obscure, and has come within the magic circle of your fascinations—"

"Nonsense!" said Kate almost angrily. "Do you suppose every man I look at must of necessity fall in love with me? I think you are a goose, Helen Dewey."

Little Helen looked amazed; this was rather an unexpected mood on Kate's part.

As the bright winter days went by, Kate changed more and more. Sometimes she was strangely soft and lovable; sometimes capricious, and given to sudden gusts of tears, like April showers, succeeded by brief sunshine.

"Kate," said Mrs. Dewey, coming one evening into the room where Kate sat, gazing out into the twilight, "have you thought about your dress to-morrow evening?"

"To-morrow evening!"

"Yes; at Mrs. Allaire's. Don't you remember? Mr. Emmet is to be there—your rich husband."

Aunt Dewey spoke almost jocosely; she had come to look upon Kate's "castle en Espagne" as an actual reality.

"Yes," "I remember."

"He saw you at the opera last night, and asked who you were?"

"Who did?"

"Mr. Emmett."

Kate looked up with a momentary interest.

"Did he? Then perhaps I wear blue silk, with the Roman pearls and blue violets in my hair."

Kate looked lovely as Venus of old in that same blue dress with the Roman pearls, and Mr. Emmett, a stout, short man, with a very ruddy face and glassy blue eyes, evidently appreciated it all.

"Oh, Kate!" cried Helen gleefully, as they were rolling homeward in their carriage, "all the girls are envying you. Mr. Emmett is certainly in love with you."

"He's a clumsy old clown, old enough to be my grandfather!" said the ungrateful Kate.

"But he 's so rich," pleaded Helen.

"Yes," said Kate, "he is rich."

And that was all that was said.

"Kate," said Mrs. Dewey one morning, coming in with a sort of triumphal air, "I've got a grand piece of news for you!"

"And I've got one for you, Aunty," said Kate, looking up with eyes that were unwontedly tear-wet.

"Mr. Emmett has called to see me. He requests the privilege of paying his addresses formally to you."

"Tell him he can't have any such privilege."

"Kate!"

"I'm in earnest, aunt. Lawrence St. John has asked me to be his wife, and I have said—Yes!"

"Lawrence St. John—a clerk in a bank, at a salary of fifteen hundred a year!"

"We can live on fifteen hundred a year, aunt, and Lawrence is the dearest fellow that ever breathed. As for being a clerk in the bank, I don't care if he was a street sweeper!"

"But, Kate, I thought you were so bent on marrying rich."

"Oh, aunt, don't remind me of that! I have been a silly goose, but I have learned my own folly."

"And do you mean to say you will reject Mr. Emmett, a man worth a million of dollars at the very least, in favor of this young St. John?"

"Yes, aunt. I love Mr. St. John."

And in the last words, spoken very quietly, Aunt Dewey learned the folly of further remonstrance. Miss Mayo, with an inconsistency which is not unusual in girls of eighteen, had decided to set all her previous declarations totally at defiance. She had laughed at Love all her days. Love was having his revenge at last.

But Mr. Emmett was not be put off thus. He insisted on a personal interview, not satisfied unless he learned his fate from Miss Mayo's own rose-bud lips.

"So you won't have me?" he said brusquely.

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir,' said Kate falteringly, "but—I would rather not."

"Like another fellow better, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"St. John, eh? penniless chap, with nothing on earth but a handsome face!"

"You are wrong, sir," said Kate, firing up. "He has a noble nature and a loyal soul."

"All humbug!" quietly commented Mr. Emmett. "However, do as you like. "I've nothing to say. Only I thought you wanted to marry rich!"

Kate colored scarlet—the old folly coming back to taunt her.

"We shall be rich sir," she said softly—"rich in our own love and mutual confidence."

"I suppose, now," said the ruddy-faced old gentleman, "you would not believe me if I told you you were going to be Mrs. Lawrence Emmett after all."

"No, sir; I should not, most certainly."

"It's the solemn truth, notwithstanding. Lawrence Emmett will be your husband.

Kate looked at Mr. Emmett—was he going crazy?

"He is telling you the truth, Kate," said a gentle voice behind her, and she turned to feel her hand in the clasp of Mr. St. John. "When you are my wife, you will be the wife of Lawrence St. John Emmett."

"And my daughter-in-law," chuckled the old gentleman gleefully. "Kate, Kate, we've been too much for you, you little fortune-hunter. You've promised to marry a bank clerk, just because you fell in love with him, and you'll marry Mr. Emmett the millionaire, after all!"

Yes, Kate Mayo had been outgeneraled. The stratagem by which Lawrence Emmett had won her disinterested love had succeeded, and the little wayward, capricious bird had folded its wings within the gilded cage, in spite of fate!

Kate kept her word, and Helen Dewey was bride's maid to Mrs. Lawrence Emmett after all.

The Hard Lesson.

Why, my dear brother, what are these books all doing on the floor?" asked Alice Vernon.

"Doing what I want them to do," was the sullen reply. "If I could, I'd fling them to the world's end."

"Why, what is the matter, Walter?"

"Matter enough! Here, Will is excused long ago, and I've got to sit here all day—yes, and all night too, I suppose; and I dont care if I do, either, they're such hard lessons."

"Come, come, Walter; affairs cannot be as bad as you think. Perhaps I can assist you. Which lesson shall we take first?"

"There's plenty to choose from, I'm sure; but I believe my translation is the worst. I flung that over in my portfolio, in hopes that I'd never find it again."

"Well, pick up your books and papers, brother, and we'll see what can be done. Come!"

"Oh, it's of no use," groaned Walter; "I can't get them; at any rate, Will is off riding before this time. Father said we should be ready to go at three o'clock, and it is after four now."

"But you will never succeed with your studies, brother, if you give up so easily."

"Oh, yes, Alice, it is very easy to talk, when you haven't a cross teacher to scold you every day; but I know——"

"Well, I know, too," said his sister smiling. "Come, get your pencil; now commence."

"I feel like saying I won't; but I can't to you, Alice." And despite his stubborn feelings he was soon busily at work.

One difficulty after another was surmounted, till, at last, but one lesson remained to be learned.

"Shall I explain this now, brother?"

"No, thank you, Alice; the slate and perseverance will give me all the help I need; so I shall get on first rate with that."

"Very well, then, I will leave you now."

"I have got them every one, sister Alice," said Walter, that evening, as he came in from his sports.

"I knew you could, if you only tried.'

"I couldn't, though, if you had not helped me. I did not get my ride, but I've had some grand sport with Frank Clark, for all that."

"And did you have a very happy time?" asked his sister in a serious tone.

'Why, yes—middling. But to tell the truth, I could not help thinking how sullen I was when you wanted to help me."

"Well, brother, think over that seriously to-night when you go to your own room. If you do, it may spare you many an hour of deeper sorrow. And remember, 'he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.'"

Eyes and no Eyes.

You have all read the story in the school readers, of the two boys who went over the same route, one with his eyes open, the other with them shut. It is old, but worth repeating, and worth remembering every day. So many things slip by us, so many things worth knowing on right under our eyes without being noticed.

I knew a man, I think I may have told you of him before, a busy man, who had very little time for reading or study, but whose mind was a perfect storehouse of information on almost every subject.

"How does it happen that you know so much more than the rest of us?" I asked him one day.

"Oh," said he, "I never had time to lay in a regular stock of learning, so I save all the bits that come in my way, and they count up a good deal in the course of the year."

"That boy," said a gentleman, "always seems to be on the lookout for something to see."

So he was; and while waiting in a newspaper office for a package, he learned, by using his eyes, how a mailing machine was operated. While he waited at the florist's he saw the man setting a great box of cuttings, and learned, by the use of his eyes, what he never would have guessed, that slips rooted best in nearly pure sand.

"This is lapis lazuli," said the jeweler to his customers, "and this is chrosoprase."

And the wide-awake errand boy turned around from the door to take a sharp look, so that in future he knew just how those two precious stones looked. In one day, he learned of the barber what became of the hair clippings; of the carpenter, how to drive a nail so as not to split the wood; of the shoemaker, how the different surfaces of fancy leather are made; of the locust, that his mouth was of no use to him in singing, and many other bits and fragments of knowledge, but all of them worth saving, to help increase his stock in trade.—Little Corporal.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF A MUCH TRAVELED DOG.—On Saturday, Napoleon, John Wilson's old circus dog, died in this city, at the advanced age of twenty-three. Dogs die daily that deserve no particular mention, but Napoleon merits as fair a share of honorable reference as any dog that ever lived or died in this city. One fact alone will prove it. He accomplished in his lifetime more than thousands of men do in theirs; he saved three persons from drowning at the risk of losing his own life. Napoleon knew all about the circus, and was never better pleased than when witnesssng or participating in the sports of the sawdust arena. When he reached the years of doghood he became subject to fits, resulting from precipitation of blood to his overwrougar brain. He became his own physician, and instead of resorting, as men similarly afflicted sometimes do, to stimulating drinks, which aggravate their malady, he tried water. Whenever he felt an attack coming on, Napoleon would start for a bucket of water or a trough, plunge his head into the water and hold it there as long as he could hold his breath. This generally had the effect which he desired. As age advanced he became deaf and blind, and his limbs were stiff and almost useless. The last attack killed him. Napoleon was a "traveled" dog. He came to this city from New Orleans when but a youth, and soon engaged with Wilson' Circus. With that he visited nearly every county and town in the State and on the coast. He also visited Australia and China, and became a favorite of men wherever he went, for he was honest and true. Yesterday, Napoleon was buried on a hill at the corner of Maxwell and Sacramento streets, in the presence of a very large company of men who had known and respected him. A gentleman read a sketch of his life, and when they all went away, fresh flowers and wreaths lay on old Napoleon's grave.—San Francisco, Cal, Bulletin, April 30th.

A lady writer says if women were as particular in choosing a virtuous husband as men are in selecting a virtuous wife, a moral reformation would soon begin, which would be something more than froth and foam.