

A QUAKER LADY.

Continued from Sixth page.

"Charles tells me you cannot be persuaded to remain longer with us. I am sorry you must go next week. Why, things are only just beginning to look interesting—and I shall miss you, too, dear," said Mrs. Murry affectionately. She had stepped into Phebe's room a few minutes before tea-time, and was sitting on her sofa, and putting on a few last feminine touches to the pretty white muslin evening costume which Phebe had donned. "Still," she added, gayly, "it isn't as though we never should see one another any more; even if I miss you, separate us, Phebe, we shall always be dear friends as well as cousins. You know we have your interest and welfare at heart, Phebe dear, and I am sure whatever Charles would advise you to do—"

"I have been very happy indeed here," quickly interrupted Phebe. "And I thank you so much, and to be honest, Cousin Annette; but I cannot stay any longer. I must answer 'Adieu' in my school-room next week. I hope, she continued in low tones, "that in whatever I have fallen short in my duty, forward you as a girl, and will ever be dear friends as well as cousins. You know we have your interest and welfare at heart, Phebe dear, and I am sure whatever Charles would advise you to do—"

"There, there! don't let's allude to anything of that kind, it's all right—when you are good, you are very good; but—see here, Phebe—look at me!" and Mrs. Murry turned the girl suddenly round, by means of the sash which she was adjusting. "Let me give you one word of advice, you have too ultra and radical ideas for an unmarried girl; you need a husband to modify and direct your sometimes erratic opinions; and Phebe," she leaned over and kissed the blushing face now, "when he appears on the scene, you may depend upon my warm approval."

"Supper!" shouted Dr. Murry, knocking on Phebe's door. "Can two women never be dressed on time for their meals at a hotel?"

"There is no time at a hotel; and besides, we are all ready and at your hungry service," retorted Mrs. Murry, as they both hurried out.

"Phebe, Mr. Standish tells me you are going out on the lake with him this evening. Wrap up well, for the mist rises there these August nights; and, Phebe," he added, in a lower tone, as he walked down the stairs beside her, "there isn't another man I know of whom I would more cheerfully give my consent—for you to go with."

"What are you two whispering about?" cried Mrs. Murry, looking up from the bottom of the staircase.

"He has been talking—Greek, Cousin Annette," rejoined Phebe, blushing hotly, with a strange new tremor lifting the lace at her bosom in a hurried rise and fall.

"It is the strangest and most unexpected state of affairs I ever knew of," said Mrs. Murry, confidentially to that lady, as the two sat out alone in one of the summer-houses down by the lake, later that evening. "If I hadn't some woman to talk the matter over romantically with, I'm sure I should not have believed Charles to be so matter-of-fact and 'cut-and-dried' already about it, and I don't dare to speak of it yet to any one else, and we don't even know what she will do or say. She cannot be judged by the common rule; she's the queerest exception I ever came across. Why, I shouldn't be surprised in the least if she'd tell him her school duties were paramount over all else, and make him wait a year—if not a hundred times that she should never marry, but intended to devote her life to her profession; she said she loved her 'boys' better than any man she had ever seen. It would not astonish me to see her do a miracle, some day, and go about preaching temperance and all that kind of thing, like Dinah in Adam Bede, you know. It's all very well, I suppose, if people really have such strong convictions, to give vent to them, but one doesn't care to have one's cousin preach—in a mob-cap."

And Mrs. Murry, quite bristling from her indignant monologue, gave an emphatic flutter to her fan as she paused.

"Your cousin is a rare good girl, Mrs. Murry. I wish there were more of her kind," began Mrs. Morris.

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mrs. Murry, too full of her subject to listen, language being the only outlet possible to her excited state of mind. "Oh, yes; I know. Phebe is a very superior girl, and I am so proud of her, and we both love her dearly; but with her queer Quixotic ideas, you see her prospects are anything but promising in the matrimonial line—again—"

"I utterly gave her up when I discovered how radical and strange she was," said Charles to Phebe, and she was so much like to see her well settled; but I wash my hands of attempting to select a husband for her. Why, Mrs. Morris, I actually dreaded introducing her next winter at our receptions, holiday weeks, and almost regretted my invitation. I'm sure she would have harangued my New Year callers! And now, just think of it! out of all the brilliant hostess of fashionable society girls here, Standish, the heir of Daxbury Hall, Lancashire, England, has selected my prim little 'Quaker Lady' to grace his manor. It is incomprehensible!" Mrs. Murry paused for breath once more, and fanned herself vigorously.

"Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of his life," quoted Mrs. Morris, solemnly.

"Yes—if she accepts him. But, oh, dear! I could shake my head I wish I knew what she is saying this minute!" And Mrs. Murry rose and looked down on the moonlit lake, as though she would pierce the dusk with her anxious eyes.

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Sarah Bernhardt appeared at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, Thursday evening, in the play of 'Les Femmes de Paris.' The play is a magnificent and original work, and is a character study of the highest order.

The play is splendidly mounted and elicited great enthusiasm.

Mr. Wallace Fuller paid 50 per cent. duty on a consignment of Jersey cattle sent for the season to the United States Treasury Department was pooled to on the ground that the cattle were for breeding purposes and as such were entitled to free entry. The Department finally accepted this view and the money paid will be refunded.

Queen Victoria has returned to Windsor Castle from Scotland.

The Reichstag will hold its first business sitting on Tuesday, when the budget will be introduced.

A new loan for military purposes, amounting to \$2,665,285 marks, will receive the ready assent of the Reichstag.

Empress Augusta is in rather better health and the symptoms of her illness are continuing to abate. She will return to Berlin Tuesday.

The police of Dresden have seized and trophied the circulation of the Americanische Arbeiter Zeitung, a paper published in New York.

It has been decided to hold the International Socialist Congress of 1888 in London. Here the Reichstag during a recent visit, arranged a program with leaders of the Socialist Federation.

An English agent of P. T. Barnum has purchased from Westwood's menagerie a new lot of animals to replace those destroyed in the recent fire at the winter quarters of Barnum's circus.

It is stated that the attempt of Portugal to establish treaty relations with China similar to those enjoyed by other powers has failed. In final negotiations China declined to recognize Portugal's title to Monaco which she has undisturbed since the year 1822.

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