For The Family Name

OR, THE GUILTY ONE DISCOVERED.

CHAPTER II .- AT THE VICARAGE.

It was the unfortunate vicar of Yewle whowas hiding like a thief in his own garden that night; and it was well that Gray did not see or recognise him.

When Gray had opened the gate and entered the little lawn in front of the vicarage, he was arrested by something he saw immediately before him. The blinds were not down in the window of the drawing-room in front of him, and he could see the occupants of the room. Mrs. King half reclined on a couch, in conversation with a gentleman, who sat facing the window; Agnes sat on a footstool near her mother with her head bent over some needlework, listening but of Francis Gray, and kept him standing on the lawn for fully a quarter of an hour; it was their visitor. This was a man of about thirty-five, but so fair that he might have passed for ten years less. He had very fine auburn hair, a neatlytrimmed moustache and beard of the same colour-the latter pointed-and gentle blue eyes like a woman's. He was in every way a handsome, but by nomeans, an effeminatelooking man, and his voice was low and soft in keeping with his looks.

Francis Gray knew well who the visitor was, and the long gaze which he fixed on the man's face expressed no resentment of his presence there. Gray was absorbed in quite another line of thought, awakened by his thussuddenly coming on Richard King's face with the lamp-light falling full upon it. Nobody could help being struck by Richard King's resemblance to his unfortunate cousin, the vicar of Yewle; and if he were only attired in clerical costume as he sat at that table, even Rowan King, suddenly coming charge!" upon the scene, as Gray did that night, |might have taken the man to be hisbrother.

Latterly, Richard King had become a frequent visitor at the vicarage-frequent, that is, for a man who resided twelve miles off and had his business to attend to during the day. At first he came to beg Mrs. King and Agnes to visit his mother, who, from bodily infirmity, was unable to make the invitation in person. But Rowan King's wish was law at the vicarage, and Rowan King wished his brother's wife and daughter to remain there. Otherwise, it is probable Mrs. King would have gone to Souchester, for Richard King exercised over her a persuasive influence. He was so like her poor husband-in looks, in voice, even in his manner of saying or doing the most trifling things-that she was always unfeignedly glad when he came to Yewle.

Poor Mrs. King was blind to one thing, which her daughter, without disclosing her knowledge, saw as clearly as daylight. Richard King admired Agnes; whether he loved her, or was on the way to it, even Agnes herself could not discover. But he came to Yewle to see Agnes rather than her mother, though he might have another reason as well for riding those twelve miles so frequently. Once a week at least he came to the vicarage. Agnes, however, possessed enough of the characteristic reserve of her father's race to be able to retain perfect control of her sentiments, and not even her mother suspected the nature of her attitude towards Richard King. It is scarcely necessary to add that he did not know it himself.

One circumstance aided Agnes King in thus disguising her sentiments. The shadow of her father's shame had taken all the colour out of the girl's life, and wrapt her in a silent and subdued existence, into the secret emotions of which not even her panion; but if he paused to ask himself seriously the question, he had not the faint
"He bade me not to tell you, mamma, but horrible news that Rowan King had been "There," replied the astonished girl, pointit not been for her father's misfortune, no not afraid of him?" doubt it would have been otherwise.

and rang the bell. Gray was a privileged clergyman, but more like a groom. The short- pation of his little Winifred's birthday voice. "Anna! Anna!" she cried, in sharp homes till Easter Day comes round again. but Agnes merely raised her eyes as high with sobs and tears. as usual; his waistcoat, and slightly inclining her head, went on with her work as | mured; and then there was a long silence.

"Mr. Richard has just left us," said Mrs. King. "I wish he lived nearer; and it is so good of him to ride this long way as often as he does. But I do wish he lived nearer; he reminds me so much, in a number of here, I have walked all the way from Portways, of my husband."

"Mr. Richard's resemblance to Mr. King is cognised, I must be gone again before midvery remarkable indeed," said Gray, some- night." what dryly.

"We like him so much. Agnes and I," Mrs. King was continuing, when her daugh- and rose at once, with a woman's first soliter stood up, kissed her, and said : "Good- citude, to bring him food and refreshment. night, mamma; I have a headache .- Good- Whilst doing this she thought of what he night, Frank."

little blankly. What he had in his mind on the table, "sit in your own chair while to say could not be said to-night. She mere- you eat and drink." ly answered "Yes" without turning her face towards him, and left the room.

you, Frank just as though you were my us the same as before? Ah, darling, we drew her gently down on the couch by his behind the curtain, where she could give The black handkerchief is usually a square son and her brother,—he moved uneasily at have missed you so sorely; and all will be side. "What is it, my love?" he said. "Our way to her emotion unseen, while Anna, this-" and I will tell you what has taken so glad to see you again-your brother Rowplace this evening. Mr. Richard has asked an most of all, next to Agnes and me. And my consent to his making Agnes his wife, God, who is just and merciful," she went on, notwithstanding what has happened !"

nte, and then, rather at random than from dawns may bring to us the proof of your in- Her husband hesitated. "My dear," he "Yes," sighed the little girl, "auntie deliberation, he put the question : " Has he nocence. Some day it willcome-" asked Agnes !"

always know when such things are coming. " you know not what you say. I cannot If it were nothing else, Agnes could nothelp stay here; I can no longer perform the funcfeeling grateful to him. It is not about tions of the ministry. What do these clothes little lamb to his tender care !" Agnes I am doubtful; I am afraid Mr. | mean? That I am an unfrocked priest. Rowan will be opposed to it."

the emphasis of conviction. "He will never bound to report myself, like other released consent to it. And he has sent me to you fallons, to the police, so that they may keep on such a wild night as this, but—for little down to listen to the breathing, while he you falls off, ma'am a deal more gracefuller with a mesage to-night, Mrs. King."

a constant eye upon me. I have no right in Winnie's sake!" with a mesage to-night, Mrs. King."

"A message?" "Just to tell you the nature of the arrangements which he has in view whenwhen Mr. King comes out, in a year or so. He thinks you ought to know. Mr. Rowan says it will be impossible for his brother to King had in view-that of giving his unfor- over the small pale face. remain in this country-that he must tunate brother twenty thousand pounds to emigrate, and take a new name-and he has leave the country with, and take an assuma sum of twenty thousand pounds to give ed name in another land. you before you go. That's all."

Poor Mrs. King, in looking forward to her husband's release, had never given a thought offer. Rowan shall be rid of me on easier to any circumstance associated with the termination of his punishment beyond his restoration to herself. She had up and down the room with his arms folded not even reflected on the probable tightly across his chest, and a darkness setnecessity of vacating the house she tling down on his face that indicated the not looking up. It was neither the mother lived in. This practical arrangement of accession of a fiercer mood-a mood such as nor the daughter who arrested the attention Rowan King, generous as it was, brought never had been seen upon him in the old the approaching situation in full force upon days. But four dire years of unmerited her-brought her face to face for the first punishment and disgrace are a terrible test, time with the cruel fact that the stain was and the unfortunate vicar did not come out upon them for life, and could only be hidden of it unscathed. by a disguise and amongst strangers. After staring at the young man for the space of a man than that which has been done to me? I minute, the poor woman turned her face had not deserved itatany man's hands. I never down on the back of the couch and burst knowingly injured a fellow-creature even into bitter tears—bitter tears of shame and in thought. Why was I selected for such mis-

train of thought showed, more hopeful.

husband," she urged, "believes that he did | the grave, to balance the evils that men do | try coming down, but there was no one up- Anna!" she cried, "do not rank yourself that wicked and shameful thing. Would it in this life!" not be an acknowledgment of his guilt, then, if he were to flee the country? Surely, sure | pleaded. ly, Heaven is too just to allow an innocent

has been done. Mr. Rowan spared no expense to establish your husband's innocence. before I was convicted. A light fell upon the bend and became visible to those be- old dear, we won't talk about it. We are Of course we all know he is innocent; me that will bring me to the face of the low. but the world is very hard in its judge- wrongdoer. If there is justice under heaven, ments."

believe that, in the mercy of God, before me again." another year is over my husband's innocence will be proved to all the world !"

"I pray Heaven it may, Mrs King," answered the young man reverently.

d by t he sudden reappearance of Agnes at | will have. - But enough of this" he added, | two of these being locked, and the keys in the door in a state of deep agitation. in an altered voice; "it draws near mid- Capt. Cameron's possession, while the third "Mother, mother, mother !" she cried, in a night and I must go." voice of suppressed pain and excitement, "come with me at once!"

Gray, approaching her. She raised both ute without speaking. Then, after a con- glance at the child's cotshowed that the little hands before her face and almost anguly vulsive movement in his throat, he turned one was soundly asleep. And what of Patty. repelled him. "Go away, go away!" she his face upwards and said, scarcely loud Well, the weary young girl lay on her back said. "Go home from here, at once!"

amazed rather than offended.

She made no reply, and seemed not to notice him further; but taking her mother by the hand led her from the room, leaving him alone. He took his hat and left the house, wondering what it all meant, and doubtful whether he was doing right in obeying the girl's commands. But there had been that in her voice and look which compelled him to obey.

Breathing quickly, apparently unable to speak, Agnes led her mother from the room by the hand, and down the passage to the door of her father's study-a room which, even to a half-finished sermon on the table, mother's eye was able to penetrate. Francis had been religiously kept as he left it the Gray loved her with all his heart, and for last time he was there. She stopped at some years had been almost her daily com- the door and looked in her mother's face. est sign to guide him towards a discovery of is in the study. He wants you; but I am murdered during the night. the state of her feelings towards him. Had | not to come in now. Dear mamma, you are

Truly Mrs. King looked like one in great Richard King suddenly rose to go, and Gray | fear : her face had turned white, and she stepped back among the shrubs tolet him pass shrank back from the door. It was not fear out. Once, the young man turned, with of her husband, but fear of some vague hall had just struck the midnight hour, as a slight start, fancying he had heard a heavy danger associated with his presence in the Capt. Cameron, dropping the magazine which breathing a few feet behind him, Listening, house, which she had no power to analyse. he had been vainly attempting to read, lay he heard nothing now except the rustle of Her first terrifying thought was that he had back on his chair and gave himself up to sad the leaves in the night-air. Richard King escaped from prison. His appearance when and bitter musings. He was alone in his there was room for explanations somewhere. passed out into the road; and after a few she entered the study did not remove this wife's drawing room, which had been beauminutes interval, Gray went up to the door apprehension. He was not dressed like a tifully decorated with everygreens, in anticivisitor at the vicarage, and walked into the cut hair, the stubbly growth of beard, the party; but alas! no bright-faced little drawing room without any formality. He worn face, and an unsettled gleam in his visitors had made their appearance that quick, quick!" Anna's heart died within her. was always welcome, and was not prone to eyes, caused the lady to stop short, in doubt evening, the house had remained dark and Oh had the supreme moment come at last? disease. I have heard of an old woman who criticise his reception. On the present and astonishment. It was not until he spoke silent, for his little daughter, the sole Must she nerve herself to see the little one always recommended for a weakly child occasion Mrs. King extended her hand to him that she flew to his breast and hid her face darling of his heart, lay in an adjoining pass away (perhaps after a painful struggle) that it should be drawn along the grass wet

"Oh Charlie, Charlie, Charlie!" she mur-He led her to a chair-his own chair in

the old happy days-and made her sit in it. "Is it over, Charlie ?- I mean your"-"Imprisonment? Yes, it is over now, I suppose. I don't clearly know why I came land : and to avoid the shame of being re-

She only caught that part of his speech which referred to the journey from Portland said about going away before midnight. Off already?" said the young man, a "Now, Charlie," she said, placing the things

again," he said sadly. softly. "I know how much we can trust are free now, will you not stay at home with head fall upon his shoulder. Capt. Cameron voice again. She burst into tears, and crept effects are produced by contrasts of color. speaking rapidly, "will not suffer the cloud | sees it too. Robert, you must go once more Gray's speech was taken away for a min- to rest upon you for long. Every day that for Dr. Scott."

"No; but I think she is aware of it. Girls voice she had never heard from him before, What does my presence here to-night mean? tears. "Robert," she moaned, "if you eron with the medical attendant.

this house, for which reason I have to creep | The captain was already drawing on his ordinary case," he said almost in a wart -in under cover of darkness."

it to nobody else," she said, the tears hang- grudge to go! My darling, I only hesitate but now-undoubtedly, she has got the ing in her eyes. "Oh Charlie, do not go because I fear that our beloved little one turn." away ; or if you do, let us come with you." | may depart during my absence, and I not | Oh, the revulsion of feeling from cold "No, Florence; that cannot be. The with you to help you bear the trial." best I can do for you and Agnes now is to | "Oh, I will run the risk; I will run the mother can imagine it for herself; therefore, leave you. My presence would only blight risk. Heaven bless you, Robert!" And, as upon the happy scene which followed we both your lives, especially hers. I must go, her husband turned out into the drifting need not enlarge. Suffice it to say that tears and go alone.

deal of hidden grief and shame, told him of "No change, Anna?" she whispered to her Heaven. the arrangement which generous Rowan sister-in-law, who had been bending down

"To whatever land I went, my shame would find me out. No; I will not accept his

terms. I shall go alone."

While his wife silently wept, he strode

"Could a greater wrong be done to any fortune? Florence, the man that wronged me I Gray was deeply distressed, and knew not | will never forgive, not even on my deathbed what to do. In his embarrassment he did | - the man that wronged us I will never cease the best thing-that is, he did nothing, and to follow until I have overtaken and punishallowed the lady to have her cry out. After ed him. -I only wish," he added raising both Here Miss Cameron turned sharply round Then she recovered herself, and a slight this, she was more composed and, as her his hands above his head, "that I had the and looked inquiringly toward the staircase smile played round the corners of her power to punish him as he has punished me! which led to the upper chambers. With a mouth. "No one who knows or ever knew my There needs to be a place of sorrow beyond slow, hesitating step some one was apparen- Old Nannie saw the smile. "Oh, Miss

"At my solitary work in the quarries," servant to lie under the shame of such a he went on, not heeding the interruption, perhaps not hearing it, "in the solitude of corridor, Anna Cameron stood at the foot believe in God and in our dear loving Sav-"Alas, Mrs. King, all that could be done my unlighted cell, I have thought over all of the staircase ready to stay Patty's some- lour, but as to what you say about the footthat matter, as I had not been able to think what heavy steps, as soon as she reached steps on the stairs, well, Nannie, you good that man shall pay the debt that he owes She was silent for a while, rocking to and me, yea, to the uttermost farthing! He changed her mind, for just as she must have walked upstairs she pondered this question fro with her hands clasped. At length she | thinks, perhaps, that the mild parson is not said: "Rowan King is the best of men, an enemy to be afraid of-but that has been Mr Gray. Give him my grateful thanks. born in me since which will cause his face to presently all was still. "How very odd!" those were the footsteps on the stair?" But oh, tell him that I pray and hope and blanche and his heart to quail when he meets | thought, Anna "but I must go and see if the

poor terrified wife ventured to say.

in. Placing his hands upon their heads, he ed, and, finding it in darkness, carried "Agnes! what is wrong?" exclaimed gazed into their faces for the space of a min- in the lamp and looked about her. One enough to be heard by them: "The Lord her long-drawn breathing affording complete "Very well, Agnes-good-night," he said, blessand keep you, and preserve you from all evidence that she, too, was in the land of

tears, he moved quickly to the door and she whispered, gently shaking the girl's

in that house, now four years back, had not | ing apprehensively at the young lady. Oh. been so laden with grief to the mother and Miss Anna," she said, " what is it? Is little daughter as the present one. There is no Missie worse?" need to analyse the cause of their piteous "She is very poorly," replied Miss Camtears and heavy hearts, while the thought of eron; "but, Patty, I heard you on the stairthe husband and father, a wandering and case a few minutes ago. What did you homeless outcast, was ever present to them. | want?"

led from her first troubled slumber by a left the room. "She had never been out of knocking at the back door below. Quickly bed," she said. throwing on a dressing-gown, and full of the from the Hall, white and scared, with the ed, "Patty, where are your shoes?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Footsteps on the Stair.

It was Christmas eve. The clock in the chamber apparently at the point of death.

Capt. Cameron loved his frail little Indian born daughter with an intense affection; still her with astonishment. he could not have done what his wife was now doing for the child-he could not have sick room, her eyes glittering with excite- faces in Maydew to improve and preserve stood to watch the last hours, and witness ment, her pale features lighted up with hope their complexions. Swellings of various sufferings which he had no power to alleviate and joy. "Oh, Anna," she whispered. "I -this peculiarly trying duty always falls to am certain that my little darling is better! the lot of women, whose feebler strength Oh, the good God has heard our prayers!" seems to rise to the occasion, and to bear her through trials from which her more Mary," she said, imploringly, "do not be woman, from the grave of the last young orbust companion invariably shrinks. It was too sanguine. I fear thatso now. Mrs. Cameron hung in speechless But Mrs. Cameron had already drawn her agony over her dying child, while the father, into the room where lay the little patient no less loving, could only put his head inside awake and calm, the soft dark eyes travthe door occasionally, and, after reading the elling round the room as though in search of hopeless expression of his wife's face, he some beloved face, a faint flush lighting up would again return to the drawing room, the baby features. there to await the final agonizing moment. At this moment little Winnie caught sight He had again taken up his magazine, and of her mother's face and smiled, while the "No Florence; I shall never sit there when a soft footfall on the carpet caused the one word "mother." him to turn round. It was his wife, who, The joy was too great for Mrs. Cameron, "Why must you go, Charlie? As you folding her arms around him, let her weary who had scarcely hoped to hear that dear little Winnie, is she-is there any change?" with a warning glance at her, sister, went

"she is sinking! I cannot but see it ; Anna reviving nourishment.

would see the end? My own love, I fear

Miss Cameron only shook her head in re- endeavoring to light the fire. ply, as she slowly left the room and began to "You have heard the blessed news Nan pace the long corrider which led from the | nie?" said the young lady. "Our dear little sick chamber to the drawing room. How Winnie has been given back to us almost still seemed the house over which the angel from the gates of death !" of death was evidently hovering ! not a sound was to be heard either from the kitchen be- man, "God has been good to us, indeed." neath, where old Nannie sat, her apron over her head, bewailing the approaching death | venture which befell me during the night," of "her bonnie wee lamb," or from the continued Miss Cameron; and thereupon she chamber overhead where the weary young related her talk with Patty about coming nurse-maid had been sent to rest, and where down stairs. another child, a visitor in the family, was

also asleep.

fro, to and fro, occasionally looking in upon | try. the sick room, just as her brother had done; "And can ye not read the riddle, Miss but there was no change there, unless a Anna?" she cried. "Are ye so blind that change for the worse. A dull gray shade ye do not see? Did the child not take the and painful. The hall clock struck 2. "They taken by Patty. My dear, it was the Angel cannot be long now," the young lady mur- of Death coming down for his prey, but bidmured to herself, as she leaned over the den back by the Angel of Life !" staircase gazing into the hall below. "But, Anna almost shuddered at these words, ah! I fear no doctor can do any good!" for the old woman spoke as one inspired. stairs save the young nursemaid. "Why, among the scoffing ones. They never get "Oh Charlie! do not talk that way," she what can Patty want at this hour?" said the the blessing; oh, believe it, my dear!" young lady to herself. "Oh, I do hope that Anna kissed the old woman (she had been the child upstairs is no till! but I must warn her nurse in bygone days). "I am not an Patty to make no noise." And crossing the unbeliever, Nannie," she gently said; "I

But Patty never appeared; whatever for all his goodness. might be the reason, she seemed to have child is ill." And lighting a taper, she "Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord," the quickly proceed upstairs. The first discovery she made was that she need not have carried "It is not vengeance that I claim, but up a taper for a lamp ? s burning on the justice," he replied. "Justice that smites landing above. It was a square landing place Just then the conversation was interrupt- | with a sword-that is my right, and that I off which three doors led to three apartments, room was occupied by Patty and the child At his request his daughter was brought visitor. Miss Cameron cautiously enterdreams. But Anna Cameron felt that some While their eyes were blinded by their explanation must be forthcoming. "Patty?" shoulder. "Patty, wake up," and the nurse Perhaps the first night they spent alone maid with a sudden startsat up in bed, look-

Early next morning Mrs. King was start- But Patty altogether denied that she had

"Very strange, indeed," murmured Miss thought of her husband, she ran down and Anna; then remembering the somewhat opened the door. It was one of the gardeners | heavy tread on the stairs, she suddenly ask-

But it had not been felt slippers which had lages singing-

descended the stair-of that Miss Cameron felt perfectly sure. "Imean your walking shoes, Patty. Where

"At the kitchen fire, Miss Anna. I got them wet in the snow."

Anna paused, not knowing very well what to ask next, though perfectly convinced that But at this moment she was hastily sumyet suppressed tones, "come downstairs,

Mrs. Cameron stood at the door of the

was endeavoring to fix his attention upon it, parched lips opened for a moment to whisper

"Oh, Robert," wailed the poor mother, softly up to the child and administered some

"Winnie will go to sleep now," she whis pered, "while auntie sings to her?" said, "do you remember what he said when and mother both sing to Winnie;" but, ere no hope, Mary; he said that a few hours had fallen into a calm and deep slumber. The two sisters with beaming eyes had

that God is calling upon us to give up our grasped each other's hand, when the hall door was heard to open, and suppressed But his wife had burst into a passion of voices announced the arrival of Capt. Cam-

"He certainly will," replied Gray, with Simply that I am a ticket-of-leave convict, value my life, my reason, you will indulge "Don't wake the child; quite unnecessary "Well, I can't say, ma'am, "said the instrucme in this. I grieve to ask you to go so far to rouse her," said the doctor, as he stooped tor, "as'ow you rides werry well as yet, but

boots. "Mary," he said, almost reproach- saw anything like it; eight hours ago I "But the house is Rowan's; he will give fully, "you cannot really imagine that I could have sworn that child was dying,

despair to bright, smiling hope ! Every snow, the poor mother once more resumed of joy were shed that night, and heartfelt Then she eagerly, but not without a good her watch by the bedside of her dying child. | thanksgiving went up to their Father in

> At 7 o'clock Anna crept noiselessly down stairs to the kitchen, where old Nannie wa

> "Yes, Miss Anna," replied the old wo-

"But you have not heard the strange ad-

The old woman listened with kindling eyes. She was a Highlander, and deeply Miss Cameron paced the corrider to and imbued with the superstition of her coun-

was stealing over the dear little face, while turn as the mysterious steps went up the the breathing was fast becoming more rapid | stair? Miss Anna, these steps were never

both agreed in being deeply thankful to God

Nevertheless, as the young lady slowly reached the bend, there was a hesitating in her mind: "Can it be possible that pause, the footsteps seemed to reascend, and Patty walks in her sleep ? for, if not, then

Some Curious Superstitions.

Many of the old English customs connected with the seasons are still observed in Somersetshire, says Cassell's Magazine. In some parts on Christmas Eve, after burning an ashen fagot, the whole family adjourns to the orchard, carrying a hot cake and a mug of cider or ale as an offering to the best apple tree, reminding us of the Norwegian offering of cake and ale made at Christmas to propitiate the spirits of the Flords. A curious custom was, I have been told, observed at Christmas until recently at North Curry, in memory of King John. A feast was held, the chief dish being a huge mince pie, bearing a rude effigy of the king, two candles, each weighing one pound, were lighted, amid great ceremony, and while they burned, but no longer, the guests were allowed and encouraged to drink as much strong ale as they desired; as soon as the candles went out the feast terminated.

Another practice still in use is "opening the Bible." This is done at Christmas, or on New Year's Day, with great solemnity, after breakfast. The Holy Book is laid unopened on the table, and those who wish to consult it open it in succession at random and in perfect silence; the enquirer places his finger on any verse contained in the two open pages, but without seeing its contents. The verse is then read aloud, and from it the assembly draw their conclusions or guidance for the coming year. On Shrove Tuesday, pancakes, of course, as in many other parts of England, are still universally eaten, and in some places boys go round the vil-

"Tipperty-tipperty toe, Give me a pancake and then I'll go," and if this request is not acceded to, a large stone is fastened to the handle of the door.

Easter and May Days have always been held as great festivals in Somersetshire. A beautiful custom is still kept up in some places on Easter Day ; the whole village rises early, and, going to the top of the nearest hill, waits for the rising of the sun-this bemoned downstairs. It was Mrs. Cameron's | ing believed to procure prosperity in their Among many of the country people May-

dew is believed to be a potent remedy in to the unseen world? But as she ran down with Maydew three times running-on the stairs the sight of her sister's face thrilled 1st, the 2nd and the 3rd of May-and that great benefit would be sure to follow. Young girls are also recommended to wash their kinds may be cured by a similar application; but in such cases, if the patient be a man, the dew must be taken from the grave of But Anna grasped her hand. "Dear the last young woman buried; if it be a

The Fashionable Handkerchief.

The maiden tair of olden time who used to wave her white handkerchief to the knight departing to fight her battles would open her eyes very wide if she could see the handkerchief of to-day. The most fashionable are made of crepe lisse, with an embroidered edge and in every color imaginable, from brilliant scarlet to pale nile green, and from jet black to clear white. Some very unique about it. Any girl can easily make one of these for herself. For every-day use the white handkerchief of lawn, with a narrow hemstitched border, a very narrowone, and a fine frill of lace-Valenciennes-not half an inch wide, about it is preferred. Elaborate monograms are no longer fancied, but in-"Florence," said her husband in a hard he was here at 8 o'clock?—he could give us the first stanza had been got through, she stead the initials of the owner in small letfashions, are chosen.

> A Lady, who had taken several equestrian lessons, askedher instructor one day-"Well, Mr. Pummell, have I made good progress?"