A NEW OPENING.

"She must be in a low state of health indeed, to shed tears like that for nothing at all," I said to myself, going out to my

But the explanation did not satisfy me. I could not dismiss the subject from my thoughts. Those three tears kept fresh in my memory all day, while a conviction grew that they had not been shed for nothing at all.

Hebe was quite herself again at dinnertime. She was bright and cheerful all the evening. It was I who had to exert myself to appear at my ease.

When the hour came to separate for the night, I expected she would give me her hand after my advance in the morning; but she took the candle I had lit for her in her right hand, holding a book in her left. "Well, one of us must," thought I; "it's

ridiculous after shaking hands in the morning to part at night as if we had fallen out since.'

"So, as I said good-night, I held out my hand. "Good-night, Gregory," she replied looking straight into my face, and disregarding

my offered hand. "There's some meaning in this," I said to myself, when she was gone. "I must think it out like a mechanical problem, or there'll

be no going to sleep to night." I sat down with my elbows on the table, and my face in my hands, glaring at the pattern on the lamp-just as my habit was when some plan of communicated motion

was in question. "When I offered my hand this morning," thought I, "and said I hoped she felt better or something of that kind, she gave me hers, and clasped mine tight. Her soft fingers quite clung to my hand. I can almost feel that clasp now; and she looked as if she could hug me. Then she was as pleased as pleased as a child about the pictures; said they reminded her of the morning when I brought her the flowers: that was a happy day for her. Suddenly, in the midst of her pleasure, she asks why I had brought her

the books, and when I let out the truth she begins to cry. What next? I as good as offered to let her go to her children and she refused, saying that her place was here while there was any hope of finding her husband. After that she goes on in the old way, just as if nothing had happened, until now, when she declines to accept my hand, and says, 'Good-night, Gregory,' with the air of a princess. Oh, she saw my hand clearly enough. It was not without a purpose that she refused it. There was a heap of meaning in that wonderful face of hers! She put a stress upon 'Gregory.' These are the facts; now what do they signify?"

The ideas simmered awhile in my mind, and settling down left the extract clear enough.

"Good Lord!" I gasped; "she knows that I am her husband!

I might have found this out a month before if I had given myself the trouble to think about it.

With this key I found an explanation of all that had puzzled me Litherto.

"She knows I am her husband," I continued, following up my discovery," and is doning this?" she asked taking her hand prepared to acknowledge me when I attain from my arm. to that standard which shall entitle me to such a wife. Well, that's pretty good, too, considering what sort of a wife she's been to me. However, I am content to let bygones be bygones; though its pretty cool of | would forget all about you as the mason her to take it as right. If she wants to did.' wipe out old scores and start afresh, I'm willing. It's the best thing we can do perhaps, to ignore the past. It's the present that she expects me to have a certain shook her head. amount of affection for her. She is not content with a neutral condition in which there is neither love nor hate. She hopes to revive in my heart a feeling of disinterested love; that explains her submission, her patience, her untiring efforts to make my life better and happier. When I brought her those flowers, she thought my heart was touched; when I showed her that I had no heart to touch, her courage failed, but her hope was not quite dead. It revived this morning when I gave her my hand. It languished again when she learnt that I was concerned for myself and not for her. That's it ; when I love her she will acknowledge me as her husband. Until then I am to be nothing but Gregory. She is ready to throw herself into the arms of the one; she refuses her hand to the other. And yet she stoops without hesitation to do the work of a domestic servant. That's something like pride."

May would it be, I wondered if I threw off all disguise, and told her that I was not Gregory, but Kit Wyndham, her husband? ing, conveying the idea that was in her own to me and said-I could not see any advantage to be gained | mind. by that. It would simply precipitate the catastrophe I wished to avoid. All I wanted was that we should jog along amicably together, with the hope that in time my wife would reconcile herself to the in- my eye was caught by a shining thread of in my hand, as if he had made up his mind evitable, and settle down, satisfied with a rational state of companionship, without any stuff and nonsense of love. That seemed to me reasonable and right. Many mind, and a whole train of ideas, which when Hebe took a second piece of toast. couples after being married eleven years would be glad to be no worse off than that, | ing a rhapsody, intimated that dinner was and very few after such a term bother being put on the table. themselves or their husbands with sentimental rubbish. A man with the best disposition in the world can't give what he has not got; and examining my feelings I found none that could be called love, or anything like it.

I settled in the end that it would be best to let things take their course, and say nothing to disturb my wife; but, on the hand together." contrary, to do all that I could to make her satisfied with her lot.

One morning Hebe found me, seated outside the shed I had fitted up as a workshop, doing nothing. Her exclamation of surprise at this unusual spectacle fell in cadence of anxiety as I raised my glocmy face.

judgment even in those matters which were least within her grasp-like mechanics. She was so clear sighted; so tolerant; so quick to perceive hopeful possibilities. I gave the bench a flick with my apron and made com for her.

"What has bappened ?" she asked, lowly, sitting down beside me.

"Nothing. I can't get on, that's all." wooking into the workshop for an ex. I see now, It is beautiful."

plauation, she fixed her eyes on the forge, and said-

"Won't the anvil work?"

"That's all right." She paused a moment, and then, with a fearful presentiment, exclaimed-

"O, I forgot the rivets !" "No, you didn't. They'r there. You put 'em down on the list all right. I've got everything. There's the copper cut out all ready to rivet, tube, valves-all."

you turn out the lamp, can it?" "Oh, no. The thing is bound to act.

I'm sure of that."

"Then why can't you get on?" "I don't know. I've been growing sluggish for the past fortnight-losing interest in the thing; and just now, when I had my neck." apron on, my sleeves tucked up, and all ready to begin, a feeling of disgust for the whole thing came over me that I hadn't the strength to overcome. I can't explain

"I can," she explained, with a flash of else. triumph in her eyes, and a smile mantling brightly in her face. "It's work for a blacksmith; not for you!"

she uttered that word "blacksmith"-the hair in the sun. scorn in her delicate nostrils, on her curved lip, its bloom beaded with moisture-in her clear, dark eyes, in the dark curve of her bent brows. I smiled partly with amuseface, which had never before seemed so whole expression of her countenance relax- file. ed from severity to tender pride, another thrilled in my veins; it may have been tion. nothing but gratified vanity.

penter or a mason," said I; "and you didn't

a carpenter, and blacksmith-anything if found a more eager listener. you can do nothing better; but look," she great man like Tennyson cease to form that a clever printer could perhaps do bet- out glorious.

"That is very good reasoning," said I. "But if we could get that water up without trespassing through the wet heather.

"Why shouldn't we?" she interrupted. To save us so much inconvenience is worth a certain sum, and if a blacksmith will carry out your idea for that sum it is worth while giving it to a blacksmith to do. And surely we can afford it. There is all that money in my box we have got for the butter; and if that's not enough, there-are my rings."

The shillings in that box were dear to her. In her mind, I believe, it represented subsistence for the future. Yet she was willing to give it all up for this purpose. I must have had a soul of adamant not to be touched by such self-sacrifice and de-

"That's true," said I. I'll give it to a blacksmith, I think. But I must do some-

"If there were no better occupation, do you think I should have suggested aban-

"No-unless-" I stopped, surprised to find myself about to be playful. "Unless what?"

"Unless you thought that the blacksmith

She smiled and bent forward, her hands folded on her knees, and I saw the color rise to the angle of her ear, where a silky little we have to make the best of. It's clear curl strayed from her waved hair. She

> have never let me fetch the wood and water | come out for the express purpose of break-"Well, what shall I do?" I asked, after | fering. He yawned as I passed, having not

quickly, and spoke with animation. "That | knowledge that it would please Hebe. is more than a common blacksmith can do.

You have a head."

together.

"I'll think about it," said I, rising.

"Perhaps I'll get a lathe." put away the abandoned sheets of metal. copper, curled in a delicate spiral by the to die there without a growl if I were mindaction of the shears in trimming the edge of | ed to take his life. a sheet. That conveyed a new scheme to my occupied my thoughts until Howler, bark-

"Have you been thinking about it ?" asked Hebe, as I entered.

"Yes. You were quite right. It isn't the first time I thought so." She nad a loaf in her hands, but her look

and mien as she acknowledged the compliment were worthy of a princess. "I think I see my way to using head and anxiously.

"Oh, I'm so glad. Tell me about it." She set down the loaf, and came eagerly to feetly." my side as I seated myself, taking no notice of the pot that was boiling over.

would talk about it over dinner. But she tray the little curls that had moved me to would have it that the dinner would be admiration. I was glad to see her; her, very presence | better for waiting till I had satisfied her was helpful. I had come to respect her curiosity, and then when I sat down again when I brought out my drawing board. she drew a chair beside me, and asked what it was I held so carefully in my hand.

> "They're copper shavings," said L "Look at them; aren't they beautiful?" "I daresay they are more beautiful to an artist's eye than they are to mine."

> If you saw this long one mounted on a stem with a vine leaf beside it-" "That thread being the tendril. (h, yes,

Or if this whorl had another smaller the details, and elaborated them according whorl springing the reverse way with a conventional flower bud projecting between-" "Yes, yes," she said eagerly; "I understand now. It never occurred to me what

it was the conventional flower bad." "Why should a flower bud please beyond everything else in nature."

it was in a scroll that pleased me. Perhaps

"Does it ?" "As a matter of fact I should say, no. But you see nothing but flowers and foliage used in ornament-if you except an occasional bird's claw or beast's leg. I believe new forms and finer combinations are to be

got by studying new models, and the model "The water can't help coming up when of models should be the human form." Hebe, looking at me in something like awe, asked in her low, sweet voice-

"What made you think of that?" see, here it is in this thread; and that one effigy of herself in the position of Britannia, is the tiny ringlet at the nape of your with the shield cut to let in the looking

-she was as prettily confused as a young my design in metal; new ideas came with girl listening for the first time to a lover's every step forward. Hebe found me hamwhisper. It was the awakening enthusiasm | mering out the lead pipe I had procured for of an artist that stirred me, and nothing | the water engine when she came into the

"It is beautiful any way you look at it," I said, holding one of the shavings up in the the red copper," I cried. "I shall work Oh, it was fine-the scorn in her voice as but the cut edge is bright, just like your effect is produced by cutting through the

from the same point of view. in your face," I continued, catching the strength is needed, and punching out cerment, but more with admiration of that curve of her eyelash, the undulating line of tain parts in relief." her nose, the turn of her lips, the bold beautiful. Then as her brows rose, and the sweep of her chin as I glanced at her pro-

She drew back with a little cry of delight sentiment for which I cannot find a name and waited in silence for further explana- there are punches to make, and dies, and

Then I laid out my design, which was begin." "A blacksmith is as respectable as a car- nothing more romantic or extraordinary than to work up slips of metal into ornafind me too good to build the room over | mental candelabra, flower holders, and the like; but had I been telling a wondrous "It's good to do all that-to be a mason, jairy story to a child, I should not have

said, laying her hands on my bare arm, I | which it seemed she caught a glimpse of an excuse for leaving me. The sound of the think, involuntarily, "you wouldn't have a heaven; and though other rifts had closed hammer on the anvil must have been as hateup, leaving nothing but a leaden, dreary ful to her ear as it was pleasant to mine. grand conceptions and put them into noble outlook, her hope revived with steadfast | She had reason to look with a jealous eye on and beautiful words, in order that he might | confidence in a future where every cloud | mechanics as a distraction dangerous to her make his poems up into books doing work | should be swept away, and her sun shine own influence. Nevertheless she came back

> we forgot our dinner until it was spoilt; the dresser and arranged it so that I could and then even she who had prepared it go on cutting out my "punches and things" could not find it in her heart to murmur a | in the evening.

> > CHAPTER XLII.

THE SIMPLE FAITH OF WOMAN. We were both prodigiously excited over this new scheme. I believe Hebe was just

as impatient as I to make a beginning. I remember that the wind sprang up after dinner, bringing gusts of rain; the tors were hidden in clouds, and it felt raw and chilly outside. When I went in for the third time to see if tea was ready, Hebe said-

"We'll have to light the lamp for tea before long.' "We'll have it to-day," said I; "it won't

matter how long the evenings are now." As soon as she had gone to her room to dress for the evening, I closed the shutters to shut out the gloomy sky. The rain pelted viciously against the window, but the sound of it was drowned by the singing of the kettle on the stove. The light from the fire fell on the tea things and white cloth, and spread a glow over the room that aroused a feeling of satisfaction and comfort within me, which put my boasted state of passive content to shame. It looked so genial that I refrained from lighting the lamp, that Hebe might share my pleasure. Going out for some fuel to stack under the stove for the evening, I caught sight of Howler standing at the end of his chain and shivering. He had been asleep "I don't fear that," she said. "You in his kennel all day, and seemed to have ing the monotony with a little positive sufwatching her sidelong in silent wonder a enough spirit left to growl. I unfastened the chain from his collar, not from any feel-"Invent! invent!" She raised her head | ing of pity or love for him, but with the

Under these exceptional influences I put on my Sunday clothes, after I had washed, "And hands as well-and they object to almost instinctively. Hebe also seemed to feel that this was an occasion for special "Then why shouldn't you employ them attention to her appearance, for she was in working out some fine design-some work | twice as long as usual over her toilette, of art in which hand and head would work | and came down in the new dress she had made for herself. She was delighted She struck the note I had in vain been | with the cosy aspect of our room, trying to find. The old love of beauty had and seeing Howler lying on the rug been awakened in me through watching her. | in the glow of the fire, his jaw on the It was that had made the hard lines of ground, his tail beating the floor, and the mechanics distasteful to me, and excited an | whites of his eyes showing as he looked toindefinite yearning which the compass and wards her, conscious that it was quite the rule failed to satisfy. Her suggestion against ordinary rules for him to be there, turned my thoughts at once to wood carv- and fearful of the consequences, she turned

"Oh, that is kind!" We determined to have tea in the firelight, and while the tea was drawing I made But going presently into the workshop to some toast. Howler turned over on his back while I bent over him with the fork

"That's better than quinine," I said, "Do you know I only took two or three doses just at first," she said, "and I shall

not need the rest? Oh !" she added, with an outbreak of gratitude, "it's coming back to me-my life and strength." When the lamp was lit I was struck by

the prettiness and elegance of my wife's dress. It was a wonder how she had made it fit so well without assistance. "How is it in the back?" she asked,

"There's not a crease anywhere. It follows the beautiful line from your neck per-

She laughed, and bent down to turn up the lamp; then I noticed that, though her I rose and took it off the fire, saying we hair was freshly dressed, she had left as-

> "What shall you begin with? she asked "A mirror frame," said I. "A beautiful face ought to be seen in a handsome setting, and this shall be for you."

> One would think I had been studying compliments, but indeed every word came to me naturally, just as rhythmical words suggest themselves when the thought is poetical.

I drew first of all a rude outline, and then making Hebe sit opposite, I worked in

to the idea I had conceived; and from first to last Hebe never stirred a hand's breadth, though I told her there was no necessity for maintaining a pose. She had a book before her which she pretended to be reading at her ease; but not one page was turned.

She was full of wonder and admiration when she saw the plan finished. "That will be very beautiful," she said and then, after looking at it for some mo

"But where am I?" "Why, everywhere! There's not a line

ments, she asked-

that isn't a faithful copy of some curve in your figure and face-some fold in your drapery. Then I pointed out to her one after another the particular turns I had used, to

her still greater astonishment. I fancy she "Why, that little curl over your temple- had a notion that the design was to be an Her cheek flushed and her eyes twinkled | The next morning I began to work ou

workshop. "Look how well the gray lead goes with light; "the surface is tarnished and dark, them together, and see what an admirable oxidised surface, You can see how rich the She drew her head near mine to see it combination will be, and how one will lighten the other. And that's not all—we "Oh, but that's nothing to the lines I see | can get body by fluting the lead where

> "Will you be able to do all that before tea?" she asked.

I laughed at her.

"Why," said 1, "it will take me weeks drills, and a tool for rivetting before I can

"Then you won't want me to sit to you to-night," she said with a sigh. "Not for a good fortnight," I replied laying a length of tube on the anvil and

dinging away with my hammer. She was disappointed. I could see that Here for her was an opening through by the constraint in her manner as she made to me soon after, with not a sign of ill will And so I talked on and she listened, and in her face, to tell me that she had cleared

> The metal-working fever lasted just as long as there were technical difficulties to be overcome; when there were no further calls upon my inventive ingenuity, I tired of it. The look of Hebe disgusted me with the state of my own hands, grimed with metal, and set off with a thumbstall and a finger rag. Going from the living room, with its perfect neatness, and a sweet smell of new bread, to the littered workshop, the rank odor of lead and copper sickened me. It was a relief to go out into the open air and have a look at the clouds. They are always beautiful, and if of the cumulus kind, you can invariably find a likeness to the face in your mind. found Hebe's. For one moment it was exactly like her. It only needed a piece of

> sunset flush to be perfect in color as well as form. When it lost shape, an inclination to go back and look at the real face became irresistible, and I glanced at the dirty I had some intention of asking if I had

left my callipers on the dresser when face shamed me from the mean excuse. again?" she asked, with sudden anxiety.

"No; I've only come in to sit down in the necessity of the case may be. the clean," I said, and then I confessed my disinclination to work. She could not quite conceal her triumph, though she did her best filings in the acid, and apply the solution to subdue the smile on her face and still the | to the parts to be soldered, after thoroughly twinkling of her pretty eye.

"It's a queer thing I can't go on," said I to hide my mortification.

"But you can go on !" she exclaimed, | sels. "and the strange thing would be if you could stand still. And it is standing still to labor at anything that ceases to please you, for you may be sure that then it ceases to be a work of invention and worthy of you."

This reasoning pleased me hugely, and raised the high opinion I already had of my wife's judgment and understanding. "Tell me," she continued, "have you

left any difficulty unmatured ?" "No. A boy might put the thing to-

gether now." "There!" she cried. "Did not I say so Are you to do a boy's work? Only when it pleases you to play. Set the pieces aside for the occupation of idle moments, and give yourself to drawing new designs--if you can use a pencil with that poor finger.'

"I'll have to go at it to night," said I joyfully. I've been itching to sharpen a pencil since Sunday, but I really hadn't the water. -To four or five parts of clay,

"What did you fear-not me?" I said nothing, not knowing how to attribute the want of courage to anything

"Have I shown want of faith in you?" she asked, in tender reproach, quickly seizing this first sign of humility on my side as | immediately and apply heat, gradually inan occasion for nearer approach.

I got up, feeling that this subject of faith was the one of all others to be avoided if we were to go on pleasantly. She turned the theme at once.

that shut me out from you."

"How did you know that ?"

she felt the Divine presence; "so good to and the film of the cement becomes tough us that in the darkest hour we may be sure | and durable. the light is coming. Everything grows and moves onwards; doesn't it? Nothing stands still-unchanged; and in every change there is some good if we have but patience to wait for it. Oh, I am so sure of it that all the happiness of the past I would not take again in exchange for that that is to come.'

She would scarcely have found courage for that assertion had she foreseen what was to come.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Snowballing is a jolly old sport On which many men agree; It depends on whether one's the snowballer Or the hapless snowballee.

HIGHLY TALENCED TADPOLES.

Frogs Taught By a Wealthy Invalid to Play Many Amusing Tricks.

Horace Horton has reached the height of success in the way of bringing frogs under his persuasive control. He is a wealthy invalid, and derives great pleasure from teaching his pets. The correspondent of The Philadelphia Record visited him the other day, and witnessed his unique trog circus. Gazing down into the artificial lake he saw ocean shells scattered over the bottom and wondered what they were for. Mr. Horton gave ashrill whistle, and simultaneously from every shell hopped out a big frog and kicked itself to the surface of the water. All jumped to the smooth bank and sat staring at their master. " Attention !" shouted Mr. Horton, and every leg was drawn close to the body and the action was taken. "Form in line" came next, and the well trained amphibians formed in four lines with an old giant at their head, which Mr. Horton said weighed six pounds seven ounces. He was enormous and looked as though he had dined on his weaker brethren for generations.

At the word of command they performed all kinds of evolutions, every leg kicking in perfect unison. Their movements were astonishing in number and variety, and one might well believe Mr. Horton's statement that it took him over 10 years to get this select company into such perfect discipline. Races were held after the drill, and then followed a jumping contest. At a given signal each frog in turn leaped into the

water and disappeared.

" What you have seen my frogs do so far is very wonderful," said Mr. Horton, "but their chief accomplishment you have not seen, or heard, I should say. It is the wonder of every one, and people have come miles to witness it. Wait till dark and then I will have them perform." At last dusk came, and Mr. Horton took the reporter out to the water's edge and gave him a seat. He then brought out a miniature musician's stand and placed it near the edge of the little lake. At a signal note the frogs came to the surface of the water and jumped into the stand. They formed a circle and at the word of command began to sing a tune. Each frog had been selected because of his fine croak, and there was a perfect scale among the voices. The largest frog sang the deepest bass, and a little fellow,

almost a tadpole, sang a shrill soprano. It was wonderful. Mr. Horton said that during the warm months their voices were clearer and sweeter than at this time of the year. When the frogs began to show signs of weariness their master gave the signal to stop, and all sought their homes at the bottom of the lake. Mr. Horton tells many stories of the intelligence of his pets.

USEFUL HINTS.

The following receipts may be found useful and valuable to artizans, especially if pasted in the hat, where they can always be

at hand. To bronze iron castings.—Cleanse thoroughly, and afterwards immerse in a solution of sulphate of copper, when the casting will acquire a coat of the latter metal. They must then be washed in water.

Black varnish for iron work .- Asphaltum, one pound; lampblack, one-fourth pound; rosin, one-half pound; spirits of turpentine, one quart; linseed oil, just sufficient to rub up the lampblack with before mixing it with the others. Apply with a camel's hair

Cement for steam pipe joints, etc., with faced flanges .- White lead, mixed, two went in, but the open frankness of Hebe's parts; red lead, dry, one part; grind or otherwise mix them to a consistency of thin "You haven't hammered your finger putty; apply interposed layers with one or two thicknesses of canvas, or gauze wire, as To solder without heat.—Brass filings, 2

> cleansing the parts in contact; then dress together. Do not keep the fluoric acid in glass bottles, but in lead or earthen ves-To tin copper and brass. -Boil six pounds cream of tartar and four gallons of water, and eight ounces of grain tin or tin shavings.

> oz.; fluoric acid, one-fourth ounce. Put the

After the material has boiled a sufficient time, the articles to be tinned are put therein, and the boiling continued, when the tin is precipitated in metallic form on the goods. Gold varnish.—For preparing a gold varnish for brass objects, instruments, etc.: Gum lac, pulverized, 90 grains; copal, 30 g.; dragon's blood, 1 g.; red sandal or Sanders wood,, 1 g.; pounded glass, 1 g.;

strong alcohol, 600 g. After sufficient

maceration filter. The pulverized glass

serves the purpose of hastening the solution by interposing between the particles of gum lac and copal. Cement to resist red heat and boiling thoroughly dried and pulverized, add two parts of fine iron filings free from oxide; one part of peroxide manganese; one of common salt, and one-half part of borax. Mingle thoroughly, render as fine as possible, then reduce to think paste with the necessary quantity of water, mix well; use

creasing almost to a white heat. Water-resisting cement. - A good cement, which completely resists the solvent action of water, may be prepared in the following manner: From five to ten parts of pure "Oh, I knew you would come back to gelatine are dissolved in 100 parts of water. me !" she exclaimed, fervently. "I knew To the solution is added about ten per cent. you would not go back to an occupation of a concentrated solution of bichromate of potash and the liquid kept in the dark. When articles joined with this cement are "Because God is so good to us!" she exposed to light, the gelatine film is acted said, in a tone of trembling awe as though upon, the chromate being partly reduced,

Harmony in the Household.

Mrs. Brace-"Do you and your husband ever disagree?" Mrs. Chace-" No, indeed! At least my husband never does.

Four thousand nine hundred and fifteen new books and 1,339 new editions, a total of 6,254, were published in England last year. This is an increase of more than 500

over the production in 1891. Herbert-"If she loves him, why don' she marry him in spite of her father's objection ?" Stella-" Mercy ! Isn't it a good deal easier to give him up than to admit she is of age ?"