

THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER XXIII (Continued)

Branscombe, who is standing beside her, here turns his head to look steadfastly at her. His blue eyes are almost black, his lips are compressed, his face is very pale. Not an hour ago she had promised him his tenth dance. He had asked her for it in haste, even as he went by her with another partner, and she had smiled consent. Will she forget it?

"With pleasure," she says, softly, gayly, her usual lovely smile upon her lips. She is apparently unconscious of any one except her old new friend. Kennedy puts her name down upon his card.

At this Dorian makes one step forward, as though to protest against something—some iniquity done; but a sudden thought striking him, he draws back, and, bringing his teeth upon his under lip with some force, turns abruptly away. When next he looks in her direction, he finds both Georgie and her partner have disappeared.

The night wanes. Already the "keen stars that falter never," are dropping one by one, to slumber, perfect and serene. Diana, tired of her ceaseless watch, is paling, fading, dying imperceptibly, as though feeling herself soon to be conquered by the sturdy morn.

Dorian, who has held himself carefully aloof from Miss Broughton since that last scene, when she had shown herself so unmindful of him and his just claim to the dance then on the cards, now, going up to her, says, coldly,—

"I think the next is our dance, Miss Broughton."

Georgie, who is laughing gayly with Mr. Kennedy, turns her face to his some surprise mixed with the sweetness of her regard. Never before has he addressed her in such a tone.

"Is it?" she says gently. "I had forgotten; but of course my card will tell."

"One often forgets, and one's card doesn't always tell," replies he, with a smile tinged with bitterness.

She opens her eyes and stares at him blankly. There is some balm in Gilead, he tells himself, as he sees she is totally unaware of his meaning. Perhaps, after all, she did forget about that tenth dance, and did not purposely fling him over for the man now beside her, who is grinning at her in a supremely idiotic fashion. How he hates a fellow who simpers straight through everything, and looks always as if the world and he were eternally at peace!

She flushes softly, a gentle, delicate flush, born of distress, coldness from even an ordinary friend striking like ice upon her heart. She looks at her card confusedly.

"Yes, the next is ours," she says, without raising her eyes; and then the hand begins again, and Dorian feels her hand upon his arm, and Kennedy bows disconsolately and disappears amid the crowd.

"Do you particularly want to dance this?" asks Dorian, with an effort.

"No; not much."

"Will you come out into the gardens instead? I want—I must speak to you."

"You may speak to me here, or in the garden, or anywhere," says Georgie, rather frightened by the vehemence of his tone.

She lets him lead her down the stone steps that lead to the shrubberies outside, and from thence to the gardens. The night is still. The waning moonlight clear as day. All things seem calm and full of rest,—that deepest rest that comes before the awakening.

"Who is your new friend?" asks he, abruptly, when silence any longer has become impossible.

"Mr. Kennedy. He is not exactly a friend, I met him one night before in all my life, and he was very kind to me."

"One night!" repeats Dorian, ignoring the fact that she has yet something more to say. "One night! What an impression—unkindly—he must have made on that memorable occasion, to account for the very warm reception accorded to him this evening!"

She turns her head away from him, but makes no reply.

"Why did you promise me that dance if you didn't mean giving it?" he goes on, with something in his voice that resembles passion, mixed with pain. "I certainly believed you, in earnest when you promised it to me."

"You believed right; I did mean it. Am I not giving it?" says Georgie, bewildered, her eyes gleaming, large and troubled, in the white light that illuminates the sleeping world. "It is your fault that we are not dancing now. I, for my part, would much rather be inside, with the music, than out here with you, when you talk so unkindly."

"I have no doubt that you would rather be anywhere than with me," says Dorian, hastily; "and of course this new friend is intensely interesting."

"At least he is not rude," says Miss Broughton, calmly, plucking a pale green branch from a laurestinus near her.

"I am perfectly convinced he is one of the few faultless people on earth," says Branscombe, now in a white heat of fury. "I shouldn't dream of aspiring to his level. But yet I think you needn't have given him the dance you promised me."

"I didn't," says Miss Broughton, indignantly, in all good faith.

"You mean to tell me you hadn't given me the tenth dance half an hour before?"

"The tenth! You might as well speak about the hundred and tenth! If it wasn't on my card how could I remember it?"

"But it was on your card; I wrote it down myself."

"I am sure you are making a mistake," says Miss Broughton, mildly, though, in her present frame of mind,

I think she would have dearly liked to tell him he is lying.

"Then show me your card. If I have blundered in this matter I shall go on my knees to beg your pardon."

"I don't want you on your knees,"—pettishly. "I detest a man on his knees, he always looks so silly. As for my card,—graciously—here it is."

Dorian, taking it, opens it, and running his eyes down the small columns, stops short at number ten. There, sure enough, is "D. B.," in very large capitals indeed.

"You see," he says, feeling himself, as he says it, slightly ungenerous.

"I am very sorry," says Miss Broughton, standing far away from him, and with a little quiver in her tone. "I have behaved badly, I now see. But I did not mean it."

She has grown very pale; her eyes are dilating; her rounded arms, soft and fair, and lovely as a little child's, are gleaming snow-white against the background of shining laurel leaves that are glittering behind her in the moonlight. Her voice is quiet, but her eyes are full of angry tears, and her small gloved hands clasp and unclasp each other nervously.

"You have proved me in the wrong," she goes on, with a very poor attempt at coolness, "and, of course, justice is on your side. And you are quite right to say anything that is unkind to me; and—and I hate people who are always in the right."

With this she turns, and, regardless of him, walks hurriedly and plainly full of childish rage, back to the house.

Dorian, stricken with remorse, follows her.

"Georgie, forgive me! I didn't mean it; I swear I didn't!" he says, calling her by her Christian name for the first time, and quite unconsciously. "Don't leave me like this; or, at least, let me call to-morrow and explain."

"I don't want to see you to-morrow or any other day," declares Miss Broughton, with cruel emphasis, not even turning her head to him as she speaks.

But you shall see me to-morrow," exclaims he, seizing her hand, as she reaches the conservatory door, to detain her. "You will be here; I shall come to see you. I entreat, I implore you not to deny yourself to me." Raising her hand he presses it with passionate fervor to his lips.

Georgie, detaching her hand from his grasp, moves away from him.

"Must it be for the queen, and shall it be for the king," quotes she, with a small pout, "and to-morrow—catch me if you can!"

She frowns slightly, and, with a sudden movement, getting behind a large flowering shrub, disappears from his gaze for the night.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"But sweeter still than this, than these, than all, is first and passionate love; it stands alone,"

—Byron.

Next day is born, lives, grows, deepens; and, as the first cold breath of even declares itself, Dorian rides down the avenue that leads to Gowran.

Miss Peyton is not at home (he has asked for her as in duty bound), and Miss Broughton is in the grounds somewhere. This is vague. The man offers warmly to discover her and bring her back to the house to receive Mr. Branscombe; but this Mr. Branscombe will not permit. Having learned the direction in which she is gone, he follows it and glides into a region where—in only fairies should have right to dwell.

A tangled mass of grass, and black-berry, and fern; a dying sunlight, deep and tender; soft beds of lawn, moss and myriads of bluebells are alive, and spreading themselves, far and wide, in one rich carpeting (whose color puts to shame the tall blue of the heavenly vault above), make one harmonious blending with their green straight leaves.

Far as the eye can reach they spread; and as the light and wanton wind stoops to caress them, shake their tiny bells with a coquettish grace, and fling forth perfume to him with a lavish will.

The solemn trees, that seem to hold mystical converse with each other, look down upon the tranquil scene that, season after season changes, fades away and dies, only to return again, fairer and fresher than of yore. The fir-trees tower upward, and gleam green-black against the sky. Upon some topmost boughs the birds are chanting a paean of their own; while through this "wilderness of sweets"—far down between its steep banks (that are rich with trailing ivy and drooping bracken)—runs a stream, a slow, delicious, lazy stream, that glides now over its moss-grown stones, and anon flashes through some narrow ravine dark and profound.

As it runs it bubbles fond love-songs to the pixies that, perchance, are peeping out at it, through their yellow tresses; from shady curves and sun-kissed corners.

It is one of May's divinest efforts,—a day to make one glad and feel that it is well to be alive. Yet Branscombe, walking through this fairy glen, though conscious of its beauty, is conscious, too, that in his heart he knows a want not to be satisfied until Fate shall again bring him face to face with the girl with whom he had parted so unamicably the night before.

Had she really meant him not to call to-day? Will she receive him coldly? Is it even possible to find her in such an absurd place as this, where positively everything seems mixed up together in such a hopeless fashion that one can't see further than one's nose? Perhaps, after all, she is not here, has returned to the house, and is now—

Suddenly, across the bluebells, there comes to him a fresh sweet voice, that thrills him to his very heart. It is hers; and there in the distance, he can see her, just where the sunlight falls athwart the swaying ferns.

She is sitting down, and is leaning forward, having taken her knees well into her embrace. Her broad hat is tilted backward, so that the sunny straggling hair upon her forehead can be plainly seen. Her gown is snow-white, with just a touch of black at the throat and wrists, a pretty frill of soft babyish lace caresses the throat.

Clear and happy, as though it were a free bird's, her voice rises on the wind and reaches Branscombe, and moves him as no other voice ever had—or will ever again have—power to move him.

"There has fallen a splendid tear from the passion-flower at the gate; She is coming, my dove, my dear; She is coming, my life, my fate."

The kind wind brings the tender pas-

sonate love-song to him, and repeats it in his ear as it hurries onward: "My dove, my dear." How exactly the words suit her! he says them over and over again to himself, almost losing the rest of the music which she is still breathing forth to the evening air.

"My life! my fate!" is she his life,—his fate? The idea makes him tremble. Has he set his whole heart upon a woman who perhaps can never give him hers in return? The depth, the intensity of the passion with which he repeats the words of her song astonishes and perplexes him vaguely. Is she indeed his fate?

He is quite close to her now; and she, turning round to him her lovely flower-like face, starts perceptibly, and, springing to her feet, confronts him with a little frown, and a sudden deepening color that spreads from chin to brow.

At this moment he knows the whole truth. Never has she appeared so desirable in his eyes. Life with her means happiness more than falls to the lot of most; life without her, an interminable blank.

"Love lights upon the hearts, and straight, we feel More worlds of wealth gleam in an up-turned eye Than in the rich heart or the miser's sea."

"I thought I told you not to come," says Miss Broughton, still frowning.

"I am sure you did not," contradicts he eagerly; "you said, rather unkindly, I must confess,—but still you said it, 'Catch me if you can.' That was the command. I have obeyed it. And I have caught you."

"You knew I was not speaking literally," said Miss Broughton, with some wrath. "The idea of your supposing I really meant you to catch me! You couldn't have thought it."

"Well, what was I to think? You certainly said it. So I came. I believed,—humbly—'it was the best thing to do.'"

"Yes; and you found me sitting—as I was and singing at the top of my voice. How I dislike people!"—says Miss Broughton, with fine disgust—"who steal upon other people unawares!"

"I didn't steal; I regularly trampled"—protests Branscombe, justly indignant—"right over the moss and ferns, and the other things as hard as ever I could. If blue-bells won't crackle like dead leaves it isn't my fault, is it? I hadn't the ordering of them!"

"Oh, yes, it is every bit your fault," persists she, wilfully, biting, with enchanting grace largely tinged with viciousness, the blade of grass she is holding.

Silence of the most eloquent, that last for a full minute, even until the offending grass is utterly consumed.

"Perhaps you would rather I went away," says Mr. Branscombe, stiffly, seeing she will not speak. He is staring at her, and is apparently hopelessly affrighted.

"Well, perhaps I would," returns she, coolly, without condescending to look at him.

"Good-by,"—icily.

"Good-by,"—in precisely the same tone and without changing her position half an inch.

Branscombe turned away with a precipitancy that plainly betokens hot haste to be gone. He walks quickly in the home direction, and gets as far as the curve in the glen without once looking back. So far the hot haste lasts, and his highly successful; then it grows cooler; the first deadly heat dies away, and, as it goes, his step grows slower, and still slower. A severe struggle with pride ensues, in which pride goes to the wall, and then he comes to a stand-still.

Though honestly disgusted with his own want of firmness, he turns and gazes fixedly at the small white-gowned figure standing, just as he had left her, among the purple bells.

Yet not exactly as he had left her; her lips are twitching now, her lids have fallen over her eyes. Even as he watches the soft lips part, and a smile comes to them,—an open, irrepressible smile, that deepens presently into a gay, mischievous laugh, that rings sweetly, musically upon the air.

It is too much. In a moment he is beside her again, and is gazing down on her with angry eyes.

"Something is amusing you," he says. "Is it me?"

"Yes," says the spoiled beauty, moving back from him, and lifting her lids from her laughing eyes to cast upon him a defiant glance.

"I dare say I do amuse you," exclaims he, wrathfully, goaded to deeper anger by the mockery of her regard. "I have no doubt you can find enjoyment in the situation, but I cannot! I dare say"—passionately—"you think it capital fun to make me fall in love with you,—to play with my heart until you can bind me hand and foot as your slave,—only to fling me aside and laugh at my absurd infatuation when the game has grown old and flavorless."

He has taken her hand whether she will or not, and, I think, at this point, almost unconsciously, he gives her a gentle little shake.

"But there is a limit to all things," he goes on, vehemently, "and here, now at this moment, you shall give me a plain answer to a question I am going to ask you."

He has grown very pale, and his nostrils are slightly dilated. She has grown very pale, too, and is shrinking from him. Her lips are white and trembling; her beautiful eyes are large and full of an undefined fear. The passion of his tone has carried her away with it, and has subdued within her all desire for mockery or mirth. Her whole face has changed its expression, and has become sad and appealing.

This sudden touch of fear and entreaty makes her so sweet that Dorian's anger melts before it, and the great love of which it was part again takes the upper hand.

Impulsively he takes her in his arms, and draws her close to him, as though he would willingly shield her from all evil and chase the unspoken fear from her eyes.

"Don't look at me like that," he says, earnestly. "I deserve it, I know. I should not have spoken to you as I have done, but I could not help it. You made me so miserable—do you know how miserable—that I forgot you will surely marry me."

This sudden change from vehement reproach to as vehement tenderness frightens Georgie just a little more than the anger of a moment since. Laying her hand upon his chest, she draws back from him; and he, seeing she really wishes to get away from him, instantly releases her.

As if fascinated, however, she never removes her gaze from his, although large tears have risen, and are shining, in her eyes.

"You don't hate me? I won't believe that," says Branscombe, wretchedly. "Say you will try to love me, and that you will surely marry me."

At this—feeling rather lost, and not knowing what else to do—Georgie covers her face with her hands, and bursts out crying.

It is now Branscombe's turn to be frightened, and he does his part to perfection. He is thoroughly and desperately frightened.

"I won't say another word," he says, hastily, "I won't, indeed. My dearest, what have I said that you should be so distressed? I only asked you to marry me."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what mors you could have said," sobs she, still dissolved in tears, and in a tone full of injury.

"But there wasn't any harm in that," protests he, taking one of her hands from her face and pressing it softly to his lips. "It is a sort of thing" (expansively) "one does every day."

"Do you do it every day?"

"No; I never did it before. And" (very gently) "you will answer me, won't you?"

No answer, however, is vouchsafed. "Georgie, say you will marry me."

(To Be Continued.)

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Items of Interest About Some of the Great Folks of the World.

Last year Queen Victoria signed about 50,000 documents.

A statistician computes that Queen Victoria is now sovereign over one continent, 100 peninsulas, 500 promontories, 1,000 lakes, 2,000 rivers, and 10,000 islands.

Ex-Empress Eugenie, in her latest will, has constituted herself the godmother of all the male children born in France on the birthday of her son. The number amounts to 3,834, all of whom she has remembered in her will.

Lord Salisbury was a gold miner in Australia, forty-four years ago, and the hovel he occupied is still to be seen. On the place being pointed out to a lady recently, she is reported to have remarked: "Oh, the dear old man! I suppose it was the digging that made him so round-shouldered."

By his election as a member of the Order Pour le Merite for Science and Art, says a German journal, Prince Bismarck now possesses all the Prussian decorations, and has exhausted all the honors that it is possible for the Emperor to confer upon him.

Viscount Cross, Lord Privy Seal, is the oldest Cabinet Minister in England. He is 72. The youngest is Walter Long, President of the Board of Agriculture, aged 41. The oldest member of Queen Victoria's Privy Council is Charles Pelham Villiers, aged 94; the youngest, Walter Gordon-Lennox, aged 30.

The late Hugh C. E. Childers was the only public man in this generation who drew at the same time a colonial and a British pension. He received \$5,000 a year for being legislator of the office of Auditor-General of Victoria early in his career; and also held the pension of a British ex-Minister, \$6,000 a year.

The Ex-Empress Eugenie recently spent a few days in Paris on her way to her Villa at Cape Mart, in the south of France. She took her meals in the public dining-room at the Hotel Continental. She spent an afternoon at the magnificent new house of Roland Bonaparte, who acted as her escort during her entire stay in Paris.

Dr. Beddoe said that there was a distinct relation between man's pursuits and the color of man's hair. An unusual proportion of men with dark straight hair enter the ministry; red-wigged men are apt to be given to sporting and horseflesh; while the tall vigorous blonde man, lineal descendant of the Vikings, still contributes a large contingent to travellers and emigrants.

David Carrier, a Lewiston, (Me.) coachman, received a valentine from Lord Dufferin, now English Ambassador in Paris. Carrier was the Dufferin coachman a few years ago when his Lordship was in Canada, and the titled Englishman frequently remembers the Frenchman in this pleasant way. Carrier is very proud of the souvenir.

England's envoy to Argentina, Hon. Francis Pakenham, a nephew of Sir Edward Pakenham, who was killed in the battle of New Orleans, has just been transferred to Stockholm. He is the senior British diplomat in active service, has spent over twenty-five years in South America, and was for a time employed at the legation in Washington.

"Emperor William," writes a correspondent of London Truth, "looks on himself as the head of the whole kindred. He fancies, without knowing he does, that as the Queen's eldest grandson he ought to be her heir. This notion oozes out whenever he is in the company of the Prince of Wales. The Queen does not exactly humour him but she shows deep respect, which no doubt she feels, for his rank."

Paul Kruger receives a salary of \$40,000 a year as President of the South African Republic. His way of life, however, is distinctly plebeian. A story is told of some fashionable ladies who called to leave their cards with the President's wife. They discovered the distinguished lady standing on the doorstep with a half-devoured orange between her lips. One arm was immediately placed akimbo, the orange carefully balanced, while the free hand was stretched out for the cards.

Edison can remain awake a week if his mind is wrapped up in a new discovery. There is a famous doctor in New York city who sleeps only forty winks at a time. Dr. Joseph Howe, of the same city, slept the last twenty years of his life in a Turkish bath. He could sleep nowhere else. Dr. Depew has lately acquired the habit of taking a siesta, and finds it beneficial. Webster could never stay awake later than nine o'clock. Many a time he was caught standing behind the door fast asleep.

England's oldest judge is Lord Escher, Master of the Rolls, who is 80 years old; the youngest is Sir J. Gorrell Barnes, 47. The oldest Privy Councillor and oldest member of the Commons is Mr. C. P. Villiers, 94. The Duke of Northumberland, 85; the Marquis of Northampton, 77; the Earl of Mansfield, 89. Viscount Bridport and Baron Congleton, 86, are the eldest peers in their respective ranks. The Bishop of Liverpool at 89 is the oldest prelate of the Church of England.

JAPANESE INGENUITY.

Wonderful Skill With Which the Japs Manufacture Bicycles, Watches, and Other Articles.

Before long bicycles will be shipped by thousands from Japan to the United States. Costly plants are being established for the purpose in the country of the Mikado, and it is asserted that high-grade machines can be delivered in San Francisco at such a low figure as to be sold with a good margin of profit for \$25 each. Should this idea be carried out, a big smash in prices may be expected, and the possession of a wheel will be brought within reach of everybody.

The Japanese are as good mechanics as can be found anywhere in the world. They have the skill to produce as fine bicycles as any manufacturer can turn out. At the same time, labor over there is almost incredibly cheap. The highest wages paid to skilled artisans is only 20c. a day, and from this the scale runs down to about 5c. a day. For exactly the same work as much as \$5 a day is paid in our cities. No wonder, then, that the Japs are able to turn out cheap bicycles.

It is the same way with watches. Pretty soon Japan will be supplying the world with timepieces for the pocket. In that country, owing to the low price of labor, watches can be sold at a profit for 50 per cent. less than the market price here. One factory over there is turning out 150 watches a day. They are first-rate in every respect; yet the best workmen employed in making them get only 20c. a day. The workmen were taught originally by experts brought from America. It appears that the Japanese learn such things much

MORE RAPIDLY.

and have a more delicate touch than other people.

It is asserted that the Japanese are not an original people; that they are only imitators; that they got their art from Corea, their industry from China, and their civilization from Europe. Whether this is so or not the ingenuity of the Jap is astonishing. He can reproduce anything that he has ever seen. Give him a piece of complicated mechanism, such as a watch or an electrical apparatus, and he will reproduce it exactly and set it running without instructions. He can imitate any process or copy any design more accurately than anybody else.

The Japanese are already beginning to make their own machinery, and in a few years they will be independent of foreign nations in that respect. They will buy only one outfit of a given sort of machinery. Having purchased one set, they copy it and supply all future demands for themselves. There is no protection for foreign patents in Japan, and any instrument or machine that comes into the country may be manufactured without interference or the payment of royalty. There has been little inducement for the development of inventive talent in Japan up to now, and most of the applications filed in the Patent Office of the Mikado have been for trifles, like children's toys.

Meanwhile Japan is becoming less and less dependent upon foreign nations for the necessities and comforts of life and is making her own goods with the greatest skill and ingenuity. She will soon

TAKE HER PLACE

among the great manufacturing nations of the world. Yet it was only twenty-eight years ago that the first labor-saving machine was set up within the limits of the Empire. Formerly all the manufacturing of Japan was done in the households, and 95 per cent. of the skilled labor is still performed in the homes of the people. The finest broadens, the choicest silks, the most artistic porcelain, cloisonne and lacquer work are done under the roofs of humble cottages.

The ancient system of household labor is being rapidly overturned by the introduction of modern methods and machinery. To this revolution the older artisans are offering a vain resistance. The first manufactory established in Japan was a cotton mill in the province of Satsuma. Prince Shimazu was its patron. Having learned something of modern arts and sciences, he started a laboratory on his estates, in which he learned telegraphy, photography, and how to make glass, coke and illuminated gas. He also made guns and experimented with explosives.

The Prince got hold of a book that described the Arkwright spinning jenny, and was so fascinated with it that he sent to England for machines, and eventually established a plant of 3,000 spindles. An English engineer came over to set up the machine and educate the workmen. The Prince treated him like an equal, surrounded him with luxuries of every kind and paid him a handsome salary. As the enterprise was not intended for profit, but for the purpose of introducing the art of spinning among the people, everything was conducted on an elaborate and expensive scale, and the yarns produced were of superior quality.

The notable sobriety of the Japanese is attributed to the general use of tea instead of alcohol. The drinking of beer however, is increasing so rapidly in the Japanese Empire as to excite apprehension. There are breweries in nearly every city of any size, and beer can be bought at nearly every tea house.

HUMIDITY IN DWELLINGS.

It being granted that humidity in dwellings is the cause of many diseases, the following simple method of testing, which has been suggested by the Lyon Medical, is interesting. It directs that doors and windows of the room must be closed to prevent the entrance of exterior air and that a piece of fresh quicklime should be left in the room for twenty-four hours. It claims that in an ordinary room, if three-quarters of an ounce of water is absorbed by the lime, the room may be considered unhealthy. The amount absorbed is determined, of course, by weighing the lime. Our authority, unfortunately, fails to state the amount of the room.