

THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS

"She will have a home with my uncle," says Branscombe, unmoved—"a far happier and more congenial home than this has ever been." A faint sneer disfigures his handsome mouth for a moment. Then his mood changes, and he turns almost fiercely upon Georgie.

"Why will you fight against our own good fortune?" he says. "See how it is favoring you. You will get rid of me for years, perhaps—I hope—forever, and you will be comfortable with him."

"No, I shall not," says Mrs. Branscombe; a brilliant crimson has grown upon her pale cheeks, her eyes are bright and full of anger, she stands back from him and looks at him with passionate reproach and determination in her gaze.

"You think I will consent to live calmly here while you are an exile from your home? In so much you wrong me. When you leave Sartoris, I leave it too,—to be a governess once more."

"I forbid you to do that," says Branscombe. "I am your husband, and, as such, the law allows me some power over you. But this is only an idle threat," he says, contemptuously.

"When I remember how you consented to marry even me to escape such a life of drudgery, I cannot believe you will willingly return to it again."

"Nevertheless I shall," says Georgie, slowly. "You abandon me; why, then, should you have power to control my actions? And I will not live at Hythe, and I will not live at all in Pullingham unless I live here."

"Don't be obstinate, Dorian," says Sir James, imploringly. "Give in to her: it will be more manly. Don't you see she has conceived an affection for the place by this time and can't bear to see it pass into strange hands? In the name of common sense, accept this chance of rescue, and put an end to a most unhappy business."

Dorian leans his arm upon the mantelpiece, and his head upon his arms. Shall he, or shall he not, consent to this plan? Is he really behaving, as Scrope had just said, in an unmanly manner?

A lurid flame from the fire lights up the room, and falls warmly upon Georgie's anxious face and clasped hands and somber clinging gown, upon Dorian's bowed head and motionless figure, and upon Sir James standing tall and silent within the shadow that covers the corner where he is.

All is sad, and drear, and almost tragic! Georgie with both hands pressed against her bosom, waits breathlessly for Dorian's answer. At last it comes. Lifting his head, he says in a dull tone that is more depressing than louder grief,—

"I consent. But I cannot live here just yet. I shall go away for a time. I beg you both to understand that I do this thing against my will for my wife's sake,—not for my own. Death itself could not be more bitter to me than life has been of late." For the last time he turns and looks at Georgie.

"You know who has embittered it," he says. "And then, 'Go, I wish to be alone!'"

Scrope, taking Mrs. Branscombe's cold hand in his, leads her from the room. When outside, she presses her fingers on his in a grateful fashion, and whispering something to him in a broken voice,—which he fails to hear,—she goes heavily up the staircase to her own room.

When inside, she closes the door and locks it, and, going as if with a purpose to a drawer in a cabinet, draws from it a velvet frame. Opening it, she gazes long and earnestly upon the face it contains: it is Dorian's.

It is a charming, lovable face, with its smiling lips and its large blue honest eyes. Distrustfully she gazes at it, as if seeking to discover some trace of duplicity in the clear open features. Then slowly she takes the photograph from the frame, and with a scissors cuts out the head, and lifting the glass from a dull gold locket upon the table near her, carefully places the picture in it.

When her task is finished, she looks at it once again, and then laughs softly to herself,—a sneering, unlovable laugh, full of self-contempt. Her whole expression is unforgetting, yet suggestive of deep regret. Somehow, at this moment his last words came back to her and strike coldly on her heart: "I wish to be alone!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows." And when we meet at any time again, Be it not seen in either of our brows That we one jot of former love retain."

Drayton. Not until Mrs. Branscombe has dismissed her maid for the night does she discover that the plain gold locket in which she had placed Dorian's picture is missing. She had (why, she hardly

cares to explain even to herself) hung it round her neck; and now, where is it?

After carefully searching her memory for a few moments, she remembers that useless visit to the library before dinner, and tells herself she must have dropped it then. She will go and find it. Slipping into a pale blue dressing-gown, that serves to make softer and more adorable her tender face, and golden hair, she thrusts her feet into slippers of the same hue, and runs down-stairs for the third time to-day, to the library.

Opening the door, the brilliant light of many lamps meet her, and, standing by the fire is her husband, pale and haggard, with the missing locket in his hand. He has opened it, and is gazing at his own face with a strange expression.

"Is this yours?" he asks, as she comes up to him. "Did you come to look for it?"

"Yes." She holds out her hand to receive it from him, but he shows some hesitation about giving it.

"Let me advise you to take this out of it," he says, coldly, pointing to his picture. "Its being here must render the locket valueless. What induced you to give it such a place?"

"It was one of my many mistakes," returns she, calmly, making a movement as though to leave him; "and you are right. The locket is, I think, distasteful to me. I don't want it any more; you can keep it."

"I don't want it, either," returns he, hastily; and then, with a gesture full of passion, he flings it deliberately into the very heart of the glowing fire. There it melts and grows black, and presently sinks, with a crimson coal, utterly out of sight.

"The best place for it," says he, bitterly. "I wish I could as easily be obliterated and forgotten."

Is it forgotten? She says nothing, makes no effort to save the fated case that holds his features, but, with hands tightly clinched, watches its ruin. Her eyes are full of tears, but she feels benumbed, spiritless, without power to shed them.

Once more she makes a movement to leave him.

"Stay," he says, gently; "I have a few things to say to you, that may as well be got over now. Come nearer to the fire; you must be cold."

She comes nearer, and, standing on the hearth rug, waits for him to speak. As she does so, a sharp cough, rising to her throat, distresses her sufficiently to bring some quick color into her white cheeks. Though in itself of little importance, this cough has now annoyed her for at least a fortnight, and shakes her slight frame with its vehemence.

"Your cough is worse to-night," he says, turning to regard her more closely.

"No, not worse."

"Why do you walk about the house so insufficiently clothed?" asks he, angrily, glancing at her light dressing-gown with great disfavor. "One would think you were seeking ill health. Here, put this round you." He tries to place upon her shoulders the cashmere shawl she had worn when coming in from the garden in the earlier part of the evening. But she shrinks from him.

"No, no," she says, petulantly; "I am warm enough; and I do not like that thing. It is black,—the color of Death!"

Her words smite cold upon his heart. A terrible fear gains mastery over him. Death! What can it have to do with one so fair, so young, yet, alas! so frail!

"You will go somewhere for change of air?" he says, entreatingly, going up to her and laying his hand upon her shoulder. "It is of this, partly, I wish to speak to you. You will find this house lonely and uncomfortable (though doubtless pleasanter) when I am gone. Let me write to my aunt, Lady Monkton. She will be very glad to have you for a time."

"No; I shall stay here. Where are you going?"

"I hardly know, and I do not care at all."

"How long will you be away?"

"There is nothing to bring me home."

"How soon do you go? Her voice all through is utterly without expression, or emotion of any kind.

"Immediately," he answers curtly. "Are you in such a hurry to be rid of me? Be satisfied, then; I start to-morrow." Then, after an unbroken pause, in which even her breathing cannot be heard, he says, in a curious voice. "I suppose there will be no occasion for me to write to you while I am away?"

She does not answer directly. She would have given half her life to be able to say, freely, "Write to me, Dorian, if only a bare line, now and then, to tell me you are alive;" but pride forbids her.

"None, whatever," she says, coldly; after her struggle with her inner self. I dare say I shall hear all I care to hear from Clarissa or Sir James."

There is a long silence. Georgie's eyes are fixed dreamily upon the sparkling coals. His eyes are fixed on her. What a child she looks in her azure gown, with her yellow hair falling in thick masses over her shoulders. So white, so fair, so cruelly cold! Has she no heart, that she can stand in that calm, thoughtful attitude, while his heart is slowly breaking?

She has destroyed all his happy life, this "amber witch," with her loveliness, and her pure girlish face, and her bitter indifference; and yet his love for her at this moment is stronger perhaps than it has ever been. He is leaving her. Shall he ever see her again? Something at this moment, overmasters him. Moving a step nearer to her, he suddenly catches her in his arms, and, holding her close to his heart, presses kisses (unforbidden) upon her lips and cheek and brow.

In another instant she has recovered herself, and, placing her hands against his chest, frees herself, by a quick gesture, from his embrace.

"Was that how you used to kiss her?" she says, in a choked voice, her face the color of death. "Let me go; your touch is contamination."

Almost before the last word had passed her lips, he releases her, and, standing back, confronts her with a face as livid as her own.

In the one hurried glance she casts at him, she knows that all is, indeed, over between them now; never again will he sue to her for love or friendship. She would have spoken again,—

would, perhaps, have said something to palliate the harshness of her last words,—but by a gesture he forbids her. He points to the door.

"Leave the room," he says, in a stern commanding tone; and, utterly subdued and silenced by his manner, she turns and leaves him.

(To be Continued.)

DIVORCE IN TURKEY.

Divorce in Turkey is obtained with a facility which would surprise even our American cousins. As easily as Abraham cast forth Hagar, the bond-woman and her child, so also can the Turk open the door of his harem and send out into the world the woman who no longer pleases him. He has but to give her back her dowry and personal effects. In the upper classes, however, certain legal formalities are gone through, and, indeed, as the lady is usually protected by her parents, divorce is, comparatively speaking, rare. I know, instances, however, in Constantinople of ladies in the highest official circles who are not very far advanced in years, who have been divorced twice, thrice, and even ten times. Among the lower orders divorce may be described as a farce. Many girls who are not yet twenty years of age have been divorced and remarried a dozen times.

The surprises of divorce are among the most amusing features of Turkish social life. A very great personage, second only to the Sultan in rank, married some few years ago, when his position was very inferior to what it is at present, a highly educated lady, of good connection and fortune, but, according to His Excellency's version of the story, of ungovernable temper. Within the year they were divorced and remarried. The lady soon found her new husband disagreeable, and was once more divorced. It must be remembered that if a Turk can divorce his wife, she can only divorce him at his pleasure, by making herself as unpleasant to him as possible. In former times he tied her up in a sack and had her dropped into the Bosphorus—to-day he divorces her. To return to the lady in question.

The next time she was heard of by her friends was as a teacher in the Mahometan High School for girls, at Scutari. A few years back she was selected as governess for the children of the Khediva, and is now Her Highness's private secretary, in which quality she accompanied her Imperial mistress to Constantinople last year and actually found herself seated at a state banquet at Yildiz Kiosk next to the first wife of her first husband, who quietly asked her with a divorce can be obtained in Turkey leads to many abuses and creates a state of affairs not unlike our prostitution.

TOILET HINTS.

To sleep in a poorly-ventilated room is to invite headache and depression. Warmth during sleep should be obtained from blankets, not from closed windows. The window should be open about three inches at the top and an inch or two at the bottom.

If the hair is thin or lacking in lustre, brush it twice a day for five minutes at a time. If the eyebrows and eyelashes are scanty, rub them at night with vasoline. If the hands chap easily, wash cold cream and wear a pair of loose, fingerless white gloves to bed. If the face lacks color, exercise.

If a daily tub bath is enervating, try a daily sponge bath and a tri-weekly tub. The "tubbings" should be taken at night in water warm or hot, according to the tastes of the bather. The sponge bath, which should be taken in the morning, should be either cold or lukewarm, and should be followed by a brisk rubbing down with a Turkish towel.

After diet and exercise have paved the way for other treatment a weekly face steaming may be tried. The woman whose purse does not permit her to go to the professional beautifiers should fill a bowl with boiling water. Over this she should hold her face, into which a cold cream has been rubbed for ten minutes or so, covering her head and shoulders and the bowl with a heavy Turkish towel. After drying the face she should rub more cold cream into the air for at least three hours.

If one's complexion is "muddy," sallow or covered with blackheads the lotion bottle is not the remedy which should be sought first. Instead, the candidate for a complexion of roses and cream should begin to diet. Hot water taken half an hour before breakfast with a little lemon juice in it is better than creams to restore the skin to clearness. Graham and whole wheat bread, fruit, clear tea and coffee, if tea and coffee are used, plenty of green vegetables, lean meat and broiled fish form an admirable complexion diet. Pastry and candies should be avoided.

LIQUID FUEL ON LOCOMOTIVES.

The use of liquid fuel has been so extended on the Great Eastern Railway (England) that a large storage plant has been erected at Stratford, England. Twenty-five locomotives are now fitted with oil burners under the Holden system, and twelve stationary boilers and three furnaces at the shops burn the same kind of fuel. The oil arrives at Stratford in bulk, old locomotive tenders being employed in transporting it at present. The storage tanks are thirteen in number, and are placed on low ground not very far from the main line. The oil flows to them by gravity. A peculiarity of the tanks is the rectangular shape. Nine of them hold 3,000 gallons each, and the remaining four 2,500 gallons each.

AT A RAILWAY EATING STATION.

Why are your sandwiches so small? Because the train stops for so short a time.

PROOF OF COMPATIBILITY.

Do you think they will get along nicely when they are married? I am sure of it. I took care to find out shortly after they were engaged. How? I gave several whist parties and arranged that they should play as partners. They never quarreled once.

YOUNG FOLKS.

JOHN THROCKTON'S GUARDIAN.

"Please sir, lend me a quarter?" It was a small, ragged boy that repeated the request, addressing a number of passing men one winter night by the light of the street lamps. Some of the men shook their heads; others passed on without noticing the appeal. Finally two men who were walking together stopped.

"Why don't you ask me to give you a quarter?" one of the men questioned the boy.

"Because I'm goin' to give it back to you," was the prompt answer. "I ain't a-beggin'."

The man who had asked the question laughed not altogether pleasantly.

"Ho, ho, here is refinement," he said with ironical emphasis to his friend. To the boy he continued:

"Look here, little man, I lend money only on good security. What security can you give me?"

"Security?" repeated the boy helplessly. Then two eager eyes brightened as the meaning of the word was suggested, and he added: "I can't give none—only my word and my willin'ness to work."

The man laughed a great haw, haw. "Good! You've earned your money, little Ready Wits," he said, as he tossed a quarter to the boy and started up the street with his friend.

"Please sir, you ain't told me your name yet, nor where you live," pursued the boy.

"Not done with you yet?" said the man sharply, as he stopped again. "Are you getting up a directory in the interest of beggars, boy?"

"No, sir," replied the little fellow seriously; "it's in the interest of you."

Both men laughed. "Well, my name is John Throckton, and I live at No. 16 Fairview avenue," said the boy of the quarter.

Mr. John Throckton's house was large and handsome, and full of fine furniture and works of art. He was very rich, but by no means generous with his money. He had given in this instance merely out of caprice. The boy's manner of asking had amused him. Seldom did he give so much as a quarter for charity. Meanwhile little Bernard Wells invested the borrowed quarter in a loaf of bread, a little piece of meat, and a little paper of tea, and carried the provisions home. His home was a single room in a poor tenement house. His father was dead, and his mother made a living by sewing on shirts. This week, however, she had been too ill to work, and her money was all spent.

"O, Bernard, where did you get these things?" Mrs. Wells asked when her son came in.

Bernard told his story.

"We must return the money as soon as possible," said the mother.

But Mrs. Wells was not able to go back to her work. Bernard earned a little money now selling newspapers, but this was needed to buy food and coal. Finally Mrs. Wells died, and a brother of Bernard's father, a poor, hardworking man, came forward, and offered the little boy a home. Bernard worked for his uncle, who kept a little store. But the boy was not given any money. Once Bernard asked for a quarter that he might pay Mr. Throckton, and was laughed at by his uncle.

"John Throckton has too much money already," the man said. "He's one of the richest men in town and one of the meanest. I guess I don't want him to get any of my quarters."

A year passed. Bernard did not forget his obligation to Mr. Throckton. Many were the plans that he made for redeeming his pledged word.

One day when he was passing along a crowded street it was his good fortune to find a pair of eyeglasses that a lady had accidentally dropped, and the lady rewarded him with a quarter.

Bernard set out immediately for No. 16 Fairview avenue. "How pleased mother will be! I hope she knows!" he thought to himself as he hurried along with a light, springy gait. His steps were not lighter than his heart. It was about five o'clock, and Mr. Throckton had returned from his banking house, and was in his library. He was not particularly engaged, and he told the serving man to show the boy in.

"I came to pay you the quarter, Mr. Throckton," said Bernard advancing into the splendid room, and holding out the money. "I'm much obliged to you for trustin' me. I couldn't git it fer you no sooner."

Mr. Throckton gave Bernard a searching look. "Have you not made a mistake, my boy?" he asked. "I never lent you a quarter to my knowledge, nor do I know you."

"It was on the street, sir," said Bernard, "one night—"

"O, ho, yes, I do remember now! Well, well, well!" Mr. Throckton laughed again as the recollection defined itself more clearly. "So you are that little chap that wasn't beggin'?"

"Yes, sir, I'm him," and Bernard laid the silver coin on the table beside Mr. Throckton's hand.

The man of business appeared to be interested. "Well, my little fellow," he said, "I confess you have taken me by surprise." He leaned back in his armchair and regarded the boy narrowly while he slipped the quarter into his vest pocket. Mr. Throckton liked to investigate the motives of actions that seemed strange to him. Directly he resumed:

"Now, little boy, if you don't mind telling me, I should very much like to know why you return this money. Didn't you understand at the time that I never expected to see it or you again?"

"I kind of thought that a-way, sir," said Bernard; but I didn't 'low as that made any difference."

"Yes, I see," said Mr. Throckton. "You wanted to feel that you were honest, and it isn't a bad thing to plume one's self on either. Was that it?"

"No, sir, I don't know as 'twas," answered little Bernard, thoughtfully looking his questioner in the eyes. "It was more 'is a-way: If I hadn't brought you back your money you would have thought I was deceivin' you. Then, 'sposin' somebody else'd ask you

fer somethin', some one as was real honest and needin', and you, thinkin' of me and the mean trick I'd played on you, would say 'No' to the other fellow, then I'd be 'sponsible, I'd be 'sponsible fer somebody sufferin' fer want of food, and I'd be 'sponsible fer makin' you mean and s'picious and on-feelin'—see?"

Mr. Throckton did not smile now. His fine, self-satisfied face flushed as he looked at the earnest little speaker before him. He was perhaps more surprised now than he had ever been in his life. He was touched, too. The idea of this crude little common street boy considering himself responsible for the doings of John Throckton! The man felt his hardness ebbing away, and he placed there came to him a desire to do something good and worthy with his money. And what better thing could he do, he reasoned, than to care for the child that had been the means of saving him from his own selfishness?

Mr. Throckton's acquaintances were considerably amazed when they learned that the bright-faced little boy that appeared so often in Mr. Throckton's company was an orphan which the rich man had adopted. A friend said to him one day:

"I wonder you were not afraid to assume so great a responsibility, Mr. Throckton, as the guardianship of a child?"

"My little boy was my guardian first," answered Mr. Throckton with a smile.

CRIME IN THE STATES.

It Increases Faster in Proportion Than the Population.

The Hon. Andrew D. White quotes statistics to show that in no land is the right to live so trampled upon by a privileged class of criminals as in America, and that crime increases in proportion more than the population. The homicides in 1889 in the United States, numbered 3,567. In 1895 they numbered 10,500. The executions in these years averaged, respectively, one in forty-five convictions and one in seventy-four convictions. He said if the murderers for the last six years were in prison, there would be 40,000 of them. The eleventh census shows that there are but 7,351 in prison. Mr. White bitterly denounces the sympathy expressed for criminals, instancing a recent case where 3,000 people followed the body of the murderer to the grave and \$600 was spent in floral offerings. Mr. White attributes this increase in crime largely to the "careless, culpable and criminal exercise of pardons" by the Governors of the various States. The Governor of the State (Tennessee), in the four years of office ending 1892, pardoned 801 convicts, many of them murderers. Mr. White assigns the widespread criminal education of children, by means of dime novels, sensational newspapers, posters and melodramas, as a particular cause for increase in crime, as well as the fact that young and old are confined together in the prisons. He suggests as remedies attention to simple elementary moral instruction in schools, cleaner journalism, remodeling of prisons, laws against vicious books and pamphlets, and laws providing for habitual criminals. He also advocates the passing of laws for speedier punishments, and that State courts should sit frequently to receive statements regarding change or mitigation of punishments.

AT THE WEATHER BUREAU.

The Way "Old Profs" Predicts the Changes in the Weather.

The instruments used in observing the weather are the aneroid and cistern barometers, wet and dry bulb barometers, wind vane and compass, anemometer and anemograph, and the rainfall. Of all these the barometer is probably the most important. The standard form of the instrument is a tube 34 inches long, closed at the top, exhausted of air, and immersed at the bottom in a cup of mercury. The purpose of the barometer is to measure the pressure of the atmosphere. In general, the mercury will stand high in the bulb when the weather is fair, and low when it is foul. By noting the minute changes, measured on a graduated scale beside the tube, the observer reads the indications of the barometer. The words "fair," "change," etc., engraved on the front of the instrument are disregarded. They have no significance whatever. The rising or falling of the mercury in the tube is caused by the beginning of those atmospheric changes which precede a storm, but are not discernible by our senses. The barometer discerns them for us, and gives warning of weather changes. Of course there are many different conditions which affect the instrument, the weather observers are instructed in these matters. The aneroid barometer is round, like one of the cheap nickel-plated clocks that are so numerous, and the changes are indicated by a hand moving across a scale on the dial. The weight of the atmosphere is measured not by a column of mercury in a tube, but by the expansion and contraction of a small metal box from which the air has been exhausted.

HARMONIOUS CONTRIBUTIONS.

Black combines well with almost all colors, except those which are so lacking in brightness as to be too nearly like it. Black and pale pink, blue, yellow, green, red, lavender and even rather dark shades of blue, clear brown and green are excellent combinations.

Brown combines well with yellow, gold and bronze if it is the shade of brown which has brightness. It is effective also with black and with certain tones of green. A chocolate-and-milk brown combines well with old rose and the dull shades of pink.

Very dark green is effective when brightened by linings of narrow trimming of pale blue. A medium shade of green unites well with old pink. Brownish greens look well with bronze and copper color.

Dark blue may be brightened by lines of bright, rich red, by lines of old rose or of clear yellow. Blue of the "electric" and "cadet" varieties is best combined with black or with figured silks in which the same shade predominates.