VICAR'S GOVERNESS

CHAPTER XXXVII. "Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud Turn forth her silver lining on the

Milton. The two months that Dorian has given himself in which to finish the business that, he said, had brought him ready winter is passing out of mind, and "Spring comes up this way."

The "checkered daffodil" and the soft plaintive primrose are bursting into bloom. The gentle rain comes with a passing cloud, and sinks lovingly into of the opening buds.

The grass is springing; all the world is rich with fresh young life. very snowdrops-pale blossoms, born of bitter winds and sunless skies -have perished out of sight.

Ruth is lying in her grave, cold and ber?" forgotten save by two,-the man who has most wronged her, and the woman me." who had most to forgive her. As yet, Clarissa cannot rise out of the depres- his. sion that fell upon her when Horace's Is your heart beyond my reach?" treachery was first made known to her. Her love had seemed so good, so tendexistence, that it seemed to carry to the if there is any hope for grave with it all her youth and glad- speak; say something."
"Would not his memory be a shadness. However untrue this young love ow between us always?" whispers she, has laid it aside; to her it had been a you are doing? Have you thought over living thing, and even as it fades from feels her arms empty in that it no longer fills them.

"But, oh, not yet, not yet Would my lost soul forget

How beautiful he was while he did live. Or, when his eyes were dewy and lips wet,

My love would give,

"Strew roses on his breast, He loved the roses best; He never cared for lilies or for snow.

Let be this bitter end of his sweet quest; Let be the pallid silence, that is rest,

And let all go!" Mr. Winter's exquisite words come often to her; and yet, when the first pang is over, a sensation that may be almost called relief raises her soul and restores her somewhat to her old self. She is graver-if possible, gentler, more tender-than in the days before grief had touched her. And, though her love had really died beyond all reawakening, still the memory of what once had been has left its mark upon

To Sir James she has never since mentioned the name of the man in whom she had once so firmly believed, though oftentimes it has occurred to her that relief might follow upon the bare asking of a question that might serve to make common the actual remembrance of him.

To-day, as Scrope comes up the lawn to meet her, as she bends over the bright children o fthe sun," a sense of gladness that he is coming fills her. She feels no nervousness or weariness with him, only rest and peace, and something that is deeper still, though yet vague and absolutely unknown to her own heart.

smile upon for lips, treading lightly sends him home to the house by a nearon the young grass, that is emerald in er route, and, lighting a fresh cigar, hue, -as the color of my own dear land, follows the path that leads through the -and through which

"The meek taisies show Their breasts of satin snow,

perfume sighs." "You again?" she says, with a lovely smile. He was here only yesterday.

"What an uncivil speech! Do I come too often?" He has her hand in his, and is holding it inquiringly, but it is such a soft and kind inquiry. "Not half often enough," she says,

and hardly knows why his face flushes at her words, being still ignorant of the fact that he loves her with a love that she has been crying, and that even that passeth the love of most. "Well, you sha'n't have to complain on her cheeks. of that any longer," he says, gayly.

yours at Scrope," he says, unthinkingly, and no one near to comfort her or to and then he flushes again, and then kiss the melancholy from her large

silence falls between them. some inner feeling compels her to it, shall mark her agitation.

-Horace?" however, but, I think, not altogeth- full of tears! Are you unhaper happy. In his last letter to me py about anything?" he still spoke remorsefully of-her." It

death was terrible." "Yet masy, I dare say. Disease of sible to love him? the heart, when it carries one off, is sel- "I beg your pardon," he says, in a dom painful. Clarissa, this is the very low tone. "Of course I have no right first time you have spoken of her, ei- to ask you any questions."

"Is it?" She turns away from him, and, catching a branch, takes from it dued as his own. Leaf or two. "You have not spoken The evening is falling silently, yet

to me," she says. "Because, as I said, you forbade me. nature's face." A certain chill comes Don't you know your word to me is from the hills and damps the twilight

Miss Peyton, with a sad smile; but she gently. "Will you come home with me?" lets her hand lie in his, and does not turn away from him. "Horace is in Cey- a little troubled submissive sigh, and,

often think of him now?" ting on successfully."

"I have forgotten a great deal. How Dorian strides on silently, sad at country.

could it be otherwise? I have forgotten that I ever loved any one. It seems to me now impossible that I could have felt all that I did two months ago. Yet something lingers with ma -something I cannot explain." She pauses, and looks idly down upon her

twining and intertwining nervously. home, have almost come to an end. Aler?" he asks, with an effort certainly, yet with determination. He will hear ling in it, presses it with nerthe truth now or never.

"What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?" she says, turning ly dares believe it true that she should to him with some passion; and then her of her own accord, have given her hand "If you can apply such a word to the earth's bosom and into the hearts him, your love must be indeed dead," he says, in a curious tone, and, raising even to look at each other, but go on one of her hands, he lays it upon his

> "I wish it had never been born," she says, with a sigh, not looking at him. "But it is dead?" persists he, eagerly. "Quite. I buried it that day you took me-to his-rooms; you remem-

"How could I forget? Clarissa, if you are unhappy, so am I. Take pity upon

"You unhappy?" She lifts her eyes to

She makes him no answer. "Without you I live but half a life," er, it had so brightened all her life, he goes on, entreatingly. "Every hour and had been so much a part of her no interests apart from you. Clarissa, hers. With a little soft happy sob

of her life had been, still, while she be- in trembling accents. "Forgiveness is lieved in it, it had been beautiful to within our power, forgetfulness is beher, and it is with bitterest grief she youd us! Jim, is this thing wise that

"I have thought of it for more than her, she cries to it aloud to stay, and a long year," says Sir James. "I think all my life, unconsciously, I have loved you. "For so long?" she says, softly; and

then, "How faithful you have been!" "When change itself can give no more,

'Tis easy to be true," quotes he, tenderly; and then she goes What kisses, tenderer than all re- nearer to him,-tears in her eyes. "You are too good for me," she says.

"Darling," says Scrope, and after that, somehow, it seems but a little thing that his arms should close round her, and that her head should lie contented upon his shoulder.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. "There is no life on earth but being in love!"

Ben. Johnson. "Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round; Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;

And he, amidst his frolic play, As if he would the charming air Shook thousand odors from his dewy wing."

Collins.

It is the afternoon of the same day, and Dorian, with a keeper behind him, is trudging through the woods of Hythe, two trusty setters at his heels. happy, because he has had a real good day with his gun, as his bag can test, ify, and, be a man never so disturbfathoms deep in a hopeless attach- tion. ment, still he will tramp through his heather, or ride to hounds, or smoke his favorite cigars, with the best, and find, indeed,p leasure therein. For, truly,-

"Man's love is of man's life a thing

'Tis woman's whole existence." The sun is sinking to rest; the chill of a spring evening is in the air. Dis-She goes forward to meet him, a missing the man who holds the bag, he fragrant wood into the grounds of Sar-Bedecked with tiny stars of gold mid growing thick and strong. He has come to a turn, that is all formed of rock, and is somewhat abrupt, because of the sharp angle that belongs to it, over which hart's tongues and other graceful weeds fall lazily, when, at a little distance from him, he sees Georgie sitting on the fallen trunk of a tree, her head leaning against an oak, her whole expression full of deep dejection.

As he comes nearer to her, he can see now two tears are lying heavily up-

A troubled expression crosses his face. "Shall I take up my residence here?" She looks so childish, so helpless, with "Do," says Miss Peyton, also in jest. her hat upon the ground beside her, and "I would much rather you took up her hands lying listlessly upon her lap,

mournful eyes. Her foot is tapping the sward light- As she hears him coming, she starts ly, yet nervously. Her eyes are on the to her feet, and, turning aside, hastily "daisies pied." Presently, as though dries the tears upon her cheeks, lest he

"What is the matter with you?" asks "Why do you never speak to me of he, with quick but suppressed concern. "Nothing," returns she, in a low tone. "You forbade me," he says: "how "You can't be crying for nothing," could I disobey you? He is well, says Dorian; "and even your voice is

"What a question to ask me!" says is agony to him to say this, yet he does Mrs. Branscombe, reproachfully, with a Perhaps the worst part of it is that which ran through a rough pipe of it bravely, knowing it will be the wiset fresh irrepressible sob, that goes to his thing for the woman he himself loves. heart. He shifts his gun uneasily from "Yes," she says, quite calmly. At, one shoulder to the other, hardly knowthis instant she knows her love for ing what to say. Is it his fault that Horace Branscombe is quite dead. "Her she is so miserable? Must he blame himself because she has found it impos-

"Yet I would answer you if I knew

how," returns she, in a voice as subswiftly, throwing "her dusky veil o'er

"I don't think I know much," says "It is getting late," says Branscombe, "Yes, I will go home," she says, with fon," she says, presently.

"Yes, and doing very well. Do you row pathway that leads to the avenue. turning, goes with him down the nar-

heart, and very hopeless. He is making a vigorous effort to crush down all regretful memories, and is forcing himself to try and think with gladness of the time, now fast approaching, when he shall be once more parted from her who walks beside him with bent head and quivering lips. His presence is a grief to her. All these past weeks have proved this to him; her lips have been devoid of smiles; her eyes have lost their light, her voice its old gay ring. When he is gone, she may, perhaps, recover some of the gayety that once was white hands, the fingers of which ard hers. And, once gone, why should he ever return? And--

> And then-then! A little bare cold hand creeps into the one of his that is hanging loosely by his side, and, nestyous warmth.

Dorian's heart beats madly. He hardanger fades, and her eyes fill with tears. to him; yet he holds it so closely in his own that his clasp almost hurts her. They do not speak; they do not turn their way, silent, uncertain, but no longer apart: By that one tender touch they have been united.

> says, in a tone so low that he can scarcely hear her. "I was going," he says, and then their fingers meet again and press each

"You are going abroad again?" she

other gently. Coming to the stile that leads into the next path, he lays down his gun, and mounting the steps, holds out his hand to nelp her to gain the top. Then, springing down to the other

side, he takes her in his arms to bring her to the ground beside him. But when his arms have closed round her he leaves them there, and draws her me, she lifts her arms and lays them round

> there is nothing more on earth to be wished for. "My wife!-my darling!" he says, unsteadily.

his neck; and then, he tells himself,

The minutes pass; then she looks up at him with soft speaking eyes. There are no tears upon her cheeks, but her face is pale as moonlight, and on it is a new deep meaning that Dorian has never seen there in all his life before, -a gentle light, as kind as death, and as soft as holy love!

As she so stands, gazing solemnly into his face, with all her heart in her eyes, Dorian stoops and lays his lips on hers. She colors a lovely trembcrimson, and then returns

the caress. And then she says,-"I do, with all my soul,"-in a tone not to be mistaken. Afterward, "Are

you happy now?" (To be Continued.)

DRAGGED TO DEATH BY A HORSE,

Barbarous Punishment Accorded a French Cavalryman in Africa by His Colonel for a Trifling Offence.

The murder of a French cavalry-man named Cheymol by his superior officers in Africa brings out a story that reminds one of the eighteenth century practices in the navy.

Official reports sent to France told of Cheymol's death, but gave no particulars. Queer rumors, however, found He cannot be said to be altogether un- their way to Paris, and but a short time since the dead man's brother made an interpellation to the Chamber of ed by conflicting emotions, be he five Deputies and demanded an investiga-

> The result was that the whole thing leaked out. A dark blot stains the military repute of France. If it is removed the Foreign Legion will doubtless have a new colonel before long.

This Cheymol, it appears, was found tenced to it.

An unshod stallion was brought into a ring, as was the prisoner. They stripped the man and fied his hands. hands to the stallion's tail.

with whips they got him started.

dashed off frantic. Before the third circuit Cheymol was | Carlo came to the elm, and his peculiar insensible and covered with blood. The bark told us he had treed game. horse wore neither halter nor bridle as a matter of course.

practices disclosed in the Foreign Le- posely left for ornament. gion force the conclusion that the rough life on the African station has | night we went home to bed, intending brutalized them.

vouched for by the semi-official notice which has already been taken of it the side of the creek, stood our milk-house, story would seem almost incredible. built over a live spring, the water from the execution of the sentence should be looked upon rather as an entertain-

It is said that not only do the officers of the post attend these "Mazeppa rides," as idle spectators, but that still on guard, and when he saw us women, too, are often present. The spectacle is treated like a bull-fight.

This inhuman punishment is not the only matter which needs the attention | could we see! What had become of of the French War Minister. Flogging | them? We knew there was no hole in of the severest kind is ordered for the most trifling offenses.

alike on men and officers. The men it | were gone, however, that was certain, cows; the officers it brutalizes. Neither | and we felt as foolish as Carlo looked rank nor file of such sort are very ef- as soon as he understood the mortifective.

MATRIMONY.

They encourage matrimony in Albania. When a girl wants to get mar-"Have you forgotten nothing, Claris- now is raising with sullen purpose in and the young fellows don't want big strange place of refuge, leaving no fortunes with their brides in that scent behind.

YOUNG FOLKS.

WHEN GRANDPA WAS A LITTLE BOY.

Did you want to sit and listen, When a little girl like me, To a story told by grandpa, As you climbed upon his knee?

Did you ever play talk questions, When you're tired of every toy, Have him tell you all that happened When grandpa was a little boy?

Yes," you say? Well, did he tell you How he lived upon a farm, Where in joy he used to frolic, Never dreaming aught could harm?

As he drove the cows to drink, And the water made sweet music As he paddled along the brink? How "Old Blackey" 'd stop in fly time, Switch her tail and shake her head,

Till at last she'd get so angry

How the birds to him could chatter

He had seen her face turn red? How he'd slip around the table, Softly, for there's company near, Now be sure and save the drumstick,"

Whispered in his mother's ear? How the old "bob white" would whistle, And the terrible bee would sting, And the sheaves were dreadful heavy, Guess he'd have to hunt the spring?

Oh! that naughty, naughty "bumble," Little barefeet didn't think, And just see him in the clover Roll his eye and slyly wink.

See! the apple trees are laden, Cider-making time is here; Little folks are always busy Certain seasons of the year.

Oft as came the happy spring-time, Came the tapping of the trees, When they stood in stately silence-Then the boys must work or freeze.

Oaken troughs and spiles of elder, Placed along as one would tap, Soon were filled to overflowing With the pure old-fashioned sap.

Then the hauling and the boiling-Fun for boys through all the day, Till that horrid horse, "Old Baldie," With my grandpa ran away.

Down the hill and through the bushes, Hitting all he didn't miss, "You do love me at last?" he says. But I guess at last they caught him, Or I couldn't tell you this.

> Sometimes little girls do too, But the pleasures overbalance All that ever come to you.

Little boys will have their trials,

Oh! the happy days of childhood! But the best of all should be, As we listen to the stories, Sitting on our grandpa's knee.

HOW MAMMY COON SAVED HER BABIES.

My hound Carlo loved to hunt, and would track anything, from bears and wolves down to chipmunks. But his greatest delight was in racoons. The very largest and fiercest of these ravagers of our cornfields, if he once got hold of it, he would dispatch singlehanded in two minutes.

We had a hired boy about my own age called "Billy," who liked to hunt as well as I did. Beginning in Sep- From the first, the Chinese strongly tember, he and I, each with a light ax, objected to the removal of their sick punk, flint and steel (we had no to European hospitals. They did not matches in those times), used to go out | understand the necessity of segregation every week-day night with Carlo. They preferred to die in their unclean Whenever we came to a patch of corn surroundings among friends, than to acor late oats, the dog would jump over | cept the chance of a lonely recovery at the rail fence, and if there was a coon a hospital. guilty of a minor breach of discipline. in the field he would either nab it on The devices to which the Chinese re-On the African station commanding of- the ground or drive it up a tree. Then ficers are not bound strictly by the we would kindle a big fire and chop A system of house-to-house visitation regulations of the service. They have the tree down. The moment its top had to be organized to overcome the introduced punishments according to touched the ground, Carlo would find toris. The breath of the bluebells is their own ideas. One of these is the the coon, no matter how cunningly it feeting staff were rendered almost fu-"Mazeppa ride," and Cheymol was sen- might hide. But one night, an old tile by the dislike of the natives to sanmother coon, with two half-grown young ones, completely outwitted him. September.

These three "ringtails" were enjoying With a strap they fastened his bound a supper of green corn in a small field just across the creek from our house. the feelings of the natives, and finally The sentence read "to be dragged We had entered the field from the fur- led to open rebellion. Concessions had three times" round the ring. The col- ther side and the mammy coon, watch- to be made to the ignorant and desperonel of the Legion, who was present ful for her babies, heard Carlo rustling ate Celestials and the presence of Chinwith his staff, gave the word and the on the trail before he had got near her. fierce horse was loosed. He immedi- Instead of foolishly running back to Hospital was permitted. Chinese to the ately began to lash out and plunge, but the woods she led her youngsters up number of 100,000 left Hong Kong while a big weeping-elm tree, standing on Terrified at being unable to free him- the brink of a deep pool into which self from the thing on his tail, he some of its branches dropped.

All right so far; but in five minutes

and it took a long while to catch him. top was well clothed with leaves and, When they hid he was dragging a as in that dry weather we dared not corpse. Both officers and men took this kindle a fire so near our barn, we could not see the coons at all. Neither did French officers are not usually inhu- we dare cut down the tree, because it mane to their men, and the barbarous was a specially beautiful one, pur-

So, leaving Carlo to keep watch all to come with a gun at daybreak and If the Cheymol episode were not shoot the coons. But we didn't. Right opposite the tree, on the other hollow logs into the pool.

At the earliest glint of day, Billy and I jumped out of bed and went over to the tree, with a double-barrelled gun loaded with buckshot. Carlo was barked joyously.

We peered at every part of the tree top, but not the first hair of a coon the tree, and as for their coming down on the land side and passing Carlo, The effect, of course, is demoralizing that was out of the question. They fying fact. All three of us went home, greatly puzzled. After a while the dairy maid went

to the milk house; and there, by the open spring, at the head of the draining logs, crouched three trembling coons! The mammy coon had softly led her Above them the branches struggle and | ried she collects all her little store of | young ones down the drooping branches "Very often. I am glad he is get- wage a goblin war with each other, gold, and mounts the coins in her cap. into the pool, crossed it, entered the helped by the night wind, which even You can then see what she is worth, hollow log pipe and crawled to that

Did she not do some planning? At

any rate my father was so impr by her sagacity in evading the use that he would not allow us to sacrifice her or her babies. He turned them gently out, and they scampered off to the woods.

ABOUT LETTER WRITING.

Letter writing is a graceful accomplishment and one which cannot always be acquired. The first essentials are good black ink, and white or cream paper, of a size, which when folded once, will exactly fit into a square envelop of the same shade and quality. Ruled paper is considered inelegant and lines may be kept straight by placing a heavily ruled paper under the writing paper, or by keeping a straight-edged blotter under the hand when writing.

In business the oblong envelop is often preferred. This requires that the paper be folded twice, In folding a sheet that way it should be laid first side up with the heading at the top; the lower third is first folded up, then the upper third is turned down. Thus when the letter is unfolded the salutation is the first thing displayed. Care should be taken that the paper fits the envelop as a crease along one side is not considered proper, except in a few cases where the letters are of a business character and business stationary is used.

Of course, the degree of intimacy between correspondents governs the terms of salutation. One may say to a friend what would be highly improper to merely an acquaintance. The date and name of place from where the letter is written always occupy the upper right-hand corner, usually on the first line. In a business letter it is customary to place at the left-hand side, on the line below the date, the name and address of the person to whom the letter is addressed, occupying two lines, followed on the next line by "Dear Madam," "Dear Sir," or "Gentleman," as the case may be, Such letters are usually signed "Yours truly," Respectfully yours,"

A closer degree of intimacy is denoted in placing "my" before the name, as, "My Dear Mrs. Blank." In signing such notes "Very sincerely yours," or "Affectionately yours," is proper. Between friends, where no formality exists, the writers must judge what are the proper salutations and closings.
A letter addressed in the third per-

son should always be answered in the third person, and one in the first person is, of course, answered in the first The kinds of letters to write are, of

course, entirely governed by the degree of intimacy. Friends should understand each other well enough to know what is and what is not of interest to each Let all letters, so far as possible, be

neat and graceful, for one may often be judged by the manner in which one writes as well as by what is said.

THE HONGKONG PLAGUE.

Chinamen Resist the Efforts of Europeant to Save Them From the Epidemic.

European physicians who have had experience in China during epidemics, have been obliged to combat many stubborn prejudice of the natives. In 1894 the plague attacked Hongkong about the middle of May. From fifty to a hundred deaths occurred daily.

sorted to conceal the sick from searching parties, were many and ingenious. dangerous secretiveness of the Chinese. itary precautions. The epidemic caused 2,550 deaths before it ceased in early

The necessity of burying the dead in common graves was a great shock to ese medical attendants in the European the plague was raging. Their demand that their plague-stricken relatives be allowed to accompany them, was, of course, not granted. Of the Chinese patients who were attacked by the epi-But it was a dark night; the tree 82 per cent. of the Europeans afflicted were restored to health.

AT ANY COST.

In wrath and tears Edith Howlett had gone to bed. She had been tucked in once, given a drink twice, kissed goodnight three times; but the spark of rebellion still burned in her childish soul. "Mamma," she cried.

"Go to sleep, Edith," her mother said, sternly; "I shall not come in there

"I want a drink, mamma," Edith "You've had two drinks already; now

go to sleep." There was a brief silence, and then Edith cried again: "Mamma, come and kiss me good-

"You've been kissed good-night dear, and I shall not come in again: so gof to sleep at once like a good girl." There was another pause, while the lonely child cudgeled her brain for a new expedient.

"Mamma," she cried, at last, "please come in; I'm so hungry." "You cannot have anything to eat tonight, and if I come in there again," the mother said, with rising color, "it

will be to give you a good spanking!" There was a longer pause, and just as it began to look as if the evening's battle were over, the child's voice was

heard again. "Mamma," she pleaded, "I'm so lonely in here. Please come in and spap me!" -