

A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

By MARGARET LEE,

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CHAPTER XX.

"I am going to ask all these people who are concerned in your welfare to dine here this evening. We can discuss the matter thoroughly and get ready for action to-morrow. Let me see; this young fellow who understands about the business and thinks he could manage everything with my bank account behind him—eh? We must have him. Then, that chap with the big heart and bright wit, who enjoys idleness—we'll need him to enliven us."

"But is it wise—under the circumstances?"

"I think it is always wise to be sensible. You must dine somewhere to-day; why not here? I know how you feel, child. Now let us talk this over from the bright side. You will be willing to do me a kindness. I want this day to be one for you to recall always with delight. You have been too much absorbed and excited to realize what a momentous day it is in your life. You shall put away all sad thoughts for to-morrow, and we'll set about making your husband and his people feel happier, if only for a few hours. Now, we'll assume that Everett is alive and strong—I have no doubt of the fact in my own mind. We'll place his chair at the foot of the table and drink to the absent. I'll get my notes off and then we'll plan all our little delights."

Mr. Pounce wrote his invitations and left the room with them. Rose was grateful for the rest and quiet, and when the old man returned, her dreamy smile rewarded him for his goodness. She spoke playfully.

"After all, there are fairy god-fathers in the world."

"It takes a good little girl to make one appear. You see, after all, my propensity for saving is going to result in something very useful to you. 'Old money-bags,' as they call me, will open some of them and let you scatter the treasure. Perhaps, one of these days when I am going where money is not needed, you will come and hold my hand. You will not let me die neglected and alone—unloved, unwept?"

"Ah, but we were not to think of such things to-day."

"That is so! This is to be a lovely occasion. I have just been in the conservatory. You shall have Easter lilies to decorate the table and the little ones of the valley to wear. We'll light up all the scones in the hall and dining-room, and put great fires on the hearths. It will be strange if I can't find something in this house to grace and honor your wedding-day! Do you prefer strings? Music is always soothing. A quartet of strings, or what you please. And I have ordered a cake—that will please you, I know. Every girl thinks of her wedding-cake. I see you like pearls—I have some good ones." He looked attentively at the anchor, which had slipped from its lace covering. "Is that your motto? It is a proper one. Hope is a mainstay as well as an anchor. Do you want to give your husband a pleasant surprise when he comes? You shall show him a picture that will always be present to his eyes. Up in the olive room, in a box, you will find a white dress. I remembered that you chose that room as your favorite. Often buy costumes. You know a dress may be a work of art, as much as a book or a painting. I went some weeks ago to an exhibition of imported gowns, and this one I thought worth having. It seemed to me then that it might have been designed for you. It is heavy and rich. The lines are all long and the stuff is heavy and rich. Then the draperies are delicate. They have some French name for the material; I forget it. While you are making yourself more bride-like, I'll find those pearls for you. I think the house will seem different to me after to-day—less like a museum and more like a home. Perhaps you will often come to bless it with your sweet influence?"

"It is like being in fairyland, without even the effort of waving the wand."

CHAPTER XXI.

Toward the end of the month, Rose yielded to her husband's advice and returned home with her father and grandmother. The city was hot and dusty, and the monotony of suspense was beginning to tell upon her appearance. Carefully prepared statements had apprised the public that the bank was solvent, and that the pecuniary affairs of its missing president were in a flourishing condition. So the fact of his absence ceased to attract general notice and discussion, and his family pursued all known means for his discovery, with only disheartening results.

Mrs. Everett and Mollie remained in town, unwilling to be away if news should come. The fear of poverty and disgrace being removed, they could indulge in grief of a purely personal nature. This passion resembled a spring which, overflowing suddenly, sweeps away all artificial boundaries and makes its natural channel. Mrs. Everett lived over her early years of married life, and traced, as it were on a map, the lines of departure from ways of love and consideration to those of selfishness and indifference. Her remorse troubled her son, who was trying to make hope and faith his supports in the daily duties that fall to his share. Powers was irresistibly lovable and encouraging. He managed to keep Everett in sight when away from home, going with him on sad quests and cheering him with theories of bright, possible chances.

Mr. Minturn went back and forth, doing kindnesses for everybody, and, inspired by his daughter's faith, would reach Everett with its influence still possessing and controlling him. Mr. Pounce revelled in new hopes. The young couple spent a week with him, and visions of future visits brought up the most exquisite pictures for his quiet contemplation.

One lovely morning Rose looked at her calendar and realized that it was the first of June. She had been endeavoring, by increasing her every-day occupations, to lose sight of time, which seemed to creep with her. Life had suddenly become an enigma. It was hard to feel that she could do nothing to help those whom she loved. She was sensible enough to admit to herself that she was best off in the country. Her presence in the city only added another to Larry's cares, and he had enough to burden him. She sat down on the porch to consider the beauty of the day and what use to make of it.

The birds were noisily pursuing their search for food, and a humming-bird that found honey in her vicinity interested her. When it flew off toward the barn something impelled her to follow. This old barn was her most charming refuge for the enjoyment of day-dreams. Why not go in, find a fragrant seat in the hay, and think of the wonderful incidents that followed her marriage?

In spite of her preoccupation, she knew that the side door of the barn was open—an unusual circumstance. However, it caused an extra draught, the morning was warm, and she placed herself comfortably to enjoy the breeze. After a while she made a pillow of hay, and while thinking of the strange condition of family affairs she dozed. When she awoke the drowsy sensation continued, so she indulged it, for she had become acquainted with restless nights.

Coming out of a light sleep and lying quiet and thoughtful, she was conscious of a sound that was strange and unaccountable. Rose knew that her nerves were not in their normal condition, and her first impulse was to rise quickly and call one of the servants. She had a natural shrinking from tramps and stray animals, and this peculiar noise was certainly produced by heavy breathing. After reaching this conclusion, she located the irregular respiration. Between her seat and the side door stood a row of stalls no longer in use, and they concealed the object of her concern. Sleep is helpless. She summoned her courage, and going softly to the end of the partition, bent forward and looked beyond it. The floor was covered with loose straw, and stretched upon it was a figure that Rose knew well. For a second her heart seemed to be in her throat. She made no sound—only observed; She was aware that for this man sleep was the great boon. His head rested on a small valise, his hat was carefully laid aside, his gloved hands were comfortably placed in the straw, his light overcoat was unbuttoned, and his watch-chain was visible.

What a wonderful sight was this! Rose could only gaze upon it in an ecstasy of delight. Then a sense of gratitude—overpowering, silent—possessed her.

Presently, without losing sight of the barn, she ran noiselessly to the nearest wing and sent for Mrs. Minturn. They decided upon the telegram, and then Rose went to keep her joyous vigil. At noon her grandmother relieved her while she ate her lunch, and then she returned to her post. The family physician came at intervals, looked, put his finger to his lips, and stole back to the house. Rose imagined the effect of her telegram. When the sun was low in the west and the bees that inhabited the barn were returning so heavily laden that they passed close to her face. Rose was attracted by a slight, broken sigh, and met Mr. Everett's eyes fixed upon hers. A startled expression changed to one of eager satisfaction. He looked about him, and seemed gradually to recognize his surroundings. He spoke slowly.

"Where am I?"

"Taking a little nap in the barn."

"When did I get here?"

"This morning."

"That was quite an inspiration. I made up my mind yesterday, the moment I felt my head growing heavy and numb, to come here. I left the office and started. I knew that Larry's little girl would be glad to see me, and I thought of the restful atmosphere of this spot. But, dear me! I have had most vivid, disagreeable dreams! It seems to me that I have been changing cars for an indefinite period of time. Did you ever have such a dream?"

"Indeed, yes. You want to reach a place, but you always go in the wrong direction. It wears you out, in sleep."

"That's it exactly."

"But, you see, you are here with us, and it is nearly dinner-time. Daddy had some business that called him away, so grandma and I will have you all to ourselves."

"Did you know, I really have an appetite. So much for country air and a sound sleep."

"Will you take my arm?" Rose laughed.

"No, you shall have mine. Oh, we're going to have a jolly little vacation. I won't be needed for a week, at least, and Larry is bent on winning prizes. We won't interfere with him—eh?"

Rose slowly collected her senses, and having shown Mr. Everett to his room,

she consulted Dr. Coleman, who was reading in the library. He concluded to happen in accidentally and stay to dinner, make his own notes, and then meet the Everetts at the train and give them his opinion and advice.

The dinner proved charming in every particular, and having lingered for a little chat and a smoke with Mr. Everett, Dr. Coleman reluctantly pleaded professional duties. His decision was most satisfactory. He sent Mr. Minturn home to mount guard over his self-invited guest, told young Everett to return to New Haven, and counseled Mrs. Everett and Mollie to go back to the city and quietly remove all traces of their recent trying ordeal. His reasons were perfect. Everything now depended upon giving Mr. Everett the complete repose of mind that he expected. He had chosen his place of refuge, and there he was safe and in good care. In due time Mr. Minturn arrived with proper circumstance and attention, and found Mr. Everett and Rose on the porch discussing Larry. Later on, after Mr. Everett had retired for the night, Rose received a little note, and going a short distance down the road, found Larry awaiting her.

He had driven himself over in a light wagon, and they took a turn in the dewy air and compared happiness. Joy is a giant—a perfect force.

When the throng of graduates assembled for their Class Day glorification, Everett held his coveted place in the ranks. His party was a large one. It included his father, in buoyant health and spirits; a venerable gentleman with sharp eyes and a stout stick, who devoted himself to a handsome old lady; and a tall girl with bronze hair and a brilliant smile, who went about with him and was made known to his intimates as "my wife."

The End.

Diamond Cut Diamond ;

OR,

The Rout of the Enemy

CHAPTER I.

One Sunday morning, late in October, the church bells were ringing merrily from the square grey tower at the end of the village, and the red yellow leaves were fluttering down in quick little showers from the overhanging limes and chestnuts on either side of the road.

A trout stream rustled and gurgled with a pleasant murmur through a narrow green meadow which divided the straggling irregular street of thatched and gabled cottages on the right, from the old church, in its green churchyard to the left. It, the church, stood upon a little conical hill, that lifted it above the road, so that anyone upon the bridge across the river could only see the porch and the lower portion of the ivied walls, and the green, swelling graves that surrounded them; all the upper part was hidden by the long arching boughs of the avenue trees that led up to it, and whose branches, like friendly hands, stretched forth and interlaced themselves overhead.

On this particular Sunday morning, the autumn sunshine glistened down through the half-stripped branches, and lay in yellow streaks upon the road beneath. It came down, too, with a sunny radiance upon the little flat, green meadow, and upon the rippling waves of the river, lighting up all the brown pebbles at the bottom of the shallow-stream. The speckled trout lay basking in the warmth, here and there, under the stones, or darted about swiftly in the opalescent water.

Leaning upon the stone parapet of the bridge, looking down with a keen interest at the spasmodic movements of the finny tribe, was a young man of six-and-twenty. He was tall, and rather slight in build, and he had smooth, dark hair, and eyes that were as brown and translucent as the waters into which they were gazing. He was pleasant-looking, rather than handsome—he might not, possibly, be ever mistaken for a hero, but he would never, in any company, have been taken for anything but a gentleman.

His clothes were the ordinary country dress of a gentleman on a week-day—a brownish tweed suit, and a brown pot-hat—there was about his attire no trace of the "go to meeting," orthodox black coat, which the religious ceremonies of the seventh day seem to exact of us as a moral necessity. Ergo, this young man, had, evidently, no intention of obeying the mandate of those tinkling bells, not a hundred yards away from where he stood.

The villagers, in groups of three or four, in twos, or singly—in best bonnets with blue and red ribbons, in long cloaks puckered up round their necks, or in clean smocks of faded green and dingy drab—came hobbling by on their road to morning service. The school children trooped past with the neat little teacher behind them—his little sisters and their governess hurried by him—but still the young man in the brown suit, with the clear brown eyes, turned his back upon the village community, and stared down at the trout in the rippling stream.

"Not going to church?" cried a voice behind him. "Oh, Geoff! I wish you would! It does set such a bad example, to see you lounging here when everybody else is going to church."

Thus reproachfully addressed, Geoffrey Dane slightly turned his head, but did not otherwise alter his position. There stood behind him a young lady with a number of hymn-books, and a roll of music under her arm. She had a clever but not a pretty face, and she had brown eyes like her brother's—only they were not quite so pleasant to look at—and she had no pretensions to elegance either of form or attire, but wore a plain, useful stuff gown, very short, to keep it out of the mud, and a pair of good strong country boots upon her feet. The eldest Miss Dane was organist and choir leader in her father's church, and was on her way

to Sunday morning duty. She was two years older than her brother, and was a good specimen of a hard-working, sensible-minded, country clergyman's daughter. She was her father's right hand, and the prop and support—as well as the admonisher—of the whole village of Coddisham.

"My dear child," said young Dane, in answer to this young woman's somewhat dictatorial appeal, "do you imagine that I come down all the way from London to Coddisham in order to set a good example to the village?"

"I think you needn't at all events flaunt your Sabbath-breaking in the face of the whole Parish—it isn't really respectable."

"If you worked as hard as I do from Monday to Saturday, you would be glad enough too not to be what you call 'respectable' on a fine Sunday morning like this. Go on, Flo, you will be late."

With a gesture, half of anger, half of sorrow, Florence Dane hurried on and left him.

Presently, came by the Vicar, but he only shook his head with a smile as he passed his son.

"Not going to honour me, Geoff?"

"Not this morning, sir; you said you were going to preach about the prodigal son, and you always have a cut at me over that parable. I can't face it."

The Vicar laughed. He was broader-minded, and perhaps, too, easier-going than his daughter, as a man who had read much and thought much would be likely to be—Florence took the more practical if more narrowing aspect of the details of daily life, but it did not shock Mr. Dane at all that his son should prefer an idle morning on the bridge, with his pipe, and the sunshine, and the trout, to the long service in the crowded little church; he thought it very natural for a man who was cooped up in a London office all the year round, and would have been more inclined to blame him for a parasitical attendance, than for his more honest absence.

So Geoffrey stayed on the bridge, and it was not accounted unto him for sin.

Bye and bye the church bells stopped, and the last straggler went in, and the doors were shut, and there fell a profound silence upon the road, and the world without. Now that the clanging sounds were hushed, you could hear, with a delicious distinctness, the soft undertone of Nature's voices, the gurgling of the running water, the far-away "Coo-caroo" of a wood-pigeon, and even the rustle of each particular little brown and yellow leaf as it floated down to its death upon the moist bosom of the earth.

The young man upon the bridge might have been carved out of stone, so quiet, so immovable did he remain; and so intensely was he in harmony with the absolute and delicious stillness round him.

How long this lasted he never afterwards could have told you, but all at once he became aware with that strange occult instinct that we all possess, more or less, though few of us know the why or wherefore of it, that he was no longer alone in that still landscape. Some presence had invaded his solitude, some other human entity beyond his own shared in the sweet influences of the sunshine and the air.

He lifted his head sharply—and saw the figure of a woman coming slowly along the road towards him under the over-arching branches of the chestnut trees. There was something in the aspect of this female figure which caused Geoffrey Dane's brown eyes to open themselves to their widest and fullest, thereby displaying the fact that they were very beautiful eyes,—and also still further to give signs of astonishment by a sudden reversal of himself—that is to say, whereas up to now he had leant forwards upon the parapet of the bridge, he now leant backwards upon it, supporting himself with his elbows behind him upon the wall, so that he faced the on-coming figure along the road.

The reasons of this practical although simple expression of surprise and interest were twofold. Firstly, he had never seen the person who was advancing towards him in his life, before, which, considering that he knew every man, woman and child within a radius of ten miles from Coddisham, was peculiar, and secondly, in the whole course of his existence he had never, to his knowledge, seen anybody yet in the very least like her.

To be Continued.

THE BOY AND HIS CAP.

Being a Brief Account of a Familiar Household Incident.

"I can't find my cap anywhere," is a sentence more or less familiar in the household, that being what the boy says, looking for his cap, when he wants to go out to play. Early in the search he enlists his mother, and that may make a serious business of it. She has to drop her dusting, or whatever household work she may be engaged in, and the search may take a long time.

"Where did you put it when you came in?" is a question sure to be asked, sooner or later, but all the boy can answer is:

"I don't know."

And then the search goes on. Everywhere, over and under, in all sorts of places, all at a great loss of time, if not of temper. It is found at last, as most things are, in time, and in some simple easy place, which makes the finding of it all the more exasperating.

The boy takes it and goes out to play and straightway forgets all about it; but it may take quite a little time to restore the normal calm in the house.

It is a mystery how the boy manages to lose his cap as often as he does, but it appears to be a boy's way, and common to almost all.

HER FINDINGS.

Does your wife ever find fault when you happen to stay out late at night? No; she is generally too busy finding my hair.

HOW A SORE HEALS.

WHEN THE BLOOD IS PURE AND RICH IT WILL HEAL RAPIDLY.

This Fact Demonstrated in the Case of Chester Gawley, Who Had Been Troubled With a Running Sore For More Than a Year.

From the Times, Owen Sound.

In the township of Sarawak, Grey county, there is probably no better known or respected farmer than Thos. Gawley, of East Linton, P.O. Learning that his nephew a young lad now about ten years of age had been cured of a disease of his leg which threatened not only the loss of the limb, but also of the life of the little fellow, a reporter of the Times made enquiry, and we are convinced that the wonder working powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have not exhausted themselves. Meeting Mr. Gawley in one of the drug stores of the town, he was asked if the reported cure was a fact. His face lighted up with a smile as he said, "Indeed it is, sir. I was afraid we were going to lose the lad, but he is now as well as ever, hearty and strong." Asked for particulars, Mr. Gawley did the most natural thing in the world, referred the reporter to his wife, who in telling the case said:—"In the month of September, 1897, my nephew, Chester Gawley, who lives with us, became afflicted with a severe pain in his left leg. In a few days the limb became badly swollen and painful, and the family physician was called in. The case was a perplexing one, but it was decided after a few days to lance the leg. This was done, but the wound inflicted would not heal up, but became a running sore. The little fellow soon was reduced to almost a skeleton. This continued through the winter months, and we thought he would never get off his bed again. In April two of the best physicians of Owen Sound operated on the leg for disease of the bone, resorting to scraping the bone. In spite of this treatment the wound continued to run, and we were in despair. In August a friend residing in Manitowish, advised us to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We commenced to use them at once, and in a short time several pieces of the bone came out of the sore, and before the boy had taken four boxes the leg was completely cured. This was over a year ago, and Chester is now well and as strong in the left leg, which caused the trouble, as in the other. Of course I recommend highly the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Such is the story of the fourth cure which it has been our pleasure to report from Owen Sound, Chester Gawley is growing up into a strong healthy lad, and it is but adding another tribute to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to say that they were the instrument in his restoration to bodily vigor.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, and in this way drive disease from the system. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical. Sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

COSTLY LEATHERS.

Used in Making Pocketbooks and Similar Articles.

The newest leather for pocketbooks, card cases, letter cases and that sort of thing is rhinoceros skin. This tans a russet brown and it is finished with a soft surface that has a rich, velvety appearance. It is a beautiful leather, and besides being the newest it is also the costliest leather used for these purposes; a gold-mounted pocketbook of rhinoceros skin would cost \$35.

Another leather new this year in these uses is sea lion. This tans with a hard finish, and is a sort of steel color. Sea lion costs a little more than half as much as rhinoceros. A sea lion pocketbook, gold mounted, would cost \$20, the same as one of elephant skin.

BREAKFAST IN HIS CAB.

There is a fashionable London physician who realizes the value of time—or possibly the value of advertising. His mornings are pleasantly occupied in paying professional visits to his patients. Now breakfast is usually eaten in the morning. Here is an apparent conflict. Genius is best illustrated by making conflicting facts agree. The physician eats his breakfast in his brougham. It is put into a nice hamper. There is a flat-table in the front of the carriage. Upon this the doctor comfortably eats his morning egg and roll, and those who see him thus engaged are variously impressed.

A SAFE SPECULATION.

Hicks—You know Stakem, the cashier of the Fleeing Bank? Well, he made \$100,000 in a corn-broom deal in less than six weeks. That's what a man gets by having courage.

Wicks—It's all very well, seeing that he was successful; but suppose there had been a sudden drop in the market and wiped out Stakem's margins?

Hicks—He wouldn't have lost anything. He used the bank's money in his speculations.

REDUCTION.

How women change, said the man who has been married a year. My wife used to write to me and send me a bushel of kisses in her letters.

Um, said the man who has been married a quarter of a century.

But now, when I leave for the office she just gives me a peck, and a short one at that.