

Only the Governess.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

It was a June day, the warmest of the season, and all the school-room windows were opened to admit the lagging breeze that hardly stirred the lian boughs.

"Miss Darley, tell Marmaduke to stop pinching me!"

"Miss Darley, can't Rosalie stop squeaking her slate-pencil?"

"Miss Darley, is this exercise right? Tell me quick, please, for I want to run out and see Marian go horse-back-riding with Captain Pinnock."

"Miss Darley held up a slim finger at Marmaduke, shook her head at Rosalie, and glanced wearily over the blotted German exercise."

"It's as bad as it can be, Alicia! Go out quickly and see them start, if you want, and then come back and do your exercise over again."

Alice Forester flew like a bird. Rosalie, one of those sulky children who never exhibit the least alacrity, kept on drawing impossible dogs and horses on her slate. Marmaduke applied himself to the manufacture of a paper fly-trap, and plump little Frances climbed on the window-sill to see the equestrian party set forth.

"They're gone now," said she, with a long breath. "How nice Marian's new jockey cap looked! How I should like to be nineteen!"

Miss Darley looked up. "Is she nineteen? I am nineteen to-day, too," said she.

"Are you?" Frances opened her laughing blue eyes very wide. "Ain't it funny? But nobody has given you a diamond arrow to wear in your hair? And you're not engaged?"

"No!" said Melicent Darley, shortly. "Marmaduke, put down the scissors. Rosalie, is your sun ready? Now, Alicia" (to the returning eldest pupil), "you'll oblige me if you will try to write a less disgraceful German exercise."

"The governess is cross," whispered Frances to her sister. "It's her birthday, too, and there's nobody to give her pretty things."

"And serves her right," returned Alicia. "She's no business to nag one so about the German verbs!"

Alicia was purposely stupid about the verbs. Rosalie took every opportunity to "sneak" her slate pencil, just to see the governess jump. Marmaduke set himself to work to torment Frances. A pert maid came in to say "missus wanted to know why there were no flowers in the drawing-room this morning."

"I forgot them," said Miss Darley, coloring. It was an effort of self-denial not to add: "I was engaged as governess, not as useful help."

"You'll please to get some as soon as school hours is over," said Bridget. "And Miss Forester, she left word you was to sew lace into her white dress for the four-o'clock tea, and the pold lady wants some one to read to her, and missus has mislaid her moonstone clasp, and says you're to come and hunt it up before the new house-maid sweeps the room."

Miss Darley listened with compressed lips. All the morning she had been looking forward to spending a cool hour by the river-side when the wearisome school hours were over, and his was to be the end of her anticipations!

"Children," said she, abruptly, "you're dismissed. It is a great deal too hot for lessons to-day!"

The small captives dispersed with whoops and shouts, and Miss Darley was just about to issue out with her hady straw hat and a pair of garden scissors to cut roses when a tall, spare body with protuberant light blue eyes and a Roman nose appeared at the end of the hall.

"Am I mistaken in the time, Miss Darley?" said Mrs. Forester, for she it as, "or is it only eleven? I understand that school hours are from ten till one! May I ask the meaning of all this screaming and shouting under my window when I am lying down with a headache?"

Miss Darley explained that she had dismissed the children early on account of the heat and their restlessness.

"Then," said Mrs. Forester, "you took a great liberty. Be so good as to let them back again, and resume lessons. Please remember, also, for the future, that I do not wish my orders to be tampered with. I believe you were engaged here as a governess, not to under-ander and enjoy yourself."

And Miss Darley, with crimsoned cheeks and angrily beating heart, had nothing for it but to obey.

herself, "that I should be ordered around and bullied like this, while Marian Forester, nineteen years old to-day, like myself, walks a path of roses, and drinks life's sweetest cup. I am young, too, and I am not ugly, and I was brought up a lady. And why does everybody snub me and treat me like a drudge? It is too cruel!"

Melicent Darley was fighting her own battle with Fortune. Her only brother had been compelled to abandon his profession, the law, on account of failing health, and had gone as a plain farm-hand to Central New York. Melicent had been devotedly attached to him, and her greatest grief was that Rudolph seemed to have forgotten her among his new associations.

"He might have remembered how utterly solitary I am," she said to herself. "A letter a week would have been very little for him, and it would have given me new life and courage."

Alone! It was a hard lot. For twelve months she had drudged on for a pitiful salary, until now she felt like a mere automaton. But at last a doorway of possible escape seemed open to her. Mr. Simeon Seabright, Mrs. Forester's rich brother had fallen in love with her, a yellow-faced, battered old East India merchant.

"Can I marry him?" Melicent asked herself. "I would as soon marry the hideous Punjaub idol on the pedestal in the back drawing-room," and she shuddered as she mentally compared him with Harry Lindley, the handsome young sea captain, who had once seemed to care so much for her in the old days when he was Rudolph's friend and companion.

Mr. Seabright was sixty, with a saffron complexion, an irritable temper, and false teeth, that somehow made one think of a beast of prey. But he was very rich; his wife need not toil her life away as a governess, and Melicent's nerves were worn to such a degree that she sometimes felt as if suicide would be preferable to the dreary monotony of her daily treadmill of work.

"And I don't earn enough to buy my clothes and postage stamps," she said to herself, "and everybody calls on me to do all the odds and ends that no one else will undertake. I can't sleep nights, and I have no appetite, and—and I am nineteen years old to-day, and there isn't a solitary soul to remember it!"

She was standing looking sadly at the river, with her hand on Bounce's collar, when Mr. Seabright came hobbling out. (Chronic rheumatism was one of his standard possessions.)

"Ah, my dear young lady," said he, "I hoped I should find you. Ugh! ugh!" as a sudden twinge seized him. "May I beg for an answer to-day to my suit? I have waited very patiently."

Melicent looked at him with distaste. Would it be possible for her to link her young life with this gray antiquity? Upon the whole, would not even suicide be preferable to Mr. Simeon Seabright? Yet she was so weary of fighting life's battle—and Mr. Seabright was a millionaire. For a minute she hesitated.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself. "Oh, what shall I do? No, no, I can not deliver myself over, like a package bought and sold, in exchange for this man's gold! I am a drudge now, but as his wife I should be a slave! If I were to betray myself into such a doom, where would be my respect? I may fall low, but never so low as this!"

And with a courage born of this new conviction, she refused Mr. Seabright's suit. He showed his yellow teeth—an evil light came into his shaggy-browed eyes.

"I suppose you know," said he, "that a word from me would lose you your situation."

"Yes, I know it."

"And of course it won't be pleasant for me to have you remain here after—"

She turned away and vanished into the wooded copse.

Homeless! Yes, that was it—homeless, and on her nineteenth birthday! Yet she could not doubt that she had done right. She could toil, suffer, starve, if need, but she could not give herself to a man whom in her secret heart she abhorred.

Old Mr. Seabright, however, did not despair.

"She'll come to it yet," he said to himself. "I've only to get Jane Forester to turn her cut-of-doors—only to make her utterly friendless and alone—and she'll come to me quiet enough. Aha! we shall see!"

Mrs. Forester discharged Miss Darley in a fit of virtuous wrath when she discovered that the pretty governess had attracted the regards of the retired East India merchant. But the rest of Mr. Seabright's prediction did not come true. On that very day a letter arrived, inviting her to the farm in Central New York, and, to his dismay, old Simeon saw the bird he had fancied entrapped soar out of his reach at last.

It was a pretty, one-storied cottage, covered nearly to the roof with vines, and with an umbrella-like

elm-tree brooding above it, and acres on acres of green-garlanded hop-poles stretching away into distance like the vineyards of the Rhine, to which Rudolph conducted his sister that evening.

"My home," said he, proudly. "How do you like it, Mel?"

"Yours, Rudy?"

"Yes, mine. Bought and paid for."

"And who is your housekeeper, Rudy?"

"My wife, to be sure. Yes, you may well stare. We wanted to give you a genuine surprise. I was married last week to Kate Lindley, Farmer Marston's niece and Harry Lindley's sister. And hereafter your home is to be with us, dear little sister Mel. Your room is all furnished in rose-pink, the color you like best—"

"But how did your wife know I liked pink?" interrupted Melicent.

"Harry told her. And there's a green-winged linnet there, your favorite bird—Harry told us that—and a view of the Mohawk river from the window! And if you like the neighborhood, and if the air agrees with you—"

"What then, Rudolph?"

"Well, it's a profound secret—but Harry is going to leave the sea, and build another cottage, and—and ask Miss Somebody to come and live in it. But mind you don't tell! Here she is, Kate!" as a laughing, dark-eyed girl came running out to welcome her, crying:

"Was it really a surprise, Melicent? I may call you Melicent, mayn't I? Oh, we have been planning it so long, Rudolph and I. A surprise for your birthday. Harry remembered your birthday, and here he is! Come and welcome her to her new home, Harry? What makes you turn so pale, Melicent? Are you going to faint?"

But Melicent Darley did not faint, although for a second everything seemed to swim around her. Home! It was such a strange, "secret word."

And standing out in the moonlight with Harry Lindley that night, with the scent of the Michigan roses above, and the thrill of a great happiness in her heart, Melicent thanked heaven that she had had courage to say "No" to the old man who would have bought her like a Circassian slave into life-long servitude!

Tragedy in Court.

HAMMERSVILLE, Ohio, September 10.—A terrible tragedy occurred here last evening during the trial of the case of George Barngrove vs. Joseph Hiler before Esquire Vandament. A Mr. Hiler died some months ago, leaving a will in which he devised most of his property to two of his sons and two daughters, to the exclusion of other children.

There has been talk of contesting the will, and much bitterness has been manifested. This was a case for damages under an alleged breach of contract between Joseph Hiler and Barngrove, who was one of the sons-in-law of Mr. Hiler. During the trial, Constable I. N. Allen, another son-in-law, stepped to the door, when a pistol shot was heard. Allen came staggering into the room and fell across a chair, exclaiming, "John Hiler did it." Before the terrorized spectators could realize what had happened, the murderer was seen standing in the middle of the crowded court room, and fired a second shot, which took effect in the right breast of George Barngrove, passing entirely through his body.

How a Coin was Traced.

The old saying that "money goes" was illustrated last week, says a correspondent of a St. Louis paper. A customer tendered me a twenty dollar bill. I had it changed by a neighbor, who, being in a hurry, gave me a pocket piece of \$10 in gold of the issue of 1861, which he prized highly and did not want to part with. He came to me as soon as he had found he had given me the valued coin, and I went out and hunted up the customer to whom I had given it. He had bought some cigars at a neighboring store and had given the gold piece in payment. Upon going to the cigar store we found that the proprietor had transferred the coin to a saloon-keeper near by, and at that place we found that the saloon-keeper had used it in liquidating his brewery bill. The next day my neighbor went to the brewery and found that the cashier of this institution had just parted with the coveted piece of money to a dissatisfied employe. The individual was at last located in a neighboring saloon and the coin was recovered.

Exciting Adventure.

Mr. H. J. Scriver, of Hemmingford, a relative of the member for Huntingdon in the Common, met with a rather exciting adventure Saturday evening while driving home alone in his carriage. While passing through a wood near the village of Corbin a stranger stepped out of the bush, drew a revolver and pointing the revolver at Mr. Scriver's head, said in the most menacing manner possible: "I want this horse and buggy. You get out or I will put a ball through your head." He then began to move towards the carriage, when the driver told him he had better get away his revolver, as he did not pur-

pose making any resistance. The would-be robber, who was an exceedingly fresh one, immediately placed the firearm in his hip pocket was about to climb up into the buggy. As quick as a flash, Mr. Scriver whipped a large pipe-case out of his pocket and pointing it at the head of his friend, said: "Now, my man, it is your turn to throw up your hands; execute at once or you are a dead duck." It being dark, the fool thought he was covered by a sharp-shooter, and no doubt believing discretion to be the better part of valor, he obeyed. In this strange attitude Mr. Scriver drove the stranger before him for over 100 yards but the horse giving a sudden start he was driven ahead of his prisoner, who took advantage of the circumstance to make a rush for the side of the road and finally escaped. Although the villain has not been captured, the incident has created considerable alarm in the neighborhood.—Empire.

A Bride's Elopement.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., September 11.—The little hamlet of Crawford's Corner, midway between Keport and Holmdel, N. J., is excited over the sensational elopement of Miss Lizzie Bennett and George Voorhees, which occurred yesterday afternoon. The elopement of itself would probably not have created such a profound sensation were it not for the fact that Miss Bennett was engaged to Mr. Frederick Munroe, and was to have been married to him in the afternoon. Miss Bennett is a comely young maiden of nineteen summers. She is of medium stature and of fair complexion and is the belle of the village. About a year ago she made the acquaintance of young Munroe, who lived near by. In a short time their engagement was announced. Had they been married all would probably have been well, for it was at this time Voorhees, who had previously been a silent admirer of Miss Bennett, began paying her marked attention. Munroe did not like this and it is said the rivals had words together and even blows. At the hour fixed for the wedding yesterday afternoon the officiating clergyman was awaiting the arrival of the bride and groom at the home of the bride's parents.

Munroe was among the first of the arrivals, and shortly before the time set for the ceremony went upstairs to escort his prospective bride into the presence of the clergyman. She was not in her room, and it was not until an hour later that he learned that she had been married to Voorhees by the Rev. Dr. Wheeler, of Holmdel, N. J. The newly married couple are supposed to be in New York.

AN OLD RAILWAY ENGINEER.

Some of His Experiences in Buenos Ayres and at Home.

The Seattle Press says: "Speaking about the rebellion in Buenos Ayres," said a former officer on the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railway, "I know a railroad engineer who had some lively experiences in those parts during the last rebellion down there. He was an engineer on the government railroad running out into the interior of the Argentine Republic. He was out on the further end of the line when a little unpleasantness broke out at the capital. The government ran out of powder and could not contend much longer against the insurgents without a supply of that necessary adjunct to modern warfare, so they telegraphed throughout the republic for powder. A car-load was found near the end of the track, but long since communication over the rails had been stopped. When a volunteer engineer was called for to make the perilous journey, Tyler, the man of whom I am speaking, said he would go. He hooked on to the car of powder and a car of soldiers and started for the capital at a break-neck speed. He rushed into Buenos Ayres and the powder thus secured

SAVED THE REPUBLIC FROM THE REBELS.

That same Tyler was the greatest engineer I ever heard of. He seemed to have no fear and would make the most remarkable runs on record in railways annals. The paymaster on the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern always asked for Tyler to rush his car on the line. He was the first engineer to pull a train of cars over the Canadian Pacific Railway from Vancouver to Montreal. He was an engineer on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul line, and was pronounced by the master mechanic to be the best man in the employ. He had a knack of snaking the first mail trains in ahead of schedule time when all the run on time. The superintendent noticed this one time and ordered the engineer to be discharged for reckless driving and at the same time ordered him blackballed. The master mechanic did as ordered, but not wishing to part entirely with such a good man he sent him down on a little branch just building in Iowa and in that obscurity he was working for two years. Finally the same superintendent went down to inspect that road. While there he

RECEIVED A TELEGRAM

to hurry back to Milwaukee. He asked for an engine to pull his private car back. Nothing but a freight engine was to be had. "Can you pull a passenger coach?" asked the superintendent of a greasy-looking man under the engine.

"Yes, sir, I think so."

"Well, get up steam and hook onto my coach."

"He did so, and the superintendent told him to rush things for the main line. That was all Tyler wanted, and he rushed things so well that the superintendent ordered him to go on to Milwaukee. Before reaching that city the engineer had washed himself and put on a clean shirt. As the superintendent stepped out of his coach to compliment the engineer on his remarkably good run, he suddenly stopped—

"Why I thought I had you blackballed from this road years ago," exclaimed he.

"Yes, sir, you did; but I have been working down there for the time. I guess nobody knew of it."

"Well, I'll take care of your case."

"The next day the engineer was restored to his old position with all his rights, which made him the oldest engineer on the road."

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