

A Serenade.

Lady mine,
'Tis thy lover who calls on thy name,
Lady mine,
With the sunset the water's aflame,
There's no guard to keep watch on the gate,
For thee doth my gondola wait;
Let us float with the tide to the deep;
On a cradle of waves shalt thou sleep.
Come away,
For the sunset is dying apace;
Come away,
For here by my side is thy place.

As we float
And the twilight grows ever more gray,
As we float
'Mid the beautiful death of the day,
There's a light that I see in thine eyes,
Like to that of the morn that shall rise,
When safely all danger we've passed,
And I call thee mine own one at last.
Row apace,
For the moonlight shines faint on the tide;
Row apace,
For the morning must break on my bride.
—Temple Bar.

KITTY'S "FATE."

CHAPTER VI.

When Miss Marjoribanks and Mr. Woodstock met the next morning, the young man showed no recollection of what had happened; the dictatorial and indifferent air which had so often fretted poor Kitty's soul seemed to have disappeared, and had given place to a very delicate and respectful kindness of manner, which touched the wilful little thing in a way which Stephen could hardly fail to observe.

Mrs. Marjoribanks, seeing Kitty's blush and timid smile when Mr. Woodstock first spoke to her at breakfast, began to be of opinion that things were at last shaping themselves as she herself most desired.

Mr. Dare was looking gloomy, and announced his departure that day for London; Dora's bud of a mouth was more closely shut than ever; Charlie Wynne had something of a hang-dog air, but seemed to have acquired a new respect for the "New Zealand fellow," with whom he presently went out shooting on the most amicable terms.

Angus had a few words with his cousin before he left.

"Kitty," he said in his low *legato* voice, "I am going away without finishing the portrait, and I do not think I shall return until your year of probation is at an end. I cannot endure this state of things any longer."

Kitty did not look up from her embroidery.

"If you mean about Mr. Woodstock," she said, coloring deeply, "perhaps I ought to tell you that I have given it up. I have been behaving disgracefully. I don't mean to go on acting an untruth any longer."

Mr. Dare did not answer immediately. He drew a little nearer, and bent low over the girl's drooping head.

"Perhaps you are right," he said then gently. "Mr. Woodstock seems to be something of an original. There is no telling what he may not do in order to play the hero in the eyes of you luckless fellows who are denied a like opportunity."

"What do you mean?" asked Miss Marjoribanks curiously.

"I mean," in the same carefully-modulated voice—"that it is quite on the cards that Mr. Woodstock may say 'No'; and it might be as well if you took that point into consideration before making your own final decision."

"That is what you advise?" asked Kitty, curiously again.

"I merely offer the suggestion. I do not venture to advise you. I feel"—his musical voice sank to a whisper—"that I am myself too deeply interested in the result."

There was absolute silence on Miss Marjoribanks's part.

"Do not misunderstand me, Kitty," pleaded her cousin tenderly; "and promise that you will not quite forget me while I am away."

"I do not forget so easily," returned Kitty quietly. She thought, with a kind of wonder, that she could not even feel angry with this man whom she had once imagined that she loved. "When will you come back?" she asked.

"On the day before the eventful twentieth of October, I hope," replied Mr. Dare. "It is a long time to be banished from your presence, Kitty. Pity me for doing what I conceive to be my duty, rather than fulfil my heart's desire."

"Good-bye till October," said Kitty, rising, as he showed no intention of ending the interview.

She held out her hand, which Angus seized. For an instant, it seemed as if he would repeat the piece of audacity of which he had once before been guilty; but Kitty, drawing herself up, looking him steadily in the eyes without saying a word, and he had the grace to change color as he took his leave.

Kitty drew a long breath when the door closed behind her cousin.

"I shall not feel wicked any longer when he is gone," she thought wistfully. "I was ashamed to be good while he was here."

The time that followed was, in spite of many secret doubts and pains, an extremely happy one to Kitty Marjoribanks. Nervously she counted the months as they flew by, wishing vainly that she could hold them back, that uncle Jasper's will had said five years instead of one, that there need never be any ugly question of money to break in upon the charm of their pleasant life at Southlands.

And yet Stephen had not given her the faintest reason for supposing that he cared for her as she cared for him; for she did care for him—Kitty knew that now beyond all shadow of doubt—not with the feverish fancy, born of flattered vanity and vague childish yearnings, which she had felt during the space of a few months for her cousin Angus, but with a love that was so deep and steadfast and strong as to cause her more pain by far than pleasure—the love that a woman feels for the man whom she knows to be, and is proud to acknowledge as, her master in all things.

Time was flying. Winter was over, and spring with all its dancing daffodils; summer with its roses was burning itself slowly away; autumn was at hand, and in October the decisive word must be spoken between Stephen Woodstock and Kitty Marjoribanks.

Mr. Woodstock's manner remained as quietly inscrutable as ever. Even to Mrs. Marjoribanks, for whom he had conceived a special regard, he gave no hint of his intentions. His decision, it was evident, would not be made known until it was delivered into the hands of the lawyers on the day appointed for that ceremony.

The nearer the day drew, the paler grew poor little Kitty, and the more brightly her velvet-dark eyes blazed with the fever of her suspense and secret pain.

They had the house all to themselves just then. It had been agreed that at the last the presence of strangers would be embarrassing. But Angus Dare, being a cousin, did not count of course; and, on the evening before the decisive day, he appeared, according to his promise, very much sunburnt from his skoteling tour in Spain, and laden with black lace mantillas and fans for Kitty and Dora.

Poor Kitty's peachy cheeks were as white as her dress all that long last evening. Angus succeeded in appropriating her the greater part of the time. It was natural that he should have a great deal to tell her about his travels, and he seemed to prefer telling it in a low voice. Kitty had hardly heard a word of all his poetical descriptions. She was counting with terror the few hours that remained before her answer must be given.

She did not speak to Stephen until it was time to say "Good night;" and then, as he brought her candle and lighted it for her, she lifted her great velvet-dark eyes to the young man's face, and he saw that they were full of tears.

"You are not ill?" he asked gently.

"No," answered Kitty in a very tremulous little voice.

"Only tired and a little over-wrought?" "Well"—smiling kindly—"the trial will soon be over! Courage!"

"You will be very glad," faltered the girl, bravely controlling herself; "and no wonder! I am ashamed when I remember what an ungracious welcome you received at Southlands a year ago from—from some of us."

"I have forgotten all about that," answered Stephen simply. "I have been too entirely happy here since then to be able to remember it. But even the happiest years must come to an end, you know, Miss Marjoribanks."

"Yes," said Kitty faintly. "I wonder where we shall both be this time next year?"

"Where, indeed!" echoed the young man, smiling gravely. "We shall be better able to guess at that after twelve o'clock to-morrow."

Punctually at twelve the next day, old Mr. Smylie, the lawyer, was in the library with his papers. As Kitty came in, holding her mother's hand and hanzing her head, Stephen was irresistibly reminded of the first time he had seen her. Was it indeed a year ago? It seemed only like yesterday. He went forward and held out his hand.

"We are better friends to-day than we were twelve months ago," he said, a little unwonted emotion softening his voice. "Do you remember how you flashed scorn at me out of your eyes, and how all your pretty hair was falling over your shoulders?"

Kitty's pale cheeks began to glow. His kindness sent a little unexpected thrill of happiness through her heart.

"I was a very rude and selfish girl," she said, looking down. "It is you who have made me try to be better."

"And you believe now, I hope, that I would not willingly mar your happiness, Miss Marjoribanks?"

"I—I don't know!" faltered poor Kitty. "I believe that you are always very kind; but—Oh, what could she say?"

Angus Dare was watching them. He exchanged a somewhat startled glance with Miss Netley. But already Stephen, having given Kitty a chair, had left her side and taken his place at the opposite side of the table, where pen and ink awaited him, and the two forms—one of acceptance, one of refusal—between which he had so soon to make his choice.

It seemed a very simple ceremony to decide the fate of two young lives, merely the signing and witnessing of one of those papers. Kitty's hands trembled as she slowly unfolded both of hers and read them through from beginning to end. Mr. Woodstock looked as coolly imperturbable as usual.

There were a few words of warning from old Mr. Smylie as to the irrevocable nature of the step they were about to take, a breathless pause, and then Miss Marjoribanks and Mr. Woodstock took up their pens almost simultaneously and dipped them in the ink. Their eyes met as they did so. Stephen's were full of a wistful kindness before which poor little Kitty's sank, and her heart beat fast.

How lovely she looked, the young man thought, and how sweet! Her pallor and agitation only made her fairer in his eyes. The sun was shining in through the old stained windows and irradiating her hair and face and hands with rosy light. The charming wistful mouth was quivering, the great dark eyes softened and misty with tears. He could smell the scent of the mignonnette she wore between the buttons of her pale-blue gown. Oh, if she—

Suddenly, as the young man sat, his eyes fixed upon Kitty, his pen poised over the paper, Angus rose and crossed the room, and his shadow, falling across the table, blotted out all the glory of light that was suffusing the girl's drooping head. With a start, Stephen took his eyes from her, and, drawing a long breath, he immediately signed one of the papers.

Kitty had already signed hers, and she sat with clasped hands and downcast eyes like one awaiting sentence of life or death. Her mother was standing behind her, and softly laid her hand now on her hair.

"We are quite ready for you, Mr. Smylie," said Mrs. Marjoribanks; and the old lawyer advanced and took the two papers and proceeded to have them properly attested.

Lower and lower sank poor little Kitty's chestnut head when, in a breathless silence, Mr. Smylie proceeded to read each document aloud. She had known, she had felt for some time past, how it must be; and yet great blushes of shame were burning in her cheeks, and her heart almost stood still within her.

For, after all, it was Mr. Woodstock who had said "No," and Miss Marjoribanks who had said "Yes." And Kitty was consequently mistress of Southlands and of the much-talked-of hundred thousand pounds.

Stephen Woodstock to his Partner.

Well, it is all over, old fellow, and Miss Marjoribanks is, as she has a right to be, her uncle's heiress. I am sorry to say that my sweet little Dora looked coldly on me ever since the papers were signed to that

effect. I said something very pathetic to her that same evening, as to being more in need than ever of a little domestic angel to console me; and she ruffled her pretty dove-colored feathers and told me quite sharply, for such a bud of a mouth, that I had better make haste back to New Zealand and look for one. That is the last straw, Ned, isn't it?

You ask when you may expect me. I hardly know. I have promised kind Mrs. Marjoribanks to remain at Southlands for a few weeks longer; it certainly would look rather ungracious to hurry away. And, when my visit is over, I shall probably take a run on the Continent. I confess to feeling somewhat too restless just now to make a pleasant companion for you, old fellow, or for Mrs. Herbert and the girls. At any rate, when I do go, I shall leave Miss Marjoribanks happier than my unwelcome arrival found her. I believe she had a doubt up to the last moment as to my intentions. She does not know me, so it was natural enough perhaps.

She is free now to shape her life as she desires, poor child! I have said what I honestly could to Mrs. Marjoribanks about this handsome cousin; but, to my surprise, it did not seem to have much effect, devoted to her daughter as she undoubtedly is. Certainly, if Miss Marjoribanks were my sister, she should not marry that man. But, as it is, what can I say further, except Heaven bless her, whatever her fate may be!

CHAPTER VII., AND LAST.

So poor little Kitty had been true to herself and to the promptings of her heart, and this was the result. She felt as if her shame must kill her. In whatever spirit Mr. Woodstock took her decision, it must always remain a deep humiliation to her. For, if he acquitted her of mercenary motives, what could he think but the truth—that she loved him unasked with a love which he could not return?

After all her secret struggles, after the sacrifice of her maiden pride to her love, she had succeeded only in winning Stephen Woodstock's pity or disdain. It was more than she could endure. She had not been prepared, in spite of some chill and secret dread, for the cruel mortification that had followed, for having it known to all her little world that she had been rejected; and, stung by her pain, the foolish thought came to her that she might find a salve for her wounded pride in pretending an indifference which she did not feel, in accepting with assumed coquetry attentions which displeased her. And thus the girl blindly and wilfully allowed herself to be hurried back into her old confidential relations—or a semblance of them—with her cousin Angus.

Mr. Woodstock looked on apparently unmoved at Kitty's renewed intimacy with Mr. Dare. Her mother was the first to remark it.

"Kitty, take care," she said gently one day. "Do not let your pique hurry you into doing what you may regret all your life long."

Kitty shrugged her shoulders wistfully. What was the use of trying to be good? People only misunderstood you.

When Mr. Woodstock spoke at length of leaving Southlands, Mrs. Marjoribanks managed to induce him to prolong his visit still further without saying one word which could compromise her daughter. It was the only way in which she sought to interfere with the course of events. And Stephen did not seem to find the house dull, quiet as they now were. All their visitors had gone—even Miss Netley was back once more in the schoolroom with "the girls," and Mr. Dare and Miss Marjoribanks were apparently much wrapped up in each other's society.

Perhaps no one knew so well as handsome Angus how little substantial progress he was making in the good graces of the heiress. It seemed impossible to bring Kitty to the point. And all Mr. Dare's very sufficient self-esteem did not blind him to the meaning of the girl's caprices and moods and wistful, unnaturally bright eyes. She had fallen in love with the New Zealand fellow. It was a pity. It was a chance the less for him—Angus—in the game. But as, in spite of his love of poetry and his romantic taste, Mr. Dare was, before all things, a man of business, he determined that with a little audacity, a little skill, Kitty's very passion for Stephen Woodstock should be made to tell in his own favor.

One day the cousins had gone out for a long ride together after luncheon. The weather was threatening and dismal; but, as Mr. Woodstock had been unlucky enough to advise Miss Marjoribanks not to venture out, that was sufficient to determine that young lady to do so. Her mother had not interfered; she had contented herself with charging Angus not to keep Kitty out too late.

The two rode on in silence for the greater part of the way. A yellow mist was rising above the distant fields and creeping gradually near to them. Kitty shivered a little, and thought that, if it had not been for Mr. Woodstock, she would like to turn back. The fire and the third volume of her novel would have been pleasanter than those misty leaf-strewn lanes, that dismal fast-falling dusk. And, after all, when they reached their destination, the Grange, a pretty tumble-down old place smothered in ivy, it was too dark for Mr. Dare to make his sketch. But at any rate Miss Marjoribanks had asserted her independence, and had proved to Mr. Woodstock that she would not permit him to interfere in her plans.

The cousins dismounted and wandered about the old gardens of the Grange for a few minutes. Angus even contrived to find a few lingering chrysanthemums among the weedy beds, which he brought to Kitty with a murmured quotation.

Kitty shrugged her shoulders over the poetry, and accepted the flowers with a very bad grace.

"We had better be getting back," she said. "I am sure I felt a few drops of rain. How dreary the day has turned out! It was hardly worth while giving up our afternoon tea for this."

"I am so sorry to have tempted you out," answered her cousin gently as he put her on her horse.

"Oh, I needed a good canter!" returned Kitty coldly. "I should have gone out with Ball if you had not been here." Ball was her groom.

Mr. Dare did not answer this speech, and the cousins rode homewards for some minutes in silence. The few drops of rain were fast becoming a shower. The November

evening was rapidly closing it, and they were still at least six miles from Southlands. "I am afraid you will be awfully wet," said Angus, with solicitude. "If we can find a shelter somewhere, it would be better to wait till this shower blows over. We might get you a cup of tea perhaps."

"No, no; I don't mind the rain!" cried Kitty above the rising wind. "Only let us go home. It is nearly dark, and mamma will be so uneasy!"

But it appeared that her misfortunes were not yet at an end, for Mr. Dare's horse suddenly fell lame, and they were reduced to proceeding at a walk. Kitty was half beside herself with annoyance, as they splashed painfully along through the mud, and the rain poured down as if it would wash them bodily away. It was evident that they must take the first shelter that offered, and find some quicker means of getting home.

"Was there ever anything so unlucky?" said Kitty, beginning to cry. She was tired and miserable and unhappy. "And there is not a house in sight. Are you sure we did not take a wrong turning that time? I don't recognize that pond there with the trees round it."

Mr. Dare did his best to reassure and encourage his cousin; and, before very long, a friendly red light shone upon them in the distance; and they saw that they were at last within reach of shelter, though it was only in the parlor of a little roadside public-house.

"There," said Angus gaily—"did not I promise you a cup of tea, Kitty? You see things are not so bad after all! And they will understand at Southlands that we are delayed by the rain."

"Oh, never mind the tea!" replied Kitty forlornly. She had been riding for more than three hours, and she was wet and chilled to the bone. "Only find out how we can get home. We must leave poor Douglas here until to-morrow. Whereabouts are we? Do you know?"

They were some miles out of their way, they found, when they reached the recirculated windows of the "Rose and Crown;" and Kitty, reluctantly enough, consented to dismount and enter the stuffy little parlor, which smelt of stale tobacco, and was adorned with gaudy chromos of scenes in the hunting-field. A fire was being already lighted in her honor, and presently tea was brought by the landlady in person. She cast many inquisitive glances at the pretty girl with the agitated face who was restlessly pacing up and down and beating the skirt of her habit with her riding-whip. The young lady declined all offers of dry clothing.

"I must get home at once," she said piteously. "Oh, Angus, go and see about it, please!"

"When I have seen you made comfortable with a cup of tea by the fire," returned Angus gently. "Come, you poor trembling little Kitty, don't look so unhappy, dear, pray! Are you not safe with me?"

She tried to smile at him as he left the room; but it was a very unsuccessful attempt. Why had she been so obstinate about the ride? she was ruefully reflecting. What would Mr. Woodstock think of this lengthened *te-te-te* with her cousin?

"If he could not care for me, she thought, a sob rising in her throat, "I might at least have kept his respect. And now—"

After what seemed to her an intolerably long time, Angus came back, showing grave annoyance in his face and manner.

"It is awfully unlucky," he began; and Kitty looked up, alarmed.

"What?" she demanded breathlessly.

"You must not care," her cousin urged gently. "There is really nothing to be distressed about; but I am afraid we cannot get home to-night."

"Angus!" The girl started to her feet, trembling like a leaf.

"It is raining more heavily than ever," he went on; "and there is nothing in the shape of a conveyance or a horse to be had here."

"But it is impossible to stay here," persisted Kitty, very pale. "What will mamma think? What will every one think? Angus, we must walk!"

"That would be madness, dear. It is five miles—and in this rain!"

"Oh, why did I ever come out with you?" cried Kitty, bursting into a passion of tears. "Look what a scrape I have got into! It is dreadful!"

"You are with me," repeated Angus softly. "Don't you know what good care I will take of you, Kitty?"

"I don't want to be taken care of," sobbed Kitty passionately. "I want to go home. What will mamma say when we come sneaking in to-morrow? What will everybody say?"

There was a little silence, broken only by Kitty's sobs, as she stood leaning her head on the chimney-piece. And then Angus, drawing nearer, said in his low and musical voice—

"Kitty, put it out of their power—out of Mr. Woodstock's power especially—to say anything."

"I wish I could!" sobbed the girl. "But what can we do?" She lifted her tear-stained face and looked up at him expectantly, with a gleam of hope in her eyes. "What can I do, Angus?"

"You can give me the right to take home my promised wife to-morrow," whispered Angus; and he would have put his arm round the slender sobbing figure, but the girl drew back, her eyes blazing with indignation.

"How dare you," she panted out, the fire of her anger scorching up her tears—"how dare you be so unmanly when I am here with you away from everybody?"

"Kitty!"

"Don't touch me!" she said, avoiding him again, and getting behind the chair on which she had been sitting. "Don't dare to come near me!"

"Of course I will not, dear, if you forbid me," answered Angus quietly, though something jarred in his voice and distorted in his handsome face. "But why blame me, Kitty, if my love has been stronger than my prudence—if, seeing you in distress, I am irresistibly impelled to offer you a life-long protection?"

"Your love!" echoed Kitty scornfully. "It was not so irresistible, it seems to me, before the twenty-fifth of October!"

"Kitty!" A world of reproach rang in Mr. Dare's deep voice.

"Don't speak to me!" interrupted the girl passionately. "I forbid you to say another word."

"I must speak," said her cousin; and now

there was some cold anger audible in his carefully-guarded voice. "I do not reproach you for the way in which you have played with me of late."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FACTS ABOUT WOMEN.

Vermont has two lady letter-carriers. A Pute princess has just married her twentieth husband.

A Maine woman cabled the news of the death of her cat to her husband in Europe.

Two women took the first prize at a wood-cutting contest in McKean county, Pa.

A Vassar girl who dresses in half mourning was asked the reason. She replied that she was mourning for her half brother.

The wife of an Italian scissors grinder at Nashville saturated her clothing with coal oil and then set fire to it because she had lost her babe.

Mrs. Harrison Thayer of Danby, Pa., began sneezing on Tuesday and kept it up for five days, despite the efforts of two doctors. She will recover.

With the money given her by relatives and friends, which she has saved since childhood, a young woman in Texas bought two milk cows, paying \$31 for them. She has recently sold the increase for \$1,000.

A Chicago widow ordered her funeral outfit before her death, paying \$5,000 for it. The coffin cost \$1,400. It was lined with black and purple silk velvet, and had a solid gold plate which alone cost \$300. The flowers cost \$1,000.

A schoolmistress of Lancaster county, Pa., 18 years of age, announced that she would waive the biggest boy in school if it became necessary. She did it, dislocating the shoulder of a 14-year-old boy in the effort. She is now in jail.

The son of a rich widow near Paris, while watching for burglars who had stolen many of his mother's jewels, was surprised at midnight to see his mother stealthily approaching the jewel box. She was a somnambulist, and had been transferring her own jewels to an unused cabinet, where all the missing ones were found.

Sallie Craig, of Sioux City, being unable to determine which of her two lovers would make the better husband, suggested a fist fight between them, the winner to take her as his bride. About sixty people were on the battle ground, among them being the girl. The seconds stood with cocked revolvers in hand, and warned everybody not to interfere. The men, John Points and William Moss, used fists, heels and teeth. The fight lasted fifty-five minutes. Point's strength entirely gave out, and then Moss stamped upon his prostrate foe, crushed his breast, and fractured his skull. The spectators then overpowered the seconds, and dragged the men apart. Points was dying when picked up, and soon expired.

The Countess De Noailles on Compulsory Vaccination in Ireland.

To the Editor of Truth.

SIR,—I have received the following letter from Madame de Noailles, who takes a lively interest in all questions relating to the public health, and in the welfare of the Irish people, and is also strongly opposed to forcing medical dogmas like Vaccination upon them. The admission of Sir James Paget alluded to by her Ladyship is contained in this distinguished physician's Lectures on Inflammation, in which he says that "Vaccination produces a permanent morbid condition of the blood." What sanitarians are now everywhere demanding is not morbidity, but purity; or, in the words of Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, "Pure blood and a healthy life," which, he adds, "will banish all disease."—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM TEBB,
Devonshire Club, St. James's, London, S.W.

[Copy.]

Could you advocate the suspension of the Compulsory Vaccination Laws during the continuance of the existing famine in the West of Ireland? It is admitted that famine never brought small pox in its rear; but low fever, which it does bring in a most dreadful form, is directly helped on by Vaccination. The latter may place Sir James Paget's extraordinary admission in a stronger light than it has hitherto appeared, and may also direct public opinion to it.

"The policy of the Local Government Board in enforcing vaccination at such a time (now that its risks are so well understood), furnishes an additional reason why Ireland should have a Local Government Board of its own."—Yours very truly

H. DE NOAILLES.

Grattan's Grave.

I went lately to look for Grattan's tomb in Westminster Abbey. Knowing that it consisted of a plain slab near the more majestic monuments of Pitt and Castlereagh, I examined the floor, and after some difficulty found it so placed that it could not possibly attract attention, and could only be discovered by a diligent seeker, being under one of the seats which, with their footboards, now cover many of the plain slab monuments in this part of the Abbey.

In these days, when not a few Englishmen look back with lingering regret at the crushing out of the hopes of the great Irish patriot, who always aimed to avoid arousing "an alien or distrustful spirit toward England," we might surely pay as much respect to the memory of Henry Grattan as to let his simple tomb lie open to the public gaze when this needs merely the removal of the last, or at most the last two seats of the series which now covers it.—London Daily News.

It Worked.

"I remember," said a boy to his Sunday school teacher, "you told me to always stop and count fifty when angry."

"Yes? Well, I'm glad to hear it. It cooled your anger, didn't it?"

"You see, a boy came into our alley and made faces at me and dared me to fight. I was going for him. He was bigger'n me, and I'd have got pulverized. I remembered what you said and began to count."

"And you didn't fight?"

"No, ma'am. Just as I got to forty-two my big brother came along, and the way he licked that boy would have made your mouth water! I was going to count fifty and then run!"