The restless bird And the startled hare look softly out, From slumber stirred For the Master is playing—the evening breeze Is the fingering light on the forest keys.

The old pines groan, And the young pines hum, and I am silent Alone-alone; For the Master is calling out every sound From the forest shades and the air around.

The loosened bark And the shuddering vines bring harmonies steal-

Down from the dark And symphonies breathing from thrilling moss, Where the oaks' green arm to the measures toss.

A deep, sweet sound Frem the Gothic domes, rolls the melody Around-around; Fo the song-god is winging his magic flight Through the starless groves and the sombre

Wilder the song-And swifter the time-a rhythmic rushing Along-along On the quivering branches, on quaking leaves, Where the frightened soul of the aspen grieves.

A revel mad. A carnival wild, do the night-woods hold, So glad-so glad That the whole world is sleeping, save them and And the unseen soul of their minstrelsy.

Oh men who sleep When the work is done! Oh women who wake To weep, to weep! Hnow the night has its music, the storm its And a soul which speaks to Him who will hear.

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc., etc.

"I need not ask anybody; I can see for myself. What do you do all day long but

play billiards?" estimate my capabilities at a very improper level. I do no end of things besides billiards. I shoot, smoke, eat, and—talk to

you." "What a way to spend one's life!" severely. "I wonder where you think you desired." will go to when you die?"

"I hope wherever you go. I say," piteously, "don't soold a fellow on such a splendid day-don't ; it's uncommon afflicting of you; and don't put on your gloves for a little longer." " Why ?"

"Because I like looking at your hands, though at the same time they always irritate me. They are the very prettiest I ever saw; and-forgive me for saying itbut I always want to kiss them. Now, don't begin again, please; remember you solemnity. have lectured me for a good hour."

"Then I have wasted a good hour and done nothing. I give you up; you are past cure."

"I remember coming here once before," breaks in Lottie Hastings' voice, "and wishing for something, and I really got it before the year was out."

"Must one wait a whole year?" asks Sir Mark. "Then I shall have to write mine down. Give you my word that if my own name was suppressed for a year I don't believe I would recollect what it was at

the end of it." wishes?" asks Chips, earnestly. " Because, if so, I shall have to sink into the ground with shame. I'm horrid bashful—that is my most glaring fault, you know Miss Beatoun—and I would not disclose my secret desire for anything you could offer."

take-" The eyes say the rest.

hands over his ears. "I won't listen to fear-yet know not what it is I fear. ings, will you permit me to sit by you? | find a difficulty in giving my doubt a name. Miss Beatoun is behaving with more than her usual cruelty."

and putting aside her dress to give him quietly slips into his place, to Miss Bea-

toun's evident surprise. very openly?" begins Chandos, calmly.

"What?" says Miss Beatoun. Thornton?" repeats Lord Chandos, still | did he? Are you --- "

provokingly. "You know I never flirt. In | "To-night you shall know all." the first place, I don't consider it good

form." a young lady to talk slang," very gravely knees, in my favorite position, my head and quietly. "I wouldn't do it if I were bent forward in eager anticipation of her

that it is not becoming."

becoming to young ladies? Have you been | declare himself," says Dora, complacently. studying them? Come, then, if you are so good a judge, I will ask you to tell me if ous-or-" this hat is so very becoming as they all say. Look well, now, before you decide; it is a to come to the point. You see I am always question of the utmost importance."

by such a bewitching glance from under answer was likely to be." the said hat that Lord Chandos loses his presence of mind. "I cannot bear to see | what it should be, he is so thoroughly sinyou firt so much as you do with every cere," I remark, still anxious to get at the one," he mutters, hastily ; " it tortures me. | root of the matter.

Bebe, why is it.?" even to her lips, yet is still thoroughly mixed up. Of course he told me princi-

composed. believe I do. Do you believe it, my darling, rying me, and so forth. He was slightly my treasure, my Tito?" to the dog. "Not | incoherent, I thought; but it really signiyou. No, no, Lord Chandos; it is not that fied very little whether his English was at all."

"What is it, then?" impatiently. "Why, it is 'every one' who flirts with me, to be sure. And that is not my fault, am so sorry we let mamma go without tellis it?" with the most bewildering assump- | ing her." tion of injured innocence.

the well.

happiest man alive."

for ?"

"Can you not guess?"

"I am afraid I cannot. Unless perhaps -but no, of course it would not be that. Indeed I do not know how to reach your thoughts. One must want so many things." hers. " I want only one."

"Only one! Oh, how moderate! Only one! Let me see," with a delicious meditative air, and two slender fingers pressed

apon her lips. " Shall I tell you?"

"Oh, no, no," with a pretty show of the boon I am going to demand will be couldn't have thought me so vindictive, so during the evening. "He has had every- wretched long enough, and youthe very thing you would tell me." This unchristian, as to retain bitter feelings thing he could possibly desire from his with a sufficiently tender glance from the against you all this time?"

lustrous azure eyes. "For my part," says Bebe, wilfully, "I shall wish for something I can never get, just to prove how absurd it all is."

" From time to time we every one of us do that," says Chandos. "We hanker after the impossible. I begin to fear I shall never get my heart's desire."

He glances expressively at Bebe. "Then think of something else," suggests that young lady, smoothly. "Your second venture may be more successful."

"No, I shall keep to my original wish, until I either gain it or else find further hoping folly."

"Phyllis, it is your turn now. Will you not descend and court fortune?" calls Harriet.

I am deeply engaged listening to mamma while she reads to me Billy's last effusion from Eton, to which place he returned the second day after our ball.

"It is a pity to disturb Mrs. Carrington," says Sir Mark. "She told me this morning she had not a wish left upgratified." Marmaduke raises his head quickly,

and, flushing warmly, turns a pleased and rather surprised glance at me. " Nevertheless, I will come," I cry incau-

tiously, springing to my feet, "and beg for the continuance of my happiness, which includes everything." "Oh, Phyllis!" ories Bebe. "Oh, Mrs. Carrington," exclaims Sir

"I beg your pardon, Miss Beatoun. You Mark; " what a rash proceeding! Why did you say it aloud? You have destroyed every chance of receiving that good gift." "Yes," say I, "how provoking! Never mind, contentment still remains; and that, I have heard, is quite as much to be

Everybody laughs heartily, and Marmaduke says, "You will get nothing, Phyllis, if you declare your wants so openly."

"Neither happiness nor contentment, how dismal!" exclaim I, laughing too. "Well, I shall keep my third and last thought to myself."

a my own mind that And having hope ery soon again ask Lord Chandos wor Bebe to be his wi , I go through the form of drinking a little of the pure spring water Master Chips offers me with due

The principal business of the day being concluded, our party once more breaks up into detachments, some straying out of sight in pretended search of scenery, some following their example in an opposite direction without any pretence at all.

Sinking down again by mother's side, I content myself with her and Harriet, while Marmaduke and Sir James stay to bear us company, and smoke unlimited cigars, while offering a lazy remark every now and then.

"Do you feel no desire to investigate the neighborhood?" asks Sir Mark of me, "Are we bound by law to name our carelessly, as he passes by; and as I answer, " No," with a smile and shake of my head, he saunters off towards Lottie Hastings, with whom he commences a flirtation, calm but vigorous.

Somehow it is a peaceful hour we spend, and one that drives me from the vague "For anything I could offer," repeats irritation that before tormented me. In Miss Beatoun. "Are you sure? Shall I the quiet of the present I forget all life's tempt you? Would you not, for instance, vexations and remember only such good things as are within my grasp. How paltry "Don't," exclaims Thornton, putting his now seem the troubles that oppress me! yeu. I refuse to understand. Miss Hast- | doubt-yet, if compelled to do so, would

This sweeter mood continues, and travels home with me, although we do not reach "Come," says Miss Hastings, smiling Strangemore until it is nearly nine.

Here, at an early supper, we all find room to seat himself on the grass near her. | ourselves in the wildest spirits. Glancing As Chips leaves Bebe, Lord Chandos curiously at Dora, attracted by some nameless new expression in her eyes, I feel convinced the day has been to her one of "Is it fair to encourage that poor boy so unmixed triumph, and that already the Wishing Well has granted her desire.

As I get near her in the drawing-room, I "Is it kind to flirt so much with young manage to whisper, "What is it, Dora?

"Yes he did, and I am," responded Dora, "You must make a mistake," says Bebe, with a smile of unusual liveliness for her.

"How was it, Dora? How did it happen?" I ask, two hours later, as I sit "Neither do I consider it 'good form' for opposite to her, my hands embracing my

"How do you know what you would do | "I hardly know. It was all that Wishing Well, I fancy. For the future I shall "At all events, you must acknowledge feel it my duty to be superstitious. At all events, it surely helped to bring it about, "Do you profess to understand what is as he only wanted the opportunity to "What did he say, Dora? Was he nerv-

"Very nervous. He seemed quite afraid so distant in my manner," says my modest This saucy little speech is accompanied sister, "he had no way of judging what my

" I am sure whatever he has said was just

"I am afraid I cannot altogether satisfy Miss Beatoun grows decidedly white, your curiosity, Phyllis, it has all got so pally what I knew before—that he adores "But do I flirt?" she says. "I don't me, for instance, and was desirous of mar-

good or bad, so long as I managed to under- lengthened visiting on her part. stand what he meant."

"I did tell her, dear. At least, that is, And now we all rise and saunter towards he-George told her." She brings out the Christian name of her beloved with a " It you would only wish as I do," whis- charming amount of diffidence. " He said pers Sir George to Dora, " I would be the he would like to make sure of me; and indeed I thought myself it might perhaps "Would you," says innocent Dora. "But be as well he should be the one to mention

how shall I know what you are longing it to her as a settled thing. You understand ?"

I do, and begin to entertain rather an admiration for Dora's astuteness. "You will forgive me now, Dora?" I say,

"Forgive you? Forgive what?" "Well dear, when I married 'Duke, you know, I thought you were rather vexed- being a "match" for any mother-in-law

in the wrong." " My dear Phyllis, what a curious girl sustained the part for years.

their widest, and is gazing at me plain- playfully injured tone-"the good things of can ever give you now." Her voice dies tively, as though grieved I should imagine this life are very unequally divided. In away, almost to a whisper. her capable of any vile feeling.

sweetness.

"You must put such ideas out of your head, Phyllis; they are very unworthy. never harbor unforgiving thoughts, I should | pause. hope, towards any one-least of all towards you, my sister. Besides, I ought really to be thankful to you, if anything. Marmaduke and I would have been most unsuited to each other. He is far too exigeant and masterful for my taste. George is in every way more desirable."

I don't quite see all this, but reserve my ignoring other parts of his speech. sentiments.

"He is greatly to be liked," I say, with truth-honest, good-natured George Ash. long since. "I don't know that I was ever

"Yes, everybody will be pleased, I imagine—papa and mamma especially. I don't see how papa can make the faintest objection in any way. He must feel gratified."

upon the tip of my tongue, but desirous of keeping up friendly relations with Dora, deserts-no more.

"I hope you—that is, I hope he will be very good to you," I say, making the correction in time.

"More than that; I think he appears to I watch her dreamily, as with a businesslove vou very dearly."

silken yellow hair. "And you, Dora-do you love him?"

a man unless I loved him-not if he had | the gravel outside excites my curiosity. the mines of Golconda. press the matter farther; so I say, "I am | Miss Beatoun. to glad, darling !" but tay it very weakly.

moment's pause, "as I do love him, it is sence there, she loses all idea of balance, very fortunate he should be so well off. and is in the act of coming with undue Yesterday he told me he had twenty thous. hurry to the ground, when Lord Chandos, and pounds a year. Rather more than you stepping quickly forward, catches her and have, dear, is it not?"

No. Dora has not yet forgiven me. "A great deal more," I say warmly; Dora it was only to be expected you would he has just saved her from a heavy fall. " make a far better match than I could." "Well, yes-perhaps so," admits Dora, others."

casting an admiring glance at her own pretty shell-pink face as it smiles back at | had to return for it." her from an opposite mirror.

The door opens, and Marmaduke comes

"Oh, 'Duke," I ory, rising, "just fancy! Dora 18—but you shall guess my news what is she?"

tion," says he, smiling. "Were I to tell have been much honester." you all that Dora is in my eyes, we would get no sleep to night." Dora laughs, and I say:

would be no news; we all know them. Tell to you it is not so much forgetfulness me what you think has occurred to her causes my presence here just now as a set since this morning."

"I think she has become engaged to conscience was anything but clean when George Ashurst," returns 'Duke, coolly. said I had mislaid something, and should "Why, you foolish child, do you call that come back to find it." news? Ashurst has told every one in the house of his good luck by this time. If I were you, Dora, I would breakfast in my own room to-morrow morning. You will never be able to stand all the congratula. I fancied you an indefatigable sportsman-

"How can he be so absurd !" murmurs prey." Dora, for once in her life genuthely confused, and a rich red coloring her cheeks.

got as good a husband as you could desire, steady herself, and retreats a step. and as rich a one, too, without doubt. We shall be small people, Phyllis, you and I, trembles apprehensively, in spite of all her next to my Lady Ashurst."

tery. Thank you very much for all you dangerous.' Better leave me in doubt." have said," replies Dora, gracefully, and, having bidden us both good-night, goes off to You know what it is I am going to say.

delighted. An engagement, even when ble, to crush the love I bear you." everything belonging to it goes smoothly, At this juncture I become aware I am in good feeling.

We chatter about it all next day, and yards between us. tell each other we had seen how it would With shame I now recollect that Bebe end from the very beginning. We dilate on once said of me that never would I the charming place he has in Surrey, his be accused of "pouncing" upon delicate palace in the north; and then we whisper situations; yet, if I go out now, I shall of what a detestable creature is his mother; cover them both with everlasting confusion. while Bebe hopes Dora will have cour. What shall I do? I put my fingers in

"Of course not, darling. Oh, Dora, I know where that will lead. When Ashurst's glancing to see if they are gone or going ; was the doctor and the nurse, eventually, declaring myself more difficult. I end by who insisted on putting her out, shortly giving in, and staring and listening with all after the boy was born. They say poor my might. Lady Octavia nearly went out of her mind | Ah ! why does Bebe look so deterone morning when, on going into her nur- mined? Why can't she yield gracefully sery, she found the old lady deliberately and be happy? I would at once, were I in

pouring some nauseous allopathic medicine her place, and feel no degradation in sodown the child's throat. Octavia told me doing. She is flushed and miserable to herself, with tears in her eyes, the poor look at, her large eyes seeming larger and little fellow was all but in a fit for two darker than usual through pained excitehours afterwards. She is really a shocking ment. Yet still there is so much mistaken suddenly leaning over to put my hand on old person, and should be suppressed. I pride impressed upon her features as makes do hope Dora will gather together all her me fear for the part she will take in the

pluck and try to be a match for her." Secretly, I feel so assured of dear Dora's have fancied, since, you still think I was account. She is indeed as perfect in her prevent his further speech. "It is worse new role of bride-elect as though she had than useless."

oradle upwards-money, friends, position; deeply agitated. "The answer I gave you She has opened her childish blue eyes to and now he must get you. I think"-in a when you were poor is the only answer I common justice, Ashurst should have been

untouched by coquetry that experience has your eyes when we met again down here, taught me means so little-and raises one have fostered this belief, and yet you shrink white hand in deprecation.

" Is Lady Ashurst all that you say ?-so very terrific? How unhappy you make me!" she murmurs, plaintively, demurely to withdraw the other from his grasp.

CHAPTER XXIV.

urst having won his way into my affections blows the October wind. The men have tion. all deserted us, and gone out shooting. The "Contradict me," he reiterates. more delighted about anything in my life." women are scattered through the house.

Crossing the hall and the smaller drawing-room, I meet no one, and entering the heard. larger apartment beyond, seek my favorite seat in the bow-window, where, book in dos, more quietly. " Is pride to come I think of Sir George's rent-roll, and have hand, I encounce myself behind the curthe words, "I should think so, indeed," tains, and, stretching myself upon a lounge, you for one moment imagine I think badly prepare to be lazily happy.

refrain from uttering them. She evidently growing interested; a very little later I feel acted rightly. Even as I asked you that takes her good fortune as a matter of I am growing sleepy. My lids drop. Put- day I felt myself a coward in doing so. course, having ever rated herself at a high ting my book down upon my lap, with of Was it honorable of me to seek to drag you price, and believes she has got her bare course the settled intention of taking it up down from all the luxuries and enjoyments again directly, I yawn mildly.

aware of Bebe's entrance. To admit I am | Had your answer been different, do you present means conversation, and conversa. | believe we would have been happy? I do "I hope we will be very good to each tion with this drowsy fit on me means not." other. Indeed, I see nothing to prevent misery. I therefore keep breathless silence, our being quite happy and-comfortable. and Bebe, all unconscious, saunters past Don't you think he appears very fond of me, basket and soissors in hand, and goes into the conservatory.

like air she drags the light garden-ladder "Yes, I really think he does," says my forward, and, mounting, commences to clip | Rach With Twenty Thousand Hooks sister, running her fingers lazily through her my very choicest blossoms for her own

secret purposes. One by one they fall into her basket. Has "Of course, dear. Would I marry him she no conscience? Or has she forgotten else? Am I the sort of person to sell it is already October, and the flowers grow myself for mere money's sake?" Indigna- scarce? I confess to some faint indigna tion of the mild and virtuous order is in | tion as I regard her, and have almost decided her tone. "No," says Dora, calmly looking on rousing to remonstrate with her in per me fair in the eyes. "I would not marry son, when a firm but hasty footstep upon

A moment later Lord Chandos pushes This ennobling sentiment is, I feel, aimed open the door of the conservatory, and, at me, and justly judge it will be unwise to entering, stops short, his gaze fixed upon

As for Bebe, between looking suddenly "Nevertheless," goes on Dora, after a round and surprise at his unexpected pre-

ightly lifts her down. "Oh! how could you frighten one so exclaims Bebe, coloring, and speaking "we have only fifteen thousand. But then, ungratefully, as it seems to me, considering thought you were out shooting with the

"Se I was; but-I forgot something, and

"What did you forget?—your pipe?" "No, my gun," replies he, in the most barefaced fashion possible. "Oh!" ories Miss Beatoun lengthily, and

then they both laugh. "Why don't you admit you had no "That is a rather embarrassing ques- intention of shooting to-day? It would

"Because admissions are dangerous. is always better to leave people in doubt. Yet, as I never class you in my own mind "Nonsense! A list of her perfections under the head of 'people,' I will confess tled determination not to remember. M

> "Was it really your gun?" "No; I think I put it on cartridges, or a handkerchief, or-I am not clear what. "And why? What was your motive one impossible to turn aside from your

"Shall I tell you my motive?" asks Chandos, in such an utterly changed low "I congratulate you with all my heart," tone that Miss Beatoun, standing near the says 'Duke, kindly kissing her. "You have ladder, lays her hand suddenly upon it to

"Better not," she says, in a voice that efforts to be calm. "Remember what you "I must not stay to hear any more flat- said a moment since: 'Admissions are

"I cannot. Besides, you are not in doubt. have come back here again to-day to tel Every one in the huose is immensely you how I have tried, and found it impossi

and suitably, cannot fail to awaken inter- for a scene. The certainty is horrible to est in the heart of a woman; and, Dora's me. I am in such an unhappy position as lover being uncoveted by any of us, no enables me to see them without myself jealousy shows itself to mar the universal being seen. I can also hear every word they utter. In fact, there are but very few

age to put a veto at once, gainst any my ears as a last resource and tightly close my eyes, but somehow they will not keep bluish tinge of duck eggs, and the yelk was shut. Every now and then I cannot help of the navel color. It tasted as it looked brother married Lady Octavia Dering, his cannot resist removing my fingers to hear mother invited herself to pay them a if the conversation has taken a cooler turn. month's visit; and she stayed ten; and it Every moment I linger only makes my

interview. If she would but listen to her

heart's dictation "Lord Chandos, I implore you to desist," you said so many things; and sometimes I alive that I endure no uneasy pange on this entreats Bebe, hastily, raising one hand, to

But he only imprisons the warning hand eager fear. "If you told any one the you are! 'Forgive you!' as if I had not "Sir George must be a favorite with the and continues: "Nay, hear me—that is all charm would be broken, and you would not done so ages and ages ago-if indeed there gods; let us hope he won't die young," says I ask-and then, if I am again to be get what you want. Perhaps - who knows? was anything to forgive. Surely you Sir Mark, bending over Dora some time rejected, be it so. But surely I have been "I will not listen," murmurs Bebe, more

> "What do you mean by that?" exclaims "I sometimes feared-" I stammer, forced into matrimony with a woman as Chandos, passionately. "Is the very utterly abashed in the presence of so much | ugly, ill-tempered, and altogether disen- money that I hailed with delight, princichanting as his manners, instead of which pally because I dreamed it might bring me closer to you, to prove a barrier between He sighs audibly, and makes an eloquent us? Presumptuous as it may sound, I dare to believe I am not quite indifferent Dora smiles, her usual soft serene smile, to you. Your manner when we parted,

> > from me." A little inarticulate cry escapes her. One hand goes to her throat; she tries vainly "Contradict me if you can," he says, in

a low but vehement tone. "This is ungenerous—unmanly," she Fresh and keen, and decidedly chilly, falters, her words half choked with emo-

> "I can; I do," murmure she, but so weakly that her voice can scarcely be

" Is that the truth, Bebe?" says Chanbetween us now? Darling listen to me. If of you because you refused to marry a Steadily I turn page after page. I feel I am | poor man, you wrong me. I think you to which you had been accustomed, to such The door opens; with a start I become a life as it was only in my power to offer?

"You strike at the very root of all romance," protests Bebe, with a rather sad

(To be continued

FISH-LINES SIX MILES LONG.

Baited to Lure the Sturgeon. "They fish with lines six miles long in Winnebago Lake, Wisconsin, and use twenty thousand hooks on every line," said a New York fisherman who has been there, " and if they don't haul up two thousand fieh every time they call it indifferent luck. And every fish will weigh from twenty to seventy pounds. That's the way they fish

for sturgeon out there. "One of those lines will reach half way across the lake. It is a rope an inch in diameter. It is carried out in the lake, large buoys being attached to it at intervals to keep it on the surface. The twenty thousand hooks, baited with pieces of meat or fish, are lowered to the bottom of the lake by 'snoods' of the proper length, attached to the line. It takes twenty boats, with two men in each, to look after this big fish line. Each boat has one thousand hooks in its charge. The hooks are placed eighteen inches apart, and to bait all the hooks once requires not less than one thousand pounds of meat. It takes the forty men and twenty boats ten hours to set the line for the first time. After that the fishermen are constantly employed in going to and fro over the line, hauling in the sturgeon that have been caught on the

hooks and rebaiting where it is necessary. "To haul in a seventy-pound sturgeon from the bottom of the take is an exciting piece of work, but requires more strength than skill, as the fish always has the hook several inches down his throat, having sucked the bait and all down without any regard to consequences. There is no danger of losing the fish unless the snood or the hook breaks. When the fish is hauled to the surface a gaff, like a meat-hook, is thrust into the side of its head, and the sturgeon is drawn into the boat and knocked in the head with a mallet. The hook is cut out of its throat, rebaited and

thrown back into the lake. "The average catch of sturgeon is one every ten hooks. When a boat is loaded with all it will carry of sturgeon, the fishermen row back to the shore, where others take the fish and dispose of them. The fishermen know the particular sections of the line on which they work by the arrangement of he buoys. These are placed ten feet apart, and every 150th one is red. The space between the red buoys contain one thousand hooks. The sections are numbered, and each boat has its number corresponding with the section it fishes. While the average catch is one sturgeon to ten hooks, it is no uncommon thing for the fishermen to find but one or two on an entire section of one thousand

hooks. " The Lake Winnebago sturgeon is highly prized among the lumbermen and others in the region. Its flesh is finer and of better flavor than the salt water sturgeon's. The fish sells for 6 cents a pound at retail. Large quantities are salted and smoked, for sale in the lumber camps."

An Egg to Twenty Men.

Twenty hungry men, says the New York Sun, recently sat down to a meal composed of a single egg. It was an ostrich egg. For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there were some misgivings as to its being cooked the shell was broken, for curiosity could no longer be restrained, and a threepound hard-boiled egg laid upon the plate. But aside from its size there was nothing peculiar about it. It had the white and -like a duck egg-and had no flavor peculiar to itself. But it was immense! As it takes 28 hen eggs to equal in weight the ostrich egg which was cooked, it is evident that the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare.

In Brandon the measles prevail.