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A. B. AUSTIN, Downers Grove.

announced by the sudden presence of death and its cold influence on her feverish soul. The news had been telegraphed to Lord Martin Pomeroy, and he answered briefly that he would be in England to join his wife as quickly as possible.

I heard the message with a feeling of relief. Gwendoline and nothing, and betraying nothing of pleasure or regret. Gilbert and Urie did not come to the house.

"It would not be right, Viola," Gilbert said. "I will do nothing that he would not have me do while he was alive. Poor uncle Richard! I wish he had just mentioned us before he died, to show that he had forgiven us."

And I found to tell him what Mr. Gascoigne had said to me; but my promise was a thousand times more sacred now that he could not return to charge me with the breaking of it.

"Do you not think," I asked, "that his consent to Ann's engagement was proof of it?"

"No. He only acquiesced in that as he acquiesced in ours, because he did not think it important enough to object to, and because he did not believe it would hold. Carden tells me that uncle Richard said to him that he had very different views for both Annis and you. You were a great favorite with the old gentleman, you know, dear, and I believe Carden was half in love with you himself."

I felt the full-tale color rush furiously to my brow.

"Don't believe anything Mr. Carden tells you, Gilbert," I cried.

He smiled, but looked at me a little curiously.

"Even Carden may slip into truths once in a way," he answered.

Two or three distant connections of Mr. Gascoigne came down to the funeral, and half Northrup was assembled in the graveyard of the little church of Marlades St. Gabriel when he was laid in the vault of his fathers. The summer sun shone through the windows upon the stone monuments of Gascoignes in armor, Gascoignes in ruffs, and Gascoignes by Flaxman and Chantry that were the admiration of all stray visitors to the old edifice; and we stood in our sad black dresses and listened to the clergyman's solemn words. By the grave-side flowers were in bloom, and great wreaths covered the coffin and away beyond the churchyard stretched the fields "white unto harvest."

Crawford Carden was there, of course, with hypocritical sorrow on his countenance, thinking perhaps to find himself master of the Grange in a few hours; and the dead man's nephews were there also, but they did not go back with us to the house, where the blinds were now raised, and the great dining-room, never before used while I had been at the Grange, was formally arranged for the reading of the will. They would not have it supposed that they expected anything from the old man.

I had no wish to join the family assemblage. I did not want to be absent from the funeral, but the will had no interest for me since it did not concern Gilbert. And yet everybody was a little agitated and anxious, and I had been ever since Mr. Gascoigne's death, although until he was buried they had, for dweiny's sake, hidden the feeling.

No one knew to whom St. Gabriel's Grange was bequeathed. I went upstairs and wandered into the quaint old room, so familiar, so strangely empty. I seemed to see Mr. Gascoigne in the great arm-chair by the carved stone chimney-piece, and felt an impulse to push the little chess-table to the chair's side and arrange the pieces on the squares.

As I stood in the centre of the room, looking round at the figures in armor and the

tapestry and the deep windows and the high-backed piano which I was soon to leave, with all else in St. Gabriel's Grange, perhaps never to see again. Ann came to me and laid a soft hand on my shoulder.

"Viola, I have been looking for you. Come down; you are one of us now, you know."

"I thought your sisters would consider it better that I should stay away as Gilbert has done."

"No; your absence is noticed, and Mr. Carden says you are to be present. And I want you—it all seems so dreadful, Viola, I wish they would let me stay away."

Her pretty mouth was quivering and her eyes were full of tears. I put my arm round her, and together we went into the dining-hall.

Dark figures were seated round men and women; the two sisters with their beautiful pale faces set off by the contrast of their dark black gowns; two or three elderly gentlemen, some in old Mr. Gascoigne's uniform, and other a cemetery square; and the wife of the latter, stout and roundly, her round good-natured countenance prematurely wrinkled. There were the servants, sitting apart, serious and demure. Mr. Gascoigne's old servant, faintly grieving over the loss of his master; and Mrs. Greaves, supremely complacent of her position; Lucy, with every smile banished from her rosy face; and the Frenchwoman, Mathilde, noting everything from the corner of her black eyes; and all the other domestics in new black suits, half awestruck by the gravity of the proceedings.

Crawford Carden sat at the head of the table, and by his side was an elderly professional-looking man whom I knew to be the London lawyer.

Annis and I retreated into a corner of the long room, and prepared ourselves to listen.

Mr. Carden got up to make his first announcement, and spoke in his clear soft accents; but I detected a conscious gleam in his eyes and a suppressed smile lurking beneath the corners of his dark mustache. Instinctively I felt that an hour of triumph for him must be coming; and yet I trusted my old master too well to be as confident of it as was the man himself.

"I believe," he began, "it will be a matter of considerable surprise to you that the lamented gentleman whose loss we are deploring, though he was my client and the client of my predecessor in all his business arrangements, did not confide his latest testamentary documents to us. Some two years since he instructed me in a will which he then drew up; but about six weeks since he made another. On this occasion he said that he could not, for obvious reasons, ask my professional assistance. I need make no reference to my partner and his connection with our lamented friend, as you are all aware of the circumstances and will understand Mr. Gascoigne's feelings." It was not of Gilbert, though, that Mr. Carden was thinking. "He desired me to recommend him another firm, and I therefore introduced to him Messrs. Parker and Harris of Lincoln's Inn; and my friend Mr. Parker has the custody of the will at present."

He sat down again. It did not need a very sharp eye to discover the eagerness in his face. He had fawned upon and flattered and courted and spied for Mr. Gascoigne for two years; he had lied to incriminate his nephews, lied to incriminate his nieces, worked himself assiduously into favor; and now the reward was to come. Others noticed that I knew of Mr. Carden; and some of the servants stared at him.

As for Gwendoline and Hilda, they sat white and calm, to all appearance without emotion; but Gwendoline's teeth were set in her nether lip, and she did not raise her eyes for one instant.

(To be continued.)

Elephant and Rat.

That a rat should put an elephant to wild and ignominious flight seems more absurd even than that a mouse should terrify a woman; but there may be cases, as a recent occurrence in San Francisco seems to prove, in which a rat has an elephant at a decided advantage.

An elephant named Jess, belonging to a menagerie which was recently at San Francisco, is well known as one of the most docile elephants in America. She is very large but has always been gentle and manageable as was the great Jumbo himself, the king of elephants, who was never so happy as when carrying children on his back.

This being her disposition Jess' keepers were greatly astonished one morning to see her break her chains, rush madly about, upset cages and everything that came in her way, escape into the streets and apparently engage in a mad pursuit of people there.

Though Jess appeared to have become suddenly crazy her keepers pursued her as best they could and presently found that she really wanted to see them. Then they perceived that she was not the victim of rage, but terror.

Her chief attendant, approaching very near, saw some small thing projecting from the extremity of her trunk. He seized it and pulled it out and then very quickly threw it away. It was a live rat.

This animal had somehow crept into Jess' trunk and the elephant had been unable to get it out. As soon as she was relieved of the rat she made every sign of gratitude to her keepers and permitted herself to be led back to her place in the menagerie.—Youth's Companion.

The Inferiority of Woman.

Mr. Hall Caine, whose recent statements regarding the inferiority of woman attracted some attention, has called down upon his unlucky head a spirited rejoinder from John Strange Winter (Mrs. Stannard). In the commencement of her literary career, Mrs. Stannard says in the Young Woman, her father died, leaving the family without a penny. She lived far from London and had no friends to help her in the literary world. "Yet, before I was 30 my name was known all over the English-speaking world. I have married, brought children into the world, ruled my house, sold 1,500,000 of books, kept up an enormous circle of friends, helped several charities and many strugglers both in kind and in influence, have kept my house better than most women and have a husband and children who worship me and are never really happy unless in my actual presence."

"On the other hand," Mrs. Stannard proceeds, "you have Mr. Hall Caine, who is a small, fragile man, who cannot work in London, who, by his own showing, is thoroughly exhausted by the effort of writing a single book, a bundle of nerves and fancies. He began his literary career with an enormous advantage over me. He has a wife to mind his house and to bolster him up when his nerves get too much for him. I fail to see where his immense superiority over me comes in."

Westminster Budget.