

Flower?"

CHAPTER XII. - (CONTINUED.) "Decidedly not; but they should see more of one another first. It is probably only a youthful fancy that will not last."

"Just so. And when young Shore informed me he was the nephew of so well-known a man as yourself, I told him that, if you consented to it, I would ask him to stay with us at Abbotsville before I entered further on the discussion of his attachment to Carmen."

"Miss Flower is a remarkably handsome girl, and deserves as good a husband as you can procure her."

"True; but there is a sad story attached to her, which I must tell you by and by, and which renders her fortune but a poor equivalent."

"Since you are so kind as to wish Hamilton to visit you, I should much like him to come whilst I am here."

"My dear sir, anything that will please you I shall be delighted to do. I will write and ask the young man to come at once."

"Stay! I have a favor to ask, though. It is that he may not be told that Miss O'Reilly and I are here. should like our meeting to be a surprise to him. He must be informed that we have spoken together on the subject, as it is necessary I should write to his tutor to obtain leave for him. Otherwise he can be kept in the dark. It is a bargain?"

"Most certainly, Mr. Ruthven. I anticipate his pleasure at seeing you, and the young people will regioy being together. Ah! I envy the guardianship of your word. Such a pure, light-hearted, inhocent creature! May I ask if there is any relationship between you?"

"None, whatever! She is the orphan child of a friend"-which was the fiction that Ruthven had determined to adopt with regard to Margaret. "You seem fond of young people, Sir Frederic. It is a misfortune you have no children of your own."

He was not prepared for the feeling his words would call forth. The baronet turned pale, and quickly averted his glance from him.

"I had a child once, Mr. Ruthven. and I lost it through a cruel accident. The memory and grief of it are painful to me even to this day, for the shock killed my poor wife, and I was left alone."

"Forgive me, Sir Frederick, for having inadvertently opened an old wound. I had he idea of what I was doing."

"It is of little consequence. Do not distress yourself. Some day, when we know each other better. I will tell you the story of my poor Florence, and how k was I lost her. Good-night, Mr. Ruthven. I shall write to your nephew by tomorrow's post, and we shall have him here before the week is over."

Ruthven did not say anything to Pearl of the expected visit from Hamliton Shore, neither did Sir Frederic to Carmen. They wished the young man's presence to come upon both the girls as a surprise. But Ruthven could not help observing a difference in Margaret's behavior. She was not more melancholy than before, but she was more reserved. She had the secret which Margaret had confided to her burning in her heart, and she did not know whether she ought to repeat it to Hamfiton's uncle or not; but maidenly shame and fear of being accused of jeal ousy won the day, and she remained silent, especially as she fancied that Ruthven sought the society of Carmen in preference to her own.

Day after day Margaret seemed to be kept out in the cold, as Ruthven and Carmen strolled down the Monk's Walk together, or lingered on the lawn under the spreading shade of the mulberrytrees. How could she tell, whilst he alked and laughed and looked into the face of her friend, that her guardian's beart was panting to fold her in his arms and tell her to rest there forever instead?

Hamilton had forsaken her, and now Mr. Ruthven liked Carmen better than he did herself. It seemed very hard to poor little Pearl-very hard indeed.

CHAPTER XIII.

ARGARET had not orgotten "Mr. Brown," nor the supposed ghost she had seen in the veranda on the occasion of her previous visit to Abbotsville: the memory ceased frighten her, and she attributed her vision entirely to distorted imagina-

"What has become of my ghost?" she anid one evening playfully, as they all

sat at dinner together. "What ghost?" replied Carmen, care-

The face I saw looking in at the south Don't you remember? We were both it." wfully frightened and ran out of the

room, and you cailed Mr. Brown to chase it away. Is Mr. Brown here

still?" "You little goose with your ghosts, responded Ruthven. "Every leaf that taps at the window is a 'bogey' in your imagination. Isn't she a coward, Miss

But as he glanced round the table he perceived that Margaret's light words had had more effect than he imagined. Carmen was, looking guilty, and Sir Frederick disturbed.

"Why did I never hear of this before?" he inquired in a low tone of his

would have told you. It was of no consequence." "That is not for you to decide," replied Sir Frederick sternly, "and I will

"Oh! I don't know. I thought Webb

have my orders obeyed." "I so often think of it," went on Pearl, gaily; "It was such a horrid face, just like a rag doll, with long, black

hair, and Mrs. Garrett declared-" "You can leave the room," said Sir Frederic, abruptly, to the servants, whilst Carmen attempted to frown

down her loquacious friend. "Margaret, be quiet," said Ruthven, seeing something was the matter. "You have a wonderful knack of saying the wrong thing at the wrong time, my dear. You must try to check yourself of it, or at least pay more attention to the wishes of your friends. You chatter too fast for so young a girl. You forget that we older people may have topics of conversation more interesting than this reminiscence of

He spoke rapidly rather than gravely, because he saw the uneasiness of their host, and desired to cover whatever awkwardness his ward's allusion had engendered; but to Margaret, whom he had never reproved before, his words sounded harsh, and entirely subdued ber. Sir Frederic made some lame excuse as to all old houses having their ghost stories, and servants being easily frightened by them; but it did not serve to set Margaret at her ease; and she was miserable and silent till the end of dinner. As soon as it was over Carmen attacked her in the drawing-room.

"Whatever made you think of that wretched old story tonight, Pearl? I never dared tell uncle anything about it, or he would have declared someone had been playing us a trick. For goodness' sake never mention it before him again, will you?"

"Oh, no! you may be sure I will not, replied Margaret, whose heart was too sore at her guardian's reproof to feel any further curiosity on the subject.

It was a soft autumn evening, as warm as summer, and, filled with anxlety to know why Ruthven had spoken so sternly to her, the girl took the first opportunity to slip away to the Monk's Walk, which ran around the large lawn, and brood alone upon the thought that puzzled her.

"Where is Margaret?" was Ruthven's opening remark on finding Carmen in the drawing-room.

"I don't know; I think she went into

"Let us go and find her," he replied. His conscience had smitten him a lit tle, and, perceiving the sudden collapse of Pearl's gay spirits, he longed to give her a reassuring smile.

Carmen and he passed out upon the lawn together, her white dress standing out distinctly against the evening shadows. Pearl watched them from her gloomy inclosure-watched and felt wretched. She saw Ruthven take Carmen's hand and hold it in his own He was only thanking her for all the kindness she had shown to his little ward-but how was his little ward to know that? He never did the same to her. If he took her hand for a moment he dropped it as though it had stung him, and Margaret never guessed it was because he so much longed, but did pot dare, to carry it to his lips. She thought he must like Carmen very, very much to behave so kindly to her-and poor

Pearl's tears flowed fast at the idea. Ruthven had forbidden her to speak of earning her living to him, but if this went on she must go away-she felt she must-where she should never see it happen again.

Her childish disappointment and jealousy could find no better vent than tears, so she threw herself down on a bench and cried bitterly, with her face hidden in her outstretched arms.

A footstep approached the bench, but it did not rouse her until its owner stood by her side; then she raised her head with a start to recognize Ruthven. In a moment she had sprung upright, but there was no concealing the emo-

tion she had passed through. "Where is Carmen?" she articulated.

as well as she was able. "Carmen has been called in-doors, and I came here in search of you. Why have you deserted us, Margaret? what is the matter?"

"Nothing." "That's not true. Something must | She stayed by the bodies till arrested. have been the cause of these tears. Are you unhappy, Pearl?"

"Yes; I am unhappy," burst forth the girl, passionately; "because - because you like Carmen better than you do he borrowed?"

"Who told you so?" "I can see it. I have been watching

you just now under the mulberry-tree, bedroom window when I was last here. and and you took her hand and held

Ruthven did not capty, except by son Globe

taking Pearl's hand and pressing it. ! THE JOKER'S CORNER. "Don't do that! You only do it to

lease me, and it's no good." "Oh, Margaret, if you only knew--" "I do know. I have guessed it. Don't tell me any more. I have always felt I was not worthy to be your friend-I, whom you picked up from the gutter: but I wish you had never talked to me. nor had taught me anything, because it is so much harder to bear now than it would have been."

Ruthven was trembling with delight. Every word the child in her innocence uttered brought him nearer and nearer to the blessed truth, that she loved him and was jealous of his affection, and that if he offered, she would accept it from his hands. But, like an angler who has secured his fish, he began to p'ay with it.

"What is harder to bear, my dear?" "Your caring for Carmen. Of course, she's fitter for you to care for than I am-and if it hadn't been her it would have been somebody else, and then I must have gone away; only it is so soon, and you spoke so crossly to me at dinner, though I didn't mean to say anything wrong-and-and I am so miserable," said Margaret, incoherently, as she burst into another flood of

Ruthven let her cry herself out before he spoke again. Then he said: 'Pearl, have you ever thought that I may marry some day?"

"Oh! don't." "What! don't marry'. Well, it all depends upon you whether I do or not." "Upon me? How can that be?"

"Because there is only one girl in all the world that I would make my wife, and I am not sure if she will have At last he said with blushing face,

"Can I make her do so?" "I think you can. I am afraid she will think I am too old and gray to be her husband-perhaps she will say I am too stout."

"Oh, Mr. Ruthven, don't laugh about

"Or she may not like my double eyeglasses, or my gray hair, or a dozen other things; but if I tell you her name, will you promise to try and pursuade her to marry me, Margaret?"

"If I can," repiled Margaret, in a sti-

'Oh, I am sure you can, if you choose, because you know her so well, and all her likes and dislikes. But don't let her answer in a burry. Tell her to take time to consider, and not say 'No' all at once." "What is her name?"

"Come nearer, and I will whisper it to you."

The girl obeyed him, and Ruthven put his arm round her waist and drew the smail, wet face against his own.

"Oh, Mr. Ruthven, you mustn't! She wouldn't like it!" "Go and ask her, then; but you don't

yet know who she is. Well, then, listen. The girl whom I love best in all the world, and want to have for my very own is called-put your face closer or somebody may overhear us-she is called Margaret O'Reilly."

"Mr. Ruthven, you are laughing

"Laughing at you, my sweetest. No It is I who fear you may laugh at me. Pearl, tell me it is not all the insanest folly on my part. Say you will try to consider whether it is not possible you may be my wife."

But the girl could not speak. Sh was dumb with surprise, excitement and pleasure. She could only lay passive in Rathven's arms while he covered her face and hands with klases. He was thus occupied when an approaching step made him suddenly relinquish his hold of her, and sat upright to hear what message one of Sir Frederic's servants brought to him.

"If you please, sir, my master is waiting for you in the library." "Very good; say that I will be with

im immediately." The servant turned on his heel. "Margaret, my darling, you must come in, too; I can not leave you here."

(TO BE CONTINUED !

"Oh, Mr. Ruthven, they will guess!"

The Court Couldn't Decide.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat Judge Buck, of the Superior court at Spokane, has for three days past been hearing arguments in the case of the state against John W. Considine, proprietor of a variety theater, who is charged with the crime of having violated a new state law called the "parmaid act." which prohibits females from being employed in any place where is liquor is sold, and which was being attacked as to its constitutionality. The lawyers had all assembled in court this morning to resume arguments, when Judge Buck arose and

"Gentlemen, I learned for the first time last night that my wife was the author of that bill, and, that being the case, I will decline to pass upon the question of its constitutionality."

The arguments will now have to be gone over again before one of the other judges.

The Wrong Man Killed.

In the Bohmerwald, near Pilson, two gypsies fought a duel with knives for a girl in her presence. She looked on the fight with great interest, and without interfering, till one stabbed the other to the heart, when she drew a revolver and shot the victor through the head.

Strangest of All. "Don't you think it very strange that Jask Harduppe doesn't pay me that \$10

"No; I think it would be very strange if he did."-Detroit Free Press.

When a man and wife talk to each other, have you ever noticed the serious expressions on their faces?-Atchi-

CURRENT WIT AND HUMOR FOR OUR LEAN READERS.

The New Typewriter Woman-A Bright Boy-Sixteen to One or How Farmer Seedcorn Settled a Financial Question.



HE was a damsel fair to see, With modern education. would you think hardly that she Would follow Man's dictation.

But she was skilled

in taking notes. Bank notes, I mean, as wages, And often dreamed of women's votes As she wrote off fair pages.

She copied everything with skill, Not plagiarism vapid: She was not fast, say what you will, Though others called her rapid.

Alas, she always dreamed of space. Her life one long confinement, Machine-like, shut in such a case And perfect in alignment.

Respect his passion holding. He wished she'd fold him in he, arms When she was manifolding.

Her young employer felt her charms,

"Come to me, darling Venus, As lawyers do, let's close this case And share the costs between us."

Then, taking his short hand, she To heights far grander, brighter:

And got a new typewriter. She Sighed and He Tumbied. They were sitting in the twilight and he was explaining how he lost his

He stopped the old one with a bang

money. "You see, it was this way: In the quarter stretch my horse was two lengths ahead, but he gradually lost

ground till in the home stretch he was neck and neck with the young filly-" "How lovely," she exclaimed, interrupting him and moving a little closer. "How lovely?" he repeated, "I don't

understand. I had my money on the horse that was dropping behind." "Yes, Harry, I know; but I was think ing how perfectly beautiful it must

have been to be neck and neck." Then he gave a protracted sigh, adjusted his position, and there in the silence and gloaming they illustrated, in pantomime, a modern racing term.

Another Variety.

"What you want to do," said the man who speaks frankly to Senator Sorghum, "is to branch out and get out of the machine phase of your career. You want to reach up into the heights and write your name on the roll of

"I suppose so," replied the Senator "The roll of fame is a good thing to think about. But when a man is as busy as I have been getting people's names on the pay-roll of the government he doesn't get time to give it the attention it deserves."

An Erroneous Conclusion.

"Must be a awful lot of birds used on wimmern's hats nowadays," said Uncle Abner, as he removed his best suit of clothes.

"Why, Abner?" asked Aunt Soph-

"Wal, they was a feller in front of me on the train thet was dressed to kill-short coat, a diamond big as a shellbark hickernut, an' a plug hat an' I heard him tell the feller thet he was settin' with thet he'd made over \$4,000 this year skinnin' jays."

Was Shakespeare a Mason?

"I see there has been considerable discussion recently as to whether Shakespeare was a mason."

"Well, I should think that we were justified by the reports that have come to us concerning him in believing that he often did the work of a mason." "How so?"

"Why, all writers agree that he often went home with 'a brick in his hat.' "



"Fer goodness' sake! what be yer painten of the old cow fer, Silas?" "The militia are to have target practice in the next lot ter day. Bill Jones got sixteen dollars fer a cow of his they killed last year. Now, I don't need the old cow, and I do need sixteen dollars."-Harper's Weekly.

Proof of Capacity. Employer—We want a sound, able-

bodied man. Applicant-Well, sir, I've drawn a pension for the past twenty years .-

Making Him Useful.

Sandford-What did you say when you told her you were a tutor in Yale? Merton-Asked me if I'd toot for the coaching party her friends were getting up .- Truth

Not Liable for His Wife's Order.

Judge Dobler has decided that Mr. Charles A. Carroll is not legally liable for the cost of a frame ordered by Mrs. Carroll for an oil portrait of herself, painted by Paul Hailwig. The decision reverses the judgment of the magistrate, which was in favor of the picture-frame manufacturers who made the frame. Mr. Carroll is a retired capitalist who formerly lived in this city, but who now resides in New York. He testified at the trial that he did not know the portrait and frame had been ordered and that he would not have consented to the order had he known it The cost of the frame was \$75 and, in Mr. Carroll's opinion, that was excessive. It was contended, on the other hand, that Mr. Carroll was responsible for the debt under the law which makes a husband liable for articles purchased by his wife and not incompatible with her station in life and social position. An effort was also made to hold Mr. Carroli responsible on the ground that the frame should be considered household furniture. On behalf of Mr. Carroll it was argued that the frame was a luxury pure and simple, especially as it was not intended to put the portrait in Mr. Carroll's house, but to put it on exhibition at the Charcoal club. The portrait for which the frame was made is full length and life size, representing Mrs. Carroll in evening dress, and the price was \$300 .-Baltimore Sun.

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What He Knew. In announcing for office a Georgia candidate who evidently desires to make his record plain, a newspaper says: "I never was in the war; never bollered at the surrender and never killed anybody that let me alone, and the only thing I know about the financial question is this: I need money."-Atlanta Constitution.

Civic federations have recently been organized in Cleveland, O.; Detroit, Mich.; Galesburg, Ill.; Ashland and La-

sen"?

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Delicate Enting. Bobbie-Papa, what is "delicates-

Mr. Ferry-It means delicate eating, such as limburger, pickled herring, and the like.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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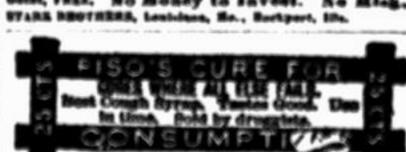
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