The Irish Spinning Wheel.

Show me a sight
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel, wid a young Irish girl at it.
Oh, no!
Nothing you'll show
Aquals her sittin' and takin' a twirl at it.

Look at her there—
Night in her hair,
The blue ray of day from her eye-laughin' out on us!
Faix an' a foot,
Perfect of cut,
Peepin' to put an end to all doubt in us!

That there's a sight,
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
Oh, no!
Nothing you'll show
Aquals her sittin' and takin' a twirl at it.

See the lamb's wool
Turn coarse and dull
By them soft, beautiful, weeshy white hands of hers,
Down goes her heel,
Roun' runs the wheel,
Purrin' wid pleasure to take the commands of her.

Talk of Three Fates,
Seated on states,
Spinnin' and shearin' away till they've done for me;
You may want three
For your massacree,
But one fate for me, boys, and only the one for me.

And isn't that fate
Pictured complate—
An ould Irish wheel, wid a young Irish girl at it?
Oh, no!
Nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' and takin' a twirl at it.

THAT BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

"Neither one is happy," he said to himself, looking at them as they sat talking calmly like strangers—the proud husband and the proud wife. "That man has a story written on his face; he has suffered intensely; is it possible that he does not suspect the truth? Can he look at her—speak to her—and not recognize her? It almost seems impossible. There was never beauty before like hers—never such winsomeness and artless grace. Before I came here I despised St. Leon Le Roy. Why is it that I pity him now? Is it because I can read his sorrow and repentance in the sadness of his face?"

Mr. Le Roy, rising at that moment, said, quietly, looking at his mother:

"I am taking Mrs. Lynn to the library, mother, to show her a book we have been discussing, if you and Mr. Ford will excuse us."

"Certainly," both answered in a breath; and they went away, followed by Mrs. Le Roy's startled glance.

"Your niece is very beautiful," she said, turning back, after a moment, to Mr. Ford. "Has she been long a widow?"

"Seven years," he answered.

"Then the child has never known his father?" she said, with a light, pitying touch of her ringed white hand on the boy's dark clustering curls.

"No—much to the lad's regret," said Mr. Ford.

"I dare say you have acted a father's part by the fatherless one," she remarked, turning her grave, questioning eyes on his face. It seemed as if she was fascinated to speak of little Laurence. She could not keep her eyes nor her thoughts from him.

"Since I have known him—yes," Mr. Ford answered. "But though his mother is my own sister's child, Mrs. Le Roy, I never met her, never knew of her existence, until she was a widow with a son three years old."

She looked the curiosity she was too well bred to express in words.

"Do you care to know the reason why?" asked Mr. Ford.

"I confess you have aroused my curiosity," she replied, with a smile.

"Then I will tell you," he said. "When I was quite a lad I ran away to Australia, seized with a gold-fever, then very prevalent in New York. After years of ill-luck, sickness, and misfortune, I struck a bonanza. I was an old man then, and my heart yearned for the home and friends of my youth. I came home, determined to share my wealth and prosperity with them, but all were dead, mother, father, and even the toddling little sister I had loved so dearly. She had married, and died a short time after, leaving one daughter, whom I found it impossible to trace. Several years later, I discovered my missing niece, by a fortunate accident, in the brilliant novelist, Mrs. Lynn."

"She is very young to have achieved fame in the literary world," said the lady.

"The result of necessity, my dear madam," Mr. Ford replied. "Losing her husband before the birth of her child, my niece, scarcely more than a child herself then, was thrown upon her own resources for support. She became a writer, and most fortunately for the sake of the little, helpless being dependent upon her care, she succeeded where the many fail," he ended, leaving Mrs. Le Roy's unspoken curiosity on the subject of Mrs. Lynn even greater than before, through his meagre explanation.

CHAPTER LII.

Mr. Le Roy led his beautiful guest to the library, and placed a chair beside the table where he usually sat to read. Laurel sat silently a moment with averted face. She was fighting down her heart, thrusting back the memories that would arise like pallid ghosts from the dead past. Here in this room, nay, in this very chair where she was sitting, St. Leon had wooed her for his wife. She could be cold and proud in the grand drawing-room. It was there that he had put her away from him, there that he had spoken he cruel, angry words that sundered their hearts and lives forever. The memory of that night and that scene hardened her heart to her unforgiving husband, and helped her to be cold and careless. Here it was different. This quiet retreat was hallowed by some of the sweetest moments of her life.

That hour which had lifted her from dumb, jealous misery and despair to the heights of bliss had come to her here.

The memory of her year of wedded happiness rushed over her with all the love and joy that had been crowded into it.

She trembled, she recalled all the horror and despair that had followed after, and for a moment it seemed to her that all was a hideous dream from which she would awaken presently. She longed to cry out aloud, to rush from this haunted room, to do anything that would free her from the gaze of those sad, dark eyes, whose burning glances as they sought her face seemed to read her secret and to plead with her for love and reconciliation. A smothered gasp, and she shook off the dangerous, luring spell, and became herself again, calm, indifferent, yet gracious, the woman that slighted and scorned love had made "icily splendid," fatally fair, as many a man had owned to his cost.

She looked about for something to divert her attention, and saw just at her hand lying on the table a volume elegantly bound in crimson and gold. She took it in her hand and read aloud the gold-lettered title on the back: "Laurel Blossoms."

"Laurel Blossoms," she repeated, and turned to the title-page. With widening eyes and a swift color that went and came from white to red and from red to white: "By Louis Vane."

St. Leon had drawn a chair near her. He spoke to her now in a calm, carefully modulated voice that went far toward restoring her shattered equanimity.

"That is a collection of tales and essays, Mrs. Lynn, arranged by myself for publication. The author is long since dead. He was my wife's father."

"Yes," she murmered, turning the precious pages slowly with her trembling hands, her eyes downcast, and bravely keeping back their threatening tears.

"Perhaps some one has told you the romantic atory of my marriage, Mrs. Lynn?" he said, watching the fair drooping face with earnest eyes.

She shook her head. She would not trust herself to speak.

"No?" he said. "Then perhaps I will tell you some day myself. You love romance and tragedy, I infer, from your books. My marriage had the elements of both in it."

She bowed again silently. It was quite impossible for her to utter a word just then; but she said to herself, with a sort of passionate disdain, that he was very daring, indeed, to speak to her of his marriage—to her, of all women in the world.

He went on in his quiet musical tones:

"Louis Vane was a genius, but, like many another gifted spirit, he smirched the glorious talents given him in the degradation of strong drink. He loved pleasure better than fame. But for his weakness and his madness he would have made a name that must have gone ringing down the ages."

She was silent, steeling her heart to the sweetness of those words of praise. She remembered that strong, sweet voice that praised Louis Vane for his genius now, denouncing and scorning her that night, long years ago as a "drunken journalist's daughter."

"When my wife died, seven years ago," went on St. Leon, "I made it my duty and my pleasure to gather her father's miscellaneous writings from the journals and magazines where they were scattered, and publish them in one volume, that they might be rescued from oblivion and preserved for the pleasure of his admirers. The book had a great sale. It was very popular. Have you never seen it before, Mrs. Lynn?"

Again she shook her head in silence.

"Then let me beg pour acceptance of this copy. I should like you to read it. I assure you it will repay perusal. You may wonder at its fanciful name. My dead young wife was called Laurel. Is it not a sweet name. In memory of her I called it 'Laurel Blossoms'!"

Would he never have done speaking? A strange softness was stealing over her heart that frightened her. No other atonement on earth could have touched and moved her like this one. It was what she could have wished most upon earth—to have her father's brilliant essays collected into this beautiful volume, and yet she had never thought of doing it herself. A pang of self-reproach pierced her heart

"Forgive me, father," she whispered, inly, as if the dead were present in the spirit, and could know and feel her mute repentance. "I have been so absorbed in my own selfish sorrows and triumphs I forgot to rescue your genius from the oblivion that must have engulfed it but for this man's effort."

All this while he was waiting for an answer. What must he think of her strange silence? With a great effort she lifted her eyes to his face, and said, in tones ringing with latent sarcasm and incredulity:

"You must have loved your wife very dearly, Mr. Le Roy?"

"More than I knew," he answered, simply, and the tone even more than the words betrayed the burden of remorse and sorrow his heart had borne for years.

She rose abruptly with the precious volume of her father's writings clasped tightly in her hands. She was afraid to stay longer—afraid of that sweet and subtle pity that thrilled her woman's heart.

"I have made too long a call for a first visit," she said. "Another time will do for the books of which we spoke. The 'Laurel Blossoms' made me forget."

"You have forgotten the flowers I promised to show you, too," he said. "Let me take you to the garden now."

"Some other time. I must really go now," she said, feeling that for this one day she had already borne all that she could bear.

He did not urge the point. Perhaps the trial was as hard for him as for her.

"Will you drive with me to-morrow?" he asked, as he touched her hand at parting. "There are some beautiful views in this vicinity that I should like to have the pleasure of showing you."

"Yes, I will go," she answered, hastily, unable to deny herself the blended bliss and pain of his companionship even while she despised herself for what she disdainfully termed to herself her woman's weakness.

CHAPTER LIII.

To-morrow came—one of the fairest of summer days, with a sea-blue sky and the goldenest sunshine and most fragrant flowers. Laurel prepared for her drive with Mr. Le Roy with a beating heart. She felt that she was acting imprudently in going with him, for she scarcely dared trust herself in his presence; but she could not draw back from her promise. An irresistible fascination drew her on to the meeting with the husband so hopelessly and madly loved in the long years while she wandered afar from him, an alien from his home and heart.

Some strange thoughts were stirring in her heart, evoked by his looks and words. She could scarcely fail to see that he had repented.

"Perhaps, if he knew that Laurel Vane was living, he would forgive her and take her back. Her fault might not seem so black and bitter now, seen through the kindly veil of years," she said to herself. "He might even love and trust me again."

But there came to her a sudden remembrance of words he had spoken long ago, when he had told her of Maud Merivale's deceit and falsity.

"I could never again love a woman who had deceived me. Once fallen from its pedestal, the broken idol could never be restored again."

She looked at the beautiful passion-pale face reflected in the glittering mirror, and a hopeless sigh drifted across her lips.

"I am a 'broken idol,'" she said drearily, "I have fallen from my place in his heart, and I can never be taken back. St. Leon is too proud to forgive my girlhood's sin."

She had not been unloved in all these years. Proud men and gifted had bowed before her, won by her beauty and her genius. They marvelled at her coldness, her indifference. Not one guessed at the mad love lying deep in her heart under the ashes of the dead years—a smoldering fire that in the past few days had leaped into a living flame. It needed all her strength, all her pride, to fight it back. She went with him, and when he saw her he could scarcely repress a startled cry. She had chosen the colors that always became his young wife best—white and scarlet. Her white hat had a wreath of scarlet poppies; some scarlet passion-flowers were fastened in the neck of her white dress. She was so like—so like his dead wife that it would only have seemed natural to have taken her in his arms and kissed her and called her by the name of the dead.

Suddenly as they paused before the white gates of a great, wide inclosure, she uttered a cry of dismay.

"This is the cemetery, Mr. Le Roy! surely, you did not mean to bring me here!"

"Yes," he answered, and helped her down from the landau and led her into the grim necropolis of the dead.

She did not understand. She walked by him, silent and frightened, among the gleaming marbles, the dark green shrubbery, beautiful flowers with which loving hearts had decorated the graves of their dead. She heard her husband dreamily repeating some sad familiar words:

The massy marbles rest
On the lips that we have prest
In their bloom:
And the names we loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

Suddenly he drew her hand in his arm, and led her down a shaded green alley-way. In a minute they paused before a little plot of ground whose velvet-green turf was bright with beds of rarest flowers. In the midst was a single grave, with roses and passion flowers trailing over it. Laurel lifted her eyes and read the name cut deep into the gleaming marble shaft:

LAUREL,
Beloved wife of St. Leon Le Roy.

She felt a strangely hysterical inclination to laugh out aloud. How strange it seemed to stand there so full of life and youth and passion, and read her own name carved upon a gravestone! How strange, how horrible to feel that standing there by her husband's side, she was as dead to him as if, indeed, her lifeless clay were moldering in that low green grave!

His low, deep voice broke the trance of hysterical horror that held her senses enchained:

"Mrs. Lynn, I told you yesterday that there were elements of romance and tragedy in my marriage that might interest even you. I promised, too, that I would tell you the story some day. Here, at poor Laurel's grave, I propose to keep my word."

He found her a seat, and she waited silently to hear him speak. She was most curious to hear the story of her girlhood's love and temptation told by her husband's lips from his own standpoint.

CHAPTER LIV.

St. Leon Le Roy threw himself down on the green turf at Mrs. Lynn's feet, and resting his arm on his wife's grave, leaned his head on his hand. So resting he could look up and note every expression of the beautiful face above him—the face, deathly pale with emotion now, for all she tried so bravely to appear politely calm and interested like the stranger she pretended to be.

"Do you care to hear this story I am about to tell you?" he asked, abruptly.

"I am sure I shall be interested," she replied, gently, and thus encouraged he began.

"It is more than nine years ago now that my mother received a letter from a lady friend in New York—Mrs. Gordon, the wife of the well-known publisher—perhaps you know him, Mrs. Lynn," he said.

"Mr. Gordon is my publisher," she replied.

"He had an only child—a beautiful daughter," said Mr. Le Roy. "She had betrothed herself to a poor young man of whom her parents disapproved. They proposed to break off the match by strategy, if possible. They sent their daughter to Eden to remain a few months, proposing to send her lover abroad during her absence, and so separate them as to end the affair in the quietest way possible.

He paused but she made no comment on his words, only inclined her golden head attentively.

"I was five and thirty years old when Beatrix Gordon came to Eden; she was a beautiful child of sixteen," went on St. Leon, slowly, as if looking back into the past. "Perhaps you will think I was too old for her, Mrs. Lynn, but my heart was carried by storm, as it were, by the lovely girl. I think almost from the first hour of our meeting I recognized my fate in her. she was like no other woman I ever met. If I talked to you all day, Mrs. Lynn," said St. Leon, looking deep into her eyes with his dark, mesmeric orbs, "I could never portray in words her beauty and sweetness. There was a charm of novelty about them. She was rarely original. She was afraid of me at first. *That* piqued me, although it was my own fault. Very soon I found that my pique was the offspring of unconscious love. I, St. Leon Le Roy, who despised women, who had been angry at first at the girl's coming, had lost my heart to the slip of a girl who belonged to another. The bitter consciousness of that latter fact aroused my jealousy and added fuel to the fire of my passion. I was angry with myself, ashamed with myself, yet I could no more have checked the course of my strong, passionate love than I could have stemmed the tide of a rushing river. Can you understand me, Mrs. Lynn?"

She answered quietly, "Yes," but to her own heart she said: "Ah, if he only knew."

"Then you may guess something what I suffered," said St. Leon, and for a moment he was silent, and his gaze turned from her face, as he seemed lost in retrospection. She looked at the dark, haughtily-handsome face, and her heart thrilled within her. It had all its old, luring, magnetic charm for her. She had repented her fault long ago; she was sorry for her sin, bitterly sorry, but looking on her husband's face now, she did not wonder that she had sinned for his sake. In spite of time, in spite of pride, the old love was strong within her. She might have exclaimed, with Byron:

I deemed that time, I deemed that pride,
Had quenched at length my early flame;
Nor knew till seated by thy side,
My heart in all save hope the same.

It was well for her that when he resumed his story he did not look up. Too much of her heart was written on her lovely, mobile face.

"From the despair of my jealous love and misery, I wakened to passionate bliss," he continued. "I know not when the child's first shyness and dread of me changed to a tender feeling, but it came upon me suddenly, and with heavenly sweetness, that she loved me. She had forgotten her lover in New York. Mrs. Lynn, I swear I believe she loved me even as I loved her, with a singleness and depth of devotion such as few hearts are capable of feeling. God forgive me that I doubted her once! No one was ever more cruelly punished for unbelief and hardness than I have been!"

With his eyes downcast upon that low, green grave, he did not see how bitterly her lip curled as it always did when that night of her betrayal rushed bleakly over her.

"She gave me her tender, trusting heart, and her beautiful self," he went on. "We were married. Her parents were absent, and it was a very quiet ceremony in a quiet church that gave me the desire of my heart. We went abroad for our honeymoon, and remained more than a year."

A sigh with his heart's despair drifted over his lips.

"*Such* a year, Mrs. Lynn!—a golden year, into whose short space was crowded all the real happiness and bliss of my life. She made me the happiest, most blessed of men in that brief time. I am forty four years old, Mrs. Lynn, but it seems to me I have only really lived one year—one year that shines on the past like a radiant star in the darkness of night."

(To be continued.)

The Tall Hat.

Perhaps no article of attire is, and long has been, more consistently abused than the high hat, which is the outward token of respectability in man. It has been called by contemptuous names, as a chimney-pot, a funnel, a stovepipe, a glossy cylinder and so on; but it is to be observed that in spite of all, people continue to wear it. Oscar Wilde uttered his protest at Highbury recently, and dwellers in that northern suburb seem to have agreed with him; but it may be doubted whether in any case agreement was carried so far as to induce anybody to abandon it. No one can defend it, but custom has so brazed the artistic faculty that no one—no one, that is to say, whose example it is safe to follow—will leave it off; nor is there any general agreements as to what should be substituted. The tall hat is a sham, for it has an affectation of being beaver; it is an inconvenient thing to wear, and still more inconvenient to carry or dispose of when it is not being worn, and it is unsuited to the English climate because rain spoils it. Certainly it is not picturesque. There is absolutely nothing to be said on the other hand in its favor; but every one wears it because every one else wears it. So closely did our fathers cling to the fetish that they even played cricket in tall hats. Something, one would think, must surely happen soon to emancipate those who are under its sway.—*London Standard.*

Is This a Slander?

Did you ever see a woman play whist? No! Well, she does it somewhat as follows: "Oh, dear, I don't believe I can ever get these cards arranged—Now, let me see, that one goes there, and—Oh, dear, I've dropped one on the floor—Won't you pick it up?—Thanks—Now, let me see—Oh, is it my play?—Mercy!—I'm sure I don't know which one to play—There, I played the wrong one, but never mind—Have I got to follow suit?—Well, if I can't follow suit can I trump?—Oh, I wish I could have thrown away on that trick—Could I?—Oh, I'm so sorry—Now, how stupid I was I didn't see it was my partner's ace when I trumped, but never mind." And so it goes on, and at the end of the game her partner generally has to stand the ridicule of the other side because he was so badly beaten.—*Boston Post.*

He Identified Him.

Coroner—"I have just held an inquest over the body of a man found drowned, but we are unable to identify him."

Citizen—"It may be Jack Short. He has been missing for a week."

Coroner—"You knew Short, did you?"

Citizen—"Knew him well."

Coroner—"Would you be able to identify him, do you think?"

Citizen—"Oh, yes; easily. He had an impediment in his speech."

The total membership of the Mormon Church, according to the census of 1880, was 79,886.

Snow must be an unusual phenomenon in Dublin. After a recent storm a sort of riot occurred in Trinity College. The students, in large numbers, both within and without the walls, indulged in the pastime of snowballing. Those who passed the various gates were assailed, and some persons were hurt. The street lamps were broken, and many windows suffered even within the precincts of the college. Finally the gates were closed, and so remained during the greater part of the day.

Nearly half a million copies of "Called Back" and "Dark Days" have been sold in England. Of another cheap novelette, Miss Helen Mather's "Found Out," thirty thousand copies were disposed of in the first week after publication. The popularity of the shilling form of original stories admits, therefore, of no doubt.

HOW BURNABY DIED.

A Graphic Account of How the Giant Guardsman Met His Death—The Sabre Against the Spear—An Unequal Hand-to-hand Encounter With the Arabs.

A London cable says: Mr. Burleigh, the war correspondent who was wounded at Abu Klea, has, under the inspiration of his hurt, written to the *Daily Telegraph* a thrilling account of the battle, and in it occurs this description of Colonel Burnaby's death, which must become historical:

"Still down upon us the dark Arab wave rolled. It had arrived within three hundred yards undiminished in volume, unbroken in strength—a rush of spearsmen and swordsmen. Their rifle fire had ceased. Other Arab forces surrounded us—the Mahdi's troops, plundering Bedouins and pillaging villagers from the other side—stood eager on the hillsides watching the charge upon the British square. In wild excitement, their white teeth glistening and the sheen of their brandished weapons flashing like thousands of mirrors, onward they came, charging straight into our ranks.

"I was at that instant inside the square, not far from the Gardner gun, when I saw the left face move somewhat backward. Colonel Burnaby himself, whose every action at the time I saw from a distance of about thirty yards, rode out in front of the rear left face, apparently to assist two or three skirmishers running in hard pressed. All but one man of them succeeded in reaching our lines. Colonel Burnaby went forward to his assistance, sword in hand. As the dauntless Colonel rode forward he put himself in the way of a sheik charging down on horseback. Ere the Arab closed with him a bullet from some one in our ranks brought the sheik headlong to the ground. The enemy's spearsmen were close behind, and one of them suddenly dashed at Colonel Burnaby, pointing the long blade of his spear at his throat. Checking his horse and pulling it backward, Burnaby leapt forward in his saddle and parried the Moslem's rapid and ferocious thrusts. But the length of the man's weapon—eight feet—put it out of his power to return with interest the Arab's murderous intent. Once or twice Colonel Burnaby just touched his man, only to make him more wary and eager. The affray was the work of seconds only, for the savage horde of swarthy negroes from Kordofan, and straight-haired tawny complexioned Arabs of the Bayuda steppe, were fast closing in upon our square. Col. Burnaby fenced the swarthy Arab as if he were playing in an assault at arms, and there was a smile on his features as he drove off the man's awkward points. The scene was taken in at a glance. With that lightning instinct which I have seen desert warriors before now display in battle while coming to one another's aid, an Arab, who was pursuing a soldier and had passed five paces to Burnaby's right and rear, turned with a sudden spring, and this second Arab ran his spear point into the Colonel's right shoulder. It was but a slight wound. Enough, though, to cause Burnaby to twist around in his saddle and defend himself from this unexpected attack. Before the savage could repeat his unlooked for blow, so near the ranks of the square was the scene now being enacted, a soldier ran out and drove his sword bayonet through the second assailant. Brief as was Burnaby's glance backward at this fatal episode it was long enough to enable the first Arab to deliver his spear point full in the brave officer's throat. The blow drove Burnaby out of his saddle, but it required a second one before he let go his grip of the reins and tumbled upon the ground. Half a dozen Arabs were now about him. With blood gushing in streams from his gashed throat the dauntless guardsman leapt to his feet, sword in hand, and slashed at the ferocious group. They were the wild strokes of a proud, brave man dying hard, and he was quickly overborne and left helpless and dying."

A YOUNG SAVAGE.

A 9-Year-Old Boy Stabbed in the Back by a Bigger Boy.

A last (Wednesday) night's Halifax, N. S., despatch says: A juvenile stabbing affair is reported to have taken place at Stellarton yesterday that is likely to be attended by fatal results. Two boys were quarrelling. One was getting the better of the other and a third boy interfered, the bigger brother of the boy who was getting the worst of the fight. The two boys fighting were named Denoon and Blackwood. The elder Blackwood, who interfered, was aged 14 years, and Denoon was about 9. When the third boy interfered Denoon took to his heels. The elder Blackwood followed him, and when Denoon fell exhausted in the snow Blackwood knelt upon him, deliberately took out his jack-knife, opened it, and plunged the blade into the small of Denoon's back. The little boy was removed to his home. Both his legs are paralyzed and he is not expected to recover. Blackwood is still at liberty, and no steps have as yet been taken to have him arrested or punished.

A Beard of Twenty-four Years' Growth.

A Sagville, N.Y., despatch says: Truman Partridge, a noted old-time Democrat of this region, had his beard removed to-day for the first time in twenty-four years. Partridge has never been known to vote against a candidate of his party. In 1860, when Lincoln was elected, he made a vow never to allow a razor to touch his face until a Democratic President was inaugurated. He was ready to have a clean shave in 1876, when Tilden was counted out, but as Tilden did not take his seat he resolved to wait until a Democrat was installed. When Partridge made the vow he resided on the farm now occupied by E. Howe, and was comparatively a young man. His beard reached below his waist and was gray and scraggy. He went to Washington, shook hands with Cleveland, returned last night, and at noon to-day had the hair taken from his face.

A material which is fireproof as well as indestructible by vermin is made of asbestos and silicate. It resembles stone, and, though massive in appearance, is of light weight. It makes a useful box or safe for the preservation of documents.

One-half of the entire orange crop of Florida is raised within a radius of twenty-four miles around Ocala.