In the King's Banqueting House.

I walk on my way with the others, I toil at my daily task;
I am sometimes weary and careworn and sometimes I wear a mask,
And cover with smiles and sunshine a heart that is full of tears;
And yet, and yet, there is joy divine, and it crowns my burdened years.

For sometimes there comes a whisper in the silence of my soul:
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and forget the sorrow and dole,
And come to the house of the banquet and feast with the King to-day."
And oh! when I hear the summons, is there aught except to obey?

And what if the way be dreary and sometimes think it long?
There's always, sooner or later, a bit of a cheery song.
And what if the clouds above me are sometimes thick and gray?
There is never a cloud on the mercy seat, where I meet Him day by day.

So I go on my way with the others, I am often weary and spent;
But aye in my heart I am thankful, happy and well content;
For often in the early dawning and oft at the fall of day
He calls me into the banquet, and what can I do but obey?

THAT BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Beatrix did not know how to refuse the mother's prayer. She knew that Laurel's heart was yearning for the child, and she did not really think that it would do her any injury to see him. She made her promise that she would not exert herself, and then she went after the little lad who was as usual at play with Trixy upon the shore.

She made Laurence promise that he would be very gentle and quiet in his mamma's room, and he very readily agreed to do so. She knew that he was a little gentleman who would keep his word of honor, and so she sent him in and waited outside patiently until that momentous interview was over.

Laurel kept the child almost an hour. No one knew just what she said to him or how much of the past she revealed to him, but the boy came out with a face all glowing with joy and sought little Trixy.

To her he confided his joyous news:

"I have a real, live papa, Trixy. He is not dead as we thought. He is good and handsome—as handsome as your papa, Trixy, dear, and when mamma gets well she is going to take me to him."

Trixy was delighted at the good fortune that had befallen her boy lover. It formed an inexhaustible theme with them. They discussed it daily and compared notes on their papas in the most earnest fashion. Laurence was very impatient to have his mamma get well. The vague longing that had haunted him all his lifetime would be realized when he went home to that splendid papa whom already he loved in anticipation.

Laurel convalesced very fast. Since she had heard that her husband still lived, there was a great change in her. She was very grave and thoughtful, even amounting to sadness. Beatrix could not understand her. She was fonder than ever of her child; but there seemed to be a sort of passionate sorrow mingled with her love. She would fondle and caress him, and then she would weep bitterly over him.

"Why do you weep over your child?" Beatrix asked her, in wonder.

"I love him so dearly," answered Laurel, evasively.

"I cannot understand why that should be a reason for weeping over him. You ought to be quite happy over such a beautiful boy," said impulsive Beatrix, sighing, as she thought of her own little lad sleeping far away beneath the skies of England.

"I *am* happy over him," said Laurel. "But, oh, Beatrix, you do not quite understand me. Hitherto my little Laurence has belonged only to me. He came to me in a dark and troublous time, when I was alone and friendless in the world. I worked for him, I made money for him, and I filled up the void in my heart with his baby-love. But for him I should have died. I could not have borne my life. And now we shall be parted, I and my little son. I shall give him to his father; but, oh, Beatrix, what shall I do without him?"

"I cannot understand you, indeed, Laurel," said simple Beatrix. "You are going home to your husband, are you not, dear? Surely you will not mind dividing the child's love with him. Think how selfishly you have kept it to yourself all these years, and you will not lose him or be parted from him. You know what the poet says: 'Half is his, and half is thine.' Depend upon it, Laurel, you will be happier in the child's love when his father shares it. It is only natural that you should be."

"You will understand my meaning better in a little while, dear Beatrix," Laurel answered, gently, and then she abruptly changed the subject.

"I have always wanted to ask you about Clarice Wells," she said. "What has become of her?"

Beatrix laughed, sweetly and gayly.

"I am glad you have not forgotten Clarice," she said. "She was a good girl, and she admired you very much. I was sorry to lose her when I left England, but I could not forbid the banns."

"She is married, then?" asked Laurel.

"Yes, and her marriage was quite romantic. Should you like to hear about it?"

"Very much," Laurel replied.

"You would scarcely believe it of one so devoted to the laws of caste, and who lectured you so roundly for aspiring above your station, but Clarice is actually the wife of an English Baronet," laughed Beatrix, "and it all happened in the most romantic fashion. I always thought that Clarice had a spice of romance in her nature. She betrayed it when she lent herself so readily to the furtherance of our girlish conspiracy.

"Yes," sighed Laurel,

"She met him—her baronet—in the Alps, where we were taking our little summer holiday," continued Beatrix. "He was summering there, too, and 'they met by chance—the usual way,' you know, Laurel. She saved his life—he was rolling down a precipice and she adroitly caught him back—she was always a quick-witted little thing. Well, he was grateful, she was interested, and, next thing they fell in love. Clarice was very sensible at first. She refused to have anything to say to him, and I applauded her. But, really, Laurel, it was not so bad. He was not, 'to the manner born.' Until a year before he had been plain John Bull, a briefless barrister. He had succeeded to the baronetage by a series of accidental and unexpected deaths of heirs-presumptive, and he was plain and sensible, and forty years old at least."

"I do not think his age was any objection," cried Laurel, hastily, and blushing very much.

"No, indeed, and it did not prove so in this case," smiled Beatrix. "He would not take her no for an answer. He never rested until he made pretty Clarice 'my lady.'"

"It is very romantic. I shall make it a plot for a novel," declared Laurel. "I dare say Clarice would not scold me now for aspiring above my station," she added, with a pretty pensive smile.

"I dare say not," said Beatrix, greatly amused. "Exceptions alter cases."

CHAPTER LXVII.

In five weeks after that tragedy at the seashore Laurel announced her intention of returning to Belle Vue. She had convalesced very rapidly, and the bloom and beauty of health were fast returning to her lovely face. Nothing was left to remind one of her almost fatal illness save the short, soft rings of sunny hair that clustered all over that beautiful, graceful head. Beatrix grieved sorely over the loss of that wealth of golden tresses from her friend's head, but after all it scarcely detracted from Laurel's beauty. The pretty, babyish ringlets lent a *spirituelle* charm to the fair face and made a halo about the brow that made her "half of earth and half divine."

"Let us go home to Belle Vue," she said, pleadingly, to her uncle, and he, eager to gratify her slightest wish, consented. They wished to have Beatrix and her mother to go with them, but they excused themselves and promised to come later on.

"When Laurel has left you and you feel lonely," said Mrs. Gordon, with a smile.

The beautiful authoress blushed vividly and then grew very pale. She made no answer to the half question. No one quite knew what she intended to do. No one could understand her, she was so shy, so reticent, she blushed so at the slightest mention of Mr. Le Roy's name.

But Beatrix, as she held her in her arms at parting, whispered, pleadingly, against her cheek:

"You will not be hard and unforgiving any longer, dear. You will go home to him?"

"You shall hear from me in a few days," Laurel answered; and Beatrix was obliged to be content with that ambiguous reply.

They went back to Belle Vue. The autumn days had set in now, and the trees were clothed in all the glory of their coloring. From hill to hill, from shore to shore glowed with scarlet and brown and gold. The sun shone still with all the brightness of summer, the flowers were in their glory yet. There was no cloud in all the summer sky that morning when Laurel went shyly up to her uncle's side.

"Uncle Carlyle, I want you to take me over to Eden this morning," she said, with the beautiful blushes mantling on her cheeks.

He drew the back of his hand hastily across his eyes. The hour for which he had longed and dreaded had come. He was going to lose Laurel and his darling little Laurie.

"My dear, are you strong enough?" he asked her, wistfully. "Remember, we only came to Belle Vue yesterday."

"I am so restless—it seems as if I cannot wait," she said, and he saw that the dark eyes were full of unrest and pain.

"We will go at once, dear," he said; and though he did not say another word, Laurel understood why he took her so tenderly in his arms and kissed her. She did not speak. Her heart was too full for words.

They took little Laurence and drove over to Eden. Mr. Ford sent in his card alone to Mrs. Le Roy, and they waited silently in the grand drawing-room for her. But when he heard her coming he withdrew into the shadow of the curtained window. He did not wish to embarrass her meeting with Laurel by his presence.

The door opened and she entered slowly with a step that had grown unconsciously feeble and halting. The fine old face looked pale and sad, there was a sorrowful droop about the delicate lips. The years that had brought Laurel to the perfection of her womanly beauty had sadly aged St. Leon's mother.

She came in sadly enough, but when she saw who her visitors were the light of a sudden, tremulous hope flashed over her proud, sad face. Her dim eyes brightened.

"Mrs. Lynn!" she exclaimed, wonderingly.

The beautiful woman in the white dress with the crimson roses fastened against her round white throat rose and went hastily forward. There was a look of pain and shame on the fair face.

"Do not call me by that name. It never was mine. It has only been the mask beneath which I hoped to hide my identity," cried Laurel. "I am ashamed and penitent now. Call me, Laurel, mother, and say that you forgive me."

"Laurel, I am so glad!" cried Mrs. Le Roy, throwing her arms about her neck, and then with the charming inconsistency of woman she wept.

She had forgotten the child in her joy at the restoration of Laurel, but suddenly a little hand stole into hers, and a half expostulating voice said:

"Grandmamma!"

She turned and caught the beautiful boy to her heart, half-smothering him in her fond caresses.

"My precious little grandchild," she cried; and Laurence asked her *naively*:

"If you are glad that we have come home, mamma and me, why do you cry?"

"You must not ask questions, my little lad," said Mr. Ford, coming forward and greeting his hostess, and thinking to himself that she had suddenly grown beautiful in the radience of the joy-light that beamed upon her face.

He asked the question that Laurel was too timid to syllable upon her lips.

"How is Mr. Le Roy?"

"He has had a relapse—he is quite unwell to-day," Mrs. Le Roy said, tremulously. "He has been very ill since we brought him from the seashore. He makes no effort to recover. He does not seem to care to live."

She looked at Laurel as she spoke.

"It is all your fault, dear!" she said gently. "Life has never been the same since you were lost to him. Only this morning the physician told me that without some object in life, something more to live for than he has now my son would never get well."

Laurel's face was very pale. She drew her arm tightly around her son as he stood by her side. "May I—see him?" she asked, in a faint, trembling voice, without lifting her eyes.

"He is in his own room, dear. Go to him as soon as you please," Mrs. Le Roy answered, gladly.

Laurel did not wait for another word. They saw that she was very pale, that she trembled very much, and their hearts went out to her in silent sympathy for her suffering. She rose, took her little son by the hand, and silently left the room.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

St. Leon Le Roy lay among the lace-fringed pillows of his luxurious bed that morning alone and lonely.

It was a beautiful room where he lay, but the invalid took no pleasure in it. It was large and lofty, with a lovely painted ceiling, and the walls were hung in beautiful draperies of rose-hued silk and snowy lace. The furniture and carpet were upholstered in pink velvet, the carpet had a pattern of roses upon it, the vases on the marble mantle were filled with exquisite flowers. St. Leon had been surrounded by beautiful things all his life. They did not add to his pleasure nor detract from his pain.

He lay there wearily among the downy pillows, with his wasted white hand over his heavy eyes, and his thoughts fixed on the beautiful wife, so fatally lost to him. Only that morning the physician had warned him.

"You must rouse yourself, Le Roy, or you will die from the effect of your terrible wound. The strain upon your system has been most severe. I have exhausted my art in bringing you to the point of convalescence. Now, you must help yourself. If you give way to this fit of despondency, this *ennui* that I see creeping upon you, I will not answer for the consequences. You must rally from this spell of dejection. Make yourself an object in life, and live for it."

Then he went away. He had done all he could for the suffering body; he did not know how to minister to a mind diseased. He had detected the symptoms, but St. Leon alone could apply the remedy.

He lay silently thinking.

There was only one object for which he could have cared to live, and that was unattainable. Why should he exert himself to hold on to a life that was scarce worth living? Why not let go the anchor and drift idly with the tide that dashed him hither and thither on its restless waves? Who would greatly care to live when all of life had grown into a long regret?

His door unclosed softly, but he did not turn his head. He knew that his mother had visitors, and he supposed that she was now returning. He did not look at her—he knew that she could not bear to see the heavy sadness in his eyes.

A light step stole across the floor, and saying to himself, "She thinks me asleep," he gently closed his eyes. It was a harmless deception he often practiced upon her. Thinking him asleep, she would feel more content.

"Papa!" said a proud, happy little voice, and a soft hand fluttered down upon his own.

He opened his eyes with a start.

A child was standing beside him—a beautiful boy, with hair and eyes like his own, and his mother's wistful smile—Laurence Lynn!

"Laurie!" he cried.

"Yes, papa, I have come home to you. I am your son—really and truly. Are you not glad?" cried the child, who had been so loved and petted all his life that it was no vanity in him to imagine that any one must be proud and glad in possession of him.

Glad! St. Leon could not speak for a moment. He was dazed with the suddenness of the surprise.

He threw his arms about his son, and strained him to his heart; but his thoughts were with the mother more than the child.

"Did you come alone, dear?" he asked, as soon as he could command his voice.

"Oh, no; mamma and Uncle Carlyle came with me. Mamma!"—he suddenly looked around, then broke from St. Leon's clasp and ran to the door—"mamma, come back!" he called. "Why did you run away?"

St. Leon leaned on his elbow and watched the door impatiently, his breath coming and going in great strangling gasps, his heart full of trembling anticipation.

"What does it mean? Will she forgive me? Will she come back to me?" he asked himself, in a bewildering maze of hope and anxiety.

Laurie opened the door and ran out into the hall. He came back in a moment, and before he entered St. Leon heard the echo of a loved, familiar footstep beside that of the child. The color rushed into his face. His heart beat tumultuously.

"Why did you run away, mamma?" the child was still repeating as they came across the threshold hand in hand.

St Leon had heard that she had been very ill after the shock of his supposed death that dreadful night. He had drawn some hopeful auguries from the news at first. Perhaps she loved him still, perhaps she would relent and come back to him. But he had waited so long for a sign from her that he had fallen into despair again. The sight of her now, as she came into the room, revived the dying embers of hope within his breast.

To his fond, adoring eyes she had never looked more lovely despite the closely cut curls and the extreme palor of her face. She came across the floor holding the child by the hand, and as she met the imploring gaze of his eyes her own seemed to swim in fine glittering mist of unshed tears. She stood there silently a moment, and he waited humbly to hear her speak—to pronounce his doom, as it were, for it seemed that fate itself hung on those tender, wistful lips. In that moment of passionate suspense and longing it seemed to him that he experienced something of the feelings that must have thrilled her that terrible night when she prayed him for forgiveness and he had coldly put her away.

"It is retribution," he said to himself, while the cold dew of agony beaded his brow.

She was holding Laurie's hand tightly clasped within her own. Once, twice, she raised it to her lips, then suddenly she laid it quickly in St. Leon's palm and withdrew her own. Her voice had a strange, almost dying sound as she said:

"You saved my life, St. Leon. Ay, you did more—you would have given your life for mine! Do not think me ungrateful. Do not believe that I could forget what I owe you. I am come to make reparation. You would have given me your life. See! I give you what is dearer than my life to me—the heir to Eden!"

Then she stepped back into the shadow. She did not wish him to see the white agony that was written on her face. She would make the sacrifice bravely, not showing him all that it cost her bleeding heart.

He drew one arm around the child and held him to his breast. He kept the other free. His eyes turned wistfully to that fair, sad face, half veiled by the falling curtain.

"Laurel," he breathed.

There was a world of tenderness, passion and entreaty in his tone. Her heart beat wildly. She turned toward him trying to look calm and brave.

He held out his other arm to her, but she would not understand. She gazed at him in silent distress.

"Laurel," he said again, "the gift would be incomplete without you. Are you not coming to me, too, dear?"

The swift color rushed into her face, her dark eyes brimmed over with tears, but she stood quite still, she would not stir.

CHAPTER LXIX.

She did not stir, she did not speak. The tears brimmed over and rolled down her cheeks, but she kept her place in silence.

"Will you not come to me?" he pleaded, and she answered then, drearily:

"I cannot:"

"You cannot Oh, Laurel, do not say so!" he cried. "What is to hinder you from coming back to my heart? What can stand between us?"

"Your own words," she answered, brushing the tears away, and gazing at him with eyes full of sombre misery and pain.

He was full of wonder and perplexity.

"I cannot understand you," he said. "I would give the world to have you back again, Laurel. I love you with the most faithful love the world ever knew. I shall never cease to love you!"

"Yet once you said—surely you remember it, St. Leon?—that you could never again love a woman who had deceived you. Once fallen from its pedestal, the broken idol could never be restored again."

The words came back to his memory—the words he had spoken before he *knew*—the words that were all that stood between them now.

He looked at her in anguish. He would have given anything if only he had never made that vain boast—how vain he had never known till now.

"I was foolish and mad and blind," he cried. "It was the most empty boast the world ever knew. Oh, Laurel, will you not forgive me for my hardness and cruelty?"

She stood still, with her small hands folded before her, her fair head drooping low, as she answered:

"I do forgive you."

"Then you will come back to me! You will not be hard upon me, Laurel, I have repented so bitterly. I repented within twenty-four hours after I had put you away from me so hardly. All my life since we parted has been one long repentance, my darling."

"I did not come back for this, St. Leon," she said, tremulously; "I meant only to give you the child. I thought I should go away then."

Little Laurence uttered a startled cry. He wrenched himself loose from his father's clasp and ran to her to hide his face in the soft white folds of her dress.

"No, no," he said vehemently, "I cannot stay with papa unless you will stay, too, mamma. I love you the best!"

St. Leon looked at his wife. She shrunk a little before that look. It was sadly reproachful.

"You see how it is," he said. "You have kept him from me all his life, and now he has no love to give me!"

But the child interposed, vehemently:

"I love you both, and I will stay with you both. Only mamma must not go away from Eden."

He drew her forward impulsively as he spoke. He placed her hand in her husband's, and closed his own little dimpled fingers around them, so that Laurel could not draw hers away.

"Mamma, I love you first and best," he said. "But I love papa and grandmamma, too. If he has been naughty, let us forgive him and stay with him."

"Stay with me, Laurel," echoed St. Leon.

She felt the warm, persuasive clasp of his fingers on hers. All the ice about her heart melted beneath that touch. She could not hold out against him. She knew that she must yield if she did not fly from his presence.

"Oh, let me go!" she cried. "It is not best that I should come back to you. It is the child you want. There is so much in the past that would haunt us! There is so much to rouse reproach and regret. We are best apart. Oh, let me go!"

But somehow he had drawn her down to the clasp of his arms now. His warm lips were pressed against her cheek.

"Only one word, dear," he whispered. "Do you love me still, my Laurel?"

"I have loved you always," she murmured, and she knew that with this confession love had conquered pride.

"Then let us forget all else but love," he pleaded. "You will stay with me, Laurel?"

"I will stay," she answered.

And never yet since first in Paradise,
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind,
Than lived through her who, in that happy hour,
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,
And felt him hers again.

THE END.

Two Frenchmen, the brothers Forre, have invented a new kind of harp, made entirely of wood. Instead of strings the inventors use strips of American fir. The sound is produced, as in the ordinary harp, by the contact of the fingers, but the player wears leather gloves covered with rosin. The tone of the instrument is said to be of remarkable purity.

PART OF A POLICEMAN.

Queer Raffle in a London Public House.

"Honor to the brave! Part of a policeman will be raffled for on Saturday evening at the Nine Acorns, —— street, for the benefit of young Huggings, who has been most unjustly doing time for standing up in defence of his aged father, who is well known and respected by most of you. Tickets for the benefit concert sixpence each. P.S.—As all expenses will be paid by a friend, the whole of the proceeds will be handed over to the young champion of freedom."

Here was mystery, to say the best, writes the London *Telegraph* correspondent who received this card. Had the article to be raffled for been merely a portion of a police constable's accoutrements—his staff, his rattle or his helmet even—the latter having been knocked off in a street shindy and carried off by some valiant runaway "rough" as a trophy—it would not have been so surprising. But part of a policeman! Which part? Supposing the grim wording to refer to a leg or an arm, it could be taken as indicating nothing less than that some obnoxious member of the force had been foully murdered and his unfortunate body afterward divided. But it was incredible—apart from the fact that to my knowledge no metropolitan constable had recently disappeared in an unaccountable manner—that the landlord of the Nine Acorns who was by no means a man of ruffianly proclivities, would permit an orgie of such a barbarous sort to take place on his premises. To be sure, the "part" alluded to might be a lesser portion of a policeman than an entire limb—an ear, or a nose severed from his head by a foeman's jaws in one of those horrible cannibal scrimmages occasionally recorded in the police reports. Yet it seemed scarcely possible that any class of Englishmen could be found to agree in applying the term "champion of freedom" to a rascal of their fraternity who had been guilty of such a savage act. At the same time, I had the landlord's assurance, unmistakably, that it was actually part of a policeman that was to be disposed of by cast of dice, and, that being so, personally, curiosity apart, I regarded as a duty I owed to the British public to accept and avail myself of the invitation.

The facts as I gleaned them were briefly these: Old Huggings kept a street stall for retailing fish and rabbits, and, being subject to rheumatism, preferred to stand on the comparatively dry pavement than in the muddy roadway while he pursued his business. To this a tall policeman on duty objected, and after speaking several times to Old Huggings on the subject, he at last gave him a rough push, the effect of which was to send the venerable rabbit monger reeling against his stall, which was capsized, and its contents spilled into the mire. Instantly the younger Huggings, who was officiating at a "pad" of mackerel a few yards distant, pluckily—his age was only 17—came to his parent's rescue, and floored the meddlesome constable offhand—knocking out a front tooth of the officer's in the process. Six weeks, with hard labor, was the magisterial sentence on the youthful champion, and, the tooth having been picked up and carefully preserved, the ingenious idea was to turn it to account in the manner already mentioned. The violently extracted incisor, which was white and sound, and, left undisturbed, would probably have done its owner many years of service, was set, gem-like, in the centre of a large rosette of parti colored ribbons, which was suspended to the gas-pipe in the centre of the room where the raffle took place; but, beyond that, the proceedings were distinguished by nothing that was particularly noteworthy. The raffle was well patronized, the large room being as full as it would hold comfortably, and the winner proving to be a barrowman of some eminence and means, he generously announced his intention of having the tooth mounted in a scarf pin, and presenting it to the young Huggings to wear on Sundays.

Tricks of the Chewing Gum Trade.

This is a great gum year in Maine, especially on the Penobscot, and now that the sun is climbing up into the north a little and the lumbermen are coming out the air is fairly rendolent with the perfume of spruce. The logs, knees and bark are not the only valuable parts of the great timber tree, for the gum is worth considerable even in its rough state, just as it is hacked from the crotches of old trees. There are two or three firms in Maine which buy large quantities of it from lumbermen and gum hunters for the purpose of refining it, as they say. But as a general thing the refining consists in adulteration with resin. They throw it into a big kettle, bark and all, and boil it into about the consistency of thick molasses, skimming the impurities off as they rise to the surface. Then, if the purpose to be to adulterate, some lard or grease and a lot of resin is added, and in some cases a little sugar. The mixture then becomes thicker, and, after more stirring, is poured out on a slab, where, while it is yet hot, it is rolled out in a sheet about a quarter of an inch thick, and then chopped with a steel die into pieces half an inch wide and three-quarters of an inch long. These pieces are wrapped into tissue paper and packed into wooden boxes. There are 200 pieces in a box. Some gum is treated in this way without adulteration. The best gum comes from no particular locality, but always from the biggest trees. The loggers, in their many idle hours by the camp fire, whittle out miniature barrels from blocks of cedar or white pine, hollow them out, and fill them with the choicest gum the woods afford for gifts to their sweethearts, children or friends, when they "come down" in the spring. Others, who go into the woods for gum alone, bring down big bags of gum and sell it to manufacturers of the improved article.—*Portland (Me.) Press.*

By means of a simple and conveniently worked device of coiled spring, an English inventor has succeeded in dispensing with the need of driving sewing machines by hand or foot; a few turns of a handle winds up sufficient power to keep a machine going at full speed over an hour. It is completely under control as to the rate of stitching and stopping, and can be applied to any existing machine at moderate cost.

The Jesuits have recently purchased the villa in the island of Elba which was occupied by Napoleon after his abdication in 1814. It is to be converted into a college