Travel.

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes build their boats;
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar;
Where the great wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum
Cities on the other hum;
Where are forests hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as spire,
Full of apes and cocoanuts,
And the negro-hunters' huts;
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes;
Where in jungles near and far
Man-devouring tigers are
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man,
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining-room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

A GORDON'S PRIDE

It was a pleasant face upon which Sir Leonard's daughter gazed—pleasant, kind, comely, with clear smiling eyes and a beautiful mouth—a face that would win trust and liking, yet would never be very warmly loved. It was essentially the face of a woman whose life had run in narrow grooves, who knew no world outside her own. If a face is any index to the soul, then Miss Digby's soul was a narrow one—good, kindly, but narrow. She did not look like one whose ideas were noble and generous; the conventionalities of life were sufficient for her. She understood nothing beyond them; everything uncommon was wrong. She approved of rules and measures; life was to be portioned out, certain things were to be done at certain times, originality she would consider a sin; and all this Ethel Gordon, with her quick instinct, divined at a glance.

Miss Digby held out her hand with a winning, kindly smile.

"I am so pleased to see you, Miss Gordon! Your papa has spoken so continually of you that I was quite anxious to see you."

No answering smile came over the beautiful young face.

"I am much flattered," replied Ethel, proudly; and from that moment Sir Leonard's chosen wife saw that there would be no chance of winning the love of Sir Leonard's daughter.

"You must have had a pleasant ride," continued Miss Digby. "I have never seen Chantry Wood look more beautiful."

"The woods were beautiful enough," replied Ethel, "but our ride was not a pleasant one."

Miss Digby saw that she was treading on dangerous ground, and, like a skilful general, retreated.

Sir Leonard, observing that matters were not upon the most pleasant footing, thought it time to interfere. He came up to Miss Digby and began to talk to her. Laura asked Ethel to take a stroll among the roses, and they went away, leaving the elders alone. Miss Digby looked after them with wistful, longing eyes.

"I am afraid that Ethel does not like me," she said; and Sir Leonard detected the pain in her voice.

He turned to her and clasped her hand in his--

"My dearest Helen," he said, "I have never concealed from you that Ethel has been so indulged and flattered that she is quite a spoiled child. Frankly speaking, she is sure to dislike our arrangement; but I shall ask you to persevere in it, as it is entirely for her good."

"But if she dislikes it so very much," said the lady, slowly, "would it not be better to give it up?"

"Certainly not," replied Sir Leonard, eagerly. "Ethel has never been contradicted in her whole life. It will do her good to find that her will is not quite absolute."

"She will dislike me so much for being the cause of unpleasantness to her," said Miss Digby.

"You will surely bear all that for my sake, Helen? You have promised to love me; and in the future that lies before us the only drawback I see is my daughter's dislike to all control, and the trouble that you will have with her at first."

Sir Leonard was no longer young, but he was a handsome man. The musical voice and the beautiful smile both had ther influence on the lady he loved.

"Bear that for my sake, Helen," he continued, "and there is nothing that I will not do for you in return. I will make you one of the happiest women in the world."

"Do I understand perfectly what you wish me to do?" asked Miss Digby.

"I think so. Ethel has grown up without control. She has been mistress of Fountayne and everything in it since she was quite a child. I want you, Helen, to impart to her some of your sweet, womanly ways—to train her—to teach her, if possible, the beauty of submission and gentleness, the need of obedience. I want you, if you will, to undo the harm that I have done—to make up for my deficiencies—to give to my daughter that sweet wise, womanly learning that should have been hers years ago. Do you care enough for me to do all this, Helen?"

"You know that I do," she replied, simply.

"It will not be a pleasant or an easy task. You will have great difficulties, but I have faith in you, Helen, you will overcome them for my sake?"

"I promise you to do my best," she replied, with a sigh.

She did most dearly love this handsome, gallant man by her side. She looked forward with the keenest pleasure to passing the remainder of her life with him; but she shrank from being brought into collision with his daughter.

"It will only be for a time," continued Sir Leonard; "Ethel has plenty of sense. She will see that it is for her own good. I know you will be patient with her, Helen. She is always full of spirits, gay, happy; there is a certain half-wilful, half-defiant frankness about her that is very charming; you will grow fond of her—everybody does—and she will charm you in spite of yourself."

Miss Digby smiled, thinking that in this respect she resembled her father.

"You must be firm with her," he continued. "I candidly confess that she has her own way with me, because I never could resist her caresses, her winsome manner, her graceful ways; but you, Helen, must harden your heart against her pretty wiles. You must make her go your way, not her own."

"You give me credit for great courage in asking me to undertake a task from which you recoil," she said; "but I will try to accomplish it."

He kissed her hand, thanking her in his own graceful fashion.

"I have but one regret, Helen," he said; "and it is, that you should have anything that seems like a task. And a task it will be to tame that bright, wild bird of mine."

And there came to him no warning of how Ethel, his proud, beautiful daughter, would in reality be tamed.

CHAPTER IV.

Miss Davencourt and Ethel wandered from the lawn to the rose garden, and there they were content to sit. Ethel watched the opening blooms with a far-off look in her beautiful eyes; the glory of white and of crimson, the deep glow of the damask were lost upon her. Laura, in her turn, watched the proud, perfect face until she felt compelled to speak.

"Will you tell me of what you are thinking, Miss Gordon?" she asked. "Your eyes are fixed upon the roses, but you do not see them. What are you thinking about that engrosses you so entirely?"

A smile came slowly to the beautiful lips.

"I am thinking," replied Ethel, "of Miss Digby. I do not like her."

"Yet she is very much loved and liked. She is popular among all kinds of people."

"I have a theory of my own," continued Ethel, in a musing voice, "and I am a great believer in it."

"Perhaps you will enlighten me?" said Laura.

Ethel's frank eyes lingered for one minute on her companion's pretty face.

"I am not quite sure," she said, "whether you will understand it."

"I will do my best," was the reply. "Tell me what your theory is."

"I believe," said Ethel, "that souls recognize each other, as bodies do. For instance, I meet a stranger, my eyes see his features, note the shape of his face, the color of his eyes, his height, the fashion of his build; so I believe also that souls see each other, recognize each other, take cognizance of each other's defects and virtues. My eyes saw Miss Digby's face, and I did not like it; my soul saw Miss Digby's soul, and did not like it either. What do you think of my theory, Miss Davencourt?"

"Perhaps it accounts for the likes and dislikes we form without in the least knowing why," replied Laura. "But you are prejudiced against Miss Digby; she is kind, amiable, and self-sacrificing."

"I understand her quite as well as though I had known her for years," said Ethel. "She is one of those who model life after a certain fashion; she would think it wrong to act upon impulse, whereas I like impulse. I should imagine no two people could be more different. I shall never like her."

"That is unfortunate," replied Laura quietly. "Sir Leonard's arrangement is no secret from us. He told mamma that he hoped to marry Miss Digby on his return from Austria, and that in the meantime you were to stay with her."

Ethel's beautiful face grew white even to the lips, while her slender fingers played nervously with the crimson leaves of a damask rose.

So it was known already that her father contemplated a second marriage; every one knew that she, Ethel Gordon, was to reign no longer, but must submit to the sway of a stranger. She literally could not endure the thought, but rose hastily from her seat.

"The roses are overpowering," she said; "come away, please. I have no wish to discuss Miss Digby." And she walked down the gravel path.

"We had better rejoin mamma," said Miss Davencourt, "she is alone. Sir Leonard is talking to Miss Digby. Where is she going?—I forget the name of the place."

"To St. Ina's bay," replied Ethel.

"We were speaking of you last evening," continued Miss Davencourt. "It will be hard for you to give up the authority you have held so long."

There was a *soupcon* of malice in the smile which accompanied these words, and Ethel detected it. All the pride of the Gordon's flashed in her face. No matter what she suffered the world must not know it. No man or woman living must be able to laugh because Ethel Gordon was deposed from her sovereignty. She resolutely conquered herself.

"I am not sure," she returned, "I shall be able to tell you more when the experiment has been tried."

Laura Davencourt looked up in surprise. She had expected the young girl to reply dolefully, but her voice was clear, soft, and gay.

Laura professed to like Miss Gordon, yet more than once she had felt jealous of the beautiful Ethel, and rather enjoyed the prospect of seeing her deposed. But Ethel would not allow this girl to triumph over her.

Miss Digby resolved that no effort should be wanting on her part to win Ethel's affection. She could understand the girl's petulance at her disappointment, and resolved to bear patiently with it. She said to herself that she would never resent it; that she would never reply to Ethel's bitter little speeches, but would do her best to win her by gentleness, by affection, and kindness.

When the two young girls appeared—Ethel with a proud, haughty carriage, and calm, almost scornful face, Laura flushed and somewhat discomfitted—she wondered greatly. Resolved to put her quite at her ease, Miss Digby went up to her.

"Have you been admiring the roses?" she asked, "They are considered very fine."

The proud eyes looked her through, the proud lips opened slightly, and then Miss Gordon made some half-inaudible reply and passed on.

"Ethel," said Miss Digby, gently, "if you can give me a few minutes I should be so pleased. I want you to listen to something that I have to say."

Ethel turned. It was no part of her duty as yet, she thought, to listen to Miss Digby. The beautiful face was a study as she half turned round, the better to hear what her companion had to say.

"Ethel," repeated Miss Digby, "I wish you would learn to know me and like me."

"You think the one would be the sequel to the other," replied Ethel; "I do not. I have no doubt that in time I may know you; but liking you is a different matter."

She spoke so frankly so fearlessly, that it was impossible not to admire her.

"If I study your wishes, Ethel—if I do all I can to make you happy—surely you will like me then?"

"Not then, or ever, I think," replied Ethel. "In the first place, Miss Digby, you take my dead mother's, Lady Angela, place; and you will pardon me if I say that, in my opinion, no one on earth is fitted to take that place."

"It is only natural, Ethel, that you should think so. I admire you for it. I loved my own mother after that fashion."

"Then," interrupted Ethel, quickly, "you would not have liked to see any one in your mother's place?"

"Perhaps not," admitted Miss Digby. "But you love your father, too, Ethel. Now, if I can contribute to his happiness, surely you would love me all the better for it?"

Ethel looked up at her with clear, dauntless eyes.

"I do not think that I should," she replied. "Now that my mother is dead, my father's love belongs by right to me alone."

"That is a selfish view of the matter," said Miss Digby, gently. "Sir Leonard has a right to be happy in his own way, as you have to be in yours."

"It is a question that we need not argue," interrupted Ethel, proudly. "If my father thinks you will add to his happiness, I have no more to say; but there is a second reason which makes the contemplation of such a marriage very displeasing to me. I have been accustomed to rule in my father's house; no one has ever disputed my sway. The servants have been accustomed to obey my orders, and frankly speaking, it will seem very hard for me to yield my authority to a stranger."

Miss Digby looked compassionately on the beautiful, imperious face, with its flashes of tenderness and defiance.

"It is hard for you," she said, with grave gentleness; "but it will most certainly be for your ultimate good."

"All disagreeable things are for our good," remarked Ethel, brusquely. "Will you explain, Miss Digby, why you say so?"

The lady smiled at the petulant words.

"I shall be in greater disgrace than ever," she said; "but, since you ask me frankly, I will answer you frankly. It will be for your benefit, because you are too young to have so heavy a charge upon you as the care and direction of Fountayne Hall. If you do it, and do it well, then your education and culture must suffer. You cannot attend to both."

"My education is finished," said Ethel, with great dignity.

"Pardon me, it is not even begun. I mean not the truest, brightest part of education—learning to control and govern ourselves—that is its true end, Ethel."

"I have fulfilled my duties," argued the young girl: "no one can do more."

Miss Digby looked at her sadly.

"Then you will not promise even to try to like me?"

"No," was the lingering reply. "I am very frank, Miss Digby, and it would be cruelly, false to say 'Yes.' I cannot like you. If I possibly can, I will persuade papa even now to abandon both his projects. If I cannot, then I shall never like you, and I shall even love him less."

She looked up with such scorn—with such a conviction that no punishment could be greater for Sir Leonard than the loss of her love—that Miss Digby felt touched.

"You are so frank, Miss Gordon," she said, "that I cannot help admiring when I really ought to blame you. I must trust to him to win for me some share of what I value very much—your good opinion. Will you believe one thing—that while you are with me I will do my very best to make you happy."

"I believe that you will try to do so; and I know that you will fail," was the ungracious answer. After which Miss Digby said no more.

CHAPTER V.

Sir Leonard Gordon was not altogether satisfied with his daughter. He had seen an expression of pain on Miss Digby's face that annoyed him. Yet he knew that the more he said to Ethel the more it affected her.

"I ought to have married years ago," he said to himself, "and then Ethel would have been accustomed to obedience. It will be difficult to manage her now."

He found the task even more difficult than he had anticipated. Ethel had been thinking seriously, and the more she pondered the whole affair, the greater became her dislike to it.

"I must make one more effort," she thought; "I will make one more appeal to my father. If he refuses to hear me, let it be so; if he consents, then all the love of my life will hardly suffice to repay him."

She was silent and thoughtful during the remainder of the day. Sir Leonard, watching her, wondered as to the nature of her reflections.

"Is she making up her mind to obey or revolt?" he said to himself; but even he was not prepared for what she did.

That same evening Sir Leonard was sitting alone in his own study—a room that he should have used for the purpose of reading and writing, but which was more often devoted to cigars and meditation. The night was so fine, the balmy air so sweet, that he had lowered the lamps, had opened wide the long French windows, had drawn two chairs together in order that he might lounge at his ease, and sat enjoying the luxury of a choice Havana.

The moonlight fell on tree and flower, on the silent fountains and deep, clear lake—moonlight so bright, so silvery, that it was far more beautiful than the light of day. The dew lay like shining diamonds on grass and leaf, the night wind was laden with the perfume of new-mown hay in the valley, of the hawthorn in the hedges. In the woods a nightingale was singing, and the faint, sweet notes fell clearly on Sir Leonard's ear; the stars were gleaming in the sky—it was one of those nights that awake all the poetry in the depths of a man's soul.

Sir Leonard thought of many things as he sat there, of the high-born Lady Angela, who had been dead so many years—of the beautiful, proud, imperious daughter, whom he had loved as fathers seldom love their children—of the fair-faced, gentle woman who was to be his second wife. There came to him as he mused a certainty—he had loved Lady Angela, and he loved Helen Digby; but he could see now that the great passion of his life was the love he had felt for his daughter. There was nothing to be compared with that; and now, with the clear stars shining on him, and the fragrant night wind whispering of high and holy thoughts, it occurred to him that his love had been wrong. He had shown it by over-indulgence—by indulging his daughter's every whim and caprice. He had been amused where he should have punished her; he had laughed where he should have scolded; he had given her all power and all authority where he should have insisted upon obedience. He saw it all now, now that the clear, calm voice of a wise and sensible woman had pointed it out to him; and he resolved to do all he could to atone for it. He must be firm with her, not yielding to her persuasions, but insisting upon her compliance with his wishes.

Just as Sir Leonard had reached this point in his meditations, two white arms were clasped about his neck, and a beautiful face dropped over his.

"Papa," said a sweet musical voice, "I knew I should find you here, and I know that you are thinking of me."

"You are right, Ethel; I am always thinking of you, my darling."

"Then your thoughts must be pleasant ones," said the girl, with the assured voice of one who knows she is dearly loved.

She laid her face against her father's; she kissed him and caressed him in her loving, half tender, half imperious fashion.

"I am come, papa," she said, "to make one more appeal to you—to ask you once more if it is not possible to induce you to give up these two plans—of your marriage, and my going to St. Ina's Bay."

"My dearest Ethel, I thought that matter was settled. I am sorry that you should renew the subject."

She unclasped her arms from his neck, and, going round, knelt down in front of him. Sir Leonard thought he had never seen anything so fair as her face in the moonlight.

"Papa, darling, I never prayed you to grant me a favor. You have been so kind and so good that there has been no need for me to ask, but I do pray you now to grant me this grace—do not think of marrying, and do not send me to St. Ina's."

Tears were shining brightly in her beautiful eyes as she raised them to him, and her voice trembled with emotion.

"I pray you, papa, by all your love for me—by all your kindness to me. I will make it all up to you; I will give you all the love of my heart; I will study your happiness in every way; I will think of nothing but you; I will learn to be most prudent, the most discreet, the most careful of housekeepers, I will learn to be anything you wish. From the very depths of my heart I pray you, dear papa, to grant me this grace."

Her voice was so earnest, her face so eloquent, that Sir Leonard was deeply moved.

"My dear Ethel, I really cannot accede to your wish; the arrangement is made, and must be adhered to."

"I have never knelt to ask anything from you before, papa, and if you refuse, I never shall again. Out of the depths of my heart, with all the love and earnestness I have, I beg of you to think again before you decide irrevocably."

He was deeply distressed, and for a moment the possibility of acceding to her wishes occurred to him. Then the fair face of Helen Digby came before him, and the warnings that had been given him about Ethel's untutored ways and wilful manners returned to him with redoubled force. Ethel, watching his face intently, saw there no answer to her petition. She clung more closely to him, and laid her hand on his.

"Do listen to me, papa. I can see my life before me, as it were, and I am frightened to think of what will become of me if I am made miserable; it is partly to save myself that I am here now. I cannot brook control. I could not obey a stranger. I could not love any one who took my dead mother's place. I could not bear constraint and control now."

She paused one half minute, for the passion of her own words exhausted her.

"No good would come of it, papa," she cried. "The Gordon's never bear control well, and I have a sure presentiment that evil would follow. My life would be dark and dreary. For my sake give it up, and trust to me."

Sir Leonard took the young girl in his arms; he was pale and grave, as the moonlight showed him her beautiful face, wet with tears, and her lips quivering.

"Ethel," he said, with grave tenderness, "when you were a little child, if you had asked me for a sharp sword as a plaything, do you think I should have given it to you?"

"No" she replied, "certainly not."

"Now you ask me to place in your hands that which would be more destructive to you than a sharp sword. I cannot do it. I cannot consent to leave you alone, and I shall carry out my plans of marrying, that you may have the guidance of a good and wise woman."

The pride that flashed into her face seemed quickly to dry her tears. She turned haughtily away from him.

"You have refused my first petition, papa; I shall never ask another. I tell you that evil will come of it, and I will prove to you that it would have been wiser and better to leave me alone."

"I hope you will do nothing rash, Ethel—nothing in the first impulse of anger."

"I shall live to hear you say, papa, that the most unfortunate day of my life was that on which you left me in Miss Digby's charge."

Yet she never dreamed how those words were to be verified, nor in what manner they would come true.

CHAPTER VI.

From that moonlight night when her one great prayer had been refused, her wishes disregarded, her earnest supplication set aside, Ethel Gordon was completely changed. She had been gay, wilful, and defiant; she had exercised her power with a half-laughing enjoyment of it; but now all was altered. She had no tragic plans, she thought of no revenge, she did not assume the air of a tragedy queen, but it seemed as though the brightest part of her youth and beauty had faded from her.

Sir Leonard heard no more of those sweet snatches of songs which had once charmed him so completely; he heard no more the low, silvery laughter which had been the very joy of his heart. Ethel grew grave, calm and dignified; she went through her duties as usual, but the laughing caprices, the repartees, the pretty, gay graceful whims that had seemed part of herself, were all wanting now. Sir Leonard looked at her sadly, as one might at a bright-winged bird that had been grievously wounded.

She never resumed the subject of their past conversation; whatever Sir Leonard said, she listened to without comment, making no reply to any of his hints about the beauty of St Ina's Bay. His marriage was not as yet publicly discussed, but most people who learned what arrangement he had made guessed at it.

Ethel heard much of what was said—conjectures, remarks, expressions of wonder and approval—but she uttered no word. The beautiful face and the proud heart kept their own secret. She would have died a hundred deaths rather than betray how deeply she was wounded.

Sir Leonard thinking her silence a good sign, grew quite courageous. He rode over every day to see Miss Digby, yet Ethel never offered the least comment on his absence. He took with him at times the most superb bouquets; she made no allusion to them. Once or twice he asked her to accompany him to Chantry Court; she complied; but even there she made no sign. When Miss Digby spoke to her, she answered with perfect composure and indifference. She sought for no communication with her, and she repelled none. She was calm, her manner full of proud, graceful nonchalance, and no one knew what an aching heart it veiled.

(To be continued.)

Spring House Cleaning.

It is much better to clean one apartment at a time rather than have the whole house stirred up in confusion all at once. Then, in case of casualties or unexpected company, there is a chance to be comfortable. There is nothing more disagreeable than to have a house all in commotion, carpets up and curtains down, and everything in disorder, and there is no need of it. It is bad enough to have one room disarranged at a time, but that is far preferable to having it stirred up from garret to cellar, and things brought into contact that were never neighbors before. When the mud is well dried up and the weather warm, May air and bright sun warm the atmosphere, you can finish your house cleaning with ease. Get your whitewashing all done up, stoves cleaned, but not set away—never do that. There are plenty of damp, cold days all through the summer months when fires are indispensable for comfort and health, and it is very unpleasant to have the whole family huddled around the kitchen cook stove in order to get warm. It is a most preposterous fashion, this custom of taking down the stoves as soon as warm weather comes on, and common sense would dictate the folly of such a thing if one would only stop to think how many rainy, damp days come during all the summer months. A little fire would change the atmosphere of a room, and prevent mildew gathering on the walls, and be conducive to health and comfort generally. In house cleaning, never lay out more work than you can accomplish with ease before dinner—it is as long as a person ever ought to devote to such hard work, and by judiciously following this rule you can get through with as much work as if you had scrubbed one whole day and was sick the two following days to pay for it. Another thing, a woman should never do the whitewashing, or nail down carpets, or re-paper the walls; it is not their work, and it is far cheaper for a man to either hire it done or to do it himself than it is to pay doctors' bills, not to take in account the suffering and pain that is almost sure to follow such labor for a woman.

Best Armed Soldiers in the World.

The Turkish soldiers are armed with what is probably the finest military rifle in the world—the Peabody-Martini-Henri. These guns, to the number of 600,000, were manufactured a few years ago in this country, where Turkey buys nearly all of her supplies. The contract was awarded the Providence Tool Company, of Providence, R I., and the price paid for the guns was such a good one that the Tool Company ought to have made $1,000 000 or $2,000,000 out of the job. Instead of that, however, the affair was mismanaged, the company lost money, and soon afterward failed. The guns, however, were very superior weapons. They were made on the principle of the Martini-Henri rifle, with which the English troops are armed, and had an additional advantage in a peculiarity of the barrel invented by a man named Peabody. The cartridges were made in New Haven and Bridgeport. These guns and cartridges were used in the Russo-Turkish war, and with them the Turks, who are gallant fighters, enjoyed an immense advantage over the Russians, who carried the old Snyder rifle. The Snyder would not carry over 800 yards with accuracy, whereas the Turks would open fire on a Russian battalion 1,500 yards off, which would be cut to pieces and annihilated when it got within firing distance of its foe.—*New York Graphic.*

In France "the nobility and the *bourgeosie*," said Cardinal Pie a few years ago, "give fewer and fewer of their offspring to our holy order, which no longer finds its sustenance save among the children of the people." While in Ireland the fact that the priests are of and from the people has been a potent source of their influence, it does not seem in France to conciliate popular good will. The French proletariat never seems to have got over the intense hatred of the priesthood which showed itself in 1789. They regard it as the friend of an aristocracy.

It is said that Japanese women do not know the use of pins. This ought to cause young men to emigrate, but with the usual recklessness of the sex they will go right on bearing scratches on their wrists with martyr-like heroism.