A Daniel Come to Judgment.

It's strange as people grow older what lots of sense they lose,
And how they get full of notions, and begin to pick and choose,
And start on such strange ideas, and want such queer things done—
Why, what is a fellow to live for, if he never can have any fun!

Now there are fathers and mothers, as good as good can be,
But they fret if a boy goes coasting, for fear he'll run into a tree:
They fret if a boy goes skating, for fear he'll get a fall;
And they're sure that he'll come home broken, if he asks to play baseball.

And as for stealing a ride as the big teams roll along,
And as for a swim in the river, if the current be swift or strong,
Or climbing a roof on a ladder, or shinning a good big pole—
Why, they look at a boy if he tries it, as if he had got no soul

They want you to enter a parlor and bow like a grown-up man;
They want you to move without racket—just show me the fellow who can!
To come down stairs on tiptoes just creeping as still as a mouse,
And to keep things quiet and chilly as if boys never lived in a house!

When you open your eyes in the morning and are lying awake in bed,
They'd rather you wouldn't take pillows to shy at another one's head;
They'd like you to talk in whispers and never to rant or shout,
And empty your jacket pockets so they never would look bulged out.

Then, in spite of all this nonsense, they'll look in a fellow's eyes
As if you were the ones who were foolish, and they were the ones who were wise;
You'd think as people grow older, they ought to grow wiser too,
But I wouldn't make such blunders in talking to boys—would you?

A GORDON'S PRIDE

Miss Davencourt looked wonderingly at her. After she was gone, while the spell of her beautiful presence rested on her, she said to Miss Digby—

"Either I have been mistaken in my estimate of Ethel Gordon's character, or she is very much changed."

Lady Davencourt, who heard the remark, smiled.

"Rely upon it, Laura," she said, "you have been mistaken. I do not think anything would ever change Ethel. She is the proudest girl I know, and nothing will ever make her less proud."

"I should have imagined that she would resent instantly any attempt at setting her authority aside," observed Laura.

Miss Digby said nothing, but thought deeply. She would almost have been better pleased if the young girl had shown some little resentment—if she had been angry or contemptuous; anything would have been better than this polished indifference, this nonchalant calm. Helen Digby never doubted in her own mind but that it covered the raging of a tempest.

Once when Sir Leonard tried to revive the vexed topic, Ethel, looking at him quietly, said—

"We had better not discuss the question, papa. What must be, must be; nothing further need be said about it. I find that words are very useless, after all."

After that Sir Leonard said no more.

June came round with its warmth, its sweetness of perfume, its bloom of roses and brightness of sun. One morning, quite unexpectedly, Sir Leonard received a telegram. The government business had been hastened, and he was to leave on the morrow for Austria.

"Ethel," he said, "here is news that I did not expect. I must leave here to-morrow."

The next moment he wished he had broken the news more gently to her, for her face grew white even to the very lips.

"To-morrow!" she repeated. "We have never been parted before. It is very sudden."

"I am very sorry," said Sir Leonard. "I wished to take you myself to St. Ina's; that will not be possible now. I should have left you more happily if I had seen you safely there."

Ethel had recovered her calmness, but the color did not return to her face.

"Perhaps it is better as it is, papa. I shall leave my old home and you at the same time. Life will never be the same again for me."

"It will be happier, my darling," he interrupted; and she remembering how soon they were to be parted, repressed the quick retort that rose to her lips.

How she suffered during the remainder of that day no one ever guessed; the love, the pride, the sorrow that warred in her soul, the struggle between her love for her father, her grief at losing him, and the angry pride that forbade any expression of either love or grief—her hatred of the fair-faced, gentle lady who was to take her dead mother's place—her natural sorrow and reluctance at parting with her old home, and laying down the crown she had worn so long—all rushed over her at once.

She had a long and bitter sorrow before her. She had to carry a burden that would have broken the heart of most women—she had a future before her from which the strongest heart might have shrunk in dismay and sorrow. But in that sad after-life there was perhaps no day except one in which she suffered so terribly as she did now.

Sir Leonard was busily occupied; he had arrangements to make with his lawyer and his steward. The household was to be kept on as usual—none of the servants were to be parted with. The housekeeper was left in authority during the summer months, and the servants were told that in the autumn Miss Digby would return with Miss Gordon, and that from that time all authority must be considered as vested in the former's hands. There was some little murmuring—some little demur—but no one dared to utter a word.

It was evening when Sir Leonard rode away to Chantry Court.

"I shall make all arrangements for you, Ethel," he said, "and I have no doubt Miss Digby will wish you to join her to-morrow."

Her love for her father repressed the angry words which rose to her lips. She raised her colorless face to his.

"Do not think of me, papa," she entreated; "think only of yourself." He kissed the sweet, pale face.

"My darling Ethel," he said, "I did not know how dearly I loved you until now. I thank Heaven that I can leave you in such excellent care."

She made no reply. "I shall not have one minute's fear for you, Ethel," he continued. "Under my charge, you might perhaps have committed some girlish imprudence, but under Miss Digby's that will be impossible. I have no hesitancy and no fear."

He could not have spoken more unfortunate words, for they returned to her in the hour when the most subtle of temptations was before her, and they turned the scale against her.

It was late when Sir Leonard returned, but she was waiting for him. He looked tired and pale, careworn and fatigued.

"I did not think you would sit up for me, my darling," he said to Ethel. "I have made all arrangements for you, and you will be happy, I am sure. I have told Mr. Smithson that he is to make you an ample allowance for your own expenses, so that you will not be short of money; you can have more at any time by writing to me."

She clasped her arms round his neck, and hid her white face on his breast.

"Do not talk to me about money, papa," she said; "all the money in the world could not compensate me for one hour of your absence."

"Miss Digby will drive over here to-morrow afternoon," he observed, "and you will start at four for St. Ina's. Heaven bless my darling, and make her happy there!"

At the sound of Miss Digby's name her arms fell from him; she raised her face, and its tenderness deepened into gloom; all the memory of her wrongs seemed to rush over her at once; her voice changed as she answered him.

"My greatest pleasure will be to hear from you, Ethel—to know that you are well and happy—to know that you are learning to like Miss Digby, and profiting by her society."

An indignant flush covered her face, but he was going away, and she would not grieve him.

"Try to love her, Ethel, for my sake, and because the happiness of our household will depend upon your love. In two years you will have seen so much of her that you will know how to appreciate her."

"Papa," cried the girl, in a very anguish of sorrow, "talk to me of yourself, now that you are going, not of her."

"I shall be away for only two years, Ethel," he continued, "and when I come back you will let me see my hopes accomplished. Let me find you—more beautiful you can never be—but more patient and gentle, more submissive—will you, darling? Correct the faults that through my carelessness have grown with your years. Let me find you gentle, obedient, all that my heart desires, and then I shall be richly repaid for all the sorrow of absence. Will you, for my sake, promise to become this, Ethel?"

There was a brief struggle between her intense love for her father and her passionate pride, but her pride carried the day. She turned from him.

"You will have others to think of when you return, papa."

"Yes, but none whom I love like you, Ethel," he replied sadly.

If either father or daughter could have foreseen what was to happen during those two years, it would have seemed to them more merciful that she should have died then and there.

CHAPTER VII.

It was over that terrible parting which had seemed to Ethel more bitter than death. Sir Leonard had delayed the fatal moment as long as he could. His daughter's white face and heavy eyes filled him with a keen sense of sorrow.

"I shall soon be back, my darling," he said, trying to speak lightly; and then he broke down altogether, and tears filled his eyes, and his voice died on his lips. He said no more, but held his daughter in a close embrace; she was then the braver of the two.

"The years passed quickly," she observed, "and you will be away for only two. Look at me, papa, so that you may remember the last look on my face was a smile."

She did smile, poor child, with white quivering lips, but the smile was far more pitiful than any tears could have been. When Sir Leonard was gone, her self-control gave way; she flung herself on the thick grass and wept with passionate tears for the father who would never be the same to her again, for the home where she was no longer to act as mistress—wept for the power and position that were to be hers no more. It was bitterly hard, after absolute power, to be treated like a child. Passionate tears came from her which did not soften her heart, but hardened it against the lady whom she considered the chief cause of her sorrow.

She foresaw, with all the keen perception of youth, the change there would be in her life; and even during the first pang of grief for her father's loss, something like a reproach formed itself in her mind concerning his past treatment.

"Why," she thought, "has he given me my unrestrained liberty for so many years, only to take it from me at last?"

Life did not seem to her, when she rose from the place where, in the wild tempest of grief, she had flung herself, to hold one single charm. She had loved her father; he was gone from her, and when he returned it would be to marry. She had loved her home, and her own fantastic rule there—that, too, had passed away. There was nothing before her but to submit to the rule of a strange woman. It was intolerably hard. She felt inclined to wish for death; but the Gordon pride came to her aid. Miss Digby was to be there by two; she must not find her weeping or sad. Ethel went to her room, and as far as she could removed all trace of tears. She dressed herself with unusual care; she gave orders for the needful packing with a calm, clear, steady voice, and then sat kown to await Miss Digby's arrival.

"Henceforward," she said to herself, "I am to be second in my father's house. A stanger takes my mother's place as well as mine. She will triumph over me; she will laugh to think how easily she has deposed me; but, suffer as I may, no sign of my suffering shall she discover."

When Helen Digby arrived soon afterward, full of sympathy and kindness, ready to give all the attention and affection that she thought would be needed, her reception rather startled her. She would not allow any one to announce her.

"Tell me where Miss Gordon is," she said, "and I will go to her.

She walked through the splendid suite of rooms where she one day was to reign as mistress. She found Ethel sitting in one of the pretty light balconies that looked on to the terrace. She went gently to her, and laid her hand with a quiet, caressing touch on the girl's shoulder.

"My dearest Ethel," she said, "I have hastened to you knowing that you would be so lonely and unhappy. What can I do to comfort you?"

Her eyes shone brightly through her tears; her whole face was beautiful from its warmth and kindness. She saw the crimson flush rise on Ethel's brow. She would fain have taken the girl in her kind arms and kissed her face, but Ethel rose with quiet dignity, and said, coldly—

"Good-morning, Miss Digby; I did not expect you so soon."

"I feared you might be lonely, Ethel, so I hastened to you."

"Thank you," was the dignified reply. "I shall feel lonely until papa returns, and no one can comfort me."

But Miss Digby was not to be repulsed easily; she sat down by Ethel's side, and would not notice the girl's shrinking from her.

"I hope that the plan of going to St. Ina's to-day pleases you, Ethel," she said, gently; "I suggested it to Sir Leonard because I thought the sooner you left Fountayne the better. Can I do anything to help you to pack or prepare for the journey?"

"My maid has done that already, I thank you," returned Ethel.

"Is there nothing I can do to make you happier—to lessen your sorrow—to make the time pass more cheerfully?"

"Nothing, I thank you," was the chilling reply.

But Miss Digby was not to be daunted. Some would have turned from the cold, averted face, and have left Ethel to herself—not so Helen—she was faithful to her trust.

"I wish, Ethel," she said, "that I had the gift of eloquence. I should like to tell you some of the thoughts that are passing through my mind—how anxious I am for your happiness and welfare, how gravely I look upon the precious charge that your father has entrusted to me, how ready I am to wait upon you, to render you every service in my power by night or day—indeed to devote my time, my thoughts, all to you."

"I thank you," responded Ethel, still more coldly.

It was hard to resist such kindness, but the woman who offered it was one who intended to usurp her place in her father's heart and home. She would have suffered anything rather than allow Helen Digby to note her pain.

"I do not wonder that you should regret leaving Fountayne," said the gentle voice again; "it is a beautiful place."

Not to Miss Digby would she admit even the least regret.

"Change is always pleasant, I believe," she returned; "Fountayne is not the only beautiful place in the world."

She would not say how dearly she loved it. How perfectly she thought it; nor how for the remainder of her life a dark cloud would hang over it. It would no longer be her home—sacred to herself and those she loved; it would be desecrated by strangers, spoiled by the new rule her father would bring thither.

With a wistful smile Helen Digby looked at the beautiful defiant face.

"How am I to reach your proud heart, Ethel?" she inquired. "How am I to soften you and make you believe in my sincerity?"

"I do not see that your sincerity concerns me," replied Ethel, haughtily. "Do you not think, Miss Digby, that it is time we began our preparations? You will pardon me, perhaps if I leave you."

It was not anger that flushed the face of Helen Digby—no feeling of anger rose in her heart against the spoiled child who resented her coming so greatly—nothing but a profound sense of pity, which moved her almost to tears. Ethel's calmness did not deceive her. She understood perfectly the cold exterior.

"If I could but win her liking!" she thought.

But it was not to be. Ethel bade farewell to the servants, who seemed grieved and distressed at parting with her. She said farewell to the home where for so many years she had been beloved and happy. It was a bright afternoon when she left Fountayne and, unconsciously, she left the brightness and happiness of her life behind her.

They had a pleasant journey through the beautiful country that lay between Fountayne and St. Ina's Bay. During the greater part of the time Ethel looked out of the carriage windows; it was impossible ,from her beautiful, cold, indifferent face, to guess the nature of her thoughts. At the different stations where they stopped, people looked in wonder at the lovely girl whose proud, bright eyes seemed to glance at everything so calmly and indifferently, whom nothing seemed to interest, who received with such haughty nonchalance all the admiring glances bent on her. What were they worth? What was all the world to her, whose heart was aching with a storm of pride, sorrow and love?

Ethel was not wanting in politeness to Miss Digby; she replied to all her remarks, and with quiet grace received every little attention the elder lady offered her. Helen Digby would rather have seen her angry, sullen, impatient—anything rather than so coldly indifferent. It was useless to try to move her. Helen made no more attempts to win her confidence. "It will come in time," she thought; "I shall only make her angry if I persevere."

Ethel, preserving the calm on her face, allowed the dark, evil spirit of hatred to enter her heart; stitting there outwardly calm, her face cold and severe, her words few and colder still, there was a fitful volcano of wrath in her soul. She felt angry, fiercely angry, with her father, Helen Digby, and all the world besides; it was anger that could find no vent in words—that would not seek relief in speech. Yet Ethel Gordon was naturally a noble girl, proud and generous of nature, frank, truthful, and pure of soul; but she had been badly trained. She had been allowed to grow up with her faults unchecked, and the after result was long years of bitter, unavailing sorrow such as fall to the lot of few.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Queen's Hotel at St. Ina's Bay was different from other places of the kind. St. Ina's itself was a pretty, picturesque town, built at the foot of cliffs almost hidden by green foliage. The broad expanse of blue water, the golden sands, the winding walks up the cliffs, the pure salt breeze, the quiet that seemed to shield the pretty town, attracted visitors—but they were of a peculiar kind. There were no brass bands to enliven the promenades, there was no pier, there were no assembly-rooms or circulating libraries with their facilities for gossip and flirtation; St Ina's had none of those seaside attractions. The visitors who came thither were grave, elderly people, tired of the noise and bustle of the world, thoughtful men who came to study, artists who wanted smiling sunny, landscapes, the wearied and sorrowful who wished for rest.

No place in England was less known than St. Ina's Bay. If any one wished, for any reason whatsoever, to find seclusion—to be, as it were, out of the world—the only thing needful was to visit St. Ina's Bay. No newspaper with its tell-tale column of visitors, was ever published there. People came to St. Ina's, remained there for a few weeks or months, and then away, and no one, perhaps, except the mistress of the house where they had been staying, ever knew their names.

The Queen's Hotel had once been St. Ina's Hall, the residence of a wealthy gentleman, who at his death left orders that it should be sold, and the proceeds from the sale divided among the London hospitals. It was purchased by a company, who decided to transform it into a first-class hotel. It was a grand old mansion, standing in the midst of fine grounds. There were a small pine-wood which ran down to the sea, and a broad, deep lake with water-lilies floating on its calm breast; there were groves formed by blossoming lime-trees, and large cedars, the shade of which formed a most beautiful summer retreat; there were picturesque paths under the trees, where flowers grew in richest abundance; there were graceful fountains, the silvery spray of which rose high amid the dark-green foliage.

The Queen's Hotel was one of the fairest homes in England, but as a commercial speculation it had completely failed. The company had offered it several times for sale, but no one seemed to care in the least about buying it; so that from year to year it struggled on, sometimes paying its expenses, but more often leaving a deficiency for the company to meet. Some of the shareholders had suggested building a pier and a library; others declared that it was useless "to throw good money after bad."

Notwithstanding this commercial drawback, the Queen's Hotel was a favorite resort with those who wished for quiet and repose. Miss Digby had chosen it because her most intimate friend, Lady Stafton, was staying there. To those who cared only for a beautiful sea, picturesque scenery, pure, bracing air, and quiet, it was the finest spot in England. Those who wished for society would find none there.

The rooms were large and lofty, the corridors broad and light; the hotel, as a whole, was quiet and peaceful as any gentleman's house. Ethel could not help liking the aspect of the place, although the silence and loneliness somewhat dismayed her.

"I thought," she said to Miss Digby, "that hotels were always full of people: this seems quite empty."

"It was for that reason that I selected it," replied the elder lady. "I have been here several times, and have enjoyed as much privacy as though I had been in my own home. I hope you will not dislike the quiet, Ethel."

"It is a matter of but little moment to me—all places are alike," returned Miss Gordon.

Yet, after a few days, she found the life not unpleasant. Miss Digby left her very much to her own devices. She had wished, at first, that they should share the same rooms; but Ethel's manner convinced her how unpleasant she would consider such an arrangement, so separate suites were ordered—one for Miss Gordon and one for Miss Digby. Miss Digby's rooms were close to those occupied by Lady Stafton.

It was not an unpleasant life, but coming there at all was a mistake. Ethel was young; she had been accustomed to a life of constant activity, to plenty of society, to the occupation and excitement always attending the management of a large house; now she had nothing to fall back upon, nothing to distract her thoughts, nothing to do but to muse by night and by day on the injury she imagined Helen Digby to have done her.

It was hardly the life to have chosen for a young, beautiful, gifted, imaginative girl; for once, clear, calm-judging Helen Digby had made a mistake. She would have done far better to take Ethel to some seaside resort, where the world would have roused her from her morbid thought, and have restored her gayety, her animation, and her high spirits.

For the first time in her life Ethel Gordon found herself alone; for she had shunned and avoided Miss Digby as much as possible. She had been accustomed to the homage and attention of a large household, to the tender love of a father who never neglected her; now she was alone, with strange faces around her, strange voices in her ear. She had been accustomed to be first; everything and every one had depended on her; now it was otherwise. She had no power and no influence. No one consulted her, her opinion was never sought. Lady Stafton had given Helen Digby what she considered sound advice.

"I see exactly how matters stand," she said, "and my counsel to you is—leave the young girl alone. Your kindness must in the end make its way. With a haughty disposition like hers, the best way is to treat her with kindly indifference. The time will come when she will seek you, not you her."

And Helen hoping it would be for the best, watched the beautiful face in silence, looking day by day for some little mark of affection, but never receiving it—hoping that all would end well, yet turning away with a shuddering dread lest evil might follow.

It was something like hatred that Ethel felt for the lady who was to take her place. It was hard enough to lose her father, to be away from Fountayne, but it was harder still to know that when he returned, he would belong to some one else, that he would give all the love, the care, the thought that she had valued so highly to another.

If something would but happen to prevent the marriage! Yet she wished no particular harm to Miss Digby. If by raising her finger she could have injured her, she would not for worlds have done so; but she longed for something to happen—something that should lower Miss Digby in her father's estimation—that should make him think less highly of her prudence and her discretion.

Self-engrossed as the visitors were they could not fail to notice the beautiful wistful face of the girl, with its listless, weary expression; she appeared so young—she was only just seventeen—yet her features had a tired look as though she had not found life very bright.

The sweet summer days glided on. Ethel and Miss Digby met always at breakfast, which was served in the ladies' room. At first Helen Digby had made an effort to spend the days with her young charge. Ethel would not have it so; she would either retreat to her own pretty sitting-room, or say distinctly that she was going out, and wished to be alone. If the place had been more frequented, Miss Digby would never have allowed the young girl to fall into the habit of wandering alone; but, as Lady Stafton said—and Miss Digby agreed with her—Ethel might walk about the cliffs for years in St. Ina's and not meet any one. There could be no danger, and it pleased her so Miss Digby did not interfere.

CHAPTER IX.

It was a warm beautiful evening; the sea breeze swept over the pine-woods, and mingled with the perfume of the flowers; the waves broke and spread out in great sheets of white foam—they rose and fell like the change in some grand harmony. The sun shone over the sea until it resembled a sheet of heaving, restless, glittering gold.

On the lawn of the hotel the visitors were standing or sitting in little groups—some watching the shining sea, others, despite the beauty of earth and sky, deeply engrossed in books, others in conversation. Miss Digby was with Lady Stafton. They were watching the waves, and Ethel sat near them, the fairest picture on which the sun shone. The evening was warm, and she wore a white dress of some shining material, richly trimmed with gold fringe—a fantastic dress; but Ethel was an artist in dress as in everything else. The dress was fastened round the slender waist by a gold band, and fell in graceful folds to the pretty feet. The square-cut bodice gave a glimpse of a beautiful neck, white and well molded; a rose nestled close to it. The luxuriant waves of rich brown hair were loosely arranged—they were gathered back from the fair brow, and fastened with a golden arrow; a rose lay in their sunny depths. No fairer picture was ever conceived by an artist, or set forth by a poet.

Ethel was not joining in the conversation—her eyes lingered on the golden, glittering sea. She was wishing that she was far away over the restless waters—that she was in any other place and with any other people. Those who passed near her wondered at the listless expression of the beautiful young face. Her folded hands lay still But for the faint stir in the leaves of the red rose, as it rose and fell with each breath, one might have fancied her sleeping.

Little did she imagine that she was keenly watched by a pair of dark eyes that belonged to a handsome *debonnair* face. That same evening had brought a stranger to the Queen's Hotel who wrote his name Laurie Nugent, Esq., and who seemed to have a well-filled purse, and was on that account made very welcome by the manager and his satelites. Mr. Nugent had declined to enter the drawing-room, where most of the guests were dining, but he had ordered a *recherche* little repast to be served to him in his own room. Then he asked to look at the visitors' book; the manager, with a low bow, showed it to him.

"Shall you have many more guests this season, do you think?" asked Mr. Nugent, with a careless smile.

No, the manager feared not. They had been pretty fortunate in May; in June they had had very few; July, still fewer; and it was seldom that any came in August. A satisfied expression came over the handsome face.

"I think it is very probable," said Mr. Nugent, "that if I like the place, I may remain here for some little time."

The manager was pleased to hear it, paid great attention to the wines selected for the stranger's dinner, and told him how pleasantly the evenings could be spent in the grounds. Mr. Nugent went thither; he looked indifferently on the clear waters and the blue sky, but a sudden fire flashed in his eyes as they fell upon the features of Ethel Gordon sitting under the lime-trees.

"What a beautiful girl!" he thought to himself. "Who is she?"

He stood still and watched her with charmed eyes. He noticed the proud carriage of the rich brown head, the superb beauty of the girlish face, the grace and symmetry of the perfect figure.

"Who is she?" he repeated. "And what can she be doing here?"

Still watching her intently he noted how indifferent she was to everything around her—how motionless she sat, her eyes never for one moment leaving the great expanse of water. He noted the tired, listless expression on the exquisite face—the shadow in the beautiful eyes.

"She is not happy," he said to himself. "If she were—if her eyes were lighted up and her lips smiled—she would be simply irresistible. What can make her look so sad? At her age she ought to be all smiles and blushes."

Once he saw the two ladies near her address her. She raised her eyes, but no light came into them, and when she had replied to the questions asked, they turned again toward the lake.

"Those are her friends, and she does not like them—she is not happy with them," was his second comment.

Then he watched her again, until the evening began to close around them, and the three ladies went in.

"I shall never rest till I know who she is and all about her," he said to himself. "I hardly like to own such a thing—I who have seen some of the loveliest girls in England, and cared for none of them—but I believe, honestly, I am in love at last."

He laughed to himself, and, though his mouth was handsome, that laugh was not pleasant to hear.

(To be continued.)

The medical profession in Alabama say hat pneumonia is now worse in that State than ever before in their experience—a period of thirty or forty years.