Aye Work Awa'.

Help yersel's whaure'er ye gang, an' aye work awa',
'Mang the simmer's sunshine an' the cheerless winter snaw;
Never lippen to yer frien's, tho' they may loudly blaw,
Help yersel's whaure'er ye gang, an'aye work awa'.

CHORUS—Aye work awa', my frien's, O aye work awa',
Help yersel's whaure'er ye gang, an' aye work awa'.

Fortune favors them wha work aye wi' a busy haun',
Folk'll ne'er win forrit if they at the fire-en' staun';
Look before ye tak' the loup in meikle things an' sma',
Tak' things in a canny way, but aye work awa'.

CHORUS—Aye work awa', etc.

Dinna speak unkindly words about the folks ye ken,
Never let a bitter wee anither's ear gae ben
Lifeless folk are manyilless, but there's nane without a flaw,
Kindly speak of yer neebors then, an' aye work awa'.

CHORUS—Aye work awa', etc.

Never say that ye're ill-used, though prood folk pass ye by,
Want o' sense makes witless folk aft hand their heids ower high;
Dauner on, ne'er fash yer thumb wi' sic like folk ava',
Warsel on fu' cheerily, an' aye work awa'.

CHORUS—Aye work awa', etc.

Keep a ca'm sough, never let yer tongue wag up an' doun,
Empty girnels are aye sure to gi'e the loudest soun';
When you hear o'ithers' quarrels, while they scrape an' craw,
"Mang them be't" be aye your word, an' aye work awa'.

CHORUS—Aye work awa', etc.

Life a' through is jist a fecht e'en to the very grave,
Better life abune is promised to the leal an' brave;
Let us fecht wi' faithful he'rts, and we'll owercome it a'—
Help yersel's whaure'er ye gang, an' aye work awa'.

CHORUS—Aye work awa', etc.

JOSEPH WRIGHT.

The Bride's Delay.

Sweet sister, leave me, let me muse
A short space in our girlhood's bower—
Out of the past I fain would choose,
The sweetest, brightest, happiest hour,
To seal upon my heart of hearts,
As balm for future times of woe—
If there be such—how my heart starts,
Now slow, now fast—now fast, now slow.

What was the gladdest hour of all?
Down the long ranks and file I move;
All bear a look of sweet content,
All bear the finger touch of love,
But which is perfectest of all—
I fain would find one seeming best—
That I in tenderness might call
It forth forever from the rest.

Was it that hour, clear, calm and cold,
Our mother robed us all in white,
And at the chancels, white and gold,
We knelt for confirmation rite?
'Mongst all the row of white-robed girls,
None knelt with purer joy than I;
I thrilled when on my bowed head's curls
There fell the blessing's mystery.

Or later, was it when we met,
My love and I, and through my soul
There flashed a something unknown yet,
So strange, so sweet, beyond control?
Or was it when he told me all
Of his great love for me, and I
Felt all my pulses rise and fall
As to a happy melody?

What was the sweetest? Hark! the chime
Of bells doth rouse the slumbrous air,
My wedding bells—ah! sweetest time!
Ah! music beyond all compare!
Before the altar now he stands,
I must away my love to greet,
Oh soon to be united hands—
Did bells e'er peal so clear and sweet?

Farewell, dear shelter of the past,
Where all my girlish dreams were spun—
All hours are fair—but this, the last—
It is my life's supremest one.
Yet, sister—have I paused too long,
Hand me the book—lead on the way—
The air seems full of light and song—
Oh happy hour! Oh happy day!

Bonnie Maggie Graem.

A bonnie, braw and winsome bride
Was my ain Maggie Graem;
How proud was I to set her doon
In my auld Scottish hame.
By auld and young it was allowed,
In a'the country side,
That no a lass in a' the land
Could match my bonnie bride.

Though days and years hae flittit past,
I mind it yet fu' weel,
How in the wintry nights she'd lay
Aside her spinnin' wheel;
And at a clean hearth-stane she'd sit,
And sing wi' mickle glee
The bonnie songs that I lo'ed best,
She'd sing them a' to me.

The auld Scotch sangs, the blithesome sangs
The sangs beyond compare,
She'd sing them ower and ower again,
And lighten a' my care.
But days and years hae come and gane,
And my ain Maggie Graem
Na mair will sing the auld Scotch sangs
In my auld Scottish hame.

She's sleepin' sound in the kirk yard,
And gane in a' my glee;
My auld true love, my chosen one
Is ta'en awa' frae me.
My hopes, my joys are fled awa',
My grief nae tongue can name;
The willows weep abune the grave
O' my ain Maggie Graem.

The Graybird.

Sweet bird of modest bearing,
And coat of sober hue,
Thou provest in thy being
Kind nature's purpose true—
Gifts to each work has given
Proportionally due,
And thine is magic music
Which doth thy soul imbue,
And listening man its raptures
Drinks in, like grass the dew.

First to usher in the spring,
With rich melodious notes
Calling on the woods and flowers
To don their verdant coats;
Pouring song from happy hearts
That well up in their throats—
Which through the balmy atmosphere
Harmoniously floats.

And who the last to leave us,
Of all our songsters dear,
When frost is on the meadow,
And woods are red and sere,
And drizzling cold rain falling
Makes all things look so drear.
When all his late companions
Have fled in abject fear,
'Tis then the graybird's music
Falls sweetest on our ear—
Who sings at nature's funeral
The dying of the year.

O thou who so despisest
Her sweet impassioned song,
Which like the south wind rises
And softly floats along,
And seems from earthly angels
Who half to heaven belong—
Find me near as sweet a voice
In all earth's feathered throng.

HARRY LAURIE.

COQUETTE.

Because her eyes to me and you
The brightest are and bluest,
Shall storms arise between us two,
The oldest friends and truest?
She smiles on me; my heart is light,
And yours is steeped in sorrow,
And yet the flower I gave to-night
She'll throw to you to-morrow.
Coquette is she; so say with me:
"Let him who wins her wear her;
And fair—how ever fair she be,
There's many a lassie fairer."

But if it hap, and well it may,
That each in vain has pleaded,
If all my songs are thrown away,
And all your sighs unheeded.
We'll vow ourselves no hermit's vows,
We'll cross no foaming billow,
We'll bind about our dismal brows
No wreaths of mournful willow;
But show, in spite of her disdain,
We yet can live without her;
And joining hands, we'll laugh again,
And think no more about her!

NAUGHTY, BUT NICE.

Somebody's lips were close to mine,
Thus tempted, I could not resist;
Rosy and cosey, a sweet little mouth
Was suddenly, softly kissed.

Somebody's eyes looked up and frowned
With such a reproving glance,
"Are kisses so wicked?" I asked my pet;
Then her eyes began to dance.

And smiling, the little maid answered,
As I knelt down at her feet:
"I guess they're just a bit naughty,
Or else they wouldn't be so sweet."

—*Luther G. Riggs, in California Maverick.*

Women love admiration, approbation, self-immolation on the part of others; are often weak, vain, and frivolous. Ditto men.

MONICA:

THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," AND OTHER POPULAR NOVELS.

"You should say, 'God bless her,' miss, when ye give her the good word," says Mrs. Moloney, timidly, who is also bending over the beloved bundle, and notes the distress in her neighbor's eyes.

"God bless her!" says Monica, with pretty solemnity, after which the mother's face clears, and sunshine is again restored to it.

"I think she knows ye," she says to Monica. "See how she blinks at ye! Arrah! look, now, how she clutches at yer hand! Will ye come to your mother now, darlin',—will ye? Sure 'tis starvin' ye must be, by this."

"Oh! don't take her yet," says Monica, entreatingly.

A little figure with naked legs and feet, creeping into the doorway at this moment, draws near the baby as if fascinated. It is Paudheen, the eldest son of the house and baby's nurse—save the mark!

"Come nearer, Paddy," says Monica, smiling at him with sweet encouragement; but Paddy stops short and regards her doubtfully.

"Come, then, and kiss your little sister," continues Monica gently, but Paddy is still obdurate and declines to harken to the voice of the charmer, charm she never so wisely. There is, indeed, a sad lack both of sweetness and light about Paddy.

"An' what d'ye mane be standin' there, an' niver a word out o' ye in answer to the lady, ye ill-mannered canbogue?" cries his mother deeply incensed. The laughter has all gone from her face and her eyes are aflame. "What brought ye in at all, ye ugly spalpeen, if ye came without a civil tongue in yer head?"

"I came to see the baby an' to get me dinner," says the boy, with hanging head, his silence arising more from shyness han sullenness. The potatoes have just been lifted from the fire by Mrs. Moloney and are steaming in a distant corner. Paudheen looks wistfully towards them.

"Dickens a sign or taste ye'll get, then, if only to tache ye bether manners. Be off, now, an' don't let me see ye agin."

"I'm hungry," says the boy, tears coming into his eyes.

"Oh, Mrs. Daly!" says Monica in a distressed tone.

"A dale o' harm it will do him to be hungry, thin!" says the culprit's mother, with an angry voice, but with visible signs of relenting in her handsome eyes. "Be off wid ye now, I tell ye!" This is the last burst of the storm. As the urchin creeps crestfallen towards the door-way her rage dies, its death being as sudden as its birth. "Come back here!" she cries inconsistently. "What d'ye mane be taking me at me word like that? Come back, I tell ye, an' go an' ate something, ye crathur. How dare ye behave as if I was a bad mother to ye?"

The boy comes back, and raising his bonny head, smiles at her fondly but audaciously.

"Look at him now, the blackguard," says the mother, returning the smile in kind. "Was there ever the like of him? Go an' ate yer praties now, and thank yer stars Miss Monica was here to say a good word for ye."

Paddy, glad of his rescue, casts a shy glance at Monica, and then, going over to where his grandmother and the pot of potatoes rest side by side, sits down (close cuddled up to the old dame) to fill his little empty stomach with as many of those esculent roots as he can manage, which, in truth, is the poor child's only dinner from year's end to year's end. And yet, it is a remarkable fact that, in spite of the scanty fare, the Irish peasant, when come to man's estate, is ever strong and vigorous and well grown. And who shall say he hasn't done his Queen good service, too, on many a battle-field, and even in these latter days, when sad rebellion racks our land, has not his name been worthy of honorable mention on the plains of Tel-el-Kebir?

"I don't think he looks like a bad boy, Mrs. Daly," says Monica reflectively, gazing at the liberated Paddy.

"Bad, miss, is it?" says the mother, who, having made her eldest born out a villain, is now prepared to maintain he is a veritable saint. "You don't know him, faix. Sure, there niver was the like of him yet. He is a real jewel, that gossoon o' mine, an' the light of his father's eyes. Signs on it, he'd die for Daly! There niver was sich a love betwixt father an' son. He's the joy o' me life, an' the greatest help to me. 'Tis he minds the pig, an' the baby, an' ould granny there, an' everything. I'd be widout me right hand if I lost him."

"But I thought you said——" begins Monica, mystified by this change from righteous wrath to unbounded admiration.

"Arrah, niver mind what I said, acushla," says the younger Mrs. Daly with an emphatic wink. "Sure, 'twas only to kape him in ordher a bit I said it at all, at all! But 'tis young he is yet, the crathur."

"Very young. Oh, Mrs. Daly, look at baby! See how she is trying to get at my hair!" Monica is beginning in a delighted tone—as though to have one's hair pulled out by the roots is the most enchanting sensation in the world—when suddenly her voice dies away into silence and she herself stares with great open violet eyes at something that darkens the doorway and throws a shadow upon the assembled group within.

It is Desmond.

Kit, feeling as guilty as though she were the leading character in some conspiracy, colors crimson and retires behind Mrs. Moloney. She lowers her eyes and is as mute as death. But Monica speaks.

"Is it you?" she says. Which, of course, is quite the silliest thing she can say, as he is standing there regarding her with eyes so full of life and love that the cleverest ghost could not copy them. But then she is not sillier than her fellows, for, as a rule, all people, if you remark, say "Is that you?" or "Have you come?" when they are actually looking into your face and should be able to answer the question for themselves.

"Yes, it is," says Desmond, with such an amount of diffidence (I hope it wasn't assumed) as should have melted the heart of the hardest woman upon earth. Monica *is* not the hardest woman upon earth.

Still, she makes him no further speech, and Desmond begins to wonder if he is yet forgiven. He is regarding her fixedly, but she, after that first swift glance, has turned her attention upon the baby on her knee and is seemingly lost in admiration of its little snub nose. Why will she not look at him? What did he say to her last night that is so difficult to forgive? Can wrath be cherished for so long in that gentle bosom? Her face is calm as an angel's; surely

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.

"Ah, come in, Misther Desmond," says Mrs. Daly hospitably. "I'm glad 'tis company I have before ye the day. Maybe 'twill coax ye to come again. Where have ye been this week an' more? Faix, ye were so long in comin', I thought 'twas angry wid me ye were."

"Nobody is ever angry with a pretty woman like you," says Desmond saucily.

"Oh, now, hark to him!" says Mrs. Daly laughing heartily. "I wonder ye aren't ashamed of yourself. An' is the ould Squire hearty?"

"He's as well as even you could wish him. How d'ye do, Kit? Won't you come and speak to me?"

He has been afraid to shake hands with Monica up to this, but now she turns suddenly towards him and holds out to him one slender, fair hand, the other being twined round the baby. She does this musingly.

He grasps the little snowy hand with almost senile delight and holds it for—as long as he dares. During this undefined period he tells himself what a perfect picture she is, with her clear, pale, beautiful face and her nut-brown hair, and the tender sweetness of her attitude, as she bends over the smiling baby. Could any vaunted Madonna be half as lovely? At this moment a growing contempt for all the greatest masterpieces of the greatest masters permeates his being and renders him weak in faith.

"Won't ye sit down, thin?" says Mrs. Daly. Being a woman she grasps the situation at a glance and places a chair for him close to Monica. "What's the matther wid ye to-day, Misther Desmond, that ye haven't a word to give us?"

"You ought to know what I'm thinking of," says Desmond, accepting the chair and drawing it even a degree closer to Monica.

"Faix, thin, I don't," says Mrs. Daly, junior, her handsome face full of smiles. A love-affair is as good as a saint's day to an Irish peasant, and here, she tells herself with a glance at Monica, is one ready made to her hand.

"I'm thinking what a lucky man Daly is," says Desmond promptly.

"Oh, git along wid ye now, an' yer blarney!" says Mrs. Daly roaring with laughter, whilst even Mrs. Meloney the dismal, and the old granny in the corner chime in merrily.

And then the visit comes to a close, and they all rise and bid Mrs. Daly and the others "good-bye;" and Monica, mindful of his late afflictions, bestows a soft parting word upon the subdued Paddy.

And now they are all in the open air again, and, turning down the boreen that leads to the Daly's homestead, reach the road that leads to Moyne. It is Desmond's way as well as theirs, so he accompanies the girls without remark.

"What brought you to see the Dalys to-day?" asks Monica suddenly, without any ulterior meaning beyond the desire of making conversation; but, to Kit's guilty soul, this question seems fraught with mischief.

"Oh, I often go to see Daly. I want him to come fishing with me to-morrow; he's the best man about here for that, and trudges behind one for miles without complaining."

"Poor Daly!"

"Well, I hope you enjoyed your visit to-day," says Kit blithely, glancing at him mischievously from beneath her broad hat.

"There was a drawback," says Brian unthinkingly. "I went there full of hope, and, after all, she never offered me any of your pudding."

Tableaux!

Kit's agonized glance and Monica's questioning eyes awake Mr. Desmond to a knowledge of what he has done.

"How did you hear of Kit's pudding?" asks Monica looking keenly from Brian to Kit, and then back again.

"Oh!—the pudding!" stammers Desmond.

"There, don't commit yourself," says Monica in a tone that trembles. "Oh, Kit!"

Both culprits are afraid to look at her. Does the tremble mean tears, or anger, or what? Perhaps horror at their duplicity, or contempt. Is she hopelessly angered?

Then a suppressed sound reaches their ears, creating a fresh panic in their breasts. Is she positively choking with indignation? Cautiously, anxiously, they glance at her, and find, to their everlasting relief, that she is convulsed with laughter.

"When next you meditate forming a brilliant plot such as this," she says to Kit, "I think I should look out a more trustworthy accomplice if I were you."

"Catch me having a secret with him again," says Kit now her fears are appeased, turning wrathfully upon Desmond.

"I quite forgot all about it, I did, indeed," exclaims he penitently. "Forgive me this time, and I'll promise never to do it again."

"And I'll promise you you shan't have the chance," says Kit with fervor.

"Why was I to be deceived?" says Monica. "I think I have been very basely treated. If you, Kit, desired a clandestine meeting with Mr. Desmond, I don't see why I was to be drawn into it. And it was a stupid arrangement, too; two is company, three trumpery. I know, if I had a lover, I should prefer——"

"Monica!" says Kit indignantly, but Monica only laughs the more.

"It is my turn now, you know," she says.

"Kit had nothing to do with it, it was all my fault," says Desmond, laughing too. "If you must pour out the vials of your wrath on some one, let it be on me."

"Yes, give him a good scolding, Monica," says Kit viciously, but with a lovely smile. "I am going to pick some ferns for Aunt Pen, when I return I hope I shall find that recreant knight of yours—I mean mine—at the point of death."

At this she flits away from them, like the good little thing she is, up a sloping bank and so into the fields beyond, until Desmond and Monica are as much alone as if a whole sphere divided them from their kind. Dear little Kit! When her own time comes may she be as kindly dealt with!

"You are angry with me still—about last night," says Desmond softly, "and, I own, with good cause. But I was miserable when I called you a coquette, and misery makes a man unjust. I wrote to Kit this morning—I was afraid to write to you—and she was very good to me."

"How good?" plucking a leaf from a brier, as she goes slowly—very slowly—down the road.

"She brought me you. Do you know, Monica, I have been as unhappy as a man can be since last I saw you—a whole night and part of a day? Is it not punishment enough?"

"Too much for your crime," whispers she softly, turning suddenly towards him and letting her great luminous eyes rest with forgiveness upon his. She smiles sweetly, but with some timidity, because of the ardor of the glance that answers hers. Taking her hand with an impulsive movement impossible to restrain, Desmond presses it rapturously to his lips. Drawing it away from him with shy haste, Monica walks on in silence.

"If I had written to you, and not to her, would you still have been here to-day?" asks he presently.

"I think not."

"That *is* a cruel answer, *is* it not?"

"Would you have me belie my nature?" asks she with quick agitation, "would you have me grow false, secret, deceitful? My aunts trust me; am I to prove myself unworthy of their confidence?"

"I am less to you, then, than your aunts' displeasure?"

"You are less to me than my conscience, and yet——"

With a violent effort, that betrays how far her thoughts have been travelling in company with his, she brings herself back to the present moment, and a recollection of the many reasons why she must not listen to his wooing. "Why should you believe yourself anything to me?" she asks in a voice that quivers audibly.

"Ah, why, indeed?" returns he bitterly. There is such pain in his voice and face that her soul yearns towards him and she repents her of her last words.

"I am wrong. You are something to me," she says, in a tone so low that he can scarcely hear it. But lovers' ears are sharp.

"You mean that, Monica?"

"Yes," still lower.

"Then why cannot I be more to you? Why am I to be denied a chance of forwarding the cause in which all my hopes are centred? Monica, say you will meet me somewhere—soon."

"How can I?" she says tremulously. Her voice is full of tears. She is altogether different from the coquettish, provoking child of last night. "You forget all I have just said."

"At least tell me, then," says he sadly, "that if you could you would."

There is a pathetic ring in his tone and tears rise to her eyes. Can anything be so hopeless as this love affair of hers?

"Yes, I would," she says almost desperately.

"Oh, darling—darling!" says the young man with passion. He holds her hands closely and looks into her troubled eyes and wishes he might dare take her into his arms, and, pressing her to his heart, ask her to repeat her words again. But there is something in the calm purity of her beautiful face that repels vehemence of any sort; and as yet—although the dawn is near—her love has not declared itself to her own soul in all its strength.

"I have, at least, one consolation," he says at last, calling to mind the quietude that surrounds Moyne and its inhabitants, and the withdrawal from society that has obtained there for many years. "As you are not allowed to see me—except on such rare occasions as the present, when the Fates are kind—you cannot, at least, see any one else—often, that is."

"Meaning——"

"Ryde."

She laughs a little and then colors.

"Aunt Priscilla has asked him to come to Moyne next Friday," she says, looking at the ground, "she is giving an 'At Home' on that day for him and Captain Cobbett. She says she feels it a duty to her Queen to show some attention to her servants."

In her tone, as she says this, there is a spice of that mischief that is never very far from any pretty woman.

"He is to be invited to Moyne—to spend an entire day with you!" says Desmond, thunderstruck by this last piece of news.

"Oh, no! Only part of it," says Monica meekly.

"It is just as bad. It is disgraceful! Your aunts are purposely encouraging him to keep you away from me. Oh, why," wretchedly, "should this unlucky quarrel have arisen between our house and yours?"

"Well, that's your fault," says Monica.

"Mine?"

"Your uncle's, then. It is all the same," unjustly.

"I really can't see that," says Mr. Desmond, very righteously aggrieved; "that is visiting the sins of the uncles upon the nephews with a vengeance. Monica, at least promise me you won't be civil to him."

"To your uncle?"

"Nonsense! You know I mean Ryde."

"I can't be rude to him."

"You can. Why not? It will keep him from calling again."

No answer.

"Oh, I dare say you want him to call again," says Desmond angrily.

At this moment, the gates of Moyne being in sight and those of Coole long passed, Kit suddenly appears on the top of a high stone wall and calls gaily to Desmond to come and help her to alight.

"And now go away, too," she says, "you are forbidden goods, you know, and we must not be seen talking to you, under pain of death."

"Good-bye," says Desmond with alacrity, who is, in truth, sulky and undesirous of further parley with his beloved. "Good-bye, Miss Beresford."

"Good-bye," says Monica shortly.

"We shall see you again soon, no doubt," says Kit kindly, in her clear, sweet treble.

"I think it very improbable," returns he, raising his hat gravely and taking his departure.

"Now, what have you been saying to that wretched young man, Monica?" says Kit severely, standing still in the middle of the road, the better to bring her sister beneath the majesty of her eye.

"Nothing. Nothing that any reasonable being could object to," declares Monica with such an amount of vigor as startles Kit. "But of all the ill-tempered, bearish, detestable men I ever met in my life, he is the worst."

Which unlocked-for explosion from the gentle Monica has the effect of silencing Kit for the remainder of the walk.

CHAPTER XV.

Reaching home, they find the atmosphere there decidedly clouded. Miss Priscilla, who has returned from her drive just a moment before, is standing in the hall, gazing with a stern countenance upon the old-fashioned eight-day clock, in which two or three people might be safely stowed away. The clock regards her not at all, but ticks on loudly with a sort of exasperating obstinacy, as though determined to remind every one of the flight of time.

"Who has wound this clock?" demands Miss Priscilla in an awful tone. With a thrill of thankfulness the girls feel they can answer truthfully, "Not I."

"Dear me!" says Miss Penelope timidly, advancing from the morning-room, "I did. You were so long out, Priscilla, and I feared—I mean, I thought it would save you the trouble."

"Trouble in winding a clock! What trouble could there be in that? And it is never wound until Saturday evening. For twenty years I have wound it on Saturday evening. A good eight-day clock nearly fifty years old can't bear being tampered with. Now, Penelope, why did you do that? You know I can't endure old rules to be upset."

"But, my dear Priscilla, I only thought as I was passing——"

"You thought, Penelope; but I wish you wouldn't think. There are other things you ought to think of that you often neglect, and——"

"Now, Priscilla, is that just? I think—I hope I seldom neglect my duty, and I must say I didn't expect this from you."

Here Miss Penelope dissolves into tears, to Monica's grief and dismay.

"Oh, Aunt Priscilla, I am sure Aunt Pen only meant to save you trouble," she says earnestly, putting her arms round Miss Penelope who sobs audibly on her shoulder.

"And who says I thought anything else?" says poor Miss Priscilla fiercely, though her voice trembles with emotion; it is terrible to her to see her faithful friend and sister in tears of her causing. "Penelope, I meant nothing, but I have heard something that has grieved and disturbed me; so I must needs come home and avenge my ill-temper on the best creature in the world. Alas! I am a wicked woman."

"Oh, no, no," cries Miss Penelope, "My dear Priscilla, you will break my heart if you talk thus. My good soul, come in here and tell me what has happened to distress you."

In truth, it is quite plain, now, that something has happened during her drive to take Miss Priscilla's well-balanced mind off its hinges.

"Where is Terence?" she asks, looking from one to other of the group in the hall.

"Here," says Terence, himself coming leisurely towards her from a side passage.

"Come in here with me," says Miss Priscilla, and they all follow her into the morning room.

Here she turns and faces the unconscious Terence with a pale, reproachful face.

"When I tell you I have just come from Mitson, the coast-guard, and that I thanked him for having lent you his gun, you will understand how I have been grieved and pained to-day," she says, a tremor in her voice.

Terence is no longer unconscious, and Monica feels that her heart is beating like a lump of lead.

"Oh, what is it, Priscilla?" asks Miss Penelope greatly frightened.

"A tale of craft and cunning," says Miss Priscilla in a hollow tone. "Mitson tells me that he never lent him that gun. Terence has wilfully deceived us, his poor aunts, who love him and only desire his good. He has, I fear, basely mystified us to accomplish his own ends, and has, indeed, departed from the precious truth."

"I never said Mitson did lend it to me," says Terence sullenly, "you yourself suggested the idea and I let it slide, that was all."

"All! Is not prevarication only a mean lie? Oh, Terence, I am so deeply grieved I know not what to say to you."

The scene is becoming positively tragical. Already a sense of crime of the blackest and deepest dye is overpowering Terence.

'Where did you get that gun from, Terence?" asks Miss Priscilla sternly.

No answer.

"Now, Terence, be calm," says Miss Penelope. "Sit down, now, Terence, and collect yourself, and don't be untruthful again."

"I have told no lie, aunt," says Terence indignantly.

"Then tell your good Aunt Priscilla who gave you the gun."

Dead silence.

"Are we to understand that you won't tell us, Terence?" asks Miss Priscilla faintly. She is now much the more nervous of the two old maids.

Terence casts a hasty glance at Monica's white face, and then says stoutly:

"I don't want to tell, and I won't."

"Terence!" exclaims the usually mild Miss Penelope with great indignation, and is going to further relieve her mind, no doubt, when Miss Priscilla, throwing up her hands, checks her.

"Let him alone, Penelope," she says sadly. "Perhaps he has some good reason; let us not press him too far. Obduracy is better than falsehood. Let us go and pray that Heaven may soften his heart and grant him a right understanding."

With this the two old ladies walk slowly and with dignity from the room, leaving the criminal with his sisters.

Monica bursts into tears and flings her arms round his neck. "You did it for me. I know it—I saw it in your eyes," she says. "Oh, Terence, I feel as if it was all my fault."

"Fiddlesticks!" says Mr. Beresford, who is in a boiling rage. "Did you ever hear anything like her? And all about a paltry thing like that! She couldn't behave worse if I had been convicted of murder. I'm convinced," viciously, "it was all baffled curiosity that got up her temper. She was dying to know about that gun, and so I was determined I wouldn't gratify her. A regular old cat, if ever there was one."

"Oh, no! Don't speak like that. I am sure they love you—and they were disappointed—and——"

"They'll have to get through a good deal of disappointment," says Terence still fuming. "What right have they to make me out a Sir Galahad in their imagination? I'd perfectly hate to be a Sir Galahad; and so I tell them." This is not strictly correct, as the Misses Blake are out of hearing. "And as for their love, they may keep it, if it only means blowing a fellow up for nothing."

"Aunt Penelope was just as bad," says Kit. "I really"—with dignified contempt—"felt quite ashamed of her!"

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Miss Priscilla keeps a diary in which she most faithfully records all that happens in every one of the three hundred and sixty-five days of every year.

(To be continued)

INVISIBLE MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

Where a Man is Not Permitted to Behold the Face of His Wife's "Ma."

A son-in-law once satirically remarked that one of the reasons why Adam and Eve were so supremely happy in their terrestrial paradise was that no mother-in-law existed in their day; and ethnologists and antiquarians both sustain the argument directly the mother-in-law came into existence a train of miseries originated, which, however severe, have happily not yet driven the sterner sex to a universal vow of celibacy, says "Cassell's Magazine." To support the idea that mothers-in-law have never been favorably regarded, ethnologists tell us that a singular custom, which enacts that a man shall never look upon the face of his mother-in-law after he is once married, prevails amongst numerous savage peoples apparently widely sundered by geographical distribution and difference of race. The custom obtains among the Caffres of South Africa, among several of the Australian tribes, and among many Polynesians, a fact which some people assume to point to a common origin of these races, but which others look upon as testimony of the existence of a natural law, as a piece of wisdom indigenous to each of these countries, and the direct growth of individual experience. The custom being found in such widely separated continents as Africa and Australia is considered as proving that it must have been suggested by some common necessity of nature, and reasons are not wanting to show why savages discovered it was better for a man not to look upon his mother-in-law. Primarily, says the supporters of this theory, because his mother-in-law was a picture in anticipation of what his wife was likely to be. Before marriage, a man's mind may not be open to the cold processes of comparison, but afterward he begins to consider what sort of a bargain he has made, and if his mother-in-law has not improved with age, the ghastly possibility of his wife becoming like her rises before him. Hence these savage tribes prescribed the rule that never after marriage should a man see his mother-in-law, and this in time became a social law or custom.

Why She Wore Her Dress Low.

What radically different notions of good conduct are held by girls living in separated classes of the same city! To go to a theatre with a lover and no chaperone, even in bright light, would scandalize a Fifth avenue belle; but she would quite innocently expose herself in a bodice so scant that an Eighth avenue maiden's self-respect would die of chill if so bared. But I am not going into discussion of a social topic already worn out. I simply desire to tell of a fair and fashionable creature who sat next to her male cousin at a dinner party. Her corsage was stylishly low. The relative had last seen her at the opera, in a bevy of decollete companions, with herself covered to the neck, and on that occasion she had declared to him that she did not regard their garb as modest.

"Why, how's this, Maria?" he exclaimed at the dinner. "I thought you didn't approve of this sort of costume, and had received never to wear it."

"So I did," was the reply. "This is the first time in my life that I ever appeared in a low waist. I don't like it now, but I had to put it on in self-defence. A story got going around that the reason for my invariably high-necked dresses was that I had a brown patch as big as a plate on my shoulder. Of course, I had to refute such a calumny."

"And you have certainly made the evidence very broad and comprehensive," remarked the cruel cousin.—*From a New York Letter.*

Poker Superseded.

Card-players who have tired of progressive euchre and long for a change are becoming much interested in a game called "hearts," which is productive of much amusement. It is something like whist, except that the important point to be attained is to get rid of all the hearts you may have in your hand and have none in the tricks you capture. The full pack is used and the dealing is the same as in whist. A player must follow suit, but no trump is declared, the sole object in view being to get rid of the hearts dealt to you and to avoid taking any from the other players. Therein lies all the sport. When the game is finished the player having the fewest hearts is entitled to take the pot, which is a chip for each heart, or thirteen in all.

At a fair held in the Charente Inferiente, France, 2,000 oxen penned up in a field were stampeded by a band of roughs. The frightened animals rushed into the crowds at the fair, killing three persons and wounding 140. In the confusion the roughs stole 20,000 francs, besides rifling injured persons of pocketbooks, watches and other valuables.

BILL NYE'S TALK.

The Photograph Habit—Men's Seven Ages—Apologizing Through Life for Early Pictures.

No doubt the photograph habit, when once formed, is one of the most baneful and productive of the most intense suffering in after years of any with which we are familiar. Some times it seems to me that my whole life has been one long, abject apology for photographs that I have shed abroad throughout a distracted country.

Man passes through seven distinct ages of being photographed, each one exceeding all previous efforts in that line.

First he is photographed as a prattling, bald-headed baby, absolutely destitute of eyes, but making up for this deficiency by a wealth of mouth that would make a negro minstrel olive green with envy. We often wonder what has given the average photographer that wild, hunted look about the eyes and that joyless sag about the knees. The chemicals and the indoor life have alone not done all this. It is the great nerve tension and mental strain used in trying to photograph a squirming and dark red child with white eyes in such a manner as to please its parents.

An old-fashioned dollar store album with cerebro spinal meningitis, and filled with pictures of half-suffocated children in heavily-starched white dresses, is the first thing we seek on entering a home, and the last thing from which we reluctantly part.

The second stage on the downward road is the photograph of the boy with fresh-cropped hair, and in which the stiff and protuberant thumb takes a leading part.

Then follows the portrait of the lad, with strongly marked freckles and a look of hopeless melancholy. With the aid of a detective agency I have succeeded in running down and destroying several of these pictures, which were attributed to me.

Next comes the young man, 21 years of age, with his front hair plastered smoothly down over his tender, throbbing dome of thought. He does not care so much about the expression on the mobile features, so long as his left hand, with the new ring on it, shows distinctly, and the string of jingling, jangling charms on his watch chain, including the cute little basket cut out of a peach stone, stand out well in the foreground. If the young man would stop for a moment to think that some day he may become eminent and ashamed of himself, he would hesitate about doing this. Soon after, he has a tintype taken, in which a young lady sits in the alleged grass, while he stands behind her, with his hand lightly touching her shoulder, as though he might be feeling of the thrilling circumference of a buzz saw. He carries his picture in his pocket for months, and looks at it whenever he may be unobserved.

Then, all at once, he discovers that the young lady's hair is not done up that way any more, and that her hat doesn't seem to fit her. He then, in a fickle moment, has another tintype made, in which another young woman, with a more recent hat and later coiffure, is discovered holding his hat in her lap.

This thing continues till one day he comes into the studio with his wife, and tries to see how many children can be photographed on one negative by holding one on each knee and using the older ones as a background.

The last stage in his eventful career, the old gentleman allows himself to be photographed. Sadly the thought comes back to you in after years, when his grave is green in the quiet valley, and the worn and weary hands that have toiled for you are forever at rest; how patiently he submitted while his daughter pinned the clean, stiff, agonizing white collar about his neck, and brushed the little flakes of "dander" from the velvet collar of his best coat; how he toiled up the long, dark, lonesome stairs, not with the egotism of a half century ago, but with the light of anticipated rest at last in his eye, obediently as he would go to the dingy law office to have his will drawn, he meekly leaves the outlines of his kind old face for those he loved and for whom he has so long labored.

It is a picture at which the thoughtless may smile, but it is full of pathos, and eloquent for those who know him best. His attitude is stiff and his coat bunches up in the back, but his kind, old heart asserts itself through the gentle eyes, and when he has gone away at last we do not criticise the picture any more, but beyond the old coat that bunches up in the back, and that lasted him so long, we read the history of a noble life.

Silently the old finger marked album, lying so unostentatiously on the dusty centre table, points out the mile stones from infancy to age, and back of the mistakes of a struggling photographer is portrayed the laughter and the tears, the joy, and the grief, the dimples and the gray hairs of one man's lifetime.—*Bill Nye, in Boston Globe.*

Inoculation as a Preservative Against Consumption.

M. Verneuil has lately published a letter to the editor of the *Gazette Hebdomidaire*, M. Lereboullet, in which he proposes to set on foot an experimental inquiry into the possibility of finding some method of "attenuating" the presumed virus of tubercle, so as to make inoculation therewith practically useful against consumption, either as a prophylactic measure, like vaccination against smallpox, or as a means of cure, like Pasteur's inoculations in hydrophobia. Three thousand francs have already been subscribed, and the respectable names of Cornil, Bouchard, Damaschino and Potain are mentioned among those who approve of the investigation. It must, however, be remembered (1) that with the exception of hydrophobia, an exception still on trial, no human disease but smallpox is known which can be prevented by inoculation; (2) that of epizootic diseases, anthrax is only in certain cases guarded against by Pasteur's attenuated virus; (3) that the dependence of consumption on Koch's *Bacillus tuberculosis* is far from established; (4) that its fatality is very far below that of smallpox or hydrophobia, and its treatment far more successful. Consumption is the most important disease of temperate climates, both by its prevalence, its mortality, and its incidence on young adults; so that the sacrifice of a few rabbits or cats for even a remote chance of controlling its ravages is well justified. But the chance is, we fear, remote.—*Nature.*

A Nice, Agreeable Welcome.

A German school-teacher was instructing his pupils how to act when the Grand Duke should pass through on the railroad, an event which was to occur next day.

"Remember, children," said the pedagogue, "that as soon as the train arrives you are to yell as loud as you can: 'Long live the Grand Duke!' until he leaves."

Next day when the Grand Duke arrived at the station, and graciously bowed from the platform of the special car, the school-children made the welkin weary by yelling:

"Long live the Grand Duke until he leaves!"

Out of the Frying Pan Into the Fire.

"Hello," said a south end youngster to his chum. "Your folks going to move? ours is."

"So's ours. Dad says he won't live in th' old shell any longer."

"Mine neither. Where are you going to move?"

"Into your house. Where are you?"

"Into your house."

A physician in Wing's Station writes to the *Medical Record* that a woman of that village, hardly past middle life, and now in good health, has given birth to twenty-five children. The same writer tells of three sisters in northern Vermont who have respectively borne twenty-five, twenty-two and eighteen children.

COUNTING WITH THEIR TOES.

How Barefooted Savages Used to Reckon in the Days of Old.

"Why did the habit of counting by tens finally get the better in all civilized societies of the still earlier habit of counting by twenties?" asks Grant Allen in an instructive article in the current number of "Lippincott's Magazine." "Simply, I believe, because civilized people tend more or less to wear shoes, and shoes obviously interfere with freedom of action in getting at the human toes for purposes of calculation. Barefooted savages naturally enough reckon by twenties, but booted civilization does its decorous counting by tens alone.

"Writing and the use of the slate and pencil strengthen the decimal impulse, once set on foot, for you write with your fingers, not with your toes; and our children nowadays, while they count on their fingers with great unanimity, would probably be shocked and scandalized at the barbaric notion of anything so rude as counting on their feet."

The Brand on Cain

was not more fearful than are the marks of skin diseases, and yet Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain cure for all of them. Blotches, pimples, eruptions, pustules, scaly incrustations, lumps, inflamed patches, salt-rheum, tetter, boils, carbuncles, ulcers, old sores, are by its use healed quickly and permanently.

Miss Geneva Armstrong, one of the teachers of music in Elmira College, N. Y., has invented and patented a device for feeding and watering cattle while they are journeying in cattle cars