A Union of Music and Art.

A musical toad had her home in a hole,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
Beneath a gray rock on a little green knoll,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
As mildly malicious as toad nature may be,
The neighbors all cried, "what an amiable lady!"
The beetle, the snail and the esthetic mole,
Croak! Croak! Croak!

The esthetic mole made a tragical stride,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
"Like the poets of old I am sightless," he cried,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
"I've a beautiful soul and a mind analytic;
These glasses, I'm told, are becoming a critic,"
And he mounted his goggles with infinite pride,
Croak! Croak! Croak!

Sang the musical toad in a low minor key,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
On some sweet summer marsh he is dreaming of me!"
Croak! Croak! Croak!
"O love!" cried the mole, all his soul in a quiver,
"I've an underground castle not far from the river;
O say, dearest, say, that our wedding shall be!"
Croak! Croak! Croak!

Said the musical toad with a coquettish start,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
"Shall I give you my hand when you've stolen my heart?"
Croak! Croak! Croak!
The wedding created a social sensation;
The beetle and all of the knoll population
Were bid to the union of Music and Art—
Croak! Croak! Croak!

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Why are you shaking your head?" Madge asked, imperatively. "There's not the least use in trying to resist me. You're not strong enough for anything—you must rest for ten days or a fortnight. I have taken possession of you to pet and to nurse; when you are quite yourself you shall hear our plans for you."

"Have you made plans for me?" Shirley said, smiling down sadly at the sweet, bright face. "That is very good of you. May I hear them.

Madge hesitated a little; the plans which she had talked over so eagerly with her mother on the previous evening seemed difficult to unfold to this grave, stately woman, stately even in her shabby black dress, as she sat on the window-seat, resting her head against the wall.

"Won't you tell me?" Shirley said, softly. "Whatever they are, I shall be only too grateful for the kind thought which prompted them."

"And you will not be offended?"

"Offended—with you, my child?"

Shirley smiled slightly as she spoke, and, lifting her hand, parted Madge's hair on her brow with tender caressing fingers; then, bending forward, she put her lips to the pure white forehead.

At the touch Madge Oliphant's face colored, and she trembled slightly. She had taken a sudden, warm, girlish fancy to this beautiful fascinating woman who had come so strangely into her life.

"Mamma thought, and I hoped, that you would come and live with us as my friend and companion," said Madge, looking up with entreating eyes.

"But—you know nothing of me," returned Shirley, unsteadily. "I can give you no references as to——"

"Mamma said she would trust you," Madge said eagerly, coloring hotly at the remembrance of the earnest entreaties she had employed to induce Lady Oliphant to dispense with references in case this beautiful and interesting stranger had none.

"She said she would trust me!" Shirley echoed, with a bright light of admiration on her face as she thought of these strangers' faith in her. "How good of her! Heaven bless her for it!"

"And you will come? Oh, please come!" pleaded Madge. "We shall have such pleasant times, you and I together. Mamma is not very strong, you know, and you would help me to take care of her, and we should be so happy! You will come?"

Shirley hesitated; then, looking down at the eager entreating face, she shook her head. She knew she could take no position, however humble, in such a household as Sir Frederic Oliphant's; there would always be constant risk of detection. Even if they had not known Guy they might have other visitors who would recognize her; even among the servants there might be some one.

"You will not come?" Madge said, in a disappointed tone. "But surely——"

"Do not urge me," Shirley begged, faintly. "I cannot bear to refuse you; but indeed I must do so. I must not come into your home, my child. Believe me, it hurts me greatly to refuse you."

"Then I will not urge you. Will you let me tell you the other plan? I think perhaps you will like it better. You will not be offended, will you?" added Madge, shyly.

"Nothing you could do or say would offend me," Shirley assured her. "My child, but for your kindness, I should be homeless and shelterless now—but for your charity I should have starved to death by the roadside. Oh, there is no work I will not do to earn my bread, since," she added, with irrepressible bitterness—"since I cannot die."

She dropped her head upon her hands as she spoke, and covered her face, and there was a short pause in the little attic room where they were; then Shirley looked up again, and said softly—

"What is it, Miss Oliphant? Tell me what you have found for me. Ah, forgive me—I have pained you! But indeed I will not distress you again."

"I am so sorry for you!" Madge said, pitifully. "You are so young and so pretty to be unhappy. Shall I tell you what we were thinking of, mamma and I? We want a teacher for the village schools, and we thought you might be that teacher."

Shirley's face brightened.

"The schools here?"

"Yes. That red-brick building on the hill is the girls' school, and that little cottage beside it is where the teacher lives. Do you think you would like that? Mamma told me to tell you," the girl went on, coloring a little, "that the—the salary would be quite sufficient, and that the cottage was a comfortable little place. The last teacher was a lady," continued Madge, earnestly. "We were very fond of her, and she left us only to be married to a gentleman who had been a curate here, but who is now the Vicar of Addinbroke. The work is not very hard." Madge resumed in a minute. "There are two pupil teachers, and you would soon get into the ways here. You know, mamma has a hobby, and her hobby is the education of the children, and she likes them to be taught useful things, plain sewing and all that."

Shirley's thoughts went back to the sewing classes that she had attended at the convent at Bruges; she could teach plain sewing, great lady as she had been; her proficiency in needle-work had often astonished her maid.

"It would be a quiet home for you," Miss Oliphant continued in her earnestness. "I think you would not be unhappy, and we would try to make you comfortable. Will you stay with us there, at the cottage?"

"I can not," Shirley answered piteously and brokenly; and Madge uttered a quick exclamation of disappointment as she rose from her knees by Shirley's side and turned away keenly hurt.

With a sorrowful tenderness and regret and yearning Shirley's eyes followed her as she moved away. Ah, what a haven of rest and peace the little red-brick cottage seemed to her! And yet she had to turn away from it. How could she accept a post which might bring her into contact with Guy? For, of course, if he was "courting" Miss Oliphant, he would be constantly at Erindale, and they could not fail to meet at some time or other. No; she must refuse it; she must go away, and let him be happy with this sweet young girl who was so eminently worthy of his love, who would make him forget the past and his misery. She must go away and let Madge think of her as ungrateful for all her kindness. She must go away—but whither—whither could she go?

With a great tearless sob her head sunk forward on her breast. Ah, how hard it all was, how cruel life was to her? Was she never to find rest? Must she go out once more into the cold, cruel world which had treated her so hardly? Must she face the long nights without shelter again? Must she know the misery and suffering of hunger and thirst and fatigue and depression? Must she go through them all once more? Ah, Heaven, why did they save her—why did they not let her die?"

Madge came back slowly, and stood beside her for a moment in silence.

"Won't you stay?" she said, gently. "We will try to make you happy."

"Heaven help me!" Shirley answered, brokenly. "I cannot! "Ah, don't let me trouble you, Miss Oliphant! I bring misery and suffering wherever I go, and you must not let the thought of me cloud your young life. Ah, if it is as bright and cloudless as I wish and hope it may be, it will be a happy life!"

"But why will you not stay?" the young girl persisted, gently. "I think you would not be unhappy; and mamma would be so pleased, and I—"

Shirley caught the gentle hands which were held out so kindly toward her, and drew them both close to her heart.

"Heaven bless you for all your goodness!" she said, tearfully. "I shall never forget it—never. But I cannot stay—do not ask me—for your own sake, do not ask me!"

The intensity of her earnestness struck Madge Oliphant painfully, and she forbore from her entreaty, wondering a great deal and grieving for the misery on Shirley's face, which seemed to deepen every moment.

"I will not urge you any longer," she said, gently. "Perhaps you will think it over for a day or two, and give mamma an answer. It will make us very happy if you accept. And now I must not talk any longer," she added, "for I have tired you out. Will you come down with me?"

Shirley rose at once; above all things, she feared to excite suspicion in the young girl's mind, and, moreover, it was a very great pleasure to her to be with Madge—the girl was so sweet and bright, so sparkling and tender; besides, she wanted to know her better, this happy girl, this happy fortunate girl who was to live with Guy in the future and bask in the sunshine of his love and nestle into his heart, healing the old wound and making him happy once more. Sweet blue-eyed Madge—heaven bless her and him!

Mrs. Ford was waiting for them in the little sitting-room, and Madge tried to chat with her usual gayety; but it was difficult for her to overcome her disappointment, and Shirley's sad eyes became sadder still as she watched the shadow which darkened the fair young face.

"You don't seem so bright to-night, Miss Madge," Mrs. Ford said, looking at her anxiously. "Are you quite well?"

"Oh, yes, nurse, I am quite well! But things will go wrong sometimes you know!"

"What is going wrong with you, Miss Madge dear? You were born to live in the sunshine."

"Ah, but it is not always sunshine for any of us!" Madge said, sighing. "I suppose we have to put up with clouds sometimes. It is all sunshine which makes the desert, nursie."

"Lor, is it now?" said Mrs. Ford, in amazement. "Well, I should like a little more sunshine, Miss Madge. But what has vexed you lately, my dear?"

"Two or three things, nurse. One is that Major Stuart is going away to-morrow morning."

Shirley started and glanced up quickly. The girl's face was full of the most unfeigned regret! but she spoke without a shade of embarrassment or constraint.

"Going away, Miss Madge—so soon?" exclaimed Mrs. Ford.

"Yes—going abroad for six months—for the whole winter. You know he was very ill last winter, nursie; and the doctors say now he must not risk spending this winter at home."

"But he does not look ill, Miss Madge," said Mrs. Ford consolingly, for the girl's eyes were full of tears.

"Not very ill; but papa says he is dreadfully altered, and I think so too. But I hope this winter abroad will do him good."

"And he will come back with the spring, Miss Madge, my dear?" said Mrs. Ford.

"Yes, with the spring," echoed Madge sorrowfully. "Do you find the air too cold, Mrs. Grant? I am sure you shivered."

"Oh, no—oh, no!" Shirley said nervously, as she shrunk back from the window, thankful for the semi-darkness in the little room which prevented her changing color and trembling hands from being noticed.

"And Major Stuart leaves to-morrow, Miss Madge?" said Mrs. Ford, harking back to the subject which interested her most.

"Yes, by the early express; so you must say good-bye to him, nursie, when he comes presently to fetch me. He will be here very soon now, I should think. Mamma was tired," she added, turning toward Shirley as she sat in her corner, "or she would have come in to see you, Mrs. Grant."

Mrs. Ford hurried away to get her lamp ready for lighting; and, as soon as they were alone, Shirley said hastily and tremulously—

"Miss Oliphant, will you allow me to change my mind? If I can perform the duties Lady Oliphant requires from me, I will stay."

"Oh, you dear, good girl!" Madge cried delightedly. "I am so glad! Perform the duties? Of course you can. I'll coach you up. Oh, you have made me so glad!"

"I am afraid there is not much cause for gladness," remarked Shirley; but before Madge could answer, a firm, rather heavy step sounded on the graveled path without, and Guy Stuart's well remembered tones fell upon Shirley's ear.

He was standing outside, and spoke through the open window.

"Madge, are you there, dear?" he said; and Shirley shrunk back, trembling and powerless to move in her terror and agitation.

"Yes, I am here," Madge answered. "I am coming. I won't keep you, Guy; but nursie wants to say good-bye to you."

"Does she? We must not linger, Madge. Your mother is anxious about you, and I have brought you a shawl."

"A shawl on this lovely night. I really do not need it. Nursie," she added, "here is Major Stuart. Come and speak to him. Take care of your tall head, Guy.

Major Stuart entered, stooping a little as he passed under the doorway. Mrs. Ford came in hastily from the kitchen, but without a lamp, for she had not had time to light it. Oh, how thankful Shirley felt! And yet it seemed as if the terror and anxiety of that moment must kill her.

"I am sorry to hear you are going away, sir," said Mrs. Ford, courtesying to the tall figure which stood on the threshold of her little sitting-room.

"Thank you," Guy's grave deep voice said. "I am sorry to go; but it can't be helped, you know. I hope to find you looking as well when I see you again in the spring," he added, shaking hands with her cordially. "I must take Miss Oliphant away now. It is getting late. Here is your shawl, Madgie."

He placed it round her carefully, the white fleecy shawl which made such a pretty frame to the bright piquant face. Mrs. Ford had lighted a candle, but its rays did not penetrate to Shirley's corner, although they lighted up Guy's dark grave face and Madgie's sparkling eyes and golden hair with its soft covering.

"Good-night," Madgie said, going toward Shirley and taking her hand kindly. "How cold you are, Mrs. Grant! You have stayed up too long. Take care of her, nursie."

"Trust me, Miss Madgie," said Mrs. Ford, smiling. "She'll do nicely now."

"I hope so. Good night, nursie. Come, Guy."

She slipped her hand within his arm, with a gesture which had been very common with Shirley herself during the time of her engagement to Guy, and they went out together, Mrs. Ford going to the door to watch them walk down the drive, while Shirley put her hands to her eyes to shut out, if she could, the sight of the grave changed face. Ah, when she saw it again, what wonderful things had come to pass?

"They make a fine couple," Mrs. Ford said complacently, coming back into the room. "Don't you think so, Mrs. Grant? He is too old for her, I fancy; but I dare say he will make her very happy."

CHAPTER XLI.

Major Stuart left Erindale the next morning, never dreaming that the woman whom he had caught a glimpse of in the little, dimly lighted room was the woman whom he had loved and lost and sorrowed for with such an intense sorrow. Just the trivial circumstance that Mrs. Ford's lamp had been a little refractory had saved Shirley from detection, for she had been too startled and unnerved to attempt flight, even if she had had the opportunity of escape.

So Guy went away, taking with him that heavy heartache which was always present with him now, and which would cease, he thought sometimes, only when life's troubles were over altogether for him; and Shirley Glynn, or Mrs. Grant, as she was called in the village, became the village school-mistress, and took up her residence in the little, red-brick cottage built beside the school-house—a quaint, comfortable little dwelling, with a wide, low-ceiled sitting-room, and a little kitchen and a bedroom at one side, and above two little attic bedrooms, one of which was devoted to lumber, while in the other slept the teacher's youthful handmaiden, a trim little damsel of fifteen.

It was a humble home truly, but to Shirley it seemed a haven of rest. After the stuffy London lodgings, her sitting-room, with its polished woodwork and bright windows, and cleanly, comfortable, old-fashioned furniture, was very pleasant, while Madge herself had superintended all the arrangements for the comfort of the new teacher, for whom she had conceived so deep a love. A little cottage piano—Madge's own property—had been sent down from the Hall, and a little bookcase with some volumes of the girl's own selection—Dickens and Thackeray chiefly filling the shelves.

Shirley's duties were not very onerous. The children were well taught and well drilled, and after a time her duties became sufficiently familiar not to be very wearying. Certainly they were irksome at times—and such duties can hardly fail to be so; but as she grew stronger she felt it less, and the disinclination to exertion ceased.

Her life, although necessarily monotonous, was not a lonely one. Almost daily Madge Oliphant paid her a visit at the cottage. Sometimes the girl was walking alone, her only attendant being a great black retriever called Rover, a present from Guy Stuart; at others she was riding, and she would leave her horse with the groom and come in smiling and radiant, looking so bright and pretty in her close-fitting habit and coquettish riding-hat that Shirley always felt a pang of regret at the thought that Guy was not there to see her.

Sometimes too she would walk down in the afternoon and have tea with Shirley in the low-ceiled sitting-room which looked so pleasant and homelike when it was lighted by lamp and fire; for the winter began early that year. October was a cold month, and at the first of November there was snow, which made Madge's visits not quite so frequent, although she still came as often as possible, for her enthusiastic admiration of Shirley had settled down into deep, steadfast affection, as sincere as any Shirley had ever received.

And it proved the depth and unselfishness of Shirley's love for Guy Stuart that she loved this young girl with a warm and true affection, which was all the deeper because she thought her Guy's chosen wife. There was a sad, sweet pleasure for Shirley in her study of Madge Oliphant's character, in her little timid attempts to teach her something that she fancied it would please Guy for her to know. She coaxed Madge into taking some music-lessons from her, and into practicing at home. The young girl was but an indifferent performer; and Shirley knew what a lover of music Major Stuart was; and Madge's steady progress under her tuition pleased her greatly. Few as the years between them were—the one was eighteen, the other five-and-twenty—Shirley's seniority gave her an excuse for petting and scolding and remonstrating with Madge in a pretty and motherly way which the girl enjoyed and laughed at, but which had its effect nevertheless. Not that there was much to alter or improve in sweet, blue-eyed Madge Oliphant; for Shirley owned to herself frankly and sincerely that Guy could not have made a wiser choice. She was just the bright, sweet girl who would steal into his heart and nestle there and make him happy, and help him to forget all the past bitterness and sorrow. And, when such thoughts as these crossed his mind, Shirley would thank Heaven that strength had been given her to go away, to resist Guy's entreaties, and to leave him free. With her, deeply as he had loved her, and passionately as she had returned that love, he would never have been able to forget the past; and Madge had no connection with it; it was not she who had made him suffer such an agony of pain and misery, and she would brighten his life, as she—Shirley—could never have done.

It became one of the school-mistress' greatest pleasures in the long lonely winter evenings, when she sat alone in the little sitting-room, too weary after the day's work to employ herself or to do anything but lie back in the comfortably cushioned American chair which Madge's care had provided for her, to picture Guy's future with Madge.

Her love was great enough and intense enough to be perfectly unselfish; there was no touch of jealousy in her heart against Madge; she did not envy her the love she had won or the position she was to fill. Perhaps she envied her a little the power to make Guy happy; but she wished that happiness with too sincere a wish to mind the means by which it was procured. And such a wife as Madge would make him happy; there was no doubt of that.

They would be as happy a couple as Ruby and Oswald, she thought sometimes—as happy as only a married couple who had perfect love for and faith in each other can be. She recollected sometimes that, once or twice after she had known Lucie Grey, she had wished that Guy might be made happy with such a wife; but Madge would suit him better; her brightness would relieve the gravity of his character and give him back the youth which had been so cruely marred.

Sometimes she wondered a little why Madge, who was so frank and candid, and who showed such perfect confidence in her, should never mention Guy: but she never did; and Shirley dared not pronounce his name. She felt that even now she could not speak it without betraying herself, and, if she showed the slightest emotion, Madge might have her suspicions aroused, and she might be discovered. And then she would think wearily of the time when she would have to leave the little home and go out on her wanderings again. In the spring, when Guy came back, she must go away and hide herself once more, and find a new home. Perhaps, when Guy was married, and happily settled with his young wife, she might write to Oswald and Ruby and the Greys; they would not betray her to him then; and perhaps Ruby would take her in, and let her look after little Bertie and the baby-girl who had fluttered down into Oswald's home-nest the autumn before.

How she thought of them all during those long lonely vigils, of all her dear ones, whom she might never see again! Had they forgotten her? she wondered. Did they think of her sometimes, and feel a little sorry for her? Perhaps they thought her dead; and the fact that she had never applied for the annuity which Sir Hugh had left her would have given strong grounds for such a belief. What would they have said, she wondered sometimes, if they had known that she had been in want, that she had been without shelter for days, that she had almost died of starvation?

She was growing stronger now, although Madge Oliphant often felt dissatisfied about her health. Perhaps she would never be really strong again; but she was much better, and she was looking almost like the Shirley of old, in the black dress she always wore, and the white mob-cap, with its large black Alsatian bow, which Lady Oliphant liked the school-mistress to wear.

And the autumn passed, and the winter followed, and Christmas came—a regular old fashioned Christmas, people called it, with a hard frost and snow upon the ground and a blue sky and sunshine overhead. And Christmas was to be greeted warmly at Erindale. The church was to be decorated and joyful anthems were to be sung; and in the Hall at the Rectory, at Mrs. Ford's lodge, and in every cottage there were to be feasting and merry making—everywhere, save in that little red-brick cottage where the school-teacher lived, and where she was to spend the Christmas-tide alone, for even her little handmaiden had gone home.

It was Shirley's own wish that she should spend it in her little cottage home—the home which had grown dear to her from its rest and peace; for there were many who would have welcomed the school-mistress' fair face at their tables but Shirley had declined every invitation. She preferred to spend Christmas alone she said gently, but decidedly; and they forbore to press her, for the sweet sad mouth could be firm at times, and she was evidently sincere in her desire.

* * * *

On Christmas-day the snow fell heavily covering the hills and the valley with a soft, white, spotless mantle, so that many who came from a distance were deterred from attending Divine service, for the snow had drifted in places, and made the crossing of fields and by-paths rather a dangerous undertaking. Still the pretty decorated church was well filled, and there was no brighter, fairer face among the worshippers than Madge Oliphant's, as she sat in the Hall pew in her soft furs and velvet dress, against which the white skin and golden hair shone so delicately fair.

Shirley, from her place in the side-aisle, let her sad eyes rest upon her with a wistful pleasure. She was very lovely, this young girl who was to teach Guy to forget her, very lovely and bright and good; she would make him happy—thank Heaven for that; and she bowed her head upon her hand and tried to forget the one happy Christmas-tide she had spent in England, that immediately following her engagement to Guy, which this season brought so clearly and freshly to her mind. Well, it was something to have had even those few days of happiness to look back upon; some poor women had not even those. She had known the pleasure of requited love for a season; some women went from the cradle to the grave without feeling its sweetness, without possessing its joy.

Madge stopped her, when coming out of church, to whisper a warm wish of happiness and welfare, and Shirley answered it mutely, but with an expression in her eyes which more than satisfied Madge; and then, escaping from the parents of her pupils, who offered her no less sincere good wishes, Shirley climbed the hill on the top of which stood her cottage—a rather solitary home certainly, for there were no houses near the school-house and the cottage adjoining. It was a little lonely, Shirley thought, as she entered, closing the door carefully after her and fastening it, for though tramps and marauders were few and far between, she was not very courageous, and she felt safer with the door secured. A little terrier—a present from Madge, and a great favorite of Shirley's—greeted her with joyful and shrill barking, and prevented the loneliness and solitude from being too oppressive, and the fire was burning cheerily, as if it meant to do its best to make Shirley's solitary Christmas-day a little brighter, while the school-children had put up some holly and mistletoe upon the walls—and Shirley smiled sadly at the homely attempts at decoration.

(To be continued.)

Fresh From Vanity Fair.

Pink is the favored color for evening wear.

Black jet with colors appears in both costumes and millinery.

Showy tennis gowns are of white serge, braided with gilt or silver.

Dainty tea gowns are made of Henrietta in light shades, with surah fronts.

A dainty matinee was of esprit net, with perpendicular trucks enclosing ribbon.

White cloth jackets braided with metallic cords are in high favor for dressy wear.

The open-mesh point d'esprit net is more fashionable just now for a bride's veil than illusion.

Gilt, silver, steel, white or red braids are used to trim boating dresses, usually in graduated widths.

In many of the latest imported costumes there is a tendency to combine several shades of one color.

A single spray of flowers is seen upon some of the newest lace parasols, as if blown there by the wind.

A novel color combination is reseda with terra cotta, and both these colors are combined with black.

Gold, silver and other fancy embroideries are used to trim summer costumes of pongee and cashmerette.

Poppy-red, ecru, old-rose, reseda and goblin-blue are popular colors for the foundation of a dressy black lace toilete.

Green-grass hats have had a curious and humorous boom. The desire to wear something unique and exclusive to herself is strong in the circle of fashionable women, who are conspicuous and independent enough to make their own styles in a measure.

There is an attempt to introduce the outlandish Tosca, or Directoire, parasol handles. These consist of very long crooks, and are intended to be walked with, after the manner of the ladies of Louis XVI.'s court with their canes.

Although there are no decided deviations in the main lines upon which fashion is moving, there is an endless series of innovations in minor characteristics. Taking the single item of corsage, the styles are legion. Very often they are most effectively made of fragments put together with such picturesque effect that they outvie many a richer style made of a single material. When two or three fabrics combine to form a single corsage, the lining of the waistcoat is cut to begin with. This buttons snugly up the back, and upon the front of this is mounted, for instance, a plain velvet piece that points like a girdle in the immediate front. At each side of this piece are set silk-lined revers, or lapels of material of which the corsage is composed. Next to these come two more revers of plain silk or velvet again. All these revers narrow to an inch and a half as they reach the neck.

Discovery of Ancient Altars.

There have recently been discovered in the high Alps, near the summit of the Great St. Bernard, five large granite altars and a number of other relics of the stone age, such as axes, knives, etc., used in the pagan epochs for sacrifices. Swiss writers emphasize the historical importance of this discovery, in that it is a proof that St. Bernard was a place of sacrifice in pagan times, and also as far back as the age of stone the Canton Valais was inhabited by human beings.

Makes a Difference.

"This is the fourth time I've called you, William," said his wife. "You told me that you wanted to get up in good season this morning." "Yes," replied William, sleepily, "but it was last night when I told you that."

Surprising Corroboration.

Amy: "I like Charlie; his kisses are so nice!" Belle (with enthusiasm): "Aren't they!"

The parasols of the season are like small tents.