A Rosebud Immortal.

[The following is from a book of poems, "A Haunted Heart," by Minna Irving, of Tarrytown, whose quarrel with Stenographer Palmer Wells has excited the attention of the courts and the newspapers.]

We stood in the garden at morning,
A garden all golden and green;
The leaves in the wind sang together,
Her laughter made music between
She was robed in the white of the lilies,
Her eyes, like the heavens, were blue,
And around her, in sweetness unfolded,
The roses a-glitter with dew.

I prayed for a bud, and she gave it,
With a smile and a blush and a sigh.
I caught and I kissed her white fingers,
There rebelled a tear in her eye.
The gardener, ancient and wrinkled,
Came clipping the boxwood and yew,
And she went, and a cloud drifted over,
And the sparkle died out of the dew.

My locks are a-glimmer with silver,
My life is unbrightened by love,
For, still in the robes of the lilies,
She sings with the angels above.
In a book in my bare little attic,
Laid in with a leaflet of rue,
Is a rosebud that never unfolded
For lack of the sunlight and dew.

That—all—she is dead like the rosebud,
And my love for her never was told,
But my dream of the glory of heaven
Is of her at the gateway of gold.
She stands with her feet in the blossoms,
And waiteth to welcome me through,
And gives me a rosebud immortal,
Starred over with diamonds of dew.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"You know, father, that I do not care for these parties," said Caleb, awkwardly. "They are not in my line, and I am never my own man in them."

"And thee doesn't make account of thy duty to me as brought thee up," said Miles. "What thy father wishes doesn't weigh so much as the tail-end of a mouse with thee. Thy father who has slaved for thee, and thought night and day of naught but thee and what would be for thy good—thou'st naught better to do than flout and flear when he wants thee to hold up thy head as thou shouldst with the best."

"You know, father, I never mean to flout or flear you," said Caleb, earnestly; "but I do not feel called on to go about among these people. They think themselves of another make of flesh and blood from us, and they don't care a jot for our money—got, as it were, by a fluke, and with such owners as we."

"Such owners as we! and what the dickens dost mean by that, jackanapes?" shouted Miles.

"Why, just this, father: we are not gentlemen and we can't pretend that we are," said Caleb.

"Toots, toots, lad! Brass'll gild a miner's pick till it is as fine as my lord's sword," said Miles, half in fun and half in anger. The gentry at Kingshouse ain't far different from men and women elsewhere, I reckon; and a full purse goes as far, my lad, as those mouldy old coats-of-arms, with nothing behind them but lean chaps and family pride. Go thy ways, I tell thee. Hie upstairs, Caleb, like a good lad, and do as thy father bids. Don thy best coat and go to the vicarage with the rest. And if thou'lt bring me home a well-doing likely daughter-in-law, like that Lady Elizabeth yonder, I'd not care to call the King my uncle. And I'd set thee up in housekeeping so that the King shouldn't be put about to call thee nephew."

Caleb still hesitated—silent, awkward, reluctant, abashed; when his father suddenly flew into a rage such as even he was not accustomed to see; and with curses, kicks, blows, and oaths offered him his choice—to go, or to leave the house that very moment disinherited forever. His son had therefore nothing for it but to bend before the storm, and yield to his father's desire; and so it was that for the first time in his life he formed one of the Kingshouse gatherings, and made his entrance into the fair company of whom Lady Elizabeth Inchbold was the queen and Estelle Clanricarde the star of beauty.

CHAPTER III.

HIS IPHIGENIA.

One of old Miles Stagg's favorite aphorisms was that which proclaims how fine birds are made by fine feathers. Give Colin Clout a good coat, a flashy necktie, a gold chain as thick as a ship's rope, studs as big as sixpences, and all the rest to correspond, and Miles could see no difference between his appearance and that of the smartest young Jemmy Jessamy in the land. If Jemmy were to be dressed in flannels, the difference, indeed, would be to the good of Colin. Consequently, though Caleb, from his experience of college life, knew slightly better than his father, and from his more delicately organized brain, had at all times keener and quicker perceptions, he was forced to obey the old man's imperative command that he should make himself as smart as ninepence, and take the shine out of that gang of genteel paupers he would meet in the vicarage gardens to day.

His close fitting frock-coat was new to rawness and distractingly faultless; his black trousers were still in the tailor's well-defined creases; his glossy hat shone like a blackened mirror; and his jewelry was resplendent. Over the edge of his stiff white collar, guillotined with an aniline crimson tie fastened by a large diamond horse-shoe pin, his round, flat, unmeaning face rose like a pug-dog's changed from black to red and white, and from hairy caninity into a fairly good sketch of humanity. His fawn-colored gloves matched the color of his hair, and his patent-leather boots crippled the flat feet which, for the most part, expatiated in greased boots where his corns were not tortured. Such as he was, holding himself as stiffly as if trussed beneath his clothes, shy, sheepish, uncomfortable, self-conscious, and not a whit reassured by his father's boisterous commendation, nor by his mother's vacant smile, the young man mounted the dog-cart, which the coachman drove—the smart groom sitting behind, his arms folded and his tongue in his cheek—and went off to one of those informal tennis parties which Mr. and Mrs. Stewart gave weekly for the pleasure of the young people and the promotion of social good feeling.

It need hardly be said what impression the poor young man made when he came on the lawn, somewhat after time because of the struggle at home; his wonderful get-up contrasting so sharply with the loose flannels of the rest, the tightly buckled belts, the turned-up sleeves, the well-worn cricket shoes, and all the other loose points of the time and occasion. Not the dear good vicaress herself could resist that little smile which comes unbidden on the first flush of a ridiculous surprise, while some of the worse bred and less kindly tittered audibly. Lord Eustace, Lady Elizabeth's younger brother, gave a slight whistle, which was the rudest thing of all. But then he was a lord, and entitled to his own private code. Charlie Osborne, who, as poet, painter, musician and artist generally, assumed to know more about the religion of beauty and the morality of æsthetics than any one else, looked at the new-comer with the same expression on his face as if a false chord had been played, a halting rhyme repeated, or a man been detected hiding the ace up his sleeve.

As for Caleb himself, if that old familiar wish about the earth opening and swallowing him up alive could have been fulfilled for his benefit, how gladly would he have sunk beneath the sod, never to reappear! His distress was so apparent, his awkwardness so pitiful, his whole bearing so abject and humiliated, that three charitable souls took him into the sacred precincts of their compassion, and forgot to ridicule for the sake of pity. One of these three was, of course, Mrs. Stewart herself—a woman of that liberal, kindly, but not sentimental nature sometimes found in the arid wastes of society, as might be found a fountain and a palm tree in the desert; the second, Estelle, who thought how dreadful it must be to be like that; and third was Lady Elizabeth Inchbold, the fair-set mark at which old Miles aimed the presumptuous shaft of his paternal desires.

But then this was Lady Elizabeth's way. Whatever there was of hurt or sorrow, of low-lying, trampled on, helpless or mishandled, Lady Elizabeth was willing to lift up and comfort. Could she have wiped away all tears from all eyes at the cost of her own eternal weeping, she would have done so; could she have healed all wounds by the blood of her own heart, she would have healed them. No thought of self, no calculation of the extent or cost of her sacrifice troubled the pure stream of her human pity. That she should besmirch herself by touching the besmirched never occurred to her as possible. And if it had? Well, those who give themselves up to the care of the lepers doom themselves to the disease they live to soothe and die to lessen.

Estelle Clanricarde's great friend, she and Charlie Osborne, whom Estelle loved, stood at the opposite sides of that great triangle of life and thought the apex of which is truth. Where he, bitten by the sentimental cynicism of a certain school, despised his kind, and held life but a blotch and a blunder—more especially modern life and all the changes wrought by steam and science—she saw good everywhere, and like those who bore for underground waters on a sandy tract, knew how to find the deeper beauties hidden beneath superficial ugliness. For her, unselfish, generous, glad to serve and eager to save were more harmonies than discords in this great diapason of suffering and joy, of vice and virtue; for him, self-indulgent to pleasure and weak to pain, unable to bear, of irritable fibre all through, were mainly discords, with here and there a harmony in a gorgeous sunset or finely worded objurgation of the high-priest of his own restricted sect, or in Estelle Clanricarde when he could get her to himself and forget his artificial pessimism in the light of her dear eyes. Lady Elizabeth had sympathy with humanity because she did not lose touch of the real in the ideal. She therefore loved mankind, and pitied as much as she loved. Charlie Osborne refused sympathy because of his abhorrence for that which was mean and low and ugly in man. Her love went to people, his to things; hers to facts, his to thoughts. Between them lay the whole difference between the two great schools of humanism and realism—humanity and art.

It was not, then, out of the usual ordering of things, but the reverse, that when her grave, calm eyes had taken the whole circumstances of this unhappy omad'haun, so painfully out of place, Lady Elizabeth should go to where Mrs. Stewart was still talking to him in her brisk bee like manner, and join in the conversation as one who had the right of previous knowledge. She had that way. Her manner was that of one who had already established a claim of sympathy, and counted the points of contact. She never stood on the defensive, as even well-bred people are wont to do with strangers, but assumed from the first that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

"By Jove! that sister of mine is stark, staring mad. Look at her talking to that Polichinelle!" said Lord Eustace, not below his breath, to Estelle, to whom he was paying exaggerated court to take a rise out of Charlie Osborne, for mischief, not malice.

"On the contrary, I think she is very sweet to be so kind to such an object. But then she always is so kind," returned Estelle, glad to be able to contradict her adhesive companion, whom she could not shake off, and wished anywhere but where he was.

She knew Charlie's susceptible jealousy and faculty for self-tormenting, and she had no wish to vex him for Lord Eustace's pleasure. She was far too gentle and sweet-natured to wish to vex him for her own—just to see the power she had over him—as is the way with certain of her sex.

"Are you, too, one of the new sort?" asked Lord Eustace contemptuously. "I thank my good stars I am out of it. All this playing at democracy seems to me not only the worst form but the vilest rot afloat. It is rank atheism to pretend that we have no distinction of classes, and that gentlemen and boors are own brothers. And only cads are atheists."

"All the same, I think Lady Elizabeth is very sweet to go and talk to that dreadful creature," said Estelle, with her pretty doggedness.

And then—her mother's back being conveniently turned at the moment—she looked round to Charlie Osborne, and sent him a telegraphic message with her eyes which allayed some of the fever burning in his veins.

Meanwhile Lady Elizabeth took it in hand to make poor Caleb's present torture a little less unendurable. She found it hard work. There was not a solecism that he did not commit, not a gaucherie that he left untouched. He called her Miss to start with, and when Mrs. Stewart gave her her title formally, he made "Lady Elizabeth" flank every sentence, now before, now behind and sometimes fore and aft together.

When Mrs. Stewart said, "I don't think you know many people here, Mr. Stagg?" poor Caleb blushed like a peony and looked like a fool.

"No, Mrs. Stewart, not to speak to," he answered.

Then, when she presented him to Lady Elizabeth, he forgot his hat, and shook hands instead. When, pointing to the garden seat near to where they were standing, Lady Elizabeth said, "Shall we sit down," he planted himself at once on the edge in the shade, and let her sit in the sun with the light in her eyes. When he saw his mistake he was too awkward to get up and rectify it, though he would have let her walk over his body and use his fine new clothes for a door-mat had she had the mind. And when she, with that wonderful insight which belonged to her, divining the cause of his apparent discourtesy, and knowing that the little sacrifice would be his pleasure, said quietly, "I am sure your eyes are stronger than mine, Mr. Stagg; would you mind changing places with me?" he very nearly tumbled head-foremost into her lap in his eagerness to obey her, and wiped the place where he had been sitting with his handkerchief for her benefit.

But by slow degrees he ceased to twirl his hat between his knees; his heart left off beating in those painful gasps which are more like sobs than beats; those invisible needles ceased to prick him, as they had been pricking him ever since he drove up to the gates; he got to feel that he knew this Lady Elizabeth, this daughter of the earl, quite well, though not intimately—as one would know one's guardian angel, say; something to revere, but not to be afraid of; while over all his being stole a divine sense of calm, as with a lost wanderer when he sees the welcome light of a human home.

After probing and ploughing this barren tract and that arid acre, Lady Elizabeth at last fell on Caleb's own particular subject—flowers and birds and natural history generally. It needed patience and good engineering to draw from the poor omad'haun the fact that he knew anything at all; but the "delight," as her father sometimes called her who had him in hand, was both patient and a good conversational engineer; and though her shy and awkward naturalist never ventured on a positive assertion, but said what he had to say with a modest "I think" as the grating behind which his knowledge took refuge, even to "thinking" that field-mice eat honey-bees, and that the sundew entraps flies—she got a great deal out of him that was pleasant and new, and that made her uphill grind a little less arduous.

Also it somewhat tightened the slack cords of his own self-esteem to find that he could interest her by what he said. How glad he was that she cared for nature and things? He was indemnified now for all the ridicule and coarse opposition his student's tastes had had to face and bear at home. This divine creature, who reminded him of some Greek goddess, met him on his own ground and asked him for information. It was an honor which seemed to crown his head with a fillet of gold when she said that she would like him to show her in his microscope things she had not yet seen, and teach her more than she already knew. It was the noble touch of womanly dependence which rouses in a man's soul all that he has of heroism and devotion. Younger than himself, but how immeasurably superior, this beautiful girl-woman seemed to draw his whole being into hers, as the lake receives the rill, as the formless mist over the morass is absorbed into the infinite heaven. Had he been a Greek she would have represented to him the chaste splendor of that goddess who kissed the sleeping boy on Mount Latmos; had he been a Roman, she would have been the renewal of Numa's sacred counsellor; as a Roman Catholic, he would have seen in her the holy likeness of the blessed Virgin; as a Hindoo, she would have been Lachshmi, the female energy of Vishnu. She was in any case semi-divine; and he was glad now that he had braved the torment of this ordeal, seeing what great gift of grace and joy it had brought him. His face beamed like one who has met an angel by the way, and something deeper than its ordinary flat and level sentiments seemed to have come into it. But this delightful state of things could not last very long. Lady Elizabeth was too valuable a member of the small society on the lawn to be allowed to give herself to one only—and such a one as Caleb Stagg more especially.

Estelle was the one who came to disturb an interview which was beginning to really interest Lady Elizabeth, and to set the butterfly stirring within the chrysalis with Caleb. She was bored by Lord Eustace, and under the strict patrol of her mother's watchful eye she could not get so much as a whispered word with Charlie—scarcely a fleeting look. He at last, in a fit of jealous rage and despair, had gone to the hammock that swung untenanted between the two evergreen oaks. Estelle thought that if she were sheltered and shielded by Lady Elizabeth she might perhaps snatch a perilous five minutes of joy, soothe her lover's easily perturbed spirit and drink another draught of that sweet poison without which young life is but a desert and young hearts as dry as potsherds. Accordingly, the graceful girl came strolling up to where this strangely mated pair were sitting on the garden seat backed by azaleas and rhododendrons, and in a pretty beseeching way asked her friend to come with her for a little walk—and that walk would be to the two evergreen oaks between which the hammock was swinging, with Charlie Osborne eating his heart. The winding of the paths and the friendly intervention of flowering shrubs would hide them from Mrs. Clanricarde, and all would be well and without danger.

As Lady Elizabeth had it also at her heart as a duty to help poor Estelle when she could, and as she did not think that a new interest should overset an old one, she looked at Estelle kindly, and said, "Yes, I will go with you, dear," as Estelle knew she would.

Then, turning to Caleb, she asked, "Shall I introduce you to any one before I go?"

"Thank you, Lady Elizabeth. I don't think I care to know any one else, thank you, Lady Elizabeth," said Caleb, with a blush that made his ears as red as fleshy flames.

"But you will be dull, knowing no one," said the daughter of the Earl of Kingshouse, with as much kindly consideration and courtesy as if her brother's Polichinelle had been the son of a king.

"I think not, Lady Elizabeth," was his stammered reply.

She could not say "Will you come with us?" That would not have been fair to Estelle; but she wished she could have carried him with her, as she would have rescued some bird from boys, some monkey from a brutal showman.

"I'll just keep to myself, now that you are going, Lady Elizabeth," said Caleb, after a pause, between the Scylla of not liking to make an independent observation, and the Charybdis of not wishing this beautiful woman to trouble herself on his account.

"I am sorry to take Lady Elizabeth away," said Estelle, very kindly.

Had it been any one but Charlie Osborne she would have kept the poor fellow in his present safety and have thrown over all the rest.

"Oh, don't vex yourself, miss," Caleb answered, with another torrent of blushes. "I couldn't expect that ladies like Lady Elizabeth and yourself, miss, would stay with such as me," he added, with the deep humility of his kind.

"I am so sorry; but, oh, come, dear!" whispered Estelle, the selfishness of love sweeping away her philanthropy; and Lady Elizabeth turned away with a smile to poor Caleb that left on his bewildered soul the impression of moonlight on the water, of soft moss, of cool green forest glades, of a rare wild flower found on the edge of a sheltered pool, of all that there is of soothing and entrancing in nature. And while the two friends strolled away to carry comfort and bring joy to poor irritated Charlie Osberne, Caleb slunk into the shrubbery that sloped sharply downward to the river.

If he could have left the vicarage at this moment he would, but he was bound. He had not arrived punctually, and that had been a grievous thing to him. The card of invitation had said "4 to 7," and he had not been there till half-past 4. He had ordered the trap to return punctually on the stroke of 7, and it never occurred to him that he could leave before it came. He had, then, two long mortal hours to fill up, and how was he to fill them? The best thing he knew was to keep out of sight of every one; so he slunk into the shrubbery, and for the first time in these late enthusiastic years of study he forgot to look for creatures.

All nature seemed transformed, and he knew nothing of what he saw, or, rather, he saw nothing as it was about him. He felt as if in some strange place full of mild glory and an all-pervading but indefinite light. Tears, of which he was not conscious, slowly gathered in his wide-opened eyes and fell on his red silk tie. He was trembling with that kind of rapturous tremor which overpowers us in the presence of some sublime beauty of nature. The poor omad'haun! the poor Polichinelle! Who would have credited him with those birth-pangs of a new soul—he, in his glossy hat and tailor's triumphs of coat and trousers, his fawn-colored gloves and flashing horseshoe diamond pin! The satyr which enclosed the god, the temple, the gift of man to maid, of mother to child, was the architype of poor Caleb's soul, imprisoned in such a body and overlaid by such conditions as nature and fortune had made for him!

CHAPTER IV.

THE GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

The matrimonial market at Kingshouse was really too heart-breaking! So Mrs. Clanricarde thought, in the incessant way of one who has a perennial grievance, though she had enough self-control not to think aloud. Here in Estelle was the winning number, and no prize to take! It was as though a thorough-bred trained for the Oaks had only costermongers' donkeys to contend against, and a bunch of turnip tops when the post was passed. It was indeed heart-breaking, with those family funds always decreasing, and good guineas going after bad like so many "moutons de Panurge." Lord Eustace was as purely a detrimental as Charlie Osborne himself, and from the same cause. He wanted money with his wife to float him off the financial shallows where at present he and all his house were stranded. He could not afford to marry for mere love and beauty; no man can nowadays who has not a good fortune firmly secured. Certainly no one in Kingshouse could, unless he were prepared to bring up a family on stirabout, and to dress them in blue house-flannel and workhouse sheeting.

Caleb Stagg was the only moneyed man available; and even Mrs. Clanricarde shrank from a creature who wore tailors' triumphs at an informal tennis party, and flaunted a flaring red tie with a flashing diamond pin. Still, he was rich beyond those dreams of avarice we all have heard of; and on the principle of the living dog and the dead lion, a golden calf is better than a leaden phœnix, and those who want butter on their bread must not be very nice as to the shape of the knife wherewith it is spread. Besides, no plastic substance is utterly hopeless to reform, and if Caleb Stagg had a mind at all, and his proper complement of limbs and senses, surely an astute mother-in-law could pull him into shape! Even all princes are not personable men, and other poets than Pope have been outside the pale of manly beauty.

Stirred, then, by all these reasons, more or less deliberately recognized, Mrs. Clanricarde went to Mrs. Stewart, and in her pretty French way, which beat all the English manner out of the field, asked what had become of Mr. Stagg. Poor young man!—it must be very triste for him, here among so many strangers! and should they find him and console him?

"He is somewhere about," said Mrs. Stewart, looking vaguely round. Truth to say she had forgotten him. Like many kind-hearted, brisk and energetic women, she was apt to be sporadic in her interests and a little unordered in her ways.

"Let us go and find him," said Mrs. Clanricarde, looking behind a rose-bush, as if he might be hiding in its shadow.

But they sought in vain. Deep down in the shrubbery, off the path and on the border of the river, the poor omad'haun sat cradling his new-born soul, and the things of time and space were to him as naught. Mrs. Stewart went the length of even a shrill little call, to which was no response, and the search was perforce abandoned. Meanwhile Estelle and Charlie Osborne made the most of their chance, and Mrs. Clanricarde lost on all sides at once.

The hours of pleasure passed and that of departure came on. That automatic memory of time, which seems to belong to the body rather than the mind, made Caleb know that he must rouse himself from his mental ecstasy and physical stupor and go through the ordeal of saying good-day to Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. As he came on to the lawn the whole party was assembled together. No one had yet gone. It seemed to Caleb as if all England was there. His round eyes took in no one precisely, no one personally. He only saw a very sea of bonnets and cricket caps, of colored frocks and white flannels, of women's faces and men's mustaches. Then he caught sight of two large lustrous gray eyes, and all the rest vanished like a phantasmagoria. Only those glorious eyes remained, as his home, his loadstar, his anchorage, in this bewildering sea of unfamiliar humanity.

Nothing of all this was shown. The face of a man is not as a sheet of glass through which can be read his thoughts and feelings. All that the assembled company saw was a round, flat, red-faced young man in an absurd get-up, staring at Lady Elizabeth Inchbold with all his might, and standing stock-still, as if struck to stone.

Lady Elizabeth herself broke the spell by saying, with marked kindness, to this mute star-gazer, whom she knew the rest were mutely ridiculing, "Have you seen that beautiful avenue of laburnums, Mr. Stagg? You were in the shrubbery, I think? Did you see them?"

Caleb blushed, as he naturally would when thus brought back to the things of the present.

"No, Lady Elizabeth," he said.

Poor fellow! As little as Jim Bludso did he know how to lie. Even those white lies of society, which save appearance and mask confession, were as far from his understanding as were the recognized shibboleths and authorized formulas.

"It was a pity to have missed them," said Mrs. Clanricarde, adopting Lady Elizabeth's tone, and looking with artificial benignity on the omad'haun, thickly plated with gold as he was—so thickly as to be almost possible

Caleb turned his round face and rounder eyes on the speaker with pitiable bewilderment. It was all like some distressful dream. Why should these people stand there looking at him? Their eyes, multiplied to hundreds, stuck like lances into his heart. He felt as if he had unwittingly committed some offence, and this was his arraignment. It was a nightmare; but he retained just so much of consciousness as to let him understand that Mrs. Clanricarde had spoken; and not knowing too clearly what she had said, nor what he ought to reply, his native courtesy came to his aid, and he answered, "Thank you, Mrs. Clanricarde," as the only thing that presented itself.

Though he had not been formally introduced to any one but Lady Elizabeth Inchbold, he knew quite well each individual of the assembly, when he could detach his wits from their wool gathering and force them into concrete observation. The Sunday club of church is the great photograph of a neighborhood, where people learn to know one another without speech or contact.

"Let me take you," said Mrs. Clanricarde, still benign and humane.

"I'm loth to trouble you, Mrs. Clanricarde," answered Caleb.

"It would be a pleasure," said Estelle's mother, with her airy French politeness; and Caleb, feeling as one in a mill-race dragged into the deep waters by a force he could not resist, was led like a calf by a wisp of straw to where the laburnums hung like golden fountains against the sky.

As she went, Mrs. Clanricarde commanded Estelle to accompany her by the look her daughter knew so well.

But Estelle remained impassive, and Charlie Osborne got the good of her contumacy.

Though at the time of their walk, which Mrs. Clanricarde did not hurry, the weight of conversation rested on her alone, she got answers of a kind from Caleb; but they were emphatically of a kind, and at the end she was no nearer anything like acquaintance or sympathy than she had been at the beginning. Her action had in it no real kindliness. It was essentially egotistic and well calculated; and the poor omad'haun felt the difference he could not have defined. But he was grateful all the same. She went through her self-appointed task with gallant consistency, and got so far on the way she wanted to go as to fix a day for Caleb to call at "Les Saules"—which local orthography spelled, and local intonation pronounced "Lissols." As he had at last entered society through the vicarage gate, there was no impropriety in opening her own. And she could try her hand at his reformation. If he proved hopeless, she had but to abandon him; if he were practicable—Estelle had before now taken a silver-coated pill. This of gold would also have to be taken.

When they returned to the lawn the great bulk of the company had gone. Lady Elizabeth was no longer there, and Estelle and Charlie Osborne had also disappeared. They had walked to the gate, where the carriage would overtake them—Estelle, resigned to brave the maternal tempest that she knew would follow on her act of disobedience and temerity, if only she could comfort and make happy her handsome lover meanwhile.

Then Caleb, shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and with Mrs. Clanricarde, so heartily that the ladies nearly shrieked as their fingers were cut by their rings, said, in his strange old world way, vivified from mummydum only by his excessive embarrassment, "And thank you, Mrs. Stewart, for my entertainment"—and the same to Mrs. Clanricarde, varying only the name. But his heart was heavy, and the world seemed empty, and he felt that he had been worse than a boor and less polite than a coal heaver in that he had not been able to say the same to Lady Elizabeth, to whom he owed so much more than to any one else.

(To be Continued).

"Old Grimes."

"Old Grimes," that familiar "little felicity in verses," which caught the popular fancy as far back as 1823, was a sudden inspiration of the late Judge Albert G. Greene, of Providence, R. I., who found the first verse in a collection of old English ballads, and, enjoying its humor, built up the remainder of the poem in the same conceit.

—King Solomon has been officially declared a bankrupt in England. He was a Salvation Army king.