Cash.

Oh, cash! thou art a ruling power
A mighty king,
In busy mart at ev'ry hour,
Thy voice doth ring
In paper green, and yellow gold,
Thy cumulative wealth is told;
To gain the good, pure souls are sold
For what they bring.

Oh, cash! thou art a bonded slave,
Poor little one!
A day of liberty you crave,
When all is done
At everybody's beck and call,
Upstairs and down, through crowded hall,
What matter, now and then, a fall?
Life's just begun.

But by and by a maiden fair
You'll be, 'tis true,
With form divine and golden hair,
And eyes of blue
And then the man who owns the place
Will bow before such gentle grace;
He'll Cash will gain in your sweet face,
And so will you.

—*Pearl Eytinge in Judge.*

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"She is a very striking-looking woman, certainly," said Lady Kingshouse, who herself had her own "cachet"—and knew that she had. "But I don't think Mr. Harford so desperately *epris* as all that."

She did not say what "all that" meant, and no one asked.

"Ah, well, there's no saying! And there are the horses," said Lord Kingshouse, looking at the clock, "just three minutes behind time. I shall speak to Master Figgins and ask what he means by it. He must not grow unpunctual, else he will have to find a new master. Come, Delight, let us be off."

And with a nice little "Good-by, old dear," to his wife, the two left the room, and after a solemn "Behind time, Figgins," to the coachman, were soon cantering briskly along the hard metallic road on their way to the town and the Kingshouse Arms.

How beautiful the way was! The sky was as blue as the blue speedwells of spring, and the hoar-frost shone in the sun like so much pencilled fret-work wrought by the Great Artificer who gives the beetle its shining green and the butterfly its softer plumes.

For a moment Lady Elizabeth forgot that other life in which she habitually dwelt—that life of suffering which she soothed, of sorrow which she shared. She talked and laughed, and was as radiant as those sun-lighted clouds which caught the gleam on their white fleeces, so that they dazzled the eyes which looked at them.

The earl scarcely knew his dear Delight in her new mood.

The villagers had time to take note and make their boorish remarks, not boorishly intended, while she and her father stood at the door of the quaint old fashioned little inn—that "Rats' Castle," as one crabbed visitor from London called it—and waited for Anthony's appearance.

The three rode off together through the town, and the gossips peered up their heads and wagged them in sage deliberation. Perhaps the lady had not so far to go as her husband, after all, and they made a fine pair—that did they.

The ride was one of the most charming that Lady Elizabeth ever had. Really she had not given sufficient credit to the beauty of their counties. Beautiful as she had always thought it, Delight was a fairy land, and the half-awakened girl in whom dissolve-scenes had long ago wrought but a dream of the night. Anthony was engaged to dinner both to-day and to-morrow and the next day, and the earl did not stretch out so far as the fourth. He did not ask to whom, and naturally they did not ask. But when they parted at the fork—one road to the town and the other to the Dower House—the sun seemed to have suddenly set for Lady Elizabeth, and the blue to have dropped out of the sky. She became pale and silent, and the iridescent fountain sank once more beneath the *couche* of tenderedness through which it had broken.

"Why, Delight, you are quite pale and silent. Are you tired?" asked the earl, as he noticed the sudden drooping and the sudden pallor.

"I think I am a little, dear," was her gentle reply.

"And yet we have not ridden so very far," he said.

"No; but we have ridden fast," she returned.

"And that comes to the same thing?"

"Yes," she said, with more meaning than she knew.

To which he flung back a cheery kind of caress in his "Poor poppet!" half lost in his horse's ringing hoofs as they cantered on to the gates of home.

CHAPTER IX.

RECONNOITRING.

Mrs. Clanricarde was essentially clever. She understood differences and profited by mistakes. Her insight was as discriminating as her touch was delicate, and she neither confounded substances nor confused experiences. To Anthony Harford she adopted a new set of tactics altogether from those she had used with Caleb Stagg. Kind, frank, hospitable, friendly, she was careful not to let the faintest shadow of a second intention appear. She sedulously kept Estelle in the background. She did not speak of her at all, and to her but rarely. She asked nothing of her that should show off her accomplishments; and it was Anthony himself who found out that she could sing sweetly and play divinely, and that her sketches were far beyond amateur average.

Was this the woman who had, as Mrs. Aspline said, flung her daughter at the head of Tom, Dick and Harry?

Anthony's heart rose and sickened as he thought of this calumny, which he tried to banish from his mind and could not. He was too jealous by nature to bear patiently the thought that some one else had filled those sweet eyes with the longing tenderness of love, that any other man had coveted what he desired and meant to make his own, that this pearl of price, this precious treasure of delight, had been mutely offered to any man alive and had been rejected. No, he would not believe this. And all the more would he not, seeing how little the mother now put her forward; and yet he, Anthony Harford, was a better match in all ways as a man and a fortune than either this consumptive artist or this enriched miner!

Always apparently occupied with Mrs. Clanricarde, Anthony used to place himself where he could see Estelle—where he could watch her pose, her hands, her hair, and how she moved, and see her as she was, perfectly natural and unembarrassed. Glad to be left alone, she did not see that she was being watched, and the new man—mother's new craze and favorite—gave her no kind of distress.

Anthony, too, made no mistakes, and did not spoil his chances by precipitation. He showed none of that hunger for an answering love which repels far oftener than it incites.

Speaking one evening of his relations with the Asplines, and how it was that he had come here on that business of the trusteeship, which he had taken over after his father's death, he chanced to mention Thorbergh as the name of the town, the district, where his place was—"Thrift, by Thorbergh," as the postal direction ran.

Mrs. Clanricarde looked up at the name.

"Thorbergh, in Loamshire?" she asked, with keen interest.

"Yes," he answered. Do you know it?"

"George," said Mrs. Clanricarde, forgetting to answer her guest, "what do you think? Mr. Harford's place is near Thorbergh!"

"Never!" said George, with his fatuous smile. "What an extraordinary coincidence!"

"Where? In what?" asked Anthony, suddenly grave.

"Oh!" laughed Mrs. Clanricarde "there is no great mystery in it after all. Only at Thorbergh lives a certain Mrs. Latimer—the widow of a cousin of my husband's, on whose death we shall receive a small accession of income. That is all. She must be a very old woman by now—past eighty. George, is she not?—but she lives on as those annuitants always do, and I dare say she has good ten years before her yet."

She laughed again. She did her best to laugh easily and naturally, but the tone was sharp, and the effort painful and evident.

"Where does she live?" asked Anthony. "Latimer—I seem to know that name."

"At No. 3, Highstile Lane," said George with the patness of unpleasant perfectness.

"Oh, that's it," returned Anthony "Highstile Lane belongs to me, and she is one of my tenants."

"How very singular!" said Mrs. Clanricarde again, and this time her animation, her pleased air, was not forced. It was a link. And when one is in want of a chain, any link is better than none.

"I will go and look after her for you," said Anthony, who also was glad of that link, slender as it was. "Shall I call on her when I go back to Thrift and report on her condition?"

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Clanricarde.

"It will be a satisfaction," chimed in her husband.

"It certainly will," said Anthony, looking at Estelle. "It will keep me in your memory," he added, with the humility of love.

"We should scarcely need this to keep you that," returned Mrs. Clanricarde, kindly. "We are not a very inconstant set here at Les Saules, not even in many ways in fact, we are too homogeneous altogether for the present day. But I so much dislike the new-made fashions! I prefer to be born in an earlier time of the period."

"You could not be better than you are," said Anthony, still looking at Estelle. "I reckon the ones that are right most of the time are most of them like that—they are most of them patterns of the beautiful, with faults of course, whom we love best."

"Do they do so flattering in America?" asked Estelle, somewhat smiling.

"No, but they teach a man to speak as he thinks," said Estelle's admirer, also smiling. "Say, Miss Clanricarde, is that the right thing to do?"

"What?" asked Estelle, waking from a kind of dream.

"Is it right to speak as we think?" Anthony asked again.

"Surely!" said Estelle. Then, with a rapid glance at her mother, she qualified her bolder assertion with a more cautious, "At least I suppose so—sometimes."

Like all timid people, she was afraid of sudden question.

"I wonder if we do—any of us?" said Mrs. Clanricarde, with her philosophizing air very charming and very false.

"As much as we can, I reckon," said Anthony; but his philosophy smacked of the backwoods, not of the drawing-room. "It would be rather hot if we said all we thought at all times. We'd raise Cain, and that's a fact!"

"Discretion is sometimes the better part of valor," said that foolish George, a little wide of the immediate point, as he always was.

"And we have good breeding to consider," put in Mrs. Clanricarde, always mildly philosophical.

"And the policy of waiting" said Anthony, with a sudden gleam in his eyes that made the watching mother's heart leap for joy at the meaning of its light.

"Yes, waiting," she said, quietly. "'All comes to him who knows how to wait.' That is a French proverb, and a true one."

"All?" asked Anthony, with emphasis.

"All," she repeated, also with emphasis.

Estelle looked at her mother. And Anthony caught that swift flash to-night as her mother had caught it then. It stirred him with a sudden movement of jealousy and suspicion.

"Then, you think, too, that all comes to him who knows how to wait?" he asked, speaking to Estelle with a strange little touch of sternness in his voice.

"I do not know. It is to be hoped it does," she replied, not raising her eyes. "Now, dear," she added suddenly to her father; "you have spoiled the game. You cannot do it if you put the king of clubs there over the queen of spades."

"I will try. I think I can work it," said that foolish George, who at "patience," as with his investments, could never see an inch before him, and who always thought that he could work the most impossible combinations.

"The game is lost!" said Estelle, with a sigh.

The king of hearts was hemmed in so as to be useless, and the queen of spades could not be moved because of the king of clubs, which blocked her in. And that fierce, square-shouldered Bluebeard of the pack suddenly looked to Estelle like Anthony Harford.

"Shall I try to straighten it out?" asked Anthony, coming to the table.

"You cannot," said Estelle, rising and leaving it.

"Do you play this game?" asked Mr. Clanricarde, still fingering the cards and trying to remove the immovable block.

"Oh, I play pretty nigh every game in the pack," said Anthony; "but these one-handed concerns are beyond me. And I do not think I should care for them."

"They are very interesting when you know them," said Mr. Clanricarde.

"I prefer an antagonist," said Anthony.

"You have an antagonist," returned the other. "Fortune, and your own want of skill and foresight."

Anthony laughed.

"My own want of skill and foresight!" he said. "I don't own up to that! I'll play with my skill and foresight against fortune or any other odds you like. But want of skill! I reckon that's not in the schedule!"

"Take care; pride goes before a fall," said that foolish George, in exactly the same words as Mrs. Aspline had used.

Anthony tossed up his head like a horse unduly checked.

"I'll follow my pride and risk the fall," he said, with a certain outburst of temper that made Mrs. Clanricarde say to herself: "That man wants careful handling. He will stand no nonsense." Soon after this Anthony took his leave, and went back to the Kingshouse Arms as if possessed by seven devils—he did not clearly know why.

CHAPTER X.

"I AM GLAD."

Let those who can explain this seeming contradiction. The longer Anthony Harford remained at Kingshouse the stronger grew his passion for Estelle and the farther off he seemed from its expression. She had the strangest power of chilling him, so that he could not speak to her tenderly, nor even look at her with that unmistakable meaning which love flings like so much golden light into a man's eyes.

This fierce turmoil in Anthony's heart began to show itself in his looks.

"I could love Lady Elizabeth!" he often thought "she would have been the fit wife for me that other had not bewitched me. If I could love her! But it is too late now. The die is cast. I will hold Estelle in my arms as my wife, or I will kill her first, then myself!"

Meanwhile Estelle held fast by her faith in Charlie; and, without one covert look or word that her mother could take hold of, spread that spell over Anthony which froze him into silence and reduced him to that state which was like to a geyser under a glacier. She knew that if things should come to an open declaration, they would not be so easily managed as with poor Caleb.

Just at this juncture Charlie Osborne suddenly ceased to write to her. She heard nothing of him and knew nothing of him. His last letter had been from Yokohama, when he said to her that he should look up at the stars and think of her—more beautiful than any in the sky. After this came down that dull blank curtain of silence which in itself is a kind of death.

At first Estelle greeted her mother of the time-honored trick of intercepting her letters. But though Mrs. Clanricarde was quite capable of this or any other ruse which diplomacy should resort to the use of wire-pullers, in this special instance she was guiltless. So Estelle found, for she her

If not the postman, and opened the bag before she heard it into the room; and got a letter from Charlie. And not a line of it was bright enough to comfort or despair. Soon the mystery was solved. A letter came from Lawrence Smythe Smith, which told the whole sad story. Charlie Osborne was sick unto death at Yokohama, and the yacht had to sail home and leave him there in hospital. But the letter added he was in good hands, and would be well looked after, and his friends at Kingshouse were not to feel alarmed. He himself had desired this letter to be written to Mrs. Clanricarde, who was adjured to break the news gently to Estelle, and to be good to his darling—always his one adored and faithfully beloved!

Here, then, was a loophole, for which Mrs. Clanricarde was sorrowfully grateful. Of course she was sorry. You cannot hear of the dangerous illness of a handsome young creature you have known all his life, and not be moved in that part of your nature which goes by the name of bowels of compassion. She told her the sad news with really admirable softness of manner and undeclared, but implied, sympathy. And she did not fall foul of the headache which kept the poor girl invisible in the afternoon when Anthony Harford called, and sent her to bed before her usual time to make that headache decidedly worse by weeping.

Unable to see Estelle Anthony rode off to the Dower House for Lady Elizabeth, and was comforted to find that she was at home. How deeply he revered her!—how tenderly he admired her!

"You are scarce like a woman to me," he said to her to-day. "You are like one of those beautiful pagan goddesses run into the mould of an English young lady!"

She laughed a little shyly and colored with embarrassment and pleasure combined.

"The old goddesses were rather vague and vapory creatures," she said, speaking in the air, as people do who have to say something when their breast is throbbing, and their brain confused in consequence.

"I know some like to them," Anthony thinking of Estelle; "as vague, as vapory, as unattainable."

"Short of crying for the moon, what is unattainable?" she asked, thinking neither of Estelle nor of herself.

"Should be to a man, nothing," said Anthony. "In active life there would be nothing if he were strong and knew his alphabet. But when you come to say—and how she is to be approached, and how she is to be won—the scene changes, and what he has learned in the camp doesn't quite serve him in the drawing-room."

"It depends on the woman," said Lady Elizabeth.

"Do you believe in magic?" he asked, abruptly.

"No," she answered. "Surely not! Do you?"

"I don't quite know," he answered. "A month or so ago I would have shouted 'No' with the loudest; but now—I scarce know what to think."

There was a pause. Then Lady Elizabeth said, in rather a low voice: "I don't quite know to what you are alluding, so I cannot really answer you. I cannot touch your point."

"Oh, it's of no consequence," he answered, with a strange commingling of carelessness and desperation. "But I feel as if a spell had been cast over me somehow. To try and not succeed—to be dumb when you wish to speak—to be unable even to show what is in your heart and mind—to feel baffled and prevented and off the trail altogether—what is that, Lady Elizabeth? Seems to me like magic, something, to a man like myself who never shirked a danger, and never funked it when it came!"

"But are you in that state?" she asked raising her eyes in wonder.

Conscious of the broad sympathies between them, she could not take this to herself. It was a state touching some one else—something that she did not know.

"Yes," he said, a little sullenly.

Again there was silence, so dead that it seemed as if the very air was frozen and could not be moved.

"I should not think you could be baffled in anything, if you once fully determined to succeed," she then said, speaking with the effort of one lifting a heavy weight—breaking through a strong enclosure.

His face brightened.

"You think not?" he said.

"No," she answered.

"And you advise me to perserve—to overcome the spell—to be master of myself and of fate?"

She turned as pale as the linen strip about her throat. She was conscious that she was looking into unknown depths and standing on the brink of an unfathomed pool

"Yes," she said. "Persevere."

He got up and took both her hands in both of his.

"I will remember your advice," he said pressing them hard, while his eyes looked down into her face with unutterable tenderness, unspeakable gladness. "If I come to my happiness, it will be through you and by you."

How he loved and reverenced this fair and saintly counsellor at this moment! How deeply he loved her! She felt his tenderness, his love, as it might have been the sudden effulgence of the sun, and all her heart went out to him, as a flower that opened to the light.

"Now you know my secret," he said; "and now you can judge what I feel—and feel for me. And you will know what I owe to you when the time comes."

He drew her hands up to his breast and kissed them with the most loving, the most reverent tenderness. But for her habit of self-control she would have flung herself into his arms to have offered him of her own free-will more than he had claimed. But she remembered in good time that he had not said the one decisive, irretrievable word, and she refrained.

"If I win her," he said again, "it will be thanks to you who have heartened me. Estelle's almost sister now, you will be my true sister then, and our happiness will be yours. God bless you, best and dearest of friends! You do not know what you have done for me!"

For a moment the earth reeled under Lady Elizabeth's feet, and she knew nothing of time or space itself—save the one sharp consciousness of pain. Then, with a supreme effort—the effort of a martyr at the stake who prays and does not cry—she said, in a strange and level voice, "I am glad."

And Anthony believed her.

CHAPTER XI.

AN INFIRM WIDOW.

One of Mrs. Clanricarde's many troubles, "poor money-spoil," was the obstinate existence of that Mrs. Latimer, now domiciled at Thorbergh, in one of Anthony Harford's houses, upon an income of, in a farthing, [illegible] The death of this old gentleman's lady would enrich the much-mortgaged household of Les Saules by just eight hundred a year. And really when one is in such direful straits as were Clanricardes at this moment, eight hundred a year, less income tax, is equal to a thousand to those round whose house-door no black-mouthed wolf is prowling, and within whose golden reservoir no drought makes itself felt.

Mrs. Latimer was the widow of a cousin of Mr. Clanricarde's who had died about ten years ago, leaving only his relict to enjoy for her lifetime, but no children to divide his modest fortune after her death. When, however, Cousin Latimer, then quite an elderly man, close to marry a certain Miss Stone, of whom no one had ever heard—of whose birth, parentage, education, and antecedents nothing whatever was known—then, mainly owing to the intervention of Clanricarde, who resented this introduction of a stranger, with possible infants to follow, as a wrong done to poor George's expectations, there had been but little intercourse between the former friends and chums.

There was one slight link between the houses, but it was a very slight one. It was simply this: A Kingshouse woman, one Mary Crosby, who had been Charlie Osborne's nurse, and who had lived with the vicar's family till Mr. Osborne died was now Mrs. Latimer's servant. She had first nursed Mr. Latimer on his death-bed, and had continued in her place as his widow's attendant. After the old gentleman's death, her own mother, also a widow, had removed to London from Kingshouse to be near her daughter. And with this ended the Crosby relations with their old home. No one ever heard of them again, save that Mrs. Crosby was dead, and that Mary still went on taking care of the old lady.

Meanwhile, about ten or eleven years ago—just after Mrs. Crosby died—the old lady left London, and took a house on the outskirts of the village of Thorbergh—that village where Thrift was one of the gentlemen's houses which enabled the scanty trade to live. One of Anthony Harford's tenants, she was also one of his most satisfactory—paying her rent with praiseworthy punctuality, never asking for a set-off on account of repairs, never asking for something to be done to the drains, for new kitchen range, nor for another kind of cistern—seeming to desire nothing so much as peace and the absence of all causes for contention.

She kept only this one servant, Mary, and she wanted none other, she said.

"I'm always glad, Mary, when quarter day has come and gone," said the old lady one day to her servant, after the usual formalities had been gone through—when Mr. Trotter had come to duly examine and report on the continued existence of Mrs. Mary Latimer, relict of Andrew Latimer, gentleman, late of Harley street, London, and now of No. 3 Highstile Lane, Thorbergh, and had found her of sound mind and body, and fit and proper recipient of that trimestral two hundred pounds.

"Hoot!" said Mary. "There's no occasion. Everything is just as it should be, and nobody's a penny the wiser."

(To be Continued).

BRUTE HUMANITY.

Once in the city of Vienna there was a dread of hydrophobia, and orders were given to massacre all the dogs which were found unclaimed or uncollared in the city or suburbs. Men were employed for this purpose, and they generally carried a short stick, which they flung at the poor proscribed animal with such certain aim as either to kill, or maim it mortally, at one blow.

It happened one day that, close to the edge of the river, near the Ferdinand's Brucke, one of these men flung his stick at a wretched dog, but with such bad aim that it fell into the river. The poor animal, following his instinct, or his teaching, immediately plunged in, redeemed the stick, and laid it at the feet of its owner, who, snatching it up, dashed out the creature's brains.

Which was the brute?

There are men in whom is no spark of gratitude or generosity. There are others who appreciate benefits received and are happy in making grateful acknowledgment.

Rev. J. W. Asheman, one of the most eloquent divines of Detroit, Mich., writes March 3rd, 1885: "In 1884 I visited Chatham, Ont., to lecture and preach. I was in agonizing pain (the result of kidney disorders), and unable to dine with my host. I explained to Judge Woods what was the matter. He asked me if I was too prejudiced by my medical education to try Warner's Safe Cure, adding: 'Although I have never tried it, I can take you to a gentleman whom it has helped wonderfully.'

"I used 25 bottles of Warner's Safe Cure and was in better health than for twenty-five years. I have everything to lose and nothing to gain by making this statement, save the approval of a good conscience.'

There are tens of thousands of people in this country who have gained the approval of a good conscience in a like manner, and are not too bigoted to do good.

IN LOVE WITH HIS WIFE.

The Man Who Is So Imagines Himself to be Lucky.

There is no mistaking the man, says the Cleveland *Union*, who is in love with his wife. He imagines himself the luckiest man on earth, and his little wife is just enough a genius to keep that belief strengthened. Love is the essence of life, and there is no love like that which endures through all the trials and tribulations of wedded life, and is still strong and faithful as each life nears its close. Nowadays a man expects his wife to be something more than a good housekeeper or a faithful attendant upon his missing shirt buttons. He wants to find in her a companion—one with whom he can talk and exchange ideas, who sympathizes with him, and who strives to be deemed worthy of his every confidence. Such a wife seldom fails in keeping her husband's affection and respect. She is alive to all his virtues and faults, but she does not ignore the former entirely and regale him daily with a long list of his failings. If there is one thing more than another calculated to ruin a man's domestic happiness and peace of mind it is the never varying track of a "nagging" wife. Be very appreciative of his virtues and a little blind to his failings, that is the best mode of conversion. Credit a man with more virtues than he possesses, and in nine cases out of ten he will endeavor to be just as good as you believe him to be. Once seen loss of respect for the woman who is slovenly in her attire, and respect is the corner stone of true love. No one cares to be viewed in the light of a neglected wife, but in many cases the wife is more or less to blame for being so neglected.

No Faces at the Windows.

New Yorkers never sit in their windows to enjoy the entertainment furnished by the procession of people and vehicles, writes a New York correspondent of the St. Louis *Republic*. I don't believe I have seen a genuinely fashionable New York man or woman looking out of a window of their own houses in years. It is an unspoken and unwritten law that you shall keep out of sight, and shroud the interior of your houses with layer on layer of lace curtains, oftentimes with as many as four different sets of them at each window. The only time a man is privileged to watch the promenaders is at his club, and there many of them do it with a vengeance. A woman never looks into the street from her house. You may walk down Fifth avenue at any time of day, and under no circumstances, unless a military parade was in progress, would you see any woman of that house other than the servants. I presume I have passed by the houses of the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Goelets and Goulds hundreds of times during recent years, and not a sign of life have I seen beside that contributed by the menials. The custom is doubtless founded upon common sense, because by sitting in windows people become conspicuous, and the alleged intention of "good form" is to remain screened from the vulgar scrutiny of the public. But it is well enough to set down this particular feature of our advanced condition of civilization, because, if I am not mistaken, the enjoyable habit of sitting in windows is practised in most other cities. Of course, we lose a vast amount of entertainment by foregoing the habit, for a study of human nature as you find it on the street is educating and charming. But here we are, for the sake of that severe granddame Good Form, veiling the sun and our fellow-creatures from our fashionable gazes by these very stunning sets of expensive curtains. It is like a theatre with the drop always obscuring the pictures behind it.

President Harrison does not kiss babies not belonging to his own family. When at his public receptions a chubby child is held up to him by a proud mother he simply pats the youngster's head, smiles, and if he likes the looks of the babe, may even say, "Ah, goo!" This is very different from Mr. Cleveland's practice. He always kissed the baby.

A New York man was so disagreeably persistent in pressing his suit with a widow that she was compelled to have him arrested and he was fined $10. He paid the fine and went directly to her house to renew his plea. She had him again arrested, and when asked if he would promise to stay away from her he said that he could not, as he loved her too much. So he went to the island for 30 days. Two to one he will marry her when he gets out.