The Water Lily.

The summer morning opens cool,
A subtle freshness fills the air;
And see! upon the cloistered pool,
The lily opes her bosom there.

Of all the buds and blossoms rare,
No fairer one the eye may bless;
She feels the zephyr's kindly care,
And trembles at his fond caress.

Through all the loathsome mud and slime
She sends her roots to search below,
And undreamed beauties upward climb,
And in her petals throb and glow.

Send down thy rootlets, O my soul!
With darkened lives thy sunlight share,
And seek in miry depth and shoal
God's beauteous image buried there.

So, in some fair, divinier hour,
When risen free from sin and crime,
Thou shalt preserve life's perfect power
Above the sluggish pools of time.

The Rain Harp.

When out of doors is full of rain
I look out through the window pane,
And see the branches of the trees,
Like people dancing to the breeze.

They bow politely, cross and meet,
Salute their partners and retreat,
And never stop to rest until
They reach the end of the quadrille.

I listen, and I hear the sound
Of music floating all around,
And fancy 'tis the breeze who plays
Upon the harp on stormy days.

The strings are made of rain, and when
The branches wish to dance again,
They whisper to the breeze, and he
Begins another melody.

I've heard him play the pretty things
Upon those slender, shining strings;
And when he's done—he's very sharp—
He always hides away the harp.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

This comparatively tame version was, however, entirely discarded when the diamonds and silver mines began to figure more largely in the reports. Certainly, pretty, overdressed, jewel-bedecked Octavia gave Slowbridge abundant cause for excitement.

After leaving her, Lady Theobald drove home to Oldclough Hall, rather out of humor. She had been rather out of humor for some time, having never quite recovered from her anger at the daring of that cheerful builder of mills, Mr. John Burmistone. Mr. Burmistone had been one innovation, and Octavia Bassett was another. She had not been able to manage Mr Burmistone, and she was not at all sure that she had managed Octavia Bassett.

She entered the diningroom with an ominous frown on her forehead.

At the end of the table, opposite her own seat, was a vacant chair, and her frown deepened when she saw it.

"Where is Miss Gaston?" she demanded of the servant.

Before the man had time to reply, the door opened, and a girl came in hurriedly, with a somewhat frightened air.

"I beg pardon, grandmamma, dear," she said, going to her seat quickly. "I did not know you had come home."

"We have a dinner hour," announced her ladyship, "and I do not disregard it."

"I am very sorry," faltered the culprit.

"That is enough, Lucia," interrupted Lady Theobald; and Lucia dropped her eyes, and began to eat her soup with nervous haste. In fact, she was glad to escape so easily.

She was a very pretty creature, with brown eyes, a soft, white skin, and a slight figure with a reed-like grace. A great quantity of brown hair was twisted into an ugly coil on the top of her delicate little head, and she wore an ugly muslin gown of Miss Chickie's make.

For some time the meal progressed in dead silence, but at length Lucia ventured to raise her eyes.

"I have been walking in Slowbridge, grandmamma," she said, "and I met Mr. Burmistone, who told me that Miss Bassett had a visitor—a young lady from America."

Lady Theobald laid her knife and fork down deliberately.

"Mr. Burmistone?" she said. "Did I understand you to say that you stopped on the road-side to converse with Mr. Burmistone?"

Lucia colored up to her delicate eyebrows and above them.

"I was trying to reach a flower growing on the bank," she said, "and he was so kind as to stop to get it for me. I did not know he was near at first. And then he inquired how you were—and told me he had just heard about the young lady."

"Naturally!" remarked her ladyship, sardonically. "It is as I anticipated it would be. We shall find Mr. Burmistone at our elbows on all occasions. And he will not allow himself to be easily driven away. He is as determined as persons of his class usually are."

"Oh, grandmamma?" protested Lucia, with innocent fervor. "I really do not think he is—like that at all. I could not help thinking he was very gentlemanly and kind. He is so interested in your school, and so anxious that it should prosper."

"May I ask," inquired Lady Theobald, "how long a time this generous expression of his sentiments occupied? Was this the reason of your forgetting the dinner-hour?"

"We did not—" said Lucia, guiltily; "it did not take many minutes. I—I do not think that made me late."

Lady Theobald dismissed this paltry excuse with one remark—a remark made in the deep tones referred to once before.

"I should scarcely have expected," she observed, "that a granddaughter of mine would have spent half an hour conversing on the public road with the proprietor of Slowbridge Mills.'

"Oh, grandmamma!" exclaimed Lucia, the tears rising in her eyes; "it was not half an hour."

"I should scarcely have expected," replied her ladyship, "that a granddaughter of mine would have spent five minutes conversing on the public road with the proprietor of Slowbridge Mills."

To this assault there seemed to be no reply to make. Lady Theobald had her granddaughter under excellent control. Under her rigorous rule, the girl—whose mother had died at her birth—had been brought up. At nineteen she was simple, sensitive, shy. She had been permitted to have no companions, and the greatest excitements of her life had been the Slowbridge tea-parties. Of the late Sir Gilbert Theobald, the less said the better. He spent very little of his married life at Oldclough Hall, and, upon his death, his widow had found herself possessed of a substantial, gloomy mansion, and exalted position in Slowbridge society, and a small marriage settlement, upon which she might make all the efforts she chose to sustain her state. So Lucia wore her dresses a much longer time than any other Slowbridge young lady; she was obliged to mend her little gloves again and again; and her hats were retrimmed so often that even Slowbridge thought them old-fashioned. But she was too simple and sweet-natured to be much troubled, and indeed thought very little about the matter. She was only troubled when Lady Theobald scolded her, which was by no means infrequently. Perhaps the straits to which, at times, her ladyship was put to maintain her dignity embittered her somewhat.

"Lucia is neither a Theobald nor a Barold," she had been heard to say once, and she had said it with much rigor.

A subject of much conversation in private circles had been Lucia's future. It had been discussed in whispers since her seventeenth year, but no one had seemed to approach any solution of the difficulty. Upon the subject of her plans for her granddaughter, Lady Theobald had preserved stern silence. Once, and once only, she had allowed herself to be betrayed into the expression of a sentiment connected with the matter.

"If Miss Lucia marries—" a matron of reckless proclivities had remarked.

Lady Theobald turned upon her, slowly and majestically.

"If Miss Gaston marries," she repeated. "Does it seem likely that Miss Gaston will not marry?"

This settled the matter finally. Lucia was to be married when Lady Theobald thought fit. So far, however, she had not thought fit—indeed, there had been nobody for Lucia to marry—nobody whom her grandmother would have allowed her to marry, at least. There were very few young gentlemen in Slowbridge, and the very few were scarcely eligible according to Lady Theobald's standard and—if such a thing should be mentioned—to Lucia's, if she had known she had one, which she certainly did not.

CHAPTER VI.

ACCIDENTAL.

When dinner was over, Lady Theobald rose, and proceeded to the drawing-room, Lucia following in her wake. From her very babyhood, Lucia had disliked the drawing-room, which was an imposing apartment of great length and height, containing much massive furniture, upholstered in faded blue satin. All the girl's evenings, since her fifth year, had been spent sitting opposite her grandmother, in one of the straightest of the blue chairs; all the most scathing reproofs she had received had been administered to her at such times. She had a secret theory, indeed, that all unpleasant things occurred in the drawing-room after dinner.

Just as they had seated themselves, and Lady Theobald was on the point of drawing towards her the little basket, containing the grey woollen mittens she made a duty of employing herself by knitting each evening, Dobson, the coachman, in his character of footman, threw open the door, and announced a visitor.

"Captain Barold."

Lady Theobald dropped her grey mitten, the steel needles falling upon the table with a clink She rose to her feet at once, and met half way the young man who had entered.

"My dear Francis," she remarked, "I am exceedingly glad to see you at last," with a slight emphasis upon the "at last."

"Tha-anks," said Captain Barold, rather languidly. "You're very good, I'm sure."

Then he glanced at Lucia, and Lady Theobald addressed her.

"Lucia," she said, "this is Francis Barold, who is your cousin."

Captain Barold shook hands feebly.

"I have been trying to find out whether it is third or fourth," he said.

"It is third," said my lady.

Lucia had never seen her display such cordiality to anybody. But Captain Francis Barold did not seem much impressed by it. It struck Lucia that he would not be likely to be impressed by anything. He seated himself near her grandmother's chair, and proceeded to explain his presence on the spot, without exhibiting much interest even in his own relation of facts.

"I promised the Ruthburns that I would spend a week at their place; and Slowbridge was on the way, so it occurred to me I would drop off in passing. The Ruthburn's place, Broadoaks, is about ten miles further on; not far, you see.

"Then," said Lady Theobald, "I am to understand that your visit is accidental."

Captain Barold was not embarrassed. He did not attempt to avoid her ladyship's rather stern eye, as he made his cool reply.

"Well, yes," he said. "I beg pardon, but it is accidental rather."

Lucia gave him a pretty, frightened look, as if she felt that, after such an audacious confession, some thing very serious must happen; but nothing serious happened at all. Singularly enough, it was Lady Theobald herself who looked ill at ease, and as though she had not been prepared for such a contingency.

During the whole of the evening, in fact, it was always Lady Theobald who was placed at a disadvantage, Lucia discovered. She could hardly realize the fact, at first; but before an hour had passed, its truth was forced upon her.

Captain Barold was a very striking-looking man upon the whole. He was large, gracefully built, and fair, his eyes were grey, and noticeable for the coldness of their expression, his features regular and aquiline, his movements leisurely.

As he conversed with her grandmother, Lucia wondered at him privately. It seemed to her innocent mind that he had been everywhere, and seen everything and everybody, without caring for or enjoying his privileges. The truth was that he had seen and experienced a great deal too much. As an only child, the heir to a large property, and heir prospective to one of the oldest titles in the country, he had exhausted life early. He saw in Lady Theobald, not the imposing head and social front of Slowbridge social life, the power who rewarded with approval and punished with a frown, but a tiresome, pretentious old woman, whom his mother had asked him, for some feminine reason, to visit.

"She feels she has a claim upon us, Francis," she had said, appealingly.

"Well," he had remarked, "that is rathed dueced cool, isn't it? We have people enough on our hands without cultivating Slowbridge, you know."

His mother sighed faintly.

"It is true we have a great many people to consider, but I wish you would do it, my dear."

She did not say anything about Lucia; above all, she did not mention that a year ago she herself had spent two or three days at Slowbridge, and had been charmed beyond measure by the girl's innocent freshness, and that she had said, rather absently, to Lady Theobald:

"What a charming wife Lucia would make for a man to whom gentleness and a yielding disposition were necessary! We do not find such girls in society nowadays, my dear Lady Theobald. It is very difficult of late years to find a girl who is not spoken of as 'fast,' and who is not disposed to take the reins in her own hands. Our young men are flattered and courted until they become a little dictatorial, and our girls are spoiled at home. And the result is a great deal of domestic unhappiness afterward—and even a great deal of scandal, which is dreadful to contemplate. I cannot help feeling the greatest anxiety in secret concerning Francis. Young men so seldom consider these matters until it is too late."

"Girls are not trained as they were in my young days, or even in yours," said Lady Theobald. "They are allowed too much liberty. Lucia has been brought up immediately under my own eye."

"I feel that it is fortunate," remarked Mrs. Barold, quite incidentally, "that Francis need not make a point for money."

For a few moments lady Theobald did not respond; but afterward, in the course of the conversation which followed, she made an observation which was, of course purely incidental:

"If Lucia makes a marriage which pleases her great-uncle, old Mr. Dugald Binnie, of Glasgow, she will be a very fortunate girl. He has intimated, in his eccentric fashion, that his immense fortune will either be hers or will be spent in building charitable asylums of various kinds. He is a remarkable and singular man."

When Captain Barold had entered his distinguished relative's drawing-room, he had not regarded his third cousin with a very great deal of interest. He had seen too many beauties in his thirty years to be greatly moved by the sight of one; and here was only a girl who had soft eyes, and looked young for her age, and who wore an ugly muslin gown, that most girls could not have carried off at all.

"You have spent the greater part of your life in Slowbridge?" he condescended to say, in the course of the evening.

"I have lived here always," Lucia answered. "I have never been away more than a week at a time,"

"Ah?" interrogatively. "I hope you have not found it dull."

"No," smiling a little. "Not very. You see, I have known nothing gayer."

"There is society enough of a harmless kind here," spoke up Lady Theobald, virtuously. "I do not approve of a round of gayeties for young people; it unfits them for the duties of life."

But Captain Barold was not as favourably impressed by the remarks as might have been anticipated.

"What an old fool she is!" was his polite inward comment. And he resolved at once to make his visit as brief as possible, and not to be induced to run down again, during his stay at Broadoaks. He did not even take the trouble to appear to enjoy his evening. From his earliest infancy, he had always found it easier to please himself than to please other people. In fact, the world had devoted itself to endeavoring to please him, and win his—toleration, we may say, instead of admiration, since it could not hope for the latter. At home he had been adored rapturously by a large circle of affectionate male and female relatives; at school, his tutors had been singularly indulgent of his faults and admiring of his talents; even among his fellow pupils he had been a sort of autocrat. Why not, indeed, with such birthrights and such prospects? When he had entered society, he had met with even more amiable treatment from affectionate mothers, from innocent daughters, from cordial paternal parents, who had voted him an exceedingly fine fellow. Why should he bore himself by taking the trouble to seem pleased by a stupid evening with an old grenadier in petticoats, and a badly dressed country girl?

Lucia was very glad when, in answer to a timidly appealing glance, Lady Theobald said:

"It is half-past ten. You may wish us good-night, Lucia."

Lucia obeyed, as if she had been half-past 10 herself, instead of nearly 20; and Barold was not long in following her example.

Dobson led him to a stately chamber at the top of the staircase, and left him there. The captain chose the largest and most luxurious chair, sat down in it and lighted a cigar at his leisure.

"Confoundedly stupid hole!" he said, with a refined vigor one would scarcely have expected from an individual of his birth and breeding. "I shall leave tomorrow, of course. What was my mother thinking of? Stupid business from first to last."

CHAPTER VII.

"I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE MORE OF SLOWBRIDGE."

When he announced at breakfast his intention of taking his departure on the midday train Lucia wondered again what would happen, and again, to her relief, Lady Theobald was astonishingly lenient.

"As your friends expect you of course we cannot overrule them," she said. "We will, however, hope to see something of you during your stay at Broadoaks. It will be very easy for you to run down and give us a few hours now and then."

"Tha-anks!" said Captain Barold.

He was decently civil, if not enthusiastic, during the few remaining hours of his stay. He sauntered through the grounds with Lucia, who took charge of him, in obedience to her grandmother's wish. He did not find her particularly troublesome when she was away from her ladyship's side. When she came out to him in her simple cotton gown and straw hat, it occurred to him that she was much prettier than he had thought her at first. For economical reasons, she had made the little morning-dress herself, without the slightest regard for the designs of Miss Chickie, and, as it was not trimmed at all and had only a black velvet ribbon at the waist, there was nothing to place her charming figure at a disadvantage. It could not be said that her shyness and simplicity delighted Captain Barold; but, at least, they did not displease him, and this was really as much as could be expected.

"She does not expect a fellow to exert himself, at all events," was his inward comment, and he did not exert himself.

But when on the point of taking his departure he went so far as to make a very gracious remark to her.

"I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you in London for a season, before very long," he said. "My mother wil have great pleasure in taking charge of you, if Lady Theobald cannot be induced to leave Slowbridge."

"Lucia never goes from home alone," said Lady Theobald; "but I should certainly be obliged to called upon your mother for her good offices, in the case of our spending a season in London. I am too old a woman to alter my mode of life altogether.

In obedience to her ladyship's orders, the venerable landau was brought to the door, and the two ladies drove to the station with him.

A curious incident occurred—an incident to which, perhaps, this story owes its existence, since, if it had not taken place, there might, very possibly, have been no events of a stirring nature to chronicle. Just as Dobson drove rather slowly up the part of High street distinguished by the presence of Miss Belinda Bassett's house, Captain Barold suddenly appeared to be attracted by some figure he discovered in the garden appertaining to that modest structure.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed in an under tone, "there is Miss Octavia."

For the moment he was almost roused to a display of interest. A faint smile lighted his face, and his cold handsome eyes slightly brightened.

Lady Theobald sat bolt upright.

"That is Miss Bassett's niece, from America," she said, "do I understand you know her?"

Captain Barold turned to confront her, evidently annoyed at having allowed a surprise to get the better of him. All the expression died out of his face.

"I travelled with her from Framwich to Stamford," he said. "I suppose we should have reached Slowbridge together, but that I dropped off at Stamford to get a newspaper, and the train left me behind."

"Oh, grandmamma!" exclaimed Lucia, who had turned to look, "how very pretty she is!"

Miss Octavia certainly was amazingly so this morning. She was standing by a rose-bush again, and was dressed in a cashmere morning-robe of the finest texture and the faintest pink; it had a Watteau plait down the back, a *jabot* of lace down the front, and the close, high frills of lace around the throat which seemed to be a weakness with her. Her hair was dressed high upon her head, and showed to advantage her little ears and as much of her slim, white neck as the frills did not conceal.

But Lady Theobald did not share Lucia's enthusiasm.

"She looks like an actress," she said. "If the trees were painted canvas and the roses artifical, one might have some patience with her. That kind of thing is scarcely what we expect in Slowbridge."

Then she turned to Barold.

"I had the pleasure of meeting her yesterday, not long after she arrived," she said. "She had diamonds in her ears as big as peas, and rings to match. Her manner is just what one might expect from a young woman brought up among gold-diggers and silver-miners."

"It struck me as being a very unique and interesting manner," said Captain Barold. "It is chiefly noticeable for a *sang froid* which might be regarded as rather enviable. She was good enough to tell me all about her papa and the silver mines, and I really found the conversation entertaining."

"It is scarcely customary for English young women to confide in their masculine travelling companions to such an extent," remarked my lady grimly.

"She did not confide in me at all," said Barold. "Therein lay her attraction. One cannot submit to being 'confided in' by a strange young woman, however charming. This young lady's remarkes were flavored solely with an adorably cool candor. She evidently did not desire to appeal to any emotion whatever."

And, as he leaned back in his seat, he still looked at the picturesque figure which they had passed, as if he would not have been sorry to see it turn its head toward him.

In fact, it seemed that, notwithstanding his usual good fortune, Captain Barold was doomed this morning to make remarks of a nature objectionable to his revered relation. On their way they passed Mr. Burmistone's mill, which was at work in all its vigor, with a whir and buzz of machinery and a slight odor of oil in its surrounding atmosphere.

"Ah!" said Mr. Barold, putting his single eye-glass into his eye, and scanning it after the manner of experts. "I did not think you had anything of that sort here. Who put it up?"

"The man's name," replied Lady Theobald, severely, "is Burmistone."

"Pretty good idea, isn't it?" remarked Barold. "Good for the place—and all that sort of thing."

"To my mind," answered my lady, "it is the worst thing which could have happened."

Mr. Francis Barold dropped his eye-glass dexterously, and at once lapsed into his normal condition—which was a condition by no means favorable to argument.

"Think so?" he said slowly. "Pity isn't it under the circumstances?"

And really there was nothing at all for her ladyship to do but preserve a lofty silence. She had scarcely recovered herself when they reached the station, and it was necessary to say farewell as complacently as possible.

"We will hope to see you again before many days," she said, witn dignity, if not with warmth.

Mr. Francis Barold was silent for a secon, and a slightly reflective expression flitted across his face.

"Thanks—yes," he said at last. "Certainly. It is easy to come down, and I should like to see more of Slowbridge."

When the train had puffed in and out of the station, and Dobson was driving down High street again, her ladyship's feelings rather got the better of her.

"If Belinda Bassett is a wise woman," she remarked, "she will take my advice, and get rid of this young lady as soon as possible. It appears to me," she continued, with exalted piety, "that every well-trained English girl has reason to thank her Maker that she was born in a civilized land."

"Perhaps," suggested Lucia, softly, "Miss Octavia Bassett has had no one to to train her at all—and it may be that—that she even feels it deeply."

The feathers in her ladyship's bonnet trembled.

"She does not feel it at all!" she announced. "She is an impertinent—minx!"

(To be Continued).

A Man of Understanding.

America's champion "Big Foot John" has been unearthed in the wilds of North Carolina, and he has his shoes made in this city. He is a divine and a gentleman of color, being properly known as the Rev. John W. Farnham, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Charlotte. The size of his boot is 35½, which necessitates a sole of twenty inches in length and seven inches broad. Rev. Farnham stands 6 feet 10 inches in his sizable stockings and weighs 410 pounds when stripped of his impedimenta. When he strides up the sanctuary aisle the foundations rumble as if under the influence of an earthquake shock, and the stranger within the gates jerks round expecting to see Gabriel and the Last Day hand in hand. The enforced itineracy of Methodistic clergyman has caused Brother Farnham no little annoyance, for no sooner does he find in one town a cobbler who can fit his feet than he is hustled off to another far distant. Recently, however, the problem has found a solution. The dominie has had a quantity of mammoth lasts and uppers, sufficient to last till doomsday, manufactured and sent to a shoe house on Eighth street, in this city. Thus provided he can rise superior to his big-footed fate by having the finishing touches added whenever there is need. The privilege of half-soling the reverend s boots is counted a rare one.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Scottish Mining Casualties.

Taking Scotland as a whole there were comparatively few fatal accidents in mines last year, although the total number of accidents of all kinds show a considerable increase over the previous year, namely, 200, as against 167. In 35 of these 200 accidents 36 persons were killed, as against 27 deaths by 27 separate accidents in 1887. Although that is a considerable increase yet it is very much under the average since the passing of the Mines Regulation Act of 1872. The average lives lost annually during the sixteen years is one in every 586 persons employed, while last year it was only one in every 626. No less than 53½ per cent. of the deaths last year were caused by falls—four falls of coal and twelve falls from the roof resulting in seventeen deaths. As regards these falls Mr. Ronaldson says: "I can only repeat what I have stated in former reports, that until there is introduced compulsory systematic propping and spragging at the face, which leaves nothing to individual discretion as to where and when props and sprags are to be set, progress in reducing the number of these accidents will be slow." Mr. Moore again says that he thinks the minimum of accidents from falls from the roofs and sides will never be reached until the care of the roof and sides of the miners' working places in put upon the owners and officials with no power to delegate it to the miner, and he adds that, in his opinion, "there ought to be a trained staff of men for this class of work."

A Trinidad Mutiny Suppressed.

A New York despatch says: Advices from Bolivia state that a mutiny occurred some time ago in Trinidad, the capital of the Beni Department. The revolting troops were joined by the citizens, and they offered a stubborn resistance for some hours. The mutineers surrendered after the loss of twenty-four of their number. Of the attacking force eleven were killed or wounded.

Scared Away the Cat.

"What a lot of bright ideas you have!" exclaimed the young wife admiringly to her husband.

"But I haven't such bright eyes, dear, as you!" exclaimed the young husband to his wife.

And then the family cat got up disgusted from her warm resting place by the sitting-room stove and walked solemnly and slowly out into the open air.

What a Brute!

Stupid Man—I've hired a new typewriter.

Wife (coldly)—Indeed!

Stupid Man (enthusiastically)—Yes, a daisy. One of the kind you can take anywhere with you and hold on your lap and ——.

(Conemaugh of tears).

Stupid Man (an hour later)—But, my dear, it's a machine; not a girl.

A Foolish Son-in-Law.

Enraged father—Well, that's the last time I'll ever be fool enough to give any of my daughters a wedding cheque.

Mother—Why, Charles? There's nothing wrong, I hope.

Enraged father—Yes, but there is. That fool of a son-in-law has gone and had it cashed.

Didn't Know Beans.

Little Willie (to his sister's beau)—You can't guess what I've got in my pocket, Mr. Blinker.

Mr. Blinker—No, I cannot guess. What is it, Willie?

Willie—It's beans. Mamma said you didn't know beans, but I thought I'd try you.

A Great Event.

Teacher—What great event occurred in 1878?

Small Boy (after a pause)—Please, ma'am, I was born then.

The Queen of Madagascar has just celebrated the annual function of taking her State bath. All her attendants joined in the solemnities.

—Father of family—How much? Shoe dealer, figuring on back of package—Pair of shoes for the lady, $8; eldest girl, $5; boy, $3; other girl, $3; baby, $1.50. Just $20.50, sir. Thanks. Can't I show you some shoes for yourself? Father of family, wearily—Oh, don't bother about me. I can go barefoot.