

May-Day Moving.

You must wake and call me early; call me early, I must have my husband dear.

The truckman's coming early; you must wake, and wake me, too. There'll be more work about the house than I can do.

At 6 o'clock in the morning, dear, when the day begins to break, we must both get up and stir around, and I hope for goodness' sake, the day will be the only precious thing that will be broken.

You know you're apt to get provoked, and when you're mad you swear. But try to keep your temper, dear, and don't go on a tear.

You know the truckmen always do destroy things, more or less. And it's very exasperating, I really must confess.

The stoves must all be taken down, and the carpets taken up. And I don't suppose we'll get a chance for a decent bite or sup.

We'll have to do the best we can, with things from the grocery store. And eat them off the mantel-piece, or it may be off the floor.

Your night-shirt's packed in the oven, love, and the pillows are put away; you must sleep on the kitchen table. To-morrow is moving day.

Your toothbrush is near the bottom of a barrel of boots and shoes. And the soap and towels are somewhere, but goodness only knows.

Your books are all in the coal-box; I packed them as tight as I could; your razor I put in the largest trunk, where I put the coal and wood.

The griddle is packed in the bureau-drawer, and the baby is in there, too. I put the bottle in with him; 'twas the best that I could do.

LENOXI.

Oh! To-morrow will be the merriest day in all the glad New Year. You must wake and call me early, before the truckman's here.

Texas Siftings.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN: TABLE OF TWO COUNTRIES. "Oh don't mention it, pray; it is of no consequence. We find we must have a rule of the kind, but of course you could not be expected to know. You find your subject interesting?"

"Indeed I do," replied Claude, earnestly. "It's only fault is that, every part of it is so marvelous, one hardly dares to attempt it. I went in at half past six this morning, but it was some time before I could settle to work, everything was looking so exquisite."

"We never saw your picture this morning," said Esperance. "Was it hurt in that downfall?"

"No, luckily it was not much damaged, it was the case which made all the noise." Mrs. Mortlake and Cornelia entered while he was speaking, the former with many apologies for her lateness, and immediately after dinner was announced.

The conversation was much more lively than usual, and Esperance was able to enter into it thoroughly; her English was much improved by the three months she had spent at Rillochester, and her slight French accent was rather pretty than otherwise.

Mrs. Mortlake, however, did not altogether approve of this advance of knowledge, for although she could not accuse Esperance of forwardness, yet there was certainly something in her lively chatter which was apt to swamp other conversation. The dean would often stop to listen to her—the voice reminded him of his sister's, and he liked to hear it—Cornelia was always on the watch for grammatical mistakes in her pupil and Bertha, who disliked the exertion of talking, thought herself exempted from it if any one else sustained the conversation.

Mrs. Mortlake herself was a open, solid talker, and she liked to have an open field for her operations, so Esperance's little flighty remarks, and her clear, ringing laugh annoyed her; and when she found Claude Magnay much more inclined to talk to the bright little French girl than to enter into the conversation which she had carefully prepared beforehand on the Renaissance, she resolved to put a stop to it at once.

Claude had just said that he had studied chiefly at Paris, and Esperance, with a look of delight, was pouring out a stream of eager questions. Whereabouts had he lived? Did he not like Paris? Was it not the most beautiful city of Europe? When was he last there? He had not been in France during the war, then?

As if to provoke Mrs. Mortlake still further, Claude seemed to catch something of Esperance's enthusiasm, for his replies were as animated as her questions, and it was evident that if they were not interrupted the Renaissance would be quite neglected.

"You were at Paris all through the siege, did you say?" Claude was asking. And Esperance had just begun her answer when Mrs. Mortlake broke in.

"Oh, really, Esperance, you must not take Mr. Magnay all through that dreadful siege; we have heard quite enough of it, and the dinner-table is not the place for horrors."

Claude Magnay was surprised, and glanced at Esperance as if for an explanation. She had flushed all over, and her lips were quivering; he was sorry for her, and would have tried to turn Mrs. Mortlake's uncomfortable speech to some different meaning, but she was too quick for him, and the next moment the conversation was entirely in her hands.

sadness, as from the effects of Mrs. Mortlake's snub, that she answered all Claude's further attempts at conversation in monosyllables.

Only once was she at all roused. It was at dessert; the dean was advising Claude Magnay to explore some of the old parts of Rillochester, thinking that the half-ruinous and very ancient buildings could not fail to please an artist. This led to a comparison of cathedral cities with ordinary towns, wherein Claude expressed his opinions so very candidly that Esperance quite trembled for him. To her dismay she found herself implicated in the conversation. Claude and Mrs. Mortlake carried on quite a little argument, as to the dangers of narrowness in a limited community, Mrs. Mortlake upholding her beloved cathedral town in everything. Of course, the discussion was perfectly good-humored, but unluckily, Claude, glancing round the table with his quick artist eye to gather the expressions of the different people, was attracted by Esperance's sad, wistful face, and without thinking asked, "And what is your opinion? you are a comparative stranger, and must be unbiased. Do you think cathedral towns superior?"

Esperance was in great difficulty; she would not willingly have offended her relations, but truth was truth, and she was too tired and sad-hearted to be ready with any skillful counter-question or laughing allusion with which to change the subject.

With an appealing, "How can you ask me?" in her eyes, she replied, quietly, "I love the cathedral as much as I dislike the town."

Cornelia looked up quickly. "Your reasons?"

Esperance, looking much distressed, tried to confine her remarks to the material town, though the previous conversation had related to the society.

"The streets are so narrow and dirty, and there are so very few people—" she paused and for once was greatly relieved by one of Mrs. Mortlake's cutting little speeches.

"Oh, yes, we know your ideas of the beautiful are different; you care for nothing but boulevards."

Again Esperance flushed crimson, again Claude felt sorry for her, and this time he was vexed that she should suffer from his rashness; however, he had no opportunity for making amends, for the ladies left the table almost directly, and in the evening the dean carried him off to his observatory, and kept him so thoroughly interested with his telescope that all else was forgotten.

CHAPTER XV.

Claude Magnay was young and energetic, by no means one of those lazy prodigies whose very genius seems to dull their other powers. Since he could not work in the cathedral from nine to ten, he resolved to take the first hours of the day, and often by five o'clock he would be at his post, or wandering about in the gray morning light enjoying the rich grandeur of the place, and with the key which the dean himself had placed at his disposal, unlocking the inner doors and exploring at his pleasure until the light was favorable for his picture.

During service time he returned to his hotel for breakfast, and afterward worked at his open-air paintings—some curious parts of old Rillochester, and an exterior of the cathedral. His days were so well filled that he was not very much pleased when one evening a note arrived, with a proposal which must either usurp some of his precious time or occasion a longer stay at Rillochester. It ran as follows:

"DEAR MR. MAGNAY.—I am so very anxious to have a portrait of my little girl. Do you think you could spare time to paint her? There is no one whom I should like better to do it. Your picture of Lady Worthington's little boy, which I saw this year at the Academy, was perfect."

"Bella could give you a sitting at any hour; the morning is, I think, her best time, but please suit your own convenience. Believe me, yours, very sincerely, CHRISTABEL MORTLAKE."

"That little fair-haired girl, who looks so cross," soliloquized Claude; "she will be a difficult subject, in more ways than one, if I am not mistaken. Shall I attempt her, or shall I find it necessary to return to town, and work up my Scotch pictures? Rather shirking, perhaps, still I hate painting spoiled children, and that Mrs. Mortlake will be the death of me. How that poor little Mademoiselle de—something—endures it, I can't imagine; snubs at every turn from one sister, and sarcasms from the other. I got her into a scrape myself the other evening, and never helped her out, which was a shame. Yes, I will undertake little Miss Mortlake's portrait for that reason—the little demoiselle looks as if she needed a Don Quixote. And now I think of it, what an interesting study her face would be. Those lustrous eyes—such a color, too, and so wonderfully pathetic, and her quaint little mouth, which looks somehow as if the sadness were all a mistake. The forehead? yes, it is low, and the hair dark and silky, with a wave in it. She is the very impersonation of what I always longed to try—Mariana in the Moated Grange," and he repeated the lines:

"After the fitting of the bats, When the thickets dark did trance the sky, She drew her casement curtain by, And glanced athwart the glooming flats. She only said, 'The night is dreary, He cometh not,' she said, 'He cometh not, I am a weary, weary, I would that I were dead.'"

"Yes; she is exactly what I have dreamed of. I must at least get a sketch of her face, though I suppose it would hardly do to ask her to sit to me."

He drew pencil and paper toward him, and sketched Esperance's face from memory, but not altogether successfully. Dissatisfied with the attempt, he tore it in pieces, and lighting his cigar, gave himself up to a deep meditation in which the further imagination of "Mariana" bore a prominent part.

After morning services the next day Claude went to the deanery, there to undertake the not very congenial task of painting Bella Mortlake's portrait.

Mrs. Mortlake was delighted to have obtained her wish.

"The dear child is quite at her best. I was so very anxious that she should be painted now—I am so glad you can spare the time. Esperance, run and fetch Bella."

Claude arranged his case, dissembled size and position with Mrs. Mortlake, set his palette, waited fidgeted, but still no Bella appeared. At length a distant screaming was heard, drawing gradually nearer. Mrs. Mortlake hastened to the door and listened. Esperance's voice was heard remonstrating.

"Bella dear, you must come down; Mr. Magnay is waiting for you. See, then, I must leave you and call nurse."

No answer but screams. Mrs. Mortlake hurried to the scene of action, and Bella was borne into the dining-room kicking with all her might.

Claude shrugged his shoulders, and glanced at his "Mariana." She was paler and sadder-looking than ever, and as she stood waiting for Bella's sob to cease, there was a drooping hopelessness about her very attitude which Claude longed to catch. He hastily sketched an outline, and watched her varying expression almost breathlessly.

Bella was sobbing out something about "Esperance," and Mrs. Mortlake, without waiting to find what the real grievance was, turned round with a severity of tone and look quite out of proportion even to the imagined offense.

"Esperance, how often must I tell you not to interfere with my management of Bella? these crying fits are far more frequent since you came. Why do you aggravate the poor child?"

"Indeed, Christabel, Bella was crying because she did not want to leave the nursery. I only—"

"Ah! that is always the way—excuses always ready! No, do not attempt to evade the truth. You know quite well the child is good with every one else. It really is most provoking! Here is all Mr. Magnay's time wasted, and Bella's face so swollen with crying that she cannot possibly have her picture taken."

Esperance did not reply. A look of sudden pain passed over her features, her eyes grew more despairingly miserable—her whole face was expressive of the sense of isolation and injustice.

Claude drank in her whole aspect and bearing almost greedily, thrilling through and through with the delight of thus grasping his subject. It was not till a mist of tears dimmed those bright eyes that his human nature began to be touched by the sight of suffering, and half ashamed of his artistic rapture, he turned eagerly to Mrs. Mortlake.

"Pray don't think you are wasting my time; and as to Miss Bella's face, I expect it will soon be sunny again. Ah! I thought so," as Bella, who was the most ardent little flirt, looked up smilingly, and inclined to be propitiated by his attention.

There was some little difficulty about the placing. One chair was too high, and another too low, and it ended in Mrs. Mortlake's sending Esperance to the library to fetch one of the large books for Bella to sit on.

Claude, who, after his momentary forgetfulness, had suddenly become very human and very polite, hurried after her to carry the bulky volume. She was standing by the book-shelves when he entered, pulling not very energetically at "Webster's Dictionary."

"Let me help you," he exclaimed; "this is a famous book indeed, but too heavy for you."

She thanked him, and would have turned away, but he detained her.

"I want to tell you how sorry I am to have been partly the cause of all this—to do"; he would have said "this scolding," but prudently refrained.

"You are very good, but indeed I do not see that you caused it. It is always the same," said Esperance, wearily, with the hopeless "Mariana" look again.

Claude was full of sympathy, but only ventured to say, "Miss Bella is somewhat trying, I should fancy. I hope you will give me your help during the sittings, for she will soon look upon me as her arch-tormentor."

This was all that passed between them the first day, but it was the foundation of a strong mutual liking. Claude of course admired the subject of his future picture, and felt sorry for one who was doomed to live with Mrs. Mortlake, while Esperance naturally clung to any one who showed her the least sympathy or kindness, and looked upon Claude Magnay as one of her greatest friends.

Had she been a little older, or had her home-training been less simple, she might have been in danger of falling in love; as it was, however, the thought never entered her head.

Claude's kindness and his little attentions were too plying to be at all lover-like, and Esperance, accustomed to live entirely with men, was far more at home with him than with her cousins, and regarded him as a sort of English substitute for Gaspard.

They had several opportunities of meeting, for Claude was often asked to luncheon or dinner, and Bella was so refractory that her portrait required several sittings. Mrs. Mortlake soon wearied of attending to these, and the duty of keeping the child quiet devolved upon Esperance; and though at first her confidences were checked by a pretty demureness, she soon found that a sympathetic listener was too delightful to be resisted.

Gradually Claude learned her whole history. She dwelt long on the happy years at the chateau, describing her favorite haunts among the ruins, telling him of the prim old garden with its terraces, its clipped yews, its mazes and grassy paths, and painting the surrounding country in such glowing terms that Claude promised her at some future day to visit it himself, and bring her back a picture of her beloved mountains of Auvergne.

A few questions elicited the whole story of the siege, and the relief of speaking again of her father and of Gaspard, after the long enforced silence, was so great that this alone would have made her fond of Claude. He was really interested and touched by her sad history, and let her see it.

"Your brother is in London still, then?" he inquired, when she had finished the story by telling of her arrival at Rillochester.

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Esperance was really almost desperate. Claude could hardly have chosen a more unfavorable time for his visit, for as he had rightly judged he had come in during a dispute, if indeed that could be called disputing in which two leagued against one refused to listen to reason or justice.

It all arose from a simple remark made by Esperance. She casually mentioned Claude's intended departure, and this led to an account of their walk on the preceding day. Mrs. Mortlake, ever ready to find fault, declared that she behaved with far too much freedom, that she ought to have kept beside the dean, and not allowed herself a *tete-a-tete* with Claude Magnay.

Esperance explained that this had not been possible, and owned that it had never occurred to her that any one could think so simple an act improper.

Whereas Mrs. Mortlake accused her of speaking disrespectfully, denounced her "French" manners, and losing all prudence and justice in her anger, said that all along she had been flirting with Claude.

Esperance was so entirely innocent in this respect that for a moment she was too much surprised and shocked to refute the charge. She was unaccustomed to society, and knew little either of French or English etiquette, and her father had been well content to leave her without any artificial rules beyond those of natural good-breeding. While she paused Cornelia uttered one of her cold sarcasms.

"Never mind, Christabel, you know the proverb, 'French women know how to make nets, but not cages.'"

Then Esperance had lost all self-control, and with flashing eyes had turned upon her cousins.

"You may talk about French women as you like, but I will let you know that such a speech as that would never have passed the lips of those whom you despise—they at least do not speak so rudely. And what you say is false—untrue—unjust. Such an idea would never have entered my head if you had not suggested it—no never!"

Cornelia, a little vexed at her own most unwarrantable speech, tried to calm her down, and entered into a long disquisition on the folly of losing temper in an argument; but Esperance scarcely heard, her anger had died away, and she could only dwell in grief and dismay on the accusation brought against her.

While Cornelia was still speaking, Claude had been announced, and it may well be imagined that Esperance was embarrassed and self-conscious—for the first time in her life, however. Shame, annoyance, and unutterable longing for Gaspard were filling her heart, and Claude's kindness and the thought of his proposed visit to her brother proved too much for her very imperfect self-control.

By the time he was fairly out of the room she was crying unrestrainedly, and was far too miserable to heed Cornelia's long harangue on the duty of self-mastery.

Mrs. Mortlake might well feel dismayed at the tempest she had raised, but she was too much blinded by conceit to see the full extent of the harm she had done. She made some pretensions to virtue, and was consequently vexed, that exaggerated, if not wholly untrue, accusations had escaped her, but rather than own herself in the wrong she still stood by it, and though conscience pricked her into making some useless attempts to pacify Esperance, she would not retract what she had said.

The breach between the cousins was in consequence greatly widened, and the effect on Esperance was most disastrous. She grew more and more ready to see faults in all around her, her face rarely lost its expression of hopeless suffering, her manners lost much of their grace and ease, and, worst of all, Mrs. Mortlake's perpetual fault-finding began to make her self-conscious and introspective. She gave up even attempting to love her cousins, and, consequently, was at once open to all those faults from which she had hitherto been free. When love—which had been her guard and strength all her life—was allowed to die, selfishness at once stepped in, bringing in its train false pride, discontent, suspicion, and a morbid sensitiveness; while what had formerly been courageous patience was turned into a falsely assumed callousness and indifference.

The only things which kept her from utter ruin was Gaspard's letters, full of the old love and confidence—although her answers were most disappointing—and the remembrance of her father. Even these did not hinder her from sinking very low, but they kept one soft spot in her heart which could never alter.

(To be Continued.)

Why He Moved West.

Sumway—I hear that McWatty has moved to Chicago and is literally going to the dogs.

Simeral—He knows what he is doing. Sumway—Indeed?

Simeral—Yes; in Illinois habitual drunkenness for two years is legal ground for divorce.

Economy That Kills.

Nickleby—Why, what makes you look so dull, old man? Times hard?

Benedict—No; but I'm afraid that they will be with me pretty soon.

"Why, what's the matter?" "My wife has begun to make her own dress, with a view to economizing."

Married Life's Thorny Path.

She—Before we were married you promised that my path through life should be strewn with roses; and now I have to sit up nights and darn stockings.

He—You don't want to walk on roses barefooted, do you? You'd get thorns in your feet.

Appealed to His Nature.

Occupant of the Parquet (of Philadelphia)—Encore! Encore!

Chorus of Ushers—Shut up, you blamed idiot! This is the death scene!

Occupant of Parquet—Oh, come off! Don't you s'pose I appreciate the fine points?

The buckwheat and beans Protectionists of this country are only surpassed by their brethren in Canada, who in the new tariff have increased the 30 per cent. duty on paper bags to 35 per cent., and made a 5 per cent. advance of the rate on doll babies. —Philadelphia Record.

There's white mahogany furniture. Plants in pots are having a lively sale.