A LEGAL SECRET.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Mrs. Pilkington clasps her hands tightly together and looks up eagerly. "What are you telling me?-- says she in a piteous voice.

Sidney answers thoughtfully: "We have sometimes spoken together—though on rare occasions—of her whose memory is very dear to you and to me. We have both grieved over the loss.—Can you bear to speak of her now?"

Mrs. Pilkington bows her head. The tears are rolling down her cheeks; she cannot answer him in words.

"All hope," Sidney continues, "of ever seeing her again—though our love for her has never lessened—died out of both our hearts years ago. We have mourned for her as one who is dead."

Still the tears fall fast. What better confirmation that she acquiesces in all that Sidney is saying?

"More than once," the young lawyer resumes, "it has been suggested by Mr. Pilkington that—although it would be impossible to replace her—by hunting the world over, it still might be advisable for you to have some companion—"

"Not to replace her, Sidney; that can never be."

"Still, dear Mrs. Pilkington, you have at last consented. A young girl—one that no one could help loving—has been found."

"It was to please him——"

"But—will you not see her?"

Mrs. Pilkington looks up quickly. "To-night? Is it my husband's wish?"

"It is mine."

Something in Sidney's voice brings a keener glance into her eyes; she searches his face more closely; she speaks in a soft, tremulous voice: "She is some one you love. Is she not, dear?"

"Yes;" and Sidney rises slowly from his chair. "I loved her when a child."

Mrs. Pilkington utters a surpressed cry.

"I love her more deeply now. She was—and still is—my little sweetheart."

Starting up with an eager look in her eyes, Mrs. Pilkington steps toward the door. Sidney, in sudden alarm, overtakes her; and but for his supporting arm she must have fallen.

It is past midnight now. Rosa is lying with wakeful eyes watching the tremulous circle of light thrown upon her bedroom ceiling by the dim night-lamp on her table. Her thoughts are busy still with all that has happened since the morning. She almost dreads to close her lids, lest she should fall asleep, and presently wake again to find herself in her little garret in Took's Court, as she had many a time done after dreaming happily of her old home.

The parting with Sidney Trench today at the edge of the grove has awakened a feeling of sadness. Nor does the thought that they must soon meet again—probably on the morrow—remove this sense of happiness. She cannot complain of his attitude towards her; it is everything that she could have wished. Any reference to their childhood would have displeased her; this tacit understanding between them—the drifting back slowly into the past—is all she craves. Can their meeting in the old wood again, now that they have both reached a more romantic age, have unconsciously roused a deeper love in her heart?

Rosa knows that all the guests must be gone; for there is a stillness in the house that assures her that even the servants have retired. But still she feels no inclination for sleep; her brain is feverishly active. There is one face—one that is most distinct in the memories of this home—which she has not yet seen; the face that has bent over her in bygone days.

While Rosa is still meditating, with her eyelids sinking slowly at last, her door is softly opened, and an eager figure is coming towards her with keen look and outstretched arms. A face bends over her and whispers to her in the softest voice: "My little Rosa—my child!"

Rosa quickly opened her eyes. The face that she looks up into is intensely beautiful, for there is expressed in every feature wonder and adoration. It is the face that she has seen a hundred times in her dreams.

CHAPTER V.

Why does Mr. Pilkington sit so late in his library, after his guests are gone with his armchair drawn up to the fireless grate? It is nearly daybreak, and there he is still seated, his head leaning against his hand, pondering deeply. His face expresses a startling change. It has become more wrinkled and withered than one would have supposed possible, in a few hours time, even in so old a man. Does anything unusual vex his mind? That would seem improbable. For has he not confided all the legal secrets to Sidney—all that he need confide? On the morrow another Trench will take the senior partner's chair in the oblong room; for another Pilkington has played out his legal part, and has taken leave once and for all of his clients, Lincoln's Inn has seen him for the last time.

Is it this fact that troubles him? No; Mr. Pilkington puts every trust in Sidney Trench. He would not otherwise have taken this decisive step. The load has been lifted off his mind. The load of other people's troubles? Yes; and yet something is vexing him. His face grows more anxious every moment; he looks frequently towards the door; but at last he leans back wearily in his chair.

And now a shadow begins to gather over his face. What shadow? The lamp burns steadily upon the table close beside him. What lamp could be the cause of a shadow like that? Mr. Pilkington is distinctly conscious of its presence, and smiles grimly. Is it the shadow that sooner or later, hovers over all?

Presently the door is opened and Mrs. Pilkington steps swiftly towards the chair and kneels down beside the old lawyer and presses his hand lovingly in both her own. "You shall never see me sad now," she tells him— though there are bright tears glistening in her eyes—"for I shall now have you with me always—all day long; and," she adds in a more subdued voice, "dear Rosa too."

Mr. Pilkington's troubled look increases. "Sidney has told you.—You have seen her, then?"

The wife still bending at her husband's feet, touches his hand with her lips. "How good you have been! The news has been broken to her so tenderly and to me too.—And is it not marvellous? She has forgotten nothing."

The lawyer's expression becomes startled. "Nothing?"

Mrs. Pilkington looks inquiringly into his face.

"She has not told you," he says doubtingly, "how she disappeared?"

"No."

"Then I must. The man who is alone to blame," says he in a broken voice—"who has kept her from you for twelve long years—is your husband!"

Rising slowly from her kneeling posture and standing before the old man, Mrs. Pilkington's face expresses blank amazement: "You!"

It is obvious from her tone, her whole attitude, that she is uterly dumbfounded at the lawyer's words. How can she who has never doubted his integrity, credit this avowal? She has heard on more than one occasion the tradition concerning the house of Trench, Pilkington, and Trench. It flashes across her now. She has heard it affirmed that as soon as the senior has imparted his legal secrets to his successor, his brain begins to show signs of decay. Can such a fatality have already overtaken Mr. Pilkington? It would scarcely seem possible. And yet she would prefer to believe his intellect impaired than accept such admission from him as truth.

The lawyer waves his hand impatiently towards a chair. "Sit down beside me," says he in a tone of quiet authority, "and listen to what I have to tell. It is a painful affair; it is the secret that I have hidden—the secret you would have had me keep from you; but I cannot. No partner in our house, I feel very confident, ever carried a secret to his grave. It would have destroyed our reputation. Even our secrets are not our own."

She sits down without uttering a word. Her husband's firm manner, his distinct though somewhat feeble utterance, is that of a man who obviously retained his mental vigour. She is overwhelmed with grief; and although she tries to keep back her tears, she looks at him through a mist, and the shadow which is gathering over his face escapes her.

"It was your wish," says Mr. Pilkington, "to spare me the pain of this humiliating task—the pain of confession. Do you think I do not fully appreciate your trustfulness? Indeed, I do. But it has not altered my purpose; it has given me strength to speak." For a moment he pauses with a still deeper look of thought on his face. "It was jealousy—a mad jealousy that began it. That was the root of all this trouble. How can I have been so irrational, so unjust? But so it was. What I ought to have admired, I detested. Your passionate love for your child drove me to desperation. It roused the demon in me. I was determined that nothing, not even your affection for little Rosa, should come between us.—Not that in reality," he hastened to add, "it ever lessened your love for me. But I imagined it did; it was more than I could endure." The lawyer's voice grew weaker and more troubled as he proceeds. "That she was your child, though not mine, should have awakened my deepest sympathy. But it had the opposite effect: I could scarcely hide my aversion. I hated to see you caress her; I even hated at least to hear you speak of the child. No other subject—so it seemed in my madness—interested you: I was even mad enough to believe that you had no love for any one except this child—none even for me."

"Did I deserve this?"

"You deserved a better husband; for an evil thought seized me at last," says the lawyer, "and I could not resist the temptation.—You have not forgotten that journey? I took the child—I took Rosa with me."

"Forgotten!" murmurs Mrs. Pilkington, clasping her hands.

"I took her with me for one object—to remove her out of your sight and mine.—And you, dear wife, never questioned my story. You believed all that I told you; you believed that Rosa was lost," Mr. Pilkington's voice grew very weak now; but his words are still articulate and full of meaning, though slowly uttered. "It was only then, when too late, that I realized what a fatal error I had made. Your love for me never changed: it became no greatefr, no less. It was the same true devotion that it always had been; it was expressed in your actions more then in your words—the truest love of all.—Ah, my sweet wife! how could I now feel that I merited the love you gave me? I saw you silently mourning the loss: never a word of complaint escaped you. How I longed to restore to you your child! And not many months went by before I again took a journey to St. Albans in search of her, with the express intention of bringing her home. But she was gone, no one knew where. A packet of letters from Abel Norris, written from Albans, was all I had. I kept them locked in your deed-box at Lincoln's Inn. I never had the courage, until Sidney discovered the old clerk, to give this packet to you. You burnt the letters without suspecting my treachery and I could not speak—I could not break the news to you then that Rosa was found. But now you know all."

The shadow lies darkly upon Mr. Pilkington's face, but he seems to heed it no longer. The grim smile never recurs; the expression has become stern and stony, like the faces of the sphinxes which are staring at each other over the gateway out in the summer dawn. There sits the old lawyer motionless, as though overcome by sleep. Mrs. Pilkington raises her eyes slowly; the look is full of unchanging love and free forgiveness. Does he see that true woman's glance? No word escapes his lips; his countenance is as stern and stony as ever, and yet a tear rests upon his cheek!

And now a look of terror comes into Mrs. Pilkington's face, and she utters a piercing cry. Still the old lawyer sits motionless in his chair; still no word escapes him. His secrets are all told at last.

Sidney's first year as senior partner, a year that went quickly by, placed a visible line of care upon his young brow. There never had been known, in the recollection of the oldest clerk, such legal receptions as Mr. Trench held in the oblong room. Other waiting-rooms besides the octagonal chamber had to be set apart for those who had made appointments. It was as though clients had purposely reserved their secrets from Sidney's ear, from a dread of the able old lawyer—a dread he could well comprehend from personal experience in early days.

One afternoon, when the trees in New Square and Lincoln's Inn were again in leaf, Sidney walked over to Took's Court. There sat Abel Norris, at his desk in the dingy parlour, copying documents with the same diligence which he had shown when first employed by the great legal firm. Nothing was changed. The black cat, his only companion, now lay curled up on the hearth-rug like a great blotch of ink—the only one in the room for which the old clerk was not responsible.

"Well, Norris, when are you coming to pay us a visit at the villa? Rosa asks me the question every day."

Norris shook his head. "Rosa—Miss Gage, I should say—is very good to think of me, sir. She has a kind heart; she'll never forget me, I know. Will you tell her, sir, that she is always in my thoughts? I miss her dreadfully sometimes. It ain't to be wondered at. Is it, Mr. Trench? Twelve years was a long time. It was like losing one's own daughter, when Mr. Pilkington took her from me." There were tears in the old clerk's eyes.

"Then why not give up Took's Court?" said Sidney. "You would find gardening a more healthy occupation. Why not give up the law? I wish I could," the young lawyer added, laughingly. "If some one would offer me a pension, I would retire without loss of time. What can you find in these old parchments'—and he pointed to the clerk's desk—"to keep you in town?"

"It's habit, Mr. Trench," said Norris, taking up his pen. "It's too late now to change this for a rake or spade. Nor would an idle country-life suit me, sir, after more than fifty years of desk-work. This home is all I need sir, for the short time I've still to live."

Such was always the answer which Sidney received whenever he spoke to Norris about himself. No argument would induce him to forsake the precincts of Chancery Lane. The inky parlour had a fascination for him; neither the green fields nor the prospect of being near Rosa would tempt him to leave his old desk even for a single day.

(To be Continued.)

PRESIDENT CARNOT'S WIDOW.

Mme. Carnot, the widow of the murdered President of the French Republic, lives in the deepest retirement. She was absolutely devoted to her husband and she lives only in the past. Like most French widows, she pays constant visits to her husband's grave, and she has never yet gone to his tomb without taking with her a small bunch of flowers. Mme. Carnot, was the daughter of Dupont White, a celebrated economist of British extraction. She married the future President when she was only 17 years of age, and their union proved ideally happy. Notwithstanding the awful blow of her husband's death she proved that there was nothing petty or mean in her disposition, for she begged that his murderer might be treated as a lunatic, and not subjected to the extreme penalty of the law.

CONVICT SALVATION RECRUITS.

The latest plan of the Salvation Army to gain recruits is to swear in convicts converted in prisons. Five men in a San Francisco prison, each of whom has several years to serve, joined the army the other day with a characteristic ceremony. The exercises, which were held, of course, in the jail, were attended by a thousand people. The new "Soldiers of the Lord" were obliged to answer all the questions of the extremely severe "articles of war" and to sign the customary documents. The prisoners had first been required to pass through the regular probationary period.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Florence Nightingale in 76 years old and so broken in health that she can scarcely write a letter, yet she never forgets to send some message to the veterans of the Crimea on the anniversary of a victory, or to remember, at Christmas time, those who are laboring in the institution for training nurses which she founded at St. Thomas' Hospital soon after the close of the war. Surgeon-General Manifold was one of her warmest friends, and one of the first to promote the employment of women nurses in the army.

THE TURK'S VITALITY.

Big stories are being told of the vitality of the Turk. One man shot through the stomach in a recent battle stayed in the ranks till the fighting was over, and then marched 10 miles before reporting to the doctors. Another, with a wound in each leg and one in the shoulder, kept on duty for 24 hours, when an officer noticed him and sent him to the hospital. The doctors attribute the quick recovery of the Turkish wounded to their abstemious habits.

MANY CHANCES TO RISE.

Butcher—I need a boy about your size and will give you twelve shillings a week.

Boy—Will I have a chance to rise?

Butcher—Yes; I want you to be here at 4 o'clock in the morning.

HOUSEHOLD.

WHEN BABY CAME.

A sigh, a cry!—and heaven and earth
Are joined again
A tiny life of priceless worth,
A golden reign.

A message from Infinity;
A pledge of Love;
A wondrous consanguinity,
All ken above.

A breath of morn; an ecstasy;
An opening flower;
A sparkle on a summer sea;
A welcome shower.

A gleam of holy innocence
Of purest mold;
Mankind without mankind's offense;
Unblemished gold.

A kiss of heavenly sanctity;
A stainless blush;
A cadence of rich harmony;
Love's first sweet flush.

Such whispers of diviner things
Are ours to-day;
God grant the joy your advent brings
Be yours for aye.

RECIPES FOR INVALIDS.

Boiled Whiting and Egg Sauce.—Choose a large whiting, have it skinned and curled round. Put this into a pan of boiling water, slightly salted, let it boil about ten minutes, or, if very large, a little longer, removing the scum carefully. Drain this dry and serve hot with sauce, prepared as follows: Work one ounce of butter with a tablespoonful of flour to a smooth paste, and add half a pint of boiling water. Let this simmer for a few minutes, then take it off the fire, add the juice of half a lemon and the yolks of two beaten eggs. Stir this slowly over the fire till as thick as custard, taking great care that it does not boil.

Lemon Custard—Beat three eggs till very light in color, add to them half a pint of water, the grated rind of a lemon, stir all together, then gradually add the juice of the lemon. Put the mixture into a clean salt jar, stand this in a saucepan of boiling water, and stir over the fire, using a wooden spoon, till the mixture is as thick as ordinary custard. Strain into glasses, and serve with Savoy biscuits.

Egg and Soda Water.—Beat the yolk of one egg with one teaspoonful of white sugar till it looks light and creamy. Add two tablespoonfuls of milk, stir slowly. Pour the mixture into a tumbler, squeeze in a few drops of lemon juice and fill up with soda-water.

Invalid Chops.—Take a loin chop, free it from bone, skin and fat, mince it very finely, add a little salt and pepper, and form it into a compact flat cake. Flour this thickly, and fry till a good brown on both sides. Put into a small pan half a gill of strong beef tea, and when it just begins to boil place in it the cake of meat; let it cook for a quarter of an hour, turning it over occasionally by passing a knife under it. Take care that it does not boil. Scatter chopped parsley over, and serve.

Two Good Ways to Prepare Eggs.—1. A knowing cook of my acquaintance will poach eggs in milk, seasoned with salt or pepper, or stock for a change. When the eggs are cooked and set on their squares of toast, the milk or stock is thickened, then flavored and poured over the eggs. 2. Set half a gill o fwater in a small saucepan, add a gill of good gravy and a teaspoonful of vinegar, set the pan over the fire, and directly its contents boil up stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs. When the sauce thickens, pour it round half a dozen hard-boiled eggs. Garnish the whole with sippets of toast and chopped parsely.

A CLOVER LEAF LUNCHEON.

One of the entertainments that can be given without much trouble or expense is a clover leaf luncheon, in which clover bloosoms and foliage form the decorations. The tables had tops cut in clover leaf shape and enameled in green; three persons were seated at each. The centre pieces were white linen embroidered in clover leaves and their pink blossoms; the menus were clover leaf in shape, colored in the natural shades, and being used for favors, also the name of the guest and the menu were inscribed in gold letters. The dishes were garnished with green, and ice cream was pistache, the icing of the cakes daintily tinted with green—spinach juice is the best coloring—and the bonbons were the same color. Candles with green shades decorated the tables. The guests should, as far as possible, conform to the color scheme of the lunch and the hostess should certainly do so.

BREAD MAKING.

One of the causes of poor bread is the lack of knowing whether the flour used in its composition is made from spring or winter wheat, or the two mixed. Winter-wheat flour contains more starch, and the bread dries up quicker than if made of spring-wheat flour; this contains more gluten than the other flour, and is therefore more nutritious, and as a consequence is more economical. Winter-wheat flour makes whiter bread than that made from spring-wheat, the former flour being easily packed in the hand, as it is fine and smooth. The latter is coarse, has a yellower tint, and is not easily packed in the hand. The former is best for bread, the latter for pastry. A mixed flour makes very good bread, and winter-wheat flour will do very well if you work it right.

Care and attention must be taken with bread from the beginning to the end of the process until it is safely out of the oven and wrapped in a clean old tablecloth to steam and cool off. It must not be allowed to rise too long especially the last time, when the loaves are ready for the oven. Have the oven hot enough. If you keep your hand in it until you count twenty it will do. Keep the fire steady for about half an hour, then let it cool down; it will take about an hour to bake a common-sized loaf. Divide the loaf into two parts, then mold it to put into the baking tins. The loaf rises more evenly than when in one piece.

Flour should be kept in a dry, cool place, and always sift it before using. When you buy flour always ask if it is made from spring, winter or mixed wheat; if from the former, knead as little as possible, and keep the dough smooth. Mixed-flour bread is kneaded smooth. Mixed-flour bread is kneaded a little longer and a little firmer; winter-wheat flour is kneaded until it is smooth and light.

When you make bread do not use too much yeast; if you do, your bread will be coarse-grained, and is apt to sour in warm weather. Bread is best made by the slow process; that is, sponging at night, cutting down in the morning and molding when light again, and putting into the baking tins and letting rise again. Bread should rise the last time until it is nearly twice the bulk it was when placed in the tins. Bread made with milk dries up quicker than if mixed with water.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

It ms about Some of the Most Prominent Folks of the World.

The Duke of Fife keeps twelve suits going at the same time, and never wears the same clothes twice.

John Ruskin spends his time in planting bulbs and pulling them up the next day to see if they are growing.

Switzerland has issued a new twenty-franc gold piece, Helvetia being represented on its face, a realistic peasant girl's head. Around it are twenty-two stars from the twenty-two cantons.

Baron Krupp, the great ironmaster of Germany, carries evidence of the trade with him when he goes calling. His cards are made of iron, rolled so thin that they are said to be a great success for social use.

Prince Maximilian of Saxony, who for a year past has been officiating as a Catholic priest in the slums of Whitechapel has been ordered by his doctor to leave London on account of his health breaking down.

A woman having passed an examination in veterinary surgery in England, the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons refuses to grant her a certificate until the courts have decided that it is legal for women to be horse doctors. She is a Scotch woman and a graduate of a Scotch college.

Mr. Richard le Gallienne seems anxious to take the place formerly held in London society by Oscar Wilde. He appeared recently on a bicycle in a black silk costume trimmed with cream-colored lace, according to the London Figaro, which also asserts that his father is a respectable brewer.

Nansen's discovery of deep water in the Arctic Ocean leads M. de Lapparent to infer that the Antarctic continent is of equal extent, and has on it mountains of a height corresponding to Nansen's ocean surroundings. From this he goes on to deduce the theory that the earth is top-shaped and spins, with the South Pole for its point.

A loyal Briton proposes in the London Mail a unique method of honoring the Queen. He would have the year divided into thirteen lunar months, twelve of them to bear the present names of the months, and the thirteenth to be called Victoria. The latter month would consist of twenty-nine days and would take in the period from June 18th to July 16th.

Among writers the ex-newspaper men are able to do the most daily work, as Robert Barr and W. L. Allen, who do 4,000 words a day with ease, while Sir Walter Besant does only about 1,000. Canon Doyle does about 1,500. Anthony Throllope used to do never less than 1,500 words, getting up at five in the morning for the purpose, and performing his regular work at the post-office all day.

College oarsmen will give a remarkable dinner soon in London. Their guests will be four old university oars, who have attained high judicial rank, Lord Macnaghten, Lord of Appeal in Ordinary; Lord Esher, Master of the Rolls, and Lord Justices of Appeal A. L. Smith and Chitty—the last three constituting one-half of the British Court of Appeals. The Provost of Eton also an old Blue, will preside.

Thomas Thompson, the millionaire philanthropist, who left his fortune to his wife with the provision that on her death one-half the income would go to poor women of Battleboro, Vt., was graduated from Harvard College in 1817, in the class with the eminent historian, George Bancroft. His widow, who is now over eighty years old, is one of the most liberal givers of the day to charity and beneficial enterprises.

The Emperor of Russia does not care much for the bicycle, but his sisters are devoted to it. He likes lawn tennis better, and devotes much time to it in summer at Peterhof. He is fond of art and eminent Russian painters are frequently invited to bring their new pictures to his palace, where he gives much time to their inspection. He is not talkative and usually expresses his thanks with a smile or a gesture.

LOVER'S WAYS.

Probably there is no instance in which any two lovers have made love exactly in the same way as any other two lovers since the world began. Alexander made a bonfire for Thais. Bassanio soft-soldered Portia with a leaden casket. The garrulous female in the "Arabian Nights" told her husband stories. Hippomenes had a close race for Atalanta, but he played the apple game upon her. In the Polynesian Islands they win their hearts by beating their heads with a shillelagh. Newton poked down the tobacco in his pipe with his sweetheart's finger—a warm token of affection. Bothwell was inclined to Mary, and locked her up in his castle. Cobbett's wife caught him by the grace with which she used her washtub; she was never known to use it after the wedding. Nicholas of Russia wanted to pop at a dinner table, but was nervous, so he imbedded a ring in a lump of bread and handed it to the lady. Charlemagne's secretary was caught by a snowstorm "sparking" the emperor's daughter at midnight, and she carried him home on her back, so that his footsteps shouldn't be traced. The emperor heard of it, and saddled him on to her for the rest of her life.