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CHAPTER XXXIII.

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FACTS.

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volt go to Mrs. Grahame's toand Arundel that evening at dindown his wine-glass and looking stac table, bright with shining silver gittering glass, at Muriel.

I : uess so, Russel. I promised would come; she is very auxious hare us meet her brother and his who are on from Chicago. Have any engagement for this evening,

mamma," answered the girl, sim-

quiet it has been since the be-[Lent," continued Muriel, sugarlaret delicately; "there is positiveing going on in society. Don't your sociables. Louie, and Mrs. 's pleasant little Germans ?" ejurse," said Louie, "but it ther nice, I think to be quiet for I believe I was getting tired out ht after night. However, all not think alike. I met Mrs. Van eming out of church this morning, asked me if I did not think Lent Vittle too early this year.'

or Kate!" laughed Muriel, "It is alv she is such a strict Episcopalian, to it to much. But won't you y tais eve ing, Louie, home The eseme one of your friends will

likely some one will drop in, Still if notody comes I shall not : I shall read, or find something to any the time.

tell the truth Louis hoped no one icall. She wanted to be alone to think the new happiness that came so sudnto her life, to try and decide how goald tell Percy Evringham that which new would bring him sorrow and pain. natevening, when her father and niothor me. After suf r, and closing the heavy doors after called herself in a huge chair in front ire. She had no book, no fancy work,

he had thoughts enough to keep her difficulty in passi ETINE I find my e had been so perfectly unconscious the feelings she entertained for Roy more were any warmer than those of a refriendship, that she could not quite stad the knowledge that had so un-BERT, Undertak geily come upon her. Yet she knew me loved him-had loved him from the ist-and she wondered sorrowfully aggist, Hamilton, see could have been so blind as not to own heart more plainly. For her isdness she reproached her elf bitterlishe had only seen it all before, then all have told Percy gently, tender y; was, she had gone on hoping; she had r invaluable fami encouraged him, had answered three jears I was the lat allowed him to think that ys, and after testing would be yes—ah! that was the edies, in the spring rant of it. He was coming to her now nended to give the maps he was already on his way, his the course of the titled with love for her, and beating t cure had been e with hope. For she had given him

k God, in the free te had reason to believe that she dell him that she would be his wife. sease. It is ver before, as she sat there before the and invigorating tanking. She had always thought it the most contemptible and heartless gaweman could do, to lead on a man, milarly afflicted a sug he loved her, making him believe in time she would consent to be his talling out hope and encouragement; at the end, throwing him off, saying iv way of excuse, "I thought I loved I find that I have made a mistake." istnever been able to make any excuse tha course of action; it has seemed that a woman capable of such a thir g irent North-Wes be lacking every sense of truth and r; and now the very thing she had aluspised and considered unpardonable tessive had done herself. She could

ame Percy if he should think her heartcieruel; she could not say one word tive defence if he should say, "Why not tell me before, Louie! How at let me go on hoping as I have He would not understand-nor aryone-if she should tell what was that she had been all unconscious love for Roy Glenmore. No, they est designs. Send hal think she had acted untruly, un-Er. Percy would think so, her father tither would think so, Al ne would | rival. hand even Roy, when i.e came to Roy, who was so noble and true Lithink so. too.

Fagreat cloking sob Louie laid her the arm of her chair, her tears Risk It had all been a mistake. God | and not meant to deceive Percy. that what had been done had been a corance. Her grief wa deep and time had a tender, sympathetic heart True one, and it hurt her cruelly Wint she must give Percy pain and -tat she had been innocently untrue

was her sail reverie that she did quick step in the hall, the openthe heavy library door; she was not anntil a hand was laid lightly upon good farm and tei bead, a voice, anxious and tender,

> the, m: darling, are you crying?" A little cry site raised her head, rerey Evringham standing b side who dropped on his knees his arms around her, saying,

at is the matter, Louie? Why are reall alone, coying so bitterly?" her tear-wet face to his almost silv-silent, not knowing what to

got into the city about an hour Percy, by way of explanation, of a moment an pacting the true ber tears, but thinking she had ex-" some itt'e disapp intment or trou-Twent to the Windsor, t en came 8 2,000,000.00 7,350,000.00 Phere. Jukson told me that your mother were not at home, and that bered you were in here, so I came in would surprise you; did you get

e this afternoon." totall not look at the handsome

flushed face with its eager, hopeful eyes; and something in her eyes, in the tone of her voice, startled him, for the flush faded out of his face as he said :

"Louie, are you ready to give me my answer?-oh, my darling, you don't know how hard it has been for me to wait so long for it; there has not been a day nor an hour that I have not thought of you."

She had thought to tell him gently as she could, but the words would not come; they died away on her lips, and she only moaned, as she clasped her hands together: "Oh, Percy, Percy!"

Perhaps he understood, for he started to his feet, Lis face very pale, his dark gray eyes almost black.

"Louie, what do you mean? You surely cannot mean that after having giving me every hope as you have done, receiving my letters and answering them, encouraging me, leading me to believe that you would be my wife, that now-no, no, Louie, you cannot mean that."

It was just as she had expected it would be, yet she knew not how to answer him; it would seem so small and mean to say, in answer to his passionate outburst. " It was a mistake, Percy."

Still, she must say something, and though her lips were quivering, she raised her face

"I thought I knew my own heart better than I did, Percy."

"You mean that you have discovered that you do not love me; that while I have been patiently waiting, fondly hoping, you have been thinking the matter over, and have come to the conclusion that you will enjoy society and everything not be my wife. Is that it, Louie? Answer

> I do not think men know how cruel they are, sometimes, to the women they love; there seems to be, in masculine natures, a latent cruelty that will crop out now and then, as most wives and mothers and sisters can testify. Really and truly, Percy did not know how coldly and sternly he had spoken, how tightly his lips were compressed, how dark an I stormy his eyes were; but Louie knew, and she shrank back in her chair as though he had struck her. He had never spoken so to her before, nor looked at her as he was looking now.

"Oh, Percy, do not speak like that; I did not know-not until to-day-that I could not be your wife."

He heard her words distinctly-she could not be his wife. Poor Percy, he had cherished such bright hopes, had built so many beautiful castles, and now the hopes were suddenly shattered, the castles hurled to the ground. There was no anger in his heart, nothing but pain and bitter disappointment; the stormy darkness died out of his eyes, his lips, so tightly compressed a moment before, quivered; with almost a sob he spoke, his voice hopeless and despairing.

"Ah, Louie Louie, I love you so." Then folding his arms upon the mantelpiece, he dropped his head upon them.

A storm of reproaches could not have touched Louie's heart as those few words did. Hurrying to his side, she laid her hand upon his arm.

"Try and forgive me, Percy," she sobbed, "you do not know how sorry [am. I did not mean to give you any false hope, to deceive you in any way. I thought when you came back to me for my answer I could tell you yes, and only tc-day-only a few hours ago, I discovered-"

She paused, the tears clinging to her long and for Indigestion tes heart was aching as it had never | lashes, she could not tell him what she had discovered, that would be adding insult to injury, as the old saying goes.

He raised his handsome Saxon head with a deep sigh. All her words could not make less hard to bear the fact that she had re-

fused him. "Louie," he said, mournfully, " is it because during my absence some one else has won what I had hoped to win, that you tell me now you cannot marry me?"

The painful flush that stained her face, mounting to the very roots of her gold-brown hair, answered him, and he bowed his head dejectedly, feeling that life was a miserable farce and the sooner it was played out the

A pause followed, an awkward, embarrassing pause; Louie, very sorrowful, feeling in some way guilty, and finding it exceedingly difficult to keep from crying. Percy, quite broken-hearted, wondering gloomily to himself what he should do with his life. Percy was proud and just a little bit egotis. tical, and his amour propre had been sorely wounded; he felt that he had been very badly treated indeed, and though he did not blame Louie, he did blame circumstances and fate, and above all, his unknown

A man who has just been refused is not generally-no matter what he may be at other times-particularly brilliant or animated; poor disconsola e Percy was no exception to the rule; he sat in silence, his head resting upon one hand, with such a hopelessly sad look upon his face that it was more than Louie could bear, and she said brokenly, choking down a sob which threatened to strangle her, "Percy won't you try

and forgive me ?" "Yes, Louie." he answered sadly, "it is not your fault, it is only my misfortune that you cannot love me I hope you will always be very rappy, and if at any time there should be anything I could do for you, you will let me do it, won't you? for the sake of There was any one save herself in my—for our friendship's sake." And then Percy hastily swallowed a great lump in his throat and said he guessed he would go, as Louie looked fatigued.

Poor fellow, he loved Louie very trule and tenderly, and he felt as though th beightness had suddenly gone out of his life He promised Louie he would come and see her again before he went back to Baltimore, held her hand for an instant in his own, tried to saule as he bade her good night, and made a miserable failure of it, then took his departure; and when he had gone Louis threw herself down in a chair and cried as

though her heart would break. She liked Percy-had always liked him; had felt very sorry for him because he had no proud father, no loving mother or gentle sister. In a mild, sisterly way, she loved him, and she knew she had brought cruel pain and bitter disappointment upon him.

How long she sat there crying in a weary, he rt-broken little way she did not know, but after awhile the passion of tears spent itself, and she sat quietly with only now and then a choking sob. Sar heard her father and mother come in, heard the heavy street door open and close, and Muriel, seeing the

light in the library, and thinking Louis was He did not seem to have a single relative there, walked in, followed after a moment nor a friend who knew anything about his

dear," she murmured, as she shook off and than they did about their own-and there threw down upon a chair her cloak. "We are many such in the world-spent much had a very pleasant evening. Mrs. Grahame's time thinking about him, wondering what sister is charming, so --- Why, child, what | manner of sorrow it was that had brought is the matter?"

For she had caught sight of Louie's face, pale and worn with crying.

"Percy, has been here, mamma." "Percy Evringham!" exclaimed Muriel in surprise; "and why did he not stay?" and then a glimmer of truth seemed to dawn upon her, for she said hurriedly : "Louie, did you send Percy away?"

"He came for his answer," said the girl, wearily-she was completely worn out with nervous excitement - "and I could only tell him no."

Before Muriel could speak, Arundel had risen from the chair into which he had carelessly thrown himself. There were tense ominously. "Do you mean to say you told Percy Ev-

ringham you would not be his wife?" he said, and the words came through his clinched In his mad, reckless collegedays his chums as it is, Disbrow & Co."

used to say, speaking of Arundel Anthon. "When you see the vein in his forehead swell, look out for him." The vein in his forehead was swollen now.

"Yes, papa." "Yet you know it was my wish that you

that evening; but tired and heartsick as need help. she was, the words fired her. She raised her small head proudly, her tears all gone, a

"I did not mean to disobey or deceive gone out forever in his own. you," she said; "but I found that I

father?" marvelously like the fathershe had never possessions. seen—the father who had been so terribly wronged.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

When Mrs. John Deming bund herself at the age of thirty-five, a willow with two children, aged respectively thirteen and eleven, to educate and provide for, and very little in the world except the handsome house which her husband had given her in the palmy days of prosperity, long before his riches had taken to themselves wings and flown away, she said to herself with comtake boarders." It was a very brave reso- law? lution, for Mrs. Deming had never had any reason to believe the time would ever come when she would be left without means of support; but, then, in thesedays of upsand

coming to. God helps those who helps themselves. and he had helped brave little Mrs. John Deming. In a short time her handsome house was filled with people-some of them her own personal friends, the rest friends of wealth and refinement, who paid munificently for the pleasant home hey found un-

der Mrs. Deming's roof. ad been with her now for nearly two years. and who, the night after Louis Anthon had wife, were alone together in heir sittingroom. It was very bright and cheerfulthat handsomely furnished sitting-room, with a warm, home-like air ibout it. to which the crackling grate fire the creamy lace window-curtains, the wine olored mantel and door-draperies, the pen upright | valses. piano, and the centre-table, coered with a crimson cloth and strewn with boks, magazines and papers, contributed legely.

On one side of the table, seard in a huge easy-chair, his head resting upn the cushion, his eyes fixed upon the cackling fire was thinking very earnestly, ws the young man, who was no other than Ry Glenmore; and opposite to him, looking our one of the gentleman-the man who fornearly rineteen years had been known as Hchard Bran-

had done the night he had seen Muriel at the theatre-sorrow had aged him not years. At thirty-four he had looked fty-now at fifty-two people took him to be somewhere between fifty-five and sixty. here is nothing nobler than to suffer and be trong-that is what Russel Anthon had due all these years, had suffered and had ben strongstrong in patience and true uselfishness, strong to lift up and help along hose of his fellow men who had fallen by he roadside, strong to act according to the ictates of his great, noble heart -and he ha suffered in darkness of his eyes.

min do-of his boyhood and elly manhood. d strict.

by Arundel. early life; and people who were given to "Why, I thought you would be in bed, thinking more about other people's affairs upon his face the shadow which rested so darkly there, wishing they knew how and where his early manhood had been passed, and what the real relationship was between him and koy Glenmore. Still no one-not even the worst old gossip-could associate any though of sin or shame with a man whose daily life was as blameless as was Richard Brandon's. So the years had come and gone, and he had been and was still an enigma to a great many people.

He hat been very successful in business, or rather his superior abilities, his forethought, and the careful attention le gave the most minute details, had met with a just reward. Before Robert M rehead's death lines about his mouth; his eyes were flashing he had been taken into the firm, now he was the real head of the large and prosperous business. "It ought to be Brandon & Disbrow," Mr. Disbrow said to him repeatedly, "you are the head of the firm." And he answered always, "It is best that it should be

Only God knew how much good he did with his money; he was always ready with substantial aid and kindly encouragement. Many were the poor sad souls which had grown glad at the sight of the noble, patient face; many were the faint, weary hearts should marry him. You have deceived me, which his words had strengthened; he had for you led me to believe that you would ac- raised so many out of the dust, he had set so cept him; you have disobeyed me, for I de- | many on their feet again, and what is more sired you to tell him you would marry him. he helped them along until they were able How dare you thus run counter to my to go alone; and that is the only true wishes and commands? I tell you I will | charity. For it is no earthly use to pick up have neither disobedience nor deceit from anyone who has not the strength to stand alone, they only fall again. And Russel In just such a passion as was rising with. Anthon knew, what a great many charitably in him, Arundel had dealt the blow which inclined people do not think of, that had sent Percy Evringham into eternity. it is not necessary to go down to the Poor Louie, she had been sorely tried lowest dregs of society to find those who

So for eighteen years he had been living, striving humbly to do what good he could bright spot upon either cheek, her eyes | do, finding peace in helping to keep burning in other hearts the fire of happiness that had

Sitting before the fite, Roy was thinking did not love Percy, therefore I told him I of Louie Anthon. That she loved him he could not marry him. I will never marry knew, and a deep, glad thankfulness filled a man I do not love, not even to please all his heart. He felt, rather than knew, what her answer would be when he should "Hush, Louie!" said Muriel, implor- ask her to be his own dear wife; but first ingly; "how can you speak so to your he must go to her father—for Roy had a deep sense of honor and justice, and he would But Arundel said not a word—he turned | have no more thought of asking Louie to give away shivering. For out of the brown herself to him without having first gained eyes ablaze with such indignation Russel her father's consent, than he would have had looked upon him, and he dare not an- | thought of going into that gentleman's house swer the girl who at that moment was so | and carrying off any of his costly worldly

And suppose by any chance Mr. Anthon should not be willing to give his daughter to him. As that thought came to him, Roy sat upright in his chair, a little cloud settling upon his handsome face. It was an unpleasant thought, very. Roy wished with all his heart that it had not insinuated itself into his mind; but there it was, and it seemed to say with the most disagreeable frank-

"It is barely possible, Roy Glenmore, that it might happen.

to wondering what he should do if Mr. mendable bravery, when sie had rallied Anthon thould refuse to give his consent. from the shock which her husband's failure | Would Louie marry him against her parents' | strong thread of the warp, and in the rear. and consequent sudden death had dealt her, wishes? Would he ask her to be his wife if suspended from the ceiling, with hanging "I will take care of the children and my- her tather had told him with his own lips self. I will keep the house-and I shall | that he did not care to have him for a son-in-

They were very discouraging, these thoughts; but suddenly Roy remembered that they were only thoughts, only his own imaginings; it was time enough to cross the downs, when the man who is at the top of | bridge when he should come to it; it was the ladder to day, is prostrate on the ground | foolish and unmanly to fret and worry about to-morrow, one never knows what one is something which was not likely to happen. and having come to this sage conclusion, he wheeled his chair around and took up the evening paper, which lay upon the table, But there did not seem to be anything of interest in that paper. Roy looked through all the columns and could find nothing in the of those whe had known John Deming when | least degree entertaining, and after reading he was a rich and prosperous man; people a few of the jokes and deciding in his own mind that the people who had originated them were the lineal descendants of donk eys, he took his lead pencil out of his pocket and Mrs. Deming liked all herboarders, but began to embellish with sundry curves and especially did she like two gentlemen-one | dashes the heavy black letters which anyoung, the other quite an eldely man-who | nounced to the world that the newspaper in question was the New York ---- Having ornamented them to his satisfaction he told Percy Evringham she cold not be his fell to scribbling upon the margin at the top of the paper, until he suddenly awoke to the fact that this occupation was, to say the least, exceedingly boyish, and throwing the his work: The more you have to begin with paper aside he arose from the chair, and sitting down at the piano began to play bits of dreamy music and snatches of fashi nable

An air particularly sweet—a little song from an opera bouffe just at that time very popular-caught Richard Brandon's attention, and raising his head from his paper he listened to it, his eyes growing very tender as they rested upon Roy's graceful, well-knit with an expression in them wich told he figure. How he had loved him from the time he had first seen him, had taken him a little four-year-old boy in his arms, and promised to take care of him! But for Roy daily newspapers, the lig t of the argand his desolate life would have been intolerable lamp falling upon his face, from which the to him; he was only human, and he could expression of patient sorrow would be lift- not have gone on living all these weary ed never this side of the grave sat an elder | years had it not been for the love, and trust, and confidence Roy had given him so freely. Few fathers loved their sons as he loved, and had always loved, Glenmore, and he was He did not look very much der than he justly proud of him. Surely he had done his duty by Henry Glenmore's child; by careful investments he had more than doubled his fortune, and he had made out of the pretty, affectionate boy, a true-hearted man, with noble, high-sonled impulses, and strength to meet and overcome the temptations of the world.

(TO BE CONTINUED,)

The fishing parties up the Ottawa River this season, most of whom are now returning, report their catch to have been very proportion to his strength: een strangers good. The fa igues of fishing through holes noticed the lines about his puth, drawn in the ice have been amply compensated, there by fierce mental agony, he mournful they consid r, by the prices obtained for their fish. Owing to the fishery regulation. There was something mystenusabout him | there has been less fishing than usual for exeven to those who knew him. Ist-this sad- portation, the object of the department befaced, quiet man. He never toke, as most ing to encourage home consumption in this

Early Marriages,

Not only in the days of good Queen Bess and earlier, but very much later in our history, early marriages were allowed ITo take an instance in the Georgian period, this entry is in "The Chronological Diary" appen-d ed to the Historical Register, volume six, for the year 1721, June 8: "Charles Powel, of Carmarthen, Esq., of about Il Years of Age, marry'd to a Daughter of Sir Thomas Powel. of Broadway, Bart., deceas'd, aged about 14." The young lady's only brother had died on March 21 preceding. Often did a guardian having control of a wealthy ward find it convenient not to delay the promotion of a marriage of the ward with one of his own kith and kin, though not always by any means was it considered necessary that there should exist between the couple the sentiments which induced Dickens' "young gentleman not 8 years old to run away with a fine young woman of 7.". . . I may mention a similar instance which occurred nearly 130 years later than the marriage to which H. refers, in a family which my mother now represents, viz., the Shaws, of Ballytweedy, County Antrim. Henry Shaw (son of John Shaw, of Ballytweedy, and grandson of Capt. Sh.w, High Sheriff for County Antrim, 1793, who was attainted by King James's Parliament) was marriel in the year 1721 to his cousin Mary, (only child of Patrick Shaw, of Brittas, County Antrim) when "neither of them was yet 15 years old;" and the old document from which I am now quoting goes on to say that the father of this equally precocious bridegroom "continued to manage for the young couple, and had not long survived their coming of age." Their eldest child was born in 1723. Henry Shaw died in 1775, a year after the birth of his great-grandson, Thomas Potter, of Mount Potter, County Down. . . . An instance of early marriage

even more curious than that mentioned by H. is the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Lord Clifford, of Skipton Castle, in the fifteenth century, to Sir Robert Plumpton, of Plumpton Castle. The bride was 6 years of age, and the bridegroom not much more. The husband died three years after marriage, and the "widow" was united to his brother William when she had gained the age of 12 years. Dodsworth preserved for us the document from which the above information is given in Whitaker's "History of Craven."-Notes and Queries.

Rug Making in Mirzapore, India.

In the dirty mud huts of the villagers it is most interesting to observe the slow yet. regular growth of the beautiful patterns as developed by the busy, untiring hands of a dozen or more half-naked natives, and which the visitor traces in imagination to their future display in the attractive windows of Regent street or Broadway, and eventually to the chambers of Western homes.

As the native quarter of the city is approached, the busy wool carders, the spinning of the native women, the 'labyrinth of dyepots, the dyeing yarns of various colors in the sunlight, bespeak the industry of the place. The huts, of common structure and one material, mud, contain but one apartment. Sunk in the ground to a depth of two or three feet is a long roller of wood, perhaps six inches in diameter and three or four yards in length, supported at either end by iron rods, and movable at pleasure; Roy sank back in his chair again and fell | upon this shaft the rug is rolled as the work advances; attached to the roller, and extending to the beams above, are the close, ends at a convenient distance, are countless balls of yarn of varied color and shade; beneath these sit the native workman and boys. Immediately opposite, at the front of the hut, seated upon a mat, is the pattern reader or overseer, while upon the ground before him is the reversed pattern of the rug whose manufacture he so skilfully directs; it requires the closest attention, rapidity of thought, sight and unflagging espplication on his part to keep the dozen or more men before him busy, for not a thread is woven but at his direction or verbal order, as calling each workman by name or noting his position, he orders the number and color of the yarns to be used, as he traces them upon the pattern at his feet. The workman in the rear seizes the end of the yarn called, weaves the number ordered, the substance is driven home by an iron comb, the rough edges clipped, and the rug rolls on to completion, every thread of wool and every stitch by hand.

Sensible Sentences

Don't be whining about not having a fair chance. Throw a sensible man out of a window, he'll fall on his feet and ask the way to the less you will have in the end. Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you can get out of a dead man's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet onc. Your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter. Eighteen-peuce has set up many a peddler in business, and he has turned it over until he has kept his carriage. As for the place you are cast in, don't find fault with that; you need not be a horse because you were born in a stable. If a bull tossed a man of mettle sky high, he would drop down in a good place. A hard-working young man with his wits about him will make money while others will do nothing but lose it. "Who loves his work and knows how to spare, may live and flourish anywhere." As to the trouble who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns? Who would win must learn to bear. Idleness lies in bed sick of the mulligrubs, where industry finds health and wealth. The dog in the kennel barks at fleas; the hunting dog does not even know they are there. Laziness waits till the river runs dry, and never gets to market. "Try" swims it, and makes all the trade. "Can't do it" would not eat the bread cut for him, but "Try" made more out of mushroons.

A standing offer-The bid at an out-door auction. -- How to escape being shipwrecked-O shun the ocean.-A young queue-pid-The Chinese baby .--- "A time for awl things," as the cobbler said on commencing work for the day .---- A fast gait-The gate that is bolted .-- When is the house furnace like the victim of the drop game ?-When it is well shaken down.