Tell You Your Fortune, Pretty Main "Il kil you 'your fortune,' pretty maid!" "You may, if you tell it true." Will I can see that you love right well Alad in saflor's blue. sulor lad with a bright black eye, And a heart both kind and strong." "Noy, gossip," she said, with a merry laugh. "You never were further wrong. The lid I love has a bright blue eye: A better lad never was born. He in't to match behind a plou ha

Nor yet in the hay or corn. He zever was in a tossing ship ; He never was near the sea : His home, it stands in a field of wheat. and under an apple tree." "A farmer boy! And you love him well?

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Ah, that is a better fate. just cross my hand, and I'll tell you, child, How long you will have to wait he you shall smile at the wedding ring, and the bridal morn shall see. to to the home in the wheat field A: Inder the apple tree.

it a not long, if the stars speak true -And when do they speak in vain ?-You will marry the farmer poy you love When the Summer comes again " her merrily rang a mocking laugh -'Ab, zoesip, how little you know! fir = j farmer boy and I were wed A year and a half ago!

Whatever of good may come to us. Westerer grief or ill, tomes not from any planet or star-It comes from our Father's will. he jej or sorrow of the future years No mortal could ever show; te knoweth the way that we shall take, and that is enough to know."

CHAPTER IV .- (CONTINUED.) late on the following afternoon I am racog through the fields as fast as my limbs can arry me, my hat in my hand, the basket I m supposed to be carrying to old Mollie a parter of a mile behind me, stuck into the edge near her cottage, a flush of haste and leasurable excitement burning in my heeas. I have only two hours to get to he Vicarage and back again, and I have so anch to tell Judith! I shall not be able to whalf I want to say before I am obliged

Fortunately I overtake her in the very at field next to the road, on her way from fellie's cottage.

"My dear child, you have raced yourself Baltimore; to a perfect fever !" she exclaims the mo-St. John, N. R. Bent she looks at me. "Do put on your at and sit down for a minute or two! You back?" delphia; H. A mil make yourself ill."

"Ob, Judith, I have had such a delight-

"I am glad to hear it. But do not try to I me while you are out of breath." "And I missed you so much. Judith, tution may be to time I go to Velfry you are to come

Who said so?" she asks, smiling incred-

"Erroll says so, and I say so; and we make Mrs. Rutherfurd do anything we

"ls it 'we' already?" she says, pushing sion should me earls back from my hot forehead.

"Ob, Judith, I like him so much, and he

"li the first is true, the last is very for-

"It is quite true. I liked him the very at evening, and now-" "And now?" Judith finishes, looking at

"Now I love him. And, oh, Judith, it made me so happy! I never knew at it was to be really happy until now !" She turns her head away. I fancy she s of Fire and a little. It is cruel of me to thrust Joy upon her—she whose love has not ere of Fire to fortunate as mine!

"Jadith, I have told you my secret, and tink I can guess yours."

She looks at me swiftly, the blood rushing

"You care for Ralph, don't you?"

"For Ralph?" she repeats monotonously. "Erroll told me. He guessed it long ago before he went to China." Erroll guessed it?"

And he thinks his mother guessit too-that was why she did not ask you feiry any more."

"Erroll told you all this?" Tes. You do not mind me, Judith.

milwould not have said it to any one I think he might have found something

the to say to you!" she exclaims, with a briouch of scorn in look and voice. "To out of his way to tell you a thing like

He did not go out of his way. It was tly to excuse his mother for not having ad you there, I think."

Excused her? There was no excuse for ! Why should we not like each other, a you and Erroll like each other? y should I have been turned out of the any more than you?"

er scorn frightens me—the flash of anger great golden-brown eyes.

will tell you why," she goes on, withgiving time to answer. "Because you ich and I am poor; because you money and dress and jewels, and I have s not even enough to dress myself thy without ratching and darning and gowns till there is nothing left to turn! If I had been an heiress

would have been given forms, and expeditions organized, in which I was always put to walk and row and dance, and play beaning with the son of the house. But I am a nobody, and you -you are Miss Warburton, an heires ! Trust a good, pious, high-principled woman like Mrs. Rutherfurd to find out the difference between us."

"But you are not angry with me, Judith?" "Angry with you, you poor little thing? No. But I am angry with them, and-and with myself."

"You have no reason to be angry with yourself. If they are so blind \_\_\_ "

"They don't know how blind they are!" she laughs quite heartily-Judith's moods are as changeable as the wind. "I will out wit them yet, poor and obscure as I am; I will teach Mrs. Rutherfurd that even a worm will turn when it is trodden upon."

"But, Judith, she never said a word against you. She as much as said, this morning at breakfast when I mentioned your name, that she was sorry any stop had been put to the old intercourse. And she said to me afterwards that the fact was she had always thought you too pretty and attractive to have you much at Velfry, as Erroll had absolutely nothing-at present; and marriage with a girl equally poor would simply have ruined him."

"Must every girl who sees her sons fall in love with them?"

"I suppose she thinks so. But I think she was more afraid of their falling in love with you."

"Ralph has money enough to marry beggar girl, if he pleased."

"She did not mention Ralph's name, She only seemed to think of the danger to

"She only cares for Errell. But she will give her darling to you! If you were old and ugly, she would give him to you just the same-she would encourage you to run after him; she would force him to make love to you. And all for the sake of a few paltry thousands. Bah !"

"Judith, you frighten me-you make me miserable! Don't let us talk about her any more," I sob, leaning my face down on her shoulder.

"I am sure I do not want to talk about her. Tell me all about your visit, and how. much you enjoyed it. And what did she say to your aunts when she brought you

"I don't know what she said," I smile through my tears; "but I think it was something they all liked. They think there is nobody in the world like Mrs. Rutherfurd."

Judith's red lip curls, but she does not indulge in any more invective—she seems anxious to make me forget the burst of passion which had so distressed and frightened me by bestowing upon me an extra amount of petting, and smoothing the tangled curls out of my eyes, kissing my tear-stained cheeks, blaming herself for having given me such a reception-I who had hurried over to see her first of all,

"You poor little thing!" she says, with an odd mixture of tenderness and something like cruelty which makes her so puzzling to people who do not know her as well as I do. "It was a shame not to have listened to your love-story, wasn't it, and to have tried to make you believe that they only wanted your money? But you love Erroll; and, if you think he loves you, what are the odds whether he does or not? Girls like you never know. If a man tells you once he loves you, you go on believing to the end of the chapter-ay, and die happy in the belief! And Heaven knows you are more to be envied than we miserable creatures who want so much more than we are ever likely to get!"

"Erroll loves me," I say simply. "He would never have kissed me as he did last night, if he had not loved me more than any one else in the world."

"Did he kiss you?" she asks, but without looking at me. We are walking back slowly through the fields towards Osierbrook, my arm round Judith's waist, her hand on my shoulder—she is so much taller than I that we generally walk like this.

"Of course he did. Judith, will you tell me one thing? Do you care as much for Mr. Rutherfurd as I care for Erroll? I will never tell any one-not even Erroll-if you will

only whisper it to me." "If I cared for any one else, Lisle, I should care more for them a million times than you could ever care. I am not made of such slight elements as you are child—to love any one with me means to love them with every pulse of my heart, with every breath I draw, so long as my life shall last."

"I love Erroll like that," I say, looking up into her dark flushed face.

"I hope not."

"Why do you hope not?"

"Because it is not a happy thing to love any one like that. Such idolatry brings its just punishment with it always. But I am. not unhappy about you, Liste. You will never love any one more than is good for

"Well, Judith, didn't I tell you I would eve you here? You can't say Mrs. Rutt-

tation" to speed a couple of days at Velley It was very kind of Mrs. Rutherfurd t ask Judith just to please me, which I sure was her reason. She mems to this she can never do enough to make me happy. I know she likes me for my own sake, not withstanding Judith's hateful insinuations. But I am sure she will be glad if Erroll and I marry each other, as I suppose we shall some day. I know the dearest wish of her heart is to see Erroll settle down into a steady respectable member of society; and she has told me, smiling, that I shall make "a dear little wife."

"You look very well to-night, Judith," I say, watching her as she puts the finishing touch to her dress.

I thought I had looked very well myself when I left my room a few minutes ago; but my faith in my own appearance is just a little shaken as I look at the tall slight figure in the simple black net dress, with the square-cut bodice and knots of goldcoloured ribben, and the cluster of overblown faint Gloire de Dijon rosse on her shoulder.

Judith dresses in a bold picturesque style which would not suit my little figure and childish face at all. She can wear more effective bouquets, and larger hats, and longer trains, and higher ruffles, and a mingling of colors which my aunts would call "audacious" and yet they always look well upon her, though they would make a perfect fright of me. Her dress to-night is quiet enough, and yet its effect is not quiet as she comes into the drawing-room and is introduced to Erroll by his mother as "your old playmate," though I think they must have met before, forneither gives more than a casual glance towards the other, and, a moment later, Judith is talking to Mr. Rutherfurd, whom she has of course been in the habit of meeting at church on Sundays and occasionally at other houses, since those old days when he was a grown-upryoung man and she a child who came to play with his little sister, and to tease his younger brother with threats of excluding him from their girlish games.

Erroll of course takes possession of me. and, though I cannot be blind to the fact that Judith is a thousand times more attractive than I am, he at all events does not seem to see it as he leans over the back of my chair whispering tender speeches into my silly delighted ears. He seems so glad to have me back again at Velfry, and I am so glad to be back—the evening seems to fly past as if it had wings.

Mrs. Rutherfurd is fond of music, and Mr. Ralph Rutherfurd also seems to enjoy it, though he generally listens from a chair in some distant corner, and never either thanks the performer or makes any comment on the performance. To night Miss Irvings sings and plays for hours with the most indefatigable good nature, both Mrs. Rutherfurd and Ralph listening with thorough appreciation to classical "arins" and "all gros," which give Erroll an opportunity of whispering a great many sweet speeches to me that the accompanying music only seems to make sweeter, if we heard it

"Perhaps I ought to 'do the pretty to Miss Irving now for a little while, since Ralph has taken himself off," Erroll says at last. "It won't do to neglect her altogether, will it?"

"Oh, I don't think Judith minds! She is not that kind of girl."

"No; she seems quite willing to cover our 'asides' with any amount of fortissimo chords, and to endure our whispering through her songs with the most philosophic indifference! But I really must go and turn over her music for a little while-noblesse oblige!

He saunters across the room to the piano, looking very tall and fair and handsome in his simple evening dress, with a moss-rosebud in his buttonhole, his crisp hair carefully parted, his blond monstache carefully curled. As he bends over Miss Irving I cannot help thinking-" What a handsome. pair !"

"I think you must all be tired of my music!' Judith declares, turning round on

the piano stool. Mrs Ruth rfurd had left the room with Ralph, and I am constrained to say I am not tired, though I do not care to sit by myself on the sofa while Erroll turns another girl's music, even though that other girl be my own familiar friend.

"Sing something," Erroll suggests, as Judith's hands wander at random over the

What shall I sing?" she asks, looking certainly does. up at him absently, while she plays on in a slow, dreamy fashion, as if she were composing.

"Anything you like. I don't know your

with that far-off expression in her great | world." gold-brown eyes. I do not think she knows she is looking at him. The is listening to her own music with an odd half smile on her

"I will sha you o sing which you may tolder to distance of side of sea a an enigue to me over disce I got bold of it," she remarks at lest, unling, as she turns over the sheets of music on the floor

Brioll picks it up and makes it remain up. and then she plays the prelude, and, the prelude is finished, begins to sing in her full mezzo-soprane voice.

" The heart I ask from thee, love, A secret gift minst be; The world sinst mover see, love, the links 'twist me and thee.

" 'Still, when our hearts are aching, We two our pain must hide; Nor, when our joys are waking, Can tell them, side by side."

"I do not see anything very difficult to understand in that," Erroll declares, as she runs through the interlude in her clear, crisp way.

"Do you not?" she smiles. " The thought thy heart holds nearest. Keep it from others' view :

That is simple enough," she laughs, as he turns the page.

"'We may not watch like lovers For stolen glances sweet; Envy around us hovers, We dare not smile and greet.

"Go, hush with stern reproving Thy heart, whose throbs I see, And tell it that our loving Must still a secret be

"Is that all?" Erroll asks in a low tone. "Not quite all. Do you like it?" "I cannot say I like it; but -- "-"But what?"

"I will tell you some other time. Go en with the song."

"A word, a look unguarded Has oft brought danger nigh; Scarce is our secret warded From search of jealous eye.

"Still must the warning be, love, That erst I gave to thee; The heart I ask from thee, love, A secret gift must be.

"Thank you," Erroll says, as she rises from the piano. She crosses the room towards me, and he follows her; and, for moment, I fancy he looks paler than usual; but Judith is laughing. "My poor little child, who has banished

you to this distant corner ?" "I have been here all the time." "And how did you like my song?" she

asks, sitting down beside me on the sofa. "It is an odd song; I did not like it

quickly the time has passed !"

"Thanks to you," Erroll says, looking at her as he stands before us. "To my music, you mean. It is a plea-

my own piano saw its best days more than twenty years ago."

"How shall we amuse ourselves to-morrow?" Erroll asks, "Do you play tennis?' "Not well; I have had no opportunity for practice."

"I will give you any odds you like." "Thanks; I like a fair field and no favour n the games I play," Judith laughs, looking at him. I cannot see her eyes, but his look handsomer than ever, I fancy, as they meet that laughing glance.

"Then shall we pull down the river-or rather float down, and pull ourselves back again? It is a long time since we explored

the abbey ruins together, is it not?" "A long time. What fun we used to

have on that island when we were children! "Yes-when I was Robinson Crusoe, and you were Friday, and we made May be the savages!" Erroll laughs. "Then !et us arrange to go to the island; we can easily be back by luncheon-time, if we start directly after breakfast."

"What does Lisle say?" Judith asks, looking at me.

"I like whatever you like," I answer at once. I only want you to have a pleasant

"Oh, I am sure to have a pleasant time at places where I was happy as a child."

"Have you never been happy at Velfry since you were a child?" Erroll asks, smiling.

"None but children are ever really happy," Miss Irving answers carelessly. "I do not agree with you there. I am

happier now than I ever was as a child." I do not know why Judith should change colour at this speech, but change colour she

"I suppose you have a good reason to be happy," she says, looking not at him but at

"I have a very good reason." "There is only one thing that can make

She is still looking up as he looks down, a man or woman really happy in this " And what is that?"

what there is in here I cannot my.

"You are very fortunate," she laughs in her cool, negligent way. "It is not every lover who is happy except by f starts."

"You seem to know all about it-this rose of love, the wasp inside, and all." "I know so much that I do not want to know any more! Doem't somebody say-

"For love is a thorny flower; it breaks, it The pleason falls at the fairest, and the the

I am not surprised that Erroll should be fascinated by the cleverness, the fearless expression of opinion, the strong individuality, which had fascinated me in this girl from the very first hour in which I made her acquaintance. But at the same time I am rather glad when Mrs. Rutherfurd comes back and Judith goes away to talk to her; I had said once that I had never been jealous, but I am childish enough to be jeelous now of every word and look Erroll gives to anyone else.

"You do not hate her now, Erroll, do you ?" I ask a little wistfully.

"I do not like her"-sinking into the chair beside me.

"You do not! I thought you looked as if you liked her very much, just now."

"You little jealous thing!"

"Oh, I don't mean as if you love her, of course !"

"Love her!" he echoes, shrugging his broad shoulders. "I love no one but you, Lisle, and you ought to know that very well."

The assurance comforts me, I admire Judith so much myself that I can scarcely believe any one could see her without falling in love with her. But, after all, if Eroll really cares for me, however he may be interested or amused, he can never love any one else.

I would not be interested or amused by any other man, let him be ever so attractive, if Erroll were in the roon; but men are not like women-love with them is only part of their life, while with us it is the whole o existence. If Erroll loves me better than any other girl in the world, surely I may be very well content!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why Indians Love the Warpath.

Colonel Royall of the army is one of the best known Indian fighters in the service. He is now on leave, his health being "I do not care about it myself. Is it | much impaired by many years' life on the really eleven?"—as the little time-piece rings | frontier. Speaking of the present dist rbout the hour in its musical chime, "How ances and the love for murder which every Indian seems to possess in a greater or less degree, he said : I once asked a remarkably intelligent Indian who was known to have killed a white man some years ago, sure to me to play upon such an instrument; why it was that his race enjoyed so much going on the war-path and killing people. The conversation which ensued ran something like this, the Indian beginning: 'Did you ever shoot a rabbit?'

" Yes.

" Did you ever shoot a deer?'

" Yes.

" Didn't you get more fun out of killing the deer than the rabbit?' "'Yes, I guess so.'

" Well, there's a heap more fun for an Irdian to kill a man than a deer.'

"That was Indian logic, and pretty good logic, too, I should say," Colonel Royall remarked, and added: " My experience has been that the minute an Indian sheds human blood, it seems to affect the whole tribe in the same way that the smell of blood would a pack of wild beasts. It intoxicates them. They become devils. They are bereft of al reason. They must satisfy their lust for murder, and the settlers on the trail they take become their victims."

Wire Siege Guns.

Siege guns built of wire are the newest description of ordnance for the national service. A very tough steel wire is used. having a breaking strength of 100 tons to the square inch, which is wound over a Velfry! It is enough for me to revisit the steel tube as tape may be bound on a reel being f equently fastened off to secure its cohesion, and so neatly put together as to look precisely like solid metal. An experimental howitzer has been made upon this principle, and passed a satisfactory proof at the Royal Arsenal It has a calibre of 10 ins . but weighs only about 70 cwt. In its trial this howitzer threw a shell of 360 lbs with a charge of 28 lbs, and attained a velocity of 1000 ft per second—a result may be compared with two guns of a similar weight which are at present in the service. One of these is the 8 in. howitzer, which fires a shell of just half the weight-viz., 180 lbs-with a velocity of 950 ft; and the other is the 100pounder gun of 6 6 calibre, which, with its light shot of 100 lbs, manage to reach a velocity of 1390ft per second. The trial weepon seems in no way impaired by the strain to which it has been subjected.

> In all things throughout the world the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked - and the men who look for the