

A Sprig of Purple Heather.
BY JAMES GRING.
A little came to me to day
From one of the fields there lay
A sprig of purple heather
From the side of some great ben,
Where some one winding, fairy glen,
Who once the blood of Highland men
Has deeper dyed the heather.
I kissed each lovely purple bell,
And breathed with joy its fragrant smell;
This sprig of purple heather;
I made me long again to see
The lips and lightness of
The girl who fed with me
This sprig of purple heather.
The sun was gold with spots and snow,
And white with spots and snow,
The thyme and purple heather
Were in the glens where grow
The thyme and purple heather
Where I see my girl's face;
But for her sake I'll gently press
The heart with my own hand,
This sprig of purple heather.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

Author of "THE FLOWER GIRL,"
"LADY LYNCHURST," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)
Dolly looked on with dry eyes, but ever-
lasting fear and agony in her heart. She
was unconsciously, before the doctor had
said a word, what her verdict would be;
when he laid the head gently back on the
pillow she had improvised, and uttered the
terrible "dead!" it was no surprise to

her. "A terrible affair!" Doctor Seymour
said, as the three stood gazing down
at the different emotions upon the handsome
woman already fast stiffening in the icy
clasp of death. "Fearfully sudden in
this case, but in the very prime of life,
with such brilliant prospects before him!
Lady Braithwaite; it will be a sad
loss to her and almost as great for Miss
Smith. I think it would be
advisable for you to go to the Hall as quickly as
possible, and ask to see the butler; he will
be best for you to say that the
butler is dangerously hurt; they will
be prepared to hear the truth, which will
be known soon enough. I will remain here
to keep watch in the meantime."

When she started on his errand somewhat re-
sistantly; he wished the Doctor had under-
stood himself, and left him free to talk
to Dolly. He had something he wished
particularly to say to her, and he might
have such an opportunity. He dared
never do otherwise than obey the
command he had received, and therefore
went on his mission without delay.
When he was out of sight, Doctor Sey-
mour turned to Dolly and laid his hand gen-
tly on her arm.
"You can do no good here, my child. This
illness is beyond all earthly care and
attention, and you must think of your-
self. Take my advice and return home
as early as any one arrives from the
Hall. Your presence here would only give
to remarks and surmises, which are best
avoided. Besides, your father doubtless
is growing anxious at your absence
at home at this late hour."

"My father!" she repeated, raising one
hand to her forehead in a confused manner;
the Doctor saw again that curious look
in her eyes, while a slight shiver passed
through her frame. "You are right," she
said in a more natural tone; "he will be
wondering, and since, as you say, I can do
nothing, I will go now—only—only—" And
before Doctor Seymour could inter-
pose, she was even aware of her intention,
and had flung herself upon her knees and
covered the dead man's hand with pas-
sionate kisses. The next moment she had
rushed to her feet, and, throwing back her
head with a gesture of defiance, she exclaim-
ed proudly: "They say he would have mar-
ried Miss Mainwaring; but he loved me—
me—Dolly Jarvis, the blacksmith's
daughter!"

She turned, and, without one back-
sight, moved rapidly away.
"Well, to be sure!" muttered the
doctor, rubbing his hands slowly
together and staring after the retreating
figure with a blankly. "It is a strange
thing! The goings were right, after all."
He was no gossip himself, and discreet
in his profession usually are, the
doctor never divulged to a single
soul what takes place after Joe's de-
parture.

Dolly sped on her way. At
the moment she walked quickly, her feet keeping
time with the tumult of her thoughts, but
when she felt the high nervous tension began
to relax, the excitement which had borne
her on a measure died away, and her
steps were weary. A sort of stupor be-
gan to creep over her, the shadows of the
night seemed to invest her with fantastic
shapes, and she seemed to her distorted fancy like
some figure dancing round her and glowing
with misery.

She wondered whether her father had
learned where he would be very an-
xious when he learned where and with whom
she had been, whether even he would refuse
to receive her into his house again. Well, it
was nothing—nothing signified, now that
she was dead. "Dad! Oh, no, it could not
be! They had been talking together, he
told her how much he loved her,
and how he had struck him from behind,
and all been so sudden, the assault and
struggle that followed. She
was so alarmed that she had, after,
she had protested, buried her face in her
hands, she might not witness that terri-
ble scene. She had heard the deep breath-
ing of the men, the muttered imprecations,
the fall, the sound of retreating foot-
steps, and then there was silence—a silence
which so long that she was fain to look
back and she had seen that no trace re-
mained of the combatants—only the grass
was broken and the brambles broken
to the edge of those great Heaven
sent, drawn thither by some force
which she could not see, and she had crept to
the edge of the rocks and looked over,
and saw a figure lying there still and mo-
tionless."

That terrible and lonely walk she
had made, she had just just gone
back again. That other man
the Harry's murderer—who was he?

voice—and yet, just for one horrible mo-
ment, she had fancied he had a strange re-
semblance to—
"Oh, no, no, a thousand times, no; it was
not possible! The man who had struck her
lover down must have been some one who
owed him a deadly grudge, perhaps a coach-
er whom the young officer had been the
means of getting convicted, and who had
waited for an opportunity to avenge him-
self; and yet why had she—Dolly said it
was an accident—why had she not boldly
denounced the assassin?"
Ah, why, indeed? What motive could
have influenced her to make her endeavor
to shield one whom she would naturally
have been the first to denounce she could
not tell. She was only conscious of a
strange confusion of ideas, a dread of she
knew not what.

When at last she reached home, she stood
for a moment half hesitating before she
timidly knocked with her hand on the door.
A brief pause, and then there was a sound
of approaching footsteps, the bolts were
drawn slowly back, and a voice like—yet so
unlike—her father's asked hoarsely, "Who
is there?"
"It is I, father—Dolly. Don't you know
me?" the girl said tremulously as the door
was opened cautiously, and she crossed the
threshold.

Adam drew the bolts again and followed
Dolly into the kitchen. As the light fell up-
on him the girl uttered a little cry of alarm.
Could that old, worn, haggard-looking man
be her father, the jovial blacksmith? Surely
he never before had that stoop in his should-
ers, and his eyes—oh, why did they regard
her so coldly, so strangely? Had she sinned
so deeply as to have alienated his affection
and wrought this terrible change in him
within a few short hours?
"Well, girl, what have you to say?" Adam
questioned sharply.

"Oh, father, father," Dolly cried, stretch-
ing out both hands to ward him, and falling
upon her knees before him, "don't look at
me like that—it will kill me! I am done
wrong; I should have trusted you and told
you all; but, oh, if I have sinned, I have
been bitterly punished!"
"How—how?" asked Adam huskily,
and the girl shivered at the sound of that
strained unnatural voice.
"He is dead!" the girl answered briefly,
with something like a wall.
"Dead!" Had Adam spoken, or was it a
groan?

Dolly raised her head and glanced fearfully
up at him. He was standing with arms
crossed on his brawny chest, his eyes staring
straight before him—unconscious even of
her presence.
"Father!" the girl repeated in fright-
ened tones; and then her glance fell upon his
shirt-front and travelled down to the wrist-
bands. What were those dark red spots be-
sprinkled here and there? Dolly's eyes grew
dark and distended, whilst they looked like
those of some hunted wild animal. "Fath-
er!" she gasped, staggering to her feet
and taking a step backwards. "Speak!
What is this, horrible thing? It—it is not
true! Great Heaven—oh, say it is not true!
I was wrong—when I suspected—ah, tell
me that I am going mad!"
Then Adam Jarvis's strained gaze relaxed
and his eyes, filled with a strange regret and
hopes—ness, met those of his daughter steady-
ly, as he answered slowly and distinctly—
"You are not going mad, Dolly; but I
was mad when, in a fit of ungovernable pas-
sion, I struck down the man who had dared
to wrong my daughter."

Scarcely had the words left his lips when,
with a cry that rang in Adam's ears until
the day of his death, Dolly fell forward
senseless at his feet.

CHAPTER VI.

Sir Ralph and Lady Braithwaite were en-
tertaining a large circle of guests at the Hall.
There were some old friends of the Baronet,
and several young men, his sons' friends,
for this was the eve of the twelfth of Au-
gust, and the sportsmen were looking for-
ward to having a fine time of it on the York-
shire moors.
But the lords of creation were not to have
it all their own way. A number of ladies
had been invited to share their host's hospi-
tality, and to keep Lady Braithwaite and
Miss Mainwaring in countenance, as the lat-
ter languishingly protested.

It had been decided that there should be
dancing every evening—not a regular ball,
but just a homely affair—that form of amuse-
ment being the most in favour with the
young people; whilst their elders repaired
to the smoking-room, or sought refuge in
the smaller drawing-room, where card tables
were set out, for Sir Ralph had a great par-
tiality for whist.

Geraldine Mainwaring was in her own
room; she had been lying down to refresh
herself for the coming festivities. Dinner
had been delayed half an hour in deference
to the expected arrival of more visitors.
The first dressing-bell had not yet rung
when a knock sounded at Miss Mainwaring's
door; and, in answer to that young lady's
"Enter," her maid Celeste came in.
Geraldine was wearing a pale primrose tea
gown, in which she had appeared during the
afternoon, and which suited her style of
beauty to perfection; she had loosened
her hair, which fell in rich luxuriance be-
hind her waist. There was a happy light in
her dark eyes, although her thoughts were evi-
dently wandering, or she must have noticed
the unusual perturbation of the French-
woman's manner.

But Celeste needed no encouragement to
speak, for hardly had she crossed the thresh-
old when she lifted both her hands and
shook her head in a way that was exceedingly
expressive.
"But, mademoiselle, this is terrible, n'est
ce pas?" she cried. "Oh, what unhappy-
ness—the beau monsieur—I can hardly be-
lieve it!"
"Believe what?" Geraldine asked sharp-
ly, resenting the maid's freedom of speech.
"Then mademoiselle has not heard? I am
the first to bring the news so ill!"
"What do you mean? Tell me quickly!"
Geraldine cried, a strange fear seizing her.
But it seemed that Celeste either could
not or would not speak lucidly, for now she
wring her hands, exclaiming—
"An, le pauvre Capitaine—so young and
so beautiful! Mladay, it is too sad!"
"Do you mean Captain Braithwaite? Has
anything happened to him?" asked Gera-
ldine, her cheeks growing ashy pale, her dark
eyes fixed piercingly upon the maid, as
though she would read her inmost soul.

"What?" Celeste said slowly. I heard
it but just now. He has been shot."
"Well?"—impatiently, as the maid
paused.
"Murdered—killed, what do you call
it? at the bottom of a so dangerous precip-
ice."
A low moan broke from Geraldine's white
lips as she repeated the terrible word.
"Murdered? Great Heaven, it is impos-
sible! There must be some mistake, Cele-
ste; it is ridiculous. Harry—Captain
Braithwaite could have no enemies who
should want to harm him!" She spoke rap-
idly, trying, as it were, to convince herself
while feeling vaguely that it must be true.
"Ah," she went on, as she noticed
Celeste's ill concealed eagerness, yet evi-
dent timidity to say more, "you know some-
thing further, you have not told me all!"
"Pardon, madam, no; but it is only a
canard—gossip perhaps. I would rather
not say; mademoiselle will hear it soon
enough."
"I insist on knowing now—at once," Gera-
ldine cried, springing forward and clutch-
ing Celeste's arm in a vice-like grip, as
though she feared she would endeavour to
escape.

The maid gave a little scream of alarm,
and that momentarily wished she had left
her news to be told by other lips than her
own. It was too late however to draw back,
she knew her mistress's character too well
not to be certain that nothing but the whole
truth would satisfy her now.
"Tell me, do you hear?" M as Mainwar-
ing repeated, giving her a shake that made
her teeth chatter, partly from fright and
partly from the suddenness of the assault.
"I—I—they say that Captain Braith-
waite was pushed over the precipice by a
girl," Celeste jerked out, "the daughter of
a smith who is black. She is very pretty,
on dit, and monsieur le Capitaine used some
times to talk to her." The woman having
found her tongue, went on glibly enough
now. "And then it is supposed—of course
no one can tell for certain—that she had
heard monsieur was going to be married
and was jealous."
At the last word Miss Mainwaring releas-
ed Celeste as suddenly as she had seized her.

"There—that will do!" she said, with a
harsh laugh, that sounded strange in the
circumstances. "I shall not need your
services, Celeste; so you may go. No"—
as the girl was about to speak—"I should
prefer to be alone."
So the maid had no alternative but to
obey, though she glanced a little dubiously
at her young mistress as she turned to leave
the room.
"Ma foi, but she shows a strange sang-
froid!" Celeste muttered, as she traversed
the corridor. "One would hardly believe
that she has just received the news of her
lover's death. And the other girl? Ah, I
can understand that! If he were perfide,
what else could she do?"
The girl shrugged her shoulders, and her
black eyes flashed, as if in sympathy with
that "other girl."

Meanwhile, Miss Mainwaring, left to her-
self, dropped her head, and stretching out
her arms on the chintz-covered couch,
bowed her head upon them in the very same
of despair.
It never occurred to her for one moment
to doubt the truth of Celeste's statement. Her
cousin was dead. She accepted the fact un-
questioningly; but no tears came to relieve
her tortured heart. She was stunned, paral-
ysed, as it were; but it was not even Harry
Braithwaite's tragical fate that caused
that intolerable anguish. At that moment
she felt she could have borne to lose him,
had she known he had been true to her. It
was the fact of his having been the contrary
that was the greatest blow of all.

That he was dead seemed to her but a
small affair, since he had not loved her—nay,
even in her bitter despair and degradation,
she was almost glad that it was so—glad
that he would never belong to another wo-
man, since she had lost him. It was a poor
satisfaction, after all, and it brought but
temporary comfort. The little ormolu
clock on the mantelpiece chimed the hour
and still Geraldine crouched beside the
couch, her dark unbound hair falling in wild
disorder around her; great dark rings en-
circled her eyes, her hands were dry and fever-
ish, but still she had not wakened.
Presently there was a knock at the door.
It was not like Celeste's brisk little tap;
and, as if in a dream, Geraldine slowly rose
and opened it.
On the threshold stood Lady Braithwaite
white and trembling, with traces of exces-
sive grief on her pale face and a general air
of abandonment to sorrow.
"Forgive me, my dear," she said, entering
and closing the door softly behind her. "You
have heard."
"I know all," Geraldine answered, in a
cold hard voice, so strangely unlike her own
that Lady Braithwaite glanced at her nerv-
ously and shivered.
"Who told you?"
"Celeste."
After that brief question and answer
there fell a silence upon the two women
which neither of them seemed inclined to
break.

"You will forgive him—oh, Geraldine,
you must forgive him!" cried the elder
lady at last, looking up with eyes swim-
ming with tears. "I know you are judging
him harshly. You said you knew all; but
that is not possible—nobody knows! Yet
there may be, there must be some explana-
tion for his interview with that wretched
girl!"
"No doubt he had deceived her, as—as
he did me," Miss Mainwaring said bitterly,
with no softening of her voice, but with the
hard lines round her mouth growing still
harder.
"You are cruel—cruel and unjust!" cried
Lady Braithwaite, bursting into a fit of pas-
sionate weeping. "Oh, my boy, my bon-
nie boy!"
If the sight of her aunt's grief moved her,
Geraldine made no sign. A statue of Parian
marble could not have been more chill and
cold and motionless. She stood with her
hands loosely clasped in front of her, gazing
steadily and unseeing before her. Lady
Braithwaite's fit of weeping ended at last—
indeed, it seemed as if the fount of her tears
were exhausted. She lay back in her chair now
almost as motionless as Geraldine herself.

"Where have they taken him?"
"It was Geraldine who asked the question
in clear unfeeling tones."
"Into the library. If you could see him
you would find that he was not so much
degraded as you think."

Bill Simpson's Darter.
No matter how hard and ugly the truth
is, it is more pleasing than the affectation
of what is not real. Exposure is certain to
follow people who try to go through life be-
hind a mask of false pretences. We have
little sympathy for people like "Bill Simp-
son's darter." A gentleman travelling from
Toronto to New York city tells the story:
At Niagara, two ladies, dressed in the ex-
treme of fashion, entered the car. Their
manners indicated great affection and con-
sequent shallowness.
The only unoccupied seat in the car was
directly behind a quite-looking lady, evi-
dently from the country. Her dress was of
calico, her bonnet of plain straw, and her
gloves were of cotton. She could not
however, have looked newer, and she had a
good, honest face.
As the fashionable ladies adjusted their
dresses in the unoccupied seat, one of the
two said to the other:
"Don't you think it too bad that there

are now such poor accommodations on rail-
road trains?"
"Oh—in what way?" asked the coun-
tryperson.
"Why here we are crowded with all
classes of people, some of them so common.
Look at that person in front of us."
"Horrid, isn't she?"
"Perfectly dreadful!"
"Looks like a common laborer."
"How annoying to have to come in con-
tact with such people!"
"Belongs to some ordinary family. If
one could only exclude one's self from such
persons when traveling even short dis-
tance! I suppose its horrid in me to say it,
but I have all my life had such a repugnance
to common laboring people."
The lady in the calico dress must have
heard a part of this conversation, but her
face was perfectly composed.
At that moment, an elderly man in
home-spun and home-made garments of a
farmer, came down the aisle. He stopped
before the ladies of fashion, closely scruti-
nized the features of the one having "such a
repugnance to common people," and just as
the train stopped at a station, cried out
loud enough to be heard by every person in
the car:
"Looker hyar, ain't you old Bill Simp-
son's darter? But I know you air 'bout
sakin'. How do, anyhow? You don't
change a speck. Got the same nose you
had when you wor a little gal o' twelve or
fifteen years, trottin' b'foot round my old
farm in Podunk county."
"Yer mind how I yout set give yer two
bits a day an' yer dinner for helpin' my
younguns dig taters! Ho! ho! ho!"
The young lady had dropped her beaded
veil, and was nervously biting at her fan,
but the farmer went on heedlessly;
"They's been mighty changes since then.
Your pap went out to Colorado, an' made
a big fortin' thar, an' I hear you live in
great style. But Bill Simpson ain't the
man to forget old frens, an' you tell 'em
that you've saw old Jack Billings, what you
to give him a-menny a day's work when he
was so pore his family had ter wait till the
hens laid 'fore they could hev any break-
fast. You kin remember that yerself, I
reckon. An' yer thar wasn't nobody gladder
nor me when yer pap did git rich so sud-
dint, for he was a mighty hard-workin'
blacksmith, an' always pore 'cause of bad
luck. My wife sez that she lost an awful
good washer-woman when yer ma moved,
an'—I git off here. Good-by! good-by!"
The meekest, most subdued person on
that train during the rest of the trip was
"Bill Simpson's darter."

PIOUS SMILES.

A Georgia man has a hen twenty years
old caring for a large brood of little chick-
ens of her own hatching. This would go to
show that hens are good for something else
besides eating.
"Two hundred and forty bones in the
human body," is the way it reads in the books;
but a short acquaintance with a boarding
house mattress will make almost any man of
spare build bet his last collar button there
hasn't been a fair count.
Digby met a friend who is terribly given
to fibbing, and accosted him thus: "Been to
church to-day, Jones?" "No," was the quick
response; "I've been on the bed nearly all
day," "Just as I expected," chimed in Dig-
by; "you're always lying."

A young wife lately lost her husband, who
was seventy years old. "But how did you
happen to marry a man of that age?" asked
one of her friends. "Why," said the young
widow, "you see I only had the choice be-
tween two old men, and, of course, I took
the oldest."
At a wa's near Mallow one of the wakers
named Horan fell asleep, and while he was
unconscious a red-hot poker was put down
his back. He sprang up, and in his writhing
to get the poker out he only burned his body
more. Finally he rushed out and jumped in
to a pool of water, and now he will probably
die.
A story is told of the reporter of a Jewish
paper who prepared an abstract of his rabbi's
sermons, and on one occasion read it to the
rabbi himself. "Stop! stop!" said he, at the
occurrence of a certain sentence, "I
didn't say that." "I know you didn't,"
was the reply; "I put that in to make
sense."

An English clergyman asked an unedu-
cated woman whether she liked his written
or unwritten sermons the best. After think-
ing a few moments she said: "Why, I
loike yo the best without the book, because
yo keep saying the same thing over and over
again, and that helps me to remember what
I hear a good deal better."
When a man with two heavyatchels is
running to catch a street car and a small
boy turns the corner just in time to get all
tangled up with his legs, it is not perhaps
the most fitting moment to shove a tract in-
to his pocket addressed to "the profane
man," but it is very apt to strike the mar-
ket for which it was manufactured.

Two men were discussing material used
for building purposes, and among the rest
laths. Commenting on the fact that the
price of laths were comparatively high,
one of them remarked: "I don't see what
in the world keeps laths up," when a third
party, who never lets a chance go when he
sees it, made the simple reply: "Nails."
A Scotch minister was once ordered "beef
tea" by his physician. The next day the
patient complained that it made him sick.
"Why, minister," said the doctor, "I'll
try the tea myself." So, putting some in a
skillet, he warmed it, and told the minister
it was excellent. "Man," said the minister,
"is that the way ye sup it?" "What ther
way should it be suppit? It's excellent, I
say, minister." "It may be gude that way,
doctor; but try it wi' the cream and sugar,
man! try it wi' that, and then see hoo ye
like it!"
Gentlemen are requested not to shoot
when an honorable member is in line with
the Augustus P. Collins window." This
pathetic inscription was once to be found in
the place of meeting of a Western Legisla-
ture. Augustus P. Collins had patriotically
presented the Senate with a valuable
stained-glass window, and it was felt that it
would be unworthy of an economic State to
get it broken by casual revolver shots.
Legislators could shoot each other or the
Speaker just as well without "staining
the" on the Augustus P. Collins window.