Day-Dreams.

There were yellow heads in the mountain, And yellow heads by the sea; And now they are in the school-room, As busy as they can be.

But the yellow heads from the mountains Remember the dear old rocks; And how they would climb and clamber About with their "alpenstocks."

And the yellow heads from the seaside Sit dreaming of sands and caves; Of bright blue skies and of sunshine, Of foam on the "white-cap" waves.

And its very hard to remember The lessons they learned before, When folks are dresming of mountains, And sands, and the dear seashore.

What Bertie and Lion Found.

"Where are you going, Bertie?" said

Mrs. Wilbur, as her little daughter came

into the kitchen one morning, with her hat

on .- "Out into the woods," said Bertie.-

"What for?" asked her mother, unconcernedly, for Bertie was in no danger of being lost, as she was perfectly acquainted with every part of the wood .- "I am going to hunt for a fairy," answered Bertie. "Don't you think, mamma, that if I should go very easy and look very carefully, I might find one asleep under a fern?"-"Bat said Mrs. Wilbur, "the fairles play all night and go home in the morning."-"Well," said Bertie, "you know one little girl fairy might be very tired, and lie down a minute to rest go to sleep, and not wake up unt it was noon."-"Very well, don't stay too long; and find a good fairy, for my little girl's playmates must be good " And Mrs. Wilbur went on with her work, soon forgetting all about Bertie and the wished-for fairy.—Bertha Wilbur was ten years old. She was the only child of educated and well-to-do parents; but although she lived very happily with papa and mamma, and had many advantages of books, pictures, music, etc., which are denied to many country children, she often felt very lonesome, and would wish for a little brother or sister to play with. The neighborhood in which Bertie lived was rather aristocratic and old, and there being no children in it, with the exception of Bertie, the two adjoining school districts had been united, so the nearest school was three miles away. On account of the distance, and because Mrs. Wilbur was very strict in regard to Bertie's choice of playmates, the little girl had never been to school and her parents had been her only teachers. But being an on'y child, she was more advanced in many things than most children of her age. She was a nice little reader could write very well, and played the piano with some grace. But Bertie's favorite occupation was reading; and as she was furnished with a plenty of books suited to her age, she was seidom in the house without a story book in her hand. She was very fond of fairy stories, and had read a great many tales of sylphs and sprites. She had a large dog, with whom she had roamed over the fields and woods of her father farm until she was at home in its re motest part. When Bertie left the house she went to find Lion, her dog, and calling "Lion!" "Lion!" once or twice, in a moment he came bounding along with his pin's tongue lolling out of his great mouth, and his great tail wagging like the top of a fir tree in a storm. Bertie gave him a pat on the head, and away he went gamboling along ahead, now and then stopping to wait for his mistress, and then rushing on far ahead. The woods were about a quarter of a mile from the house, and were on rising ground; so Bertie did not hurry, for she was not a strong child, and c'imbing was rather tiresome to her. By the time she had reached the top of the hill, Lion was nowhere to be seen, but as he made a point to hunt rabbits whenever his mistress went into the woods, she was not at all surprised. Wandering along, picking here and there a wild flower and occasionally stopping to watch a squirrel or bird, Bertie had forgotten all about Lion, until far in the woods she heard him barking vigorously. But supposing he had treed a squirrel, or had found something else of interest, she paid no heed, until Lion came crashing through the underbrush, and made Bertie follow him by pulling at her dress, and then run ning along before her. "Why, Lion, what is the matter?" asked Bertie. "What have you found? Well, you're a nice doggie, and we'll go right and find it."-"Bow, wow. wow," said Lion, and soon disappeared from Bertie's sight, but kept up his call. Bertie followed as quick as the tangled vines and thick bushes would let her, and at last found herself in the middle of the wood beside an old wood-road, which had not be n used since the winter before. Lion was there and ceased to bark when he saw his little mistress, and ran to her, frolicking around so gleefully, that Bertie was for a minute quite bewildered. "Now, Lion, I've come, why don't you show me what you've found Oh ! oh ! oh ! My sakes ! You blessed little darling !" cried Bertie in delight-for what do you think Lion showed her? A tiny bit

Of course Bertie did not stop to think of any thing else but to take the basket and hurry home as fast as she could. Her burden was quite heavy, and she could not carry it without some difficulty; but she was too much delighted and excited to rest. Lion trotted along beside her, and every minute or two he would put up his nose to the basket to see if its contents were safe. Bervery tired when she reached the house, but she scarcely realized it, being so wrought up with delight. She did not think but what she should keep the baby always, and forgot that the wee thing had a mother, who was perhaps now seeking after | Egyptian rulers, asked permission recently it, and nearly frantic with sorrow at its to visit Constantinople. But the Porte has loss. No, Bertie was only ten years old refused his request. and did not think of those things. Bang went the sitting room door, and in rushed

of a baby in a market basket

Bertie with her basket. "Oh! Mamma, see what I've got. See it's little hands; and oh, its going to open its eyes, I guess! It was asleep, and I took it and came home quick! Oh, my! and Lion barked first and I went, and oh, oh, oh-e !" and Bertie was actually obliged to stop and take breath .- "Why Bertie! What have you done, where did you find this baby?" and Mrs. Wilbur opened her eyes in great astonishment. After Bertie had sufficiently gained her breath she told her mother all about the finding of her "fairy," as she persisted in calling the little thing. The baby was not

eyed girl, and even at that tender age evinced so much brightness and good humor, that the family fell in love with it at once. tie's father immediately made inquiries about the neighborhood in respect to the parents of the child, and endeavored find out the facts relating to the abandon. ment of so small a child. After some trouble Mr. Wilbur learned from a distant farmer, that a band of gypsies had been camping in the woods near his farm, but having appropriated the poultry of some neighboring farmers they had been driven away. According to this man's story, there were in the party two men, three women, and s veral children large enough to walk and run. So no evidence as to there being a very small child in the party, was found. After obtaining this information, Mr. Wilbur had the woods searched for miles around, but with no success, and finally, the search was given up, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur decided to keep the child (to Bertie's unbounded delight), until some one should claim it, or its history should be cleared up. It need not be told how proud and fond Bertie was of her little "fairy," and when the baby grew old enough to laugh and chatter, and run about, she watched it with patient care As soon as the child was old erough,

Bertie taught her to read and write, and do various little things becoming to childhood. For we must remember that as fast as baby grew, Bertie advanced in years, and was now quite a little lady. No other name than Fairy had ever been given to the child, because Bertie declared that she was a little black-eyed sprite whom she had found in the woods. So Fairy g: ew as fast as a daisy and when she was about five years old Bertie induced her parents to adopt her, and she was christened with the name of Fairy Wilbur. Fairy was such a pretty, cheerful, and clever child, that she won the love of everybody, and from Bertie she was inseparable. Bertie always said that she had a good fairy, but that Lion must have the praise of finding her, and when Bertie would ask Lion if he ever found a fairy, he wo ld run to Fairy with a loud "bow wow," and a vigorous wag of his tail.

THERE BE SHARPERS ABROAD

Racket.

How the Victim is sought-Then the Time and again has our farming commun ity been done up by cute sharpers, who have some wonderful patent invention, a lightning rod, a reaper and mower, a patent steam thresher hay rake, corn mill, wind or fanning mill, seed sower, potato digger, or some one or other of the very many and useful inventions calculated to lighten labor and at the same time expedite the gathering of crops. Even that cruel invention, the barb wire fencing, has been introduced into the scheming racket to do up the industrious husbandman, and we regret to add the operation too often proves successful. The modus operandi of the sharper goes about thus: - First, he is careful to select for his victim some farmer who is fairly fixed with this world's goods, and if one can be found who has a cute aspiration to speculate - so much the better. Then, the next point is the bank where he deposits. He is then laid want for at the city, town, or village hotel where he is known to put up. Here he is carefully sized up. His habits are fully studied, and an acquaintance scraped. In a sort of free and easy careless way the article to be disposed of is mentioned the enormous success its sale has met : how farmer Rutger cleared in one season's deal a cool \$5,000, and so on ad finitum, as the story goes. After a long streak of fabrications comes the finale. "Say, look here you are just the man to take hold of this you have the reputation of being the most successful farmer in all this country. I don't want to put this in everybody's hand, There . Joe. Littlejohn, he's ambitious to get hold of it, but he ain't the man from Galway. I'll put it in your hands, give you the sole—the only right to sell ' Thus flattered up a contract is entered into, and an order signed, accepting the agency. This document is so cunningly arranged that it is torn in two, and a bona fide note is then left in the hands of the dodger that on presentation at the bank is cashed and poor farmer Dobson has to foot the bill. This is only one form-there are many more. The inventive gen!us of this class who rack their brains to carry out a swindling trick to raise money, is ever ready to concoct some new dodge. One of the latest is in the form of silver table ware-or some other household article that will catch the eye of the thrifty housewife. This trick is even carried into the stores of general dealers and may have already been nipped. Although repeatedly warned by the newspaper press. our country cousins fall into the trap. Either their ambition to turn an easy penny is too strong to resist the temptationor their straight greed for gain carries them clear past what they should see, a fraud, on mature reflection, or still worse they are ignorant, because they have been too penurious to subscribe for a newspaper, and thus obtain a fair warning. Just now there are many of this class of dandy business speculators hustling around Ontario, and we say to one and all-look, look thoughtfully :don't look at the amount to be gained, but look at the way that end is to be reached. Just remember that you have had a fair warning to be on the alert for sharpers, and then if you will bite, why of course you alone are to blame for making yourself a

Ismail Pasha, the ex-Khedive of Egypt, whose marked ability and luxuriant fashion of siving have made him conspicuous s

The Rev. Dr. George Jeffrey, of Glasgow, Scotland, has preached more than forty-six years to the same congregation. To one of his former parishioners, now a New York merchant, Dr. Jeffrey explained the secret of his being able to interest the same audience so long. "I read every new book that has a bearing upon my special work" he said, "and make extracts from it, and index them, so I can find them when wanted. In this way I keep myself from moving in a rut. I work as hard as I used to at twenty, and I keep so far shead with my sermons that there are always ten or more unfinished ones lying in my drawers ready to receive the results of my latest readings. L call them. over three weeks old, and was so small that "sleeping sermons, but it is they that sleep, it was almost a fairy. It was a little dark- and not the people who hear them."

PEOPLE.

Although Sir Charles Dilke's mother died of consumption, he shows no signs of the discase. He is tall, strong, robust and decidedly handsome. His voice, however, is hellow and unpleasant.

Lord Vernon and his young wife, who was Miss Fanny Lawrence, are now at their country estate, where they were greeted with an enthusiastic welcome-home by Lord Vernon's tenantry.

Madame Wolter, who had the odd experience of acting before a darkened and empty house recently, with King Ludwig of Bavaria as an invisible spectator, is known socially as the Counters O'Sullivan.

Mr. Andrew Lang thinks that Poe had an ingenuity, a luxuriance of fancy, and a wealth of jewel-like words that Hawthorne -whom Mr. Lang regards as our greatest writer in prose fiction—did not possess.

The Empress Eugenie intends to remove the remains of the late Emperor Napoleon and of the young Prince Imperial from Chiselhurst to Aldershot. Arrangements will be made for carrying out this project as soon as the Empress returns from the Continent.

The legacy of \$10,000 which Victor Hugo left in one of his wills to the poor of Paris has the curious informality of lacking his signature, although the clause is written entirely with his own hand. The executors and heirs will of course treat it as a legalized

has a French wife of great intelligence and courage. She has helped him over many rough places, and is very popular among the Haytiens. Although a white woman, she considers herself identified with their interests and welfare.

Dr. William Hayes Ward, who was in Bulgaria last year, says: "The Bulgarians are the most ambitious of all the late subjects of the Turkish Empire, and they are perfectly crazy for self government and education. They have had less culture than many of the Armenia races, who have an almost equal ambition to form a nationality of their own. But there are a superior vigor and executive capacity among the Bulgar-

Americans, it is promised, will be received cordially in the new Salisbury Caub at London, which Lord Randolph Churchill, who has naturally much sympathy with social feeling here, will have some hand in directing. The club-house was formerly the residence of the Dake of Marlborough, and is crowded with historic memories. Wil liam Henry Hurlbert, formerly the editor of the World here, is an active America member of the Salisbury.

As two out of twenty-two Presidents have b en assassinated, or about 10 per cent. the risk in life insurance is extra hazardovs. It is said that Arthur had a policy of \$10. 000 cn entering the office of Vice-President, and that aft r becoming President he obtain ed a second for the same amount. Five thousand dollars were lost on Lincoln and twelve on G rfield. Cleveland had policies for \$16,000, all issued before his election, and a month ago application was made for \$10,000 more. This will be granted at ordinary rates.

The Rev. Mr. Talmage was greeted with enthusiasm last week in Brooklyn, at the Tabernacle, on his return from Europe. He gave a facetious account of his experience on shipboard and in England, describing both the Queen and the Princess of Wales with el:quent appreciation, and heard himself praised by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. There was a striking picture when Mr. Tal mage and Mr. Beecher clasped hands in the presence of three or four thousand persons. Mr. Talmage's coach was dragged home afterward by some of his affectionate Sunday-school boys.

The oak tree planted by Lord Byron at Newstead Abbey is large and flourishi g although the alder on which he cut the names "Byron and Augusta" long since died. The portion of the tree on which the names were carved is preserved among the treasured mementoes of the poet in the Abbey. The tree planted by Dr. Livingstone is on the lawn, as well as the one planted by Stanley. The present swner of Newstead was the one white friend and bosom companien of Livingstone during his years of won lerful work in Africa. This Col. Webb who bought the Abbey of Col. Wildman, the wealthy West Indian planter who bought it of Lord Byron, is the man who saved Livingstone's life by shooting the lion which. after fearfully mu ilating him, still stood over his prostrate body.

A great agitation is now going on among the Raskoininks or Dissenters of Russia. Two years ago the Czar promised a degree of teleration. and granted certain civil rights. But the Holy Synod has determined to check their peaceful progress. Meantime, a schism of importance courred among the Dissenters themselves. Under these circumstances they deemedit advisable to assemble a Council of their own. This was held last month in Moscow, under the auspiles of those who not only deny the authority of the Czar and the Established Church, but refuse to recognize marriage, and pretend to live in celib acy. The best men of both parties hoped for reconciliation. The anti-marriage faction, however, won the day, not by an open and thorough consideration of the disputed points, but by expelling the leaders of the new party at the very opening of the Coun-

Bishop Spaulding saw a most pronounced case of dandy drag itself inertly past. The fellow had all the symptoms of acute idiocy so markedly visible that there was no mistaking the social disease. Anglomania, that had pitifully altered him from the healthy, vigorous, sensible young fellow that he might otherwise have been. "Well, here's a thought for comfort," the Bishop is quoted as saying: "I happen to know who he is. His family are wealthy and very fashionable. He has been brought to think that work is not for him to think of, and that his life is destined to be perfectly idle. In that view, don't you comprehend, the best course for him to pursue is the one that is most harmless, and what could have less actual victors ness in it than the career of an amiduous fop ? Just think of it. He might be a gam bler, a browler, a sensualist; or he might even take to burglary, aroon, murder. Oh, yes, if a young, man is bound to be mething be an innocution dangy.

THE WORLD OVER

A carrier pigeon started from Montgomery, Ala., the middle of August, reached its home in Fall River, Mass., last week in good condition.

The mental condition of the Empress Carlotta is said to have so much improved of late that the physicians do not de pair of the entire recovery of her reason.

Major Powell of the Geological Survey has discovered in New Mexico, near California Mountain, what he pronounces to be the oldest human habitations upon the American continent.

The largest anothecary's establishment is said to be that of Waldemar Ferrain of Moscow, in which 800 laboratory and other assistants are employed and over 1,000 pre criptions are dispensed daily.

A scientific writer says that alcohol is one of the constant and necessary results of the process of yeast fermentation, and seems a pity that about 1,000 gallons of it should be wasted daily by evaporation in the making of bread for New York alone.

While riding in a procession at New Haven a few days . go, Lieutenant Howard of Gatling-gun fame in the Riel Rebellion, was thrown from an ugly horse, which then attacked him with both hind heels and fore feet. Howard conquered the animal, nevertheless, remounted, and continued his march.

Doctors say that mothers who take pride in the weight of their newly-born children should weigh thom as soon as possible after birth. Children lose weight during the The black President of Hayti, Solomon, first three days of life, and the loss sometimes amounts to twelve ounces or more. It tikes them nearly a week to regain the weight they had at the time of birth.

A twelvd-year-old Dakota girl, taken up into the air by a cyclone, carried out of sight, and brought easily down in a field a quarter of a mile away, describes her sensations while in transit as that of being rapidly and constantly pricked by thousands of needles. Since her experience she has been affected similar to a person with St. Vitus's dance.

A manufacturer in Breslau has recently built at his factory a chimney over fifty feet in height entirely of paper. The blocks used in its construction, instead of brick or stone, were made of layers of compressed paper jointed with a silicious cement. The advantages are the fire-proof nature of the material, the minimum of danger from lightening, and great elasticity.

Senator Walker of Nevada was attacked by a band of coyotes near Wamsley Gulch recently, and was obliged to take to a tree to save his life. He had a rifle with him, and killed a number of the animals, which were quickly devoured by their comrades. He remained in the tree all night, closely watched by the coyotes, but was rescued in the morning by a party of hunters. er will be your reward,

The gardens of the Tuileries are just now being taken p esession of by groups of Paris roughs, who render this favorite resort unapproachable by visitors. These ruffians mutilate the statues, and their latest exploit has been to break off the quiver held by a nymph. The Director of the Louvre has expressed the intention of taking back into the building all the statues under his administration which are now in the gardens.

It is said that the first restrictive liquor law ever passed in the States was enacted in town in Rhode Island and read as follows: "Every saloon keeper who sells more than one gallen of liquor to a minor shall be fined one dollar and costs," The first temperance pledge remembered in circulation in New the current, while the woman was England was thus worded: "I solemnly a box in the centre of the craft with swear to abstain from the u e of intoxicating liquors on all occasions except on train ing days, wedding days, banquets, and other great occasions."

In the register of deaths of the parish of San Lorenzo, Seville, there is an entry under date of the first of November, 1788, of the burial in the crypt of of the church of Don Juan Manuel Bustamanteey Calderon, vicar and chaplain of the church, who died at the age of 130 years. He was married five times and had fifty-one children before he became priest. He was noted for his piety and benevolence, and at the time of his death was engaged in writing a religious work. He was 90 years old when he was ordained priest.

Mme. Lotinga, a very smart Jewess, who, in imitation of Mrs. Welden, has been posing as her own lawyer in the English courts, pursued gentler and more effective methods. She came to court every day with a very beautiful daughter, who sat beside her. One day of the proceedings she offered photograph to Mr. Justice Hawkins, who is trying the case with a special Jury. His Worship refused it. She quietly turned to her daughter and desired her to give it to his Honor, which, with much grace, Rebecca did. The Justice blushed beneath his wig and took it. This has not been tried here

Amoskeag Falls, on the Merrimac River, was once the great fishing place of New Hampshire. It was here Passacanaway and his tribe of Indians lived and had their noted fishing place in primitive times, when the water teemed with salmon, shad, and lamprey cels. Forty years ago a high dam was built at Lawrence and another lower down. These stopped all the fish, of course, and the upper river became barren. Ten years ago fishways were put in the dams, but they did little good. In 1881 a citizen carried 200 lamprey eels above the dams and put them into the Merriman. The result is this year thousands of eels have appeared, sone up the fishways, and up the river 150 miles above Amoskeag Falls, showing that the river has been successfully restocked.

Mr. Boucicault is 63, not 68 as stated in the Australian papers, having been born in Gardiner street, Dublin, on the 22nd of February, 1882. His birth is registered in the Episcopal Church in that street. He was aunounced by Mr. Charles Mathews, on introducing him as the author of . London Assurance " to the Covent Garden audience in 1840, as 18, but with his then black curly hair and very boyish appearance he seemed much younger. His present fair bride, who is not as old as represented, is of respectable family, but her father is not a Major-General, and has never been on the staff of the Prince of Wales, which is shready anowhed with fictitious creation. The was educated for a governou and mened to the stage, and with the present and accomplished. He has been thing which the present marriage may possed and though his present marriage may posalbly hold good where Britis cannot in the States

George IV., when Princed Brighton a humble little felt left it an aristocratic and special e cond empire in France vito Trouville and Biarritz: Miles Blanc, disgusted with the man Monaco, created Monte Cata ham, driven from Nice, when rife went away, and was the new nes; and half a dozen pretty al denness round Norwood and & most as soon as the Crystal Par ed its glittering head. Trieste. virtually a created city designal ty, malevolent Austrian states the maritime trade of Venice: horn was equally the creation dia ened Florentine Grand Dake solved that in his dominions then at least one city of religions tolens

A Word to Boys

The boy who has just left the looking about to see what he ship may perhaps be told by some uni "The world owes you a living" so? Listen :- At one time this a wilderness; where no man coll by fighting the wild beasts, Some away the bears and wolves, cut forests, laid out roads, built torn canals. Somebody spent vast ton in constructing railroads, strante lighthouses, schools, libraries, al fine things you enjoy so freely. L. this, somebody pays the policeman man, the soldie, sailor, the lightle er, and schoolmaster. From the were born your father and mother clothed, and shelte ed you. Ith nothing. None of these great me roads, canals, towns, navies, w cost you anything. How can pa world owes you a living ! It it my who are in debt? What has a by deserve all this? Not a thing. who must pay-not the world a he was a foolish creature who first wi world owes me a living !" He told; ly fable. The world o es no manie he has done some worthy deed, work to make the world a better pi er place to live in. Those old feldug canals and laid out town cities and invented all these splent -these telegraphs, these shift, the nificent engines—had the right its worked manfully, and the world at owe them a living, and paid it me over. If you mean to get out d' debt you owe the world, do sont to work, and show you are a ma when you have shown the world work, it will gladly pay you a lin the finer and more noble your work

Floating Diamonds.

About twenty miles below No sighted some object drifting with rent of the great river, and after the had taken a lock through the glas plained to the passengers:

"That's a scow loaded with loop New Orleans. She's sprung alai water-logged."

Pretty soon we made out that m the fact, and further discovered crew, consisting of a man and his still aboard. He was up to his water and using an oar to keep the feet hanging in the water. The signaled the steamer to stop, me drifted near him he called out:

"Captain this is sad," "Yes, very sad."

"I want to git to Orleans." "I see." "How much to transfer my an

take us all down "A hundred dollars." "Shoo! Wife, dy'e hear that?"

"I hear it offer him ten. "Cap ain, I'll give ye ten dollan! the man,

"Umph! A bundred is the lest" "Then you may git up and hum off !" shouted the woman as she sta feet about. "This old thing can't lower, and we've got bread and per eucher deck to kerry us through!" The steamer started, and as the way the woman stood up and called

"We ain't purty, and our old kill by steam, but we're just as good as on this earth-and maybe a leetle

The Bones of Columbus An attempt is about to be made to vexed question as to whether the Columbus rest in Cuba or in San Until 1877 no one ventured to coult boxes of the great navigator were from the Cathedral of San Doming they had lain for two centuries and and transferred to the Cathedral of In that year, however, it was announced the people of San Domingo had die to their great gratification, that supposed to be those of Columbia had been conveyed to Havana pomp, were spurious bones, and genuine bones still lay in Dominic These bones, alleged to be author accordingly interred again in San on the 10th of September, 1877, siderable sum of money was raised monumentover them. The Spanish ment, nevertheless, and the Historia emy of Madrid, still decline to st authenticity of the Dominican mis declare that the veritable bones is Havana Cathedral. With the tling this point in dispute, the Gomes of San Domingo, it is stated, has large number of sevants to strends national Congress which will ope capital of that Republic on the loss month. The Government to the judgment of this Congres that San Domingo possesses the of in existence of Columbus. The of the question seems to be Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to and as both cathedrals claim the possessing the veritable bones joyment is under existing dire

extracted from the relica A lie has no legs and came it has wings and can fly far and ris

A Woman's No. M ARTHUR GRAHAM. percel, small and round, orely afternoon last Summer; as in daity bound,

is to it from ber. sked me with a gracious smile out as rosy lips o'uld make it; let me take it.

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offered, se before, s slight burden to relieve her. ther not : " Pray say no more !" would really grieve her.

to plead; she seemed content; where she boarded.

upon the stoop she stood, e our last adieus were uttered, me in a roguish mood, nd softly musser d, the door to let her through, of me there all unresisting : think very much of you

r not insisting."

thor of "THE FLOWER GIRL," LADY LYNHURST," &c., &c.

APTER X., AND LAST.

ad gone down in a blaze of splenya grateful breeze came sweep. Mediterranean, refreshing alike ed earth and the hundreds of who were leisurely strolling public promenade chattering oaly foreigners can chatter, with ulations and shrugs of shoulders of hinds, interspersed with t musical laught r.

icturesque scene, for Marseilles cosmopolitan in character, and European nationality was remong the gay throngers of the promenade. Life seemed made vment, one would have thought, animated eager faces of these the South; at any rate, all care n for the moment.

lcony of the Hotel d'Albert sat e exceeding beauty was noticeere, where good looks are the the exception. She had be n t the book lay face downwards ow, and she was regarding the es below with some amusement. ere, Dolly," she said presently, rards a young girl who sat seme industrious'y plying her needle. pretty sight? Look, for inhose peasant-girls! What imof beautiful glossy hair they spotless are the neckerchiefs. hat elegance they are arranged d you find an English girl in osition of life present such a

pearance? is smiled, for at that moment Meg Smith presented itself bed's eye - Meg, with her tawny. and her slovenly dress. And hed, she could hardly have ex-

that reason. cy, or did the beautiful girl at the sigh? Her next remark

g ago is it since we left England,

wo years," the other answered

rs!" repeated Miss Mainwaring 'And we have been wandering t time 'seeking rest and find t has been pleasant, this Bo-I don't deny that; but it palls time. In fact, Dolly, I must conoolgirlish feeling of home sick-

do you say to our turning our

art gave a sudden throb, and a aget her cheeks; but she an-

eas you wish. Of course, Miss am only a humble companion, ly be expected to have a voice You have been too kind, too or me already."

"Geraldine rejoined, a little "You know I should do nothought would give you pain. ites to me very urgently to She is not well; and, rememsuch I owe to her, I do not like her wishes. Still, if you do it revisiting a place which must such unhappy associations for for you more especially, I dare adly arrange for you topray, Miss Mainwaring, don't from you !" entreated Dolly, n. "I -I could not bear to go agers; and I am quite ready to

pany you to Midhurst, if you set the trembling little hand pressed it reassuringly. tid," she said gently, I have with you, as you must know any assurance from me ld I find another so devoted yourself? So we will say no

followed. The idea of reand a woke a train of thought they had been living so much | even to cle that during these two years little time for reflection.

Solving more and young off peopled. Snatches of little as floated on the evening air, the tinkling of the belis at-collars of the sleek mules trot-to the cars filled

and still Geraldine at mule. alled herself together, as it

and the other started d of her voice, "during have lived together with one another we Poor Henry Braithhat looking back

at first it shock to fi quiet reser tachment f mained sile he coveted other, for t secret of he grace. Pe in the end, dine had g offer her r which woul

which he the more smith's c lic intere about to church, d ffierent been diffi palm of n Gerald eign beau velvet dr orthodox real oran circling h and brace was super mousselin lace, and

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