in the human threng. that to me, as they pass along. the rest without that only one ? faical actor in the play! sincing youth to garrulous age, perer a one could pass away. world must stop, and fold its hands, is turmoil cease and its toll be done: de drame end with the breaking bands,

the final exit of only one. world moves on at a steady pace, the rate close up as one drops out, mother fills the vacant place, my fall from the glittering sky, rescarcely note when its race is run : for mortal may drop and die, re little heed—it is only one.

world we may be only thistrop in humanity's surging sea, pere are who will sadly, severely miss words and the smiles of you or me. erer humble may be my lot. glad some heart's pure love to have won that I shall not be forgot, die mloved-though I'm only one.

CHAPTER II .- (CONTINUED.)

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and now, Mrs. Mill, seeing I have been Leh danger, wen't you ask me to have oth you in your cosy kitchen to night?" d Cool in his most winning and per-Gre tenes. "You can't expect me to go lenely room after such an afternoon the has been. Why, I might have seftof the brain from mere depression of

Raright glad I'd be, sir, and proud: out ways is different from yours, sir, mry humble, but____"

But still you'll put up with me ? That's Christian soul. There's an uncomwalce smell somewhere, which makes fel as hungry as a hunter."

rary cosy happy party sat round Mrs. substantially-provided tea-table in hour later. The snewy cleth was with real old china ware, and a great d freshly-gathered lilac adorned the med the table. A reast fowl and a dish wing ham and eggs were well supportby white bread and cakes, amber-tinted moemb, and delicious preserves. is good landlady, anxious to do honor

guest, appeared in her best flewered

own and company cap. Her husband. wkward, red-faced farmer, beamed mry one in an impartial silence; while confessed to himself that Nellie, in her dress, with a cluster of late lilies in her m, was the prettiest bit of nature he gen in his life, an epinion so plainly rused by his eyes that this was perhaps muon why the girl's heart danced so mile until she was prettier than ever. he eld eight-day clock ticked lendly in orner, and a big cat purred en the notts, one of where hearth. Flowers in earthenware pots The Satts set sigh the wide open door could be seen steep recky walls of the dell, all its and ferns flashing with rain-dreps in lutrous sunshine. It was like an idyl Aradia to the young poet, and he enjoy it to his heart's content, laying himself to please and fascinate as he was never m to do amongst even the creme de la of the society in which he held a high m. His own family and his fashionable ad would have been surprised indeed here seen him now—surprised and herrito, ne doubt. Cecil gave a smile at thought, then he banished everything

the present from his mind. "I wonder, sir," said Mrs. Mill, filling mp for the fourth time, "yeu've never n to Veristen Mere in some of your able. It's a beautiful spot, though, to mind an uncanny one; and then Mr. riston is always pering over his beeks. that there daughter of his reves about bever a companien ner nething. Such ting for a lady like her to grow up in

Veriaten Mere ?" echeed Cecil. " New have just reminded me of my duty, n Mill. The Veristens are connections my mother, and I promised her most solto look them up. I'm sure I had potten all about it; but really, when wants to write, how can he be expected bers himself with a tribe of people he the knows nor wishes to know?"

Nellie's eyes fixed themselves with awe arguing, a ly whi handsome face as he speke. Was Well, Miss Nellie, what is it?" he askmichievensly, catching her look. "Do

mething see think me semething awfully queer or 'Oh, no !"-and she blushed deeply, "] only wondering if you wrete-

"I plead guilty to one only. But why heir should choose to adopt it. the grussome fact alarm you?" "It deem't alarm me, zir-Mr. Graham,

but I was thinking how very clever a must be." Cecil smiled, not ill-pleased.

"Oh, dear, no! It's only a trick of the "Ye get." Then turning to Mrs. Mill, wid, "What sort of a place is Veriston Heuse ?"

"A regular tumble-down old place, sir; des and everything as wild as can be. mere's a great sheet o' water full e' and what not, where Miss Veristen there hours and site and reads there hours Have you seen the lady ?"—smiling. "Is"

Young?"
"Yes, sir. I've seed her at church ence much

bice. She's young enough—not much twenty, I should say, tall and white dated looking. I see nothink in her

"And her father ?" He's a haristocratic hold Honglish he is. His daughter's very like only his 'air's as white as snew. But will see for yourself, sir, if you go." Comply I shall. Your description aroused my ouriculty." to be bever breathed," broke in the by a large unbrella from the everpowering piddenly. "He'd give the goos o' his glare. A po boot men Whe was go bedage C. Hill.

And then Mr. language was much too poor to ex " Without alless have being be bet eristen, amilingly explained his wife. " He's rare took up with him, is Wil-

" What a lovely evening!" 'remarked Cool inchreatingly, after a while when the farmer had gone to see after his live stock, and Mrs. Mill was clearing the table. "Shall we have a stroll in the garden, Miss Nellie ?"

Nellie looked timidly at her aunt. "You may go, child," said the matron affably; " and you may as well out some flowers for them glasses in Mr. Graham's room; tothers are a little waned."

So, provided with backet and scissors, Nallie stepped out through the open door, Cocil fellowing her, and went round to the sunny wast front.

The air was perfectly delicious after the storm, cool, and redelent of perfume. The earth seemed to rejeloe in restered peace and new life. The leaves green as emerald -stood out clearly against the azure sky. There was quite a chorus of feathered singers, while the distant lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, and a faint mingling of volces and bells added the grateful token of demestic life.

Cecil quite ferget his distaste fer an Eve in his Paradise, and he assisted his fair companion in her rifling of the flower hade lef. most gallantly, feeling as merry and lighthearted as a school-boy in vacation, flirting, it must be confessed, as recklessly as he would have dene with the belles of his own otrele.

It never occurred to him that the girl by his side new was no finished coquette, no society belle, too well seasoned to be in the slightest degree hurt by numberless sweet words or delicate attentions. Nellie Mill was a simple country girl, very vain and impressionable, albeit with a fresh and guileless heart. She was perfectly innecent of the world's ways, of its falsehoods, and its idle games of folly.

She looked up at the tall young man bending over her so tenderly, his voice seftening when he speke to her, and his eyes full of dangerous admiration; and she deemed him the here of every tale she had read, a god among men, a being of another world, with whem it was joy and hener unspeakable to

When the flower-gathering was over Cecil repeated some of his own poetry to her, the music of which charmed her, though she could not understand the sense. The influence of the hour, of the place, and of the companionship lent its aid to lure the girl's heart from her careless keeping. It seemed to her a dream of perfect happiness. Of a waking time she never thought. She was far too simple and ignerant to dream of analysing her own emotions, or to question this gay Lotharie's smiles and seft tones.

CHAPTER III.

Summer's brightest sunshine bathed in golden glery the mess-grown walls of Veristen Mere. Bewitching light and shadow played among the creeping jessamine, and the branches of an old pear-tree which en tirely covered one side of the house. The sunshine streamed it at the open windows and the wide hall door; flickered amongst the dense foliage of beech, larch, sycamore, and chesnut, beamed on the flowers, and lay in bread patches and flecks on the large unmown lawn, which was full of blue-bells, buttercups and dalsies. An unkempt place it was truly. The house was an old Elizabethan building with three gables, quaint stacks of chimneys, small windows in massive frames, some of them filled with heraldic devices in stained glass, leng low rooms mediavally and uncemfertably furnished. and a vast square hall. The hall contained one or two priceless paintings, a few grim suits of armour, stags' heads with enormous antiers, and a huge fireplace full of ferns and flowers down to the brazen dogs at either side, with a black skin rug in front of the tiled hearth. It was lighted by three stained windows, which shed patches of celor on the stone floor. One bright gleam of unsullied daylight came in at the open deor, just within which an exquisite marble flower-girl held a basket en her head filled with a lavish luxuriance of crimson and purple flowers.

There were no signs of poverty about the place. It seemed rather as if the neglect were studied, as if, from some whim of the owner, Nature was left to have her own way in park and garden. And so indeed it was, nor would Harold Veristen suffer any medern addition to the old house.

" It will last my time," he had said, somewhat selfishly. "I love it as it is."

Having ne sen, the house and estate would pass to a nephew at his death, a fact which was a great grief to the old man. Although his daughter had a separate fortune, and bread lands in another country, it went to Mr. Veriston's heart to let the Mere House -which had descended in unbroken line so long-pass to his sister's son, and to let the old name die, as it must, unless the

Half a mile from the house, in the level park, the still waters of the mere lay placidly reflecting the blue sky. The long grass grew close to its brink, and irises, hyacinths, and harebells nedded gently to their images in the water. Here and there a mighty willow or ivied elm-bole mingled its shadow with theirs; here and there a miniature ferest of reeds kept up a coaseless whistering. Great patches of lily leaves rested on the water, their buds just appearing, and very seen a crewn of white flowers would add to the beauty of the scene. Hosts of water-fowl had their nests here, breaking the brooding silence with their shrill cries. and making the water sparkle like diamonds as they stirred its secone surface, A white beat lay meored to a staple in a slight indentation of the shere.

It was beside this lene glassy were that Argent Veris '... loved best to linger. Seated on the fragrant grass, her back against the bele of a tree, the lake flashing at her feet, she would watch, lost in reverie, the white clouds sail slowly over the turqueise sky, or the swift flight of the swallows in mid-air. Or she would be paddling in her light skiff among the lilies, or rocking idly in the quiet current all the long sultry afternoon, Huter Veriston's as kind a "arred a with an open book on her knee, and shaded

a friendless girl. Her his home, his books, and his described caring for nothing beyond, move that volceless grave in Easthore charokyard, where the darling of his young manhood lay sleep ing beneath the daisles. Although pass ately fond of his daughter, he never dreamt of providing her with seciety suited to her age and position. He never for a mement imagined that she needed other companionship than his own, or that her life was lonely and isolated beyond the lot of women. Nor had he any idea that she was, by reason of this lonely life, different from other girls; or that an existence so self-contained, se silent, and so nun like was a bad preparation for that conflict with the world which must in some shape or other take place sooner er later.

He dimly realized that his little girl had become a weman fair to look upon, Her quietness suited him. She never bered him, never broke in upon his dreamy imaginings with gay laughter or lively bewildering talk. He had always a book by his side at breakfast and early dinner, the only two meals of which he partock. It was but seldom that more than a few words passed between father and daughter. As fer Argent, she tee dwelt in a world apart, content, like the legendary lady of mediaval ages, to spin her unsubstantial woo!, shut up in a region peetry and remance, seeing but shadews in her mirror, yet deeming them divinest | lit garden, through the dells and glades of reality. Sunk in its dreamy slumber her soul neither knew nor longed for anything

beyond. The only time when she was seen by ordinary folk was at the little Easthore Church, where she was a regular attendant. She would sit at the extreme end, apart from the congregation, looking like the St. Cecilia whose rapt face and gelden hair gleamed in the stained-window above her head. No one accested her either as she came or went. People stood aside respectsmile for them, yet semehow they never ventured to speak to her. The Vicar, a hard-working elderly man, something of an ascetic, was the only friend she had, the only visitor the Mere House welcomed within its gates. He leved the strange silent girl as a daughter; and she too had a deep reverence for him. Yet he found it impossible to interest or engage her sympathies in parish work. Her purse was at his disposal; but beyond that she was in-

accessible. It was drawing towards noon when Cocil (traham walked up the beechen avenue and by the sunny lawn to the door of Veriston Mere House. A white-haired servant. lew-voiced and ebeequious, admitted and conducted him through the dim flewerscented hall to a large coel room at the farther end. Its windows were shaded by the dense foliage of two chestnut-trees, through which scarcely a sunbeam could peep. The walls were dark, the floor darkly-stained, and a few skins were carelessly laid here and there. Nothing but a crystal vase, filled with fresh reses, broke the dusky hues of the apartment, the cool twilight of which was most refreshing after the heat and light without.

Presently Harold Veristen entered, a tall stooping figure in shabby clothes, with one of his darling books under his arm. He came forward with the hesitation of one un used to visitors. Cecil rose and grasped his lax hand warmly, istroducing himself as visitor in the neighbourhood, and a connection of Mr. Veriston, adding that his mether, who retained a lively recollection of her old friend, had urged this call, which he himself heped would not be considered an intrusien.

The old gentleman smiled, vaguely murmuring something that might have been "very glad;" and Cecil, at his wits' end what to say next, took the beek from his hest's loose grasp. Fortunately it proved to be a classical work well known to him, and he at once entered into a discussion of the opinions of the author. Mr. Veriston thaw ed more and more with every word; and finally, as the gong sounded, he pressed the young man to remain for the meal,

While he wavered the door epened softly. and, looking up, Cecil saw a tail fair girl apparently about twenty years old, advancing with a graceful listless movement across the floor. She wore a tightly-fitting dress of palest mauve colour, slashed with white, which trailed after her noiselessly, and she leeked exactly like an old picture, or even mere like a saint out of a painted window there was something so wonderfully pure and unworldly in her aspect. As she drew nearer he saw that her face was fair and perfectly colourless, and the skin of satinlike texture, the scarlet lines of the lips alone breaking the clear paller of the complexion. Her abundant hair of palest gold was parted on her ferebead, Madonna fashion, and her features were regular as those of a Greek statue, and nearly as inanimate, soul with light; yet she scarcely glanced at him, hardly appearing aware of his pre-

charming eld-fashioned curtsey; then, with the same listless grace, she put her hand within her father's arm, murmuring that dinner was ready. All Cecile's hesitation about remaining vanished, and a strange new emotion thrilled him as he mentally exclaimed. "Eve !"

Feeling like an intruder into an enchanted castle, the glamour of which was already upen him, the young man fellowed them inte another smaller sunnier chamber, where dinner was spread, admiring on the way the long heavy curls which fell behind to the girl's waist, and the pliant grace of her figure. He told himself that she was the very realisation of his own dear and dimlyimaged ideal, a lily among the thorns, "queen rese of the rese-bud garden of

All through the long dinner he could not keep his eyes off the pale fair face. He felt that he was almost rude, yet he was certain that she was unconscious of his scrutiny, The large blue eyes looked into his, whenever he met them, with a calm game that new beyond and above him, with not the alightest recognition of his admiration; and

one reused from a dream—answered in her on any one like her. She interested him in the same way as a new poem, but nuch more intense degree. His heart beat wildly when she spoke to him or looked a dien. He was ashamed of himself, disquet ed with what he considered his gaucheris, but he was powerloss to resist the mighty sway of the passion which was luring him unresistingly, like the sirens' fateful singing, on to the rooks of destiny.

After dinner he expected a wish to see the mere, and his host bade Argent eccort him thither, while he himself retired awhile to his study.

The idea of the enchanted castle still possessed Cooll. It seemed to him as if the levely silent girl by his side were some damsel held in thrall, and as if it was reserved for him by leve and bravery to liberate her. Or as if some seductive spirit were about to conduct him to magic regions, where a thousand years would pass like an hour, and whence he would emerge, gray headed and dumb, a miserable wanderer, only longing for death to rectore him to the cruel angel of his dream. They were ffeolish fancies enough; yet he could not rid himself of them.

Silently the pair walked through the sunthe bowery park, where interlacing branches, "Golden and green light slanting through

Their heaven of many a tangled hue," let in sudden gleams of turquoise sky, where the hum of honey-freighted bees broke the delightful summer calm, while hundreds of coloured butterflies glanced hither and thither on their flower-like wings. At length they reached the mere, a still unrippled surface reflecting heaven's sunny blue as in a mirror, wherein lay the shadows of the trees, a white bud or two contrasting fully to let her pass. She always had a sweet | with the dead green of the floating loaves near the brink.

" It is beautiful !" exclaimed Cecil Graham at length, breaking with an effort the long silence.

" Yes," she said simply. " Is this your boat?" he asked, emboldened by that half smile, and bending over the

"Yes," she said again, "And de you often use it?" "Very often. I like to be on the water:

It is like floating in the sky." "What a pity, though, your best only holds one ! "Why ?" she saked, with perfect sim-

plicity. "Well, because if it had held two I could have rewed you on the mere ;" and he laughed rather constrainedly.

"Oh, ne !" she replied, shrinking. "] couldn't bear that. I prefer being alone," The het celor meunted to the young man's

" Is my company so distasfeful to you then, Miss Veriston ? I can leave you new if you wish. I would not for worlds force my unwelcome presence en yeu." "I den't mind here," she answered ab-

sently. This speech was scarcely calculated to seethe his wounded pride, yet he was fain to be centent. The glamour she had weven round him was too strong to be broken by a few celd werds. What spell was there in that expressionless face, that sweet even voice to affect him so pewerfully? Why should his heart beat so fast and his eyes, well used to centrol these of women, fall like a shy bey's before the dreamy light of hers? Why had his usual case completely deserted him? He could not answer these questions. He knew only that a spell was

upon him under which he was powerless. The rest of that day passed like a dream. It might have been five minutes, it might have been five years, during which he sat by the girl's side, on the fallen moss grows trunk of an old oak-tree, watching the fluttering butterflies and errant bees, and the shadews dipping deeply into the mere, while great wafts of heneysuckle perfume came ever and anon, berne by the fitful south wind.

Then they had sauntered back to the house, and had had tee in a small sunshiny chamber, through the open casement of which large sweet reses peeped shyly and green branches drifted, while one bright ray of sunshine crowned Argent's fair head as she poured out tea from an old-fashioned silver pet into cups of priceless china.

It seemed to Cecillafterwards, on oeel reflection, as if he had set at the polished table and simply stared at this young girl all the time, drinking in the witchery of her presence. He could not recellect that any one had uttered a word. He remembered seeing, as in a picture, a rese-framed window, the delicate tinting of the walls, the sembre furniture, the old man lying back in a large easy-chair, sipping his tea As she raised her eyes, which were large, at intervals, and, clear as a camee on this soft, and blue, they seemed to flood his very | background, the golden head, the pale still face, and the large dreamy eyes of Argent Veriston. He knew that he had lingered with her in the garden at sunset, and that On being introduced she made him a | the glory of the evening and the eders of the flowers had roused him to peetry. He knew that he had talked and she had listened, that he had held her hand closely in his own, unrebuked, as he bade her good-bye in the shadewy twilit porch, where the marble flower-girl effered her unheeded blossoms. He knew that in the soft gloom she had looked like some spirit, and that he had wen from her lips one smile, faint as the shadow of a smile, yet most sweet, the light of which had guided him through the dusky lanes back to the farm-glerified all his hemely surroundings there, and had lulied him into happy impossible dreams,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Come en heme quicker'n lightnin' !" exclaimed a boy rushing up to an Estelline man who was watching a game of checkers in Second Street drug store. "W-w-hy, what's the matter?" "The baby's fell down the well!" "Gesh! Fell clear down?" " You bet he has." " Get his head up out uv the water ?" "Yes; but we can't get him out." "Well, it's too thundering bad. You see I'm sert uv backin' this fellow on the game and he's just about got 'om where he wants Tell my wife to heave the rettle-box and the rubber ring down to the peer Bittle follow and sing to him kind o' soft like, and

A Masterpiece of Fiction-

piece of Franch fiction : M. do Makeshift when the file of soldiers left him, found himself in a druggers. Not a ray of light genetrated the dishal abode but D. Makeshift's eyes gradually became so accustomed to the darkness that he saw a hipem straw lying in a corner. He cought up the broom straw, uttered a stilled cry, in his despair, he tickled his ness with the straw and laughed.

" Who laughs ?" demanded a velor

" I de."

" Who are you?" "De Makeshift. Who are you?"

" The Abbe Se Long." " Ah."

" Ah, hah." " How long have you been here ?" "I have now, alse! no method of reckening time, but I must have been here since sunrise this merning."

De Makeshift greaned, "Where are you new ?" he asked.

"In a tunnel," the Abbe replied.

" A tunnel ?" " Yes."

"Had none."

"You make my heart beat. Where did you get the tunnel?'

" Made it." "You astonish me."

" Ah." "Ah, hah. Where did you get your

"Then how did you make the tunnel?" " Listen. "I will."

"I scooped it out with a shirt button. Have you a butten on your shirt?" "No." "Alas! you are married."

"Then why have you no buttons?" " A Chinaman dees my washing."

" Ab." "Ah, hah,"

"Well, wait until I gouge my way through this rock, and I will lend you my button.

"Oh, thank you."

"Hist, the turnkey comes." After a long silence, "Has the turnkey gene ?" the Abbe asked. "Not yet."

"Well, then, when he goes tell me and I will resume my work,"

"Allright; he's gene new." " I am at work."

Scoop, scoop, scoop. A long, bony arm was thrust into De Makeshift's ceil. De Makeshift seized it and pressed the elbow to his lips. The Abbe stepped into the cell. "We must escape from here," said the Abbe.

" How ?"

" By scaling the walls," "How can we scale them without a knife?"

"Wait" The Abbe took off his shirt, tore it into shreds, and in a marvellous manner made a ladder.

"Get a couple of pins?"

"What de you want with them !" "Make heeks to go on the end of the lad-

" Here they are." "New," said the Abbe, bending the pins

and fastening them on the ladder, "fellow They passed out into the courtyard. De Makeshift uttered an exclamation. He saw the man who had poisoned his grandfather. The Abbe threw the ladder. The pins caught hold. The two men escaped.

SUMMER SMILES.

An unmixed evil. -- Whisky straight. An ede to a goat may be called a nanny-Versary peem.

A new salad is made of lettuce, frog legs and capers. The legs and capers ought to go well tegether.

There are over 100 matrimonial agencies in Paris. It takes a great deal to persuade the average Frenchman to marry.

She-" And that scar, Major. Did you get it during an engagement." He-absently-" Engagement? No; the first week of eur honeymoon."

The Japanese typesetter's case is sixty feet leng, and it is estimated that even when he is out of sorts he runs fourteen miles in setting up the account of an ordinary dog phenemenal base ball pitcher, who

struck out twenty-seven men in a recent game, says the secret of ourve pitching can be learned by watching a woman trying to hit a hen with a stone. Tourist-" Can you sell us threepenny

worth of milk?" Mrs. MoJob-" Whit did ye say? Losh me !-sell mulk on the Saubath day! Na. Na! I couldna' dae that; but as ye seem daoent beys, I'll jist gie ye thripence worth for naethin', an' ye'll just make me a praceent o' a shullin'."

Street car philesophy : Calm Conductor-"Can't take that quarter, sir !" Indignant Passenger-"I'd like to know why not !" "It's too smooth." "Well! That's cool! You gave me that very quarter on this car this merning. I took it from you in change," "Well, you see, we are more particular than you are."

Judge-" The efficer says you were drunk last night and fell down on the street. Can you explain that little matter ?" Prisoner (with dignity)-"The cause of my fall, your Hener, was not attributable to liquer, but te circumstances ever which I had no control." Judge (in surprise)-"What circumstances do you allude to?" Prisoner (sadly)-" My legs, your honor.'

Robinson, at a ball, had just taken his partner back to her seat. Instead of retiring. however, after the interchange of the usual pelite nothings, he remained standing in front of her and seemed embarramed. "De you wish anything?" asked the lady. "My opera hat, if you please; it has the honor of occupying the same seat as yourself."

Miss Longout-" Mamma, I think I'll accept young Sneopkins. He seems to be the best thing I have on the heoks at present. Mrs. L- Why, my dear, you have pleasty of time before you," Miss L .- " Your're mistaken mamma; I am falling rapidly. know, hereany I have heard several people my lattly that I am growing younger and problike overy digg ! I have no there to less."

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