

...moves on at a rapid pace. ...the human through. ...the rest without that only one!

...struts on the world's great stage. ...the world could pass away. ...the world would cease and its toll be done;

...the world may be only this— ...the world in humanity's surging sea. ...the world may be my lot.

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he and mine glen away? And then Mr. ... breath, as one for whom the medium of language was much too poor to express the thoughts.

Veriston, smilingly explained his wife. "His rare took up with him, is William!"

"What a lovely evening!" remarked Cecil instinctively, after a while when the farmer had gone to see after his live stock, and Mrs. Mill was clearing the table.

"I shall 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; 'tethers are a little waned."

So, provided with basket and scissors, Nellie stepped out through the open door, Cecil following her, and went round to the sunny west front.

The air was perfectly delicious after the storm, cool, and redolent of perfume. The earth seemed to rejoice in restored peace and new life. The leaves—green as emerald—stood out clearly against the azure sky.

Cecil quite forgot his distaste for an Eve in his Paradise, and he assisted his fair companion in her rifling of the flower-beds most gallantly, feeling as merry and light-hearted as a school-boy in vacation, flirting, it must be confessed, as recklessly as he would have done with the belles of his own circle.

It never occurred to him that the girl by his side now was no finished coquette, no society belle, so 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 innocent 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 softening when he spoke to her, and his eyes full of dangerous admiration; and she deemed him the hero of every tale she had read, a god among men, a being of another world, with whom it was joy and honor unspeakable to associate.

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 ignorant to dream of analyzing her own emotions, or to question this gay Lothario's smiles and soft tones.

CHAPTER III.

Summer's brightest sunshine bathed in golden glory the moss-grown walls of Veriston Mere. Bewitching light and shadow played among the creeping jessamine, and the branches of an old pear-tree which entirely covered one side of the house. The sunshine streamed in at the open window and the wide hall door; flickered amongst the dense foliage of beech, larch, sycamore, and chestnut, beamed on the flowers, and lay in broad patches and flocks on the large un-mown lawn, which was full of blue-bells, buttercups and daisies. 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, long low rooms mediævally and unconformably furnished, and a vast square hall. The hall contained one or two priceless paintings, a few grim suits of armour, stags' heads with enormous antlers, 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 color on the stone floor. One bright gleam of unshaded daylight came in at the open door, just within which an exquisite marble flower-girl held a basket on her head filled with a lavish luxuriance of ortonsen 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 Veriston suffer any modern addition to the old house.

"It will last my time," he had said, somewhat selfishly. "I love it as it is." Having no son, 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 heir should choose to adopt it.

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 lilies, hyacinths, and harbells nodded gently to their images in the water. Here and there a mighty willow or ivied elm-bow mingled its shadow with theirs; here and there a miniature forest of reeds kept up a ceaseless whispering. Great patches of lily leaves rested on the water, their buds just appearing, and very soon a crown of white flowers would add to the beauty of the scene. Horts 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 serene surface. A white boat lay moored to a staple in a slight indentation of the shore.

It was beside this lone glassy spot that Argent Veriston loved best to linger. Seated on the fragrant grass, her back against the bole of a tree, the lake flashing at her feet, she would watch, lost in reverie, the white clouds sail slowly over the turquoise 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, with an open book on her knee, and shaded by a large umbrella from the overpowering sun.

Veriston was a solitary, well-nigh

a friendless girl. Her child-mother had ... her golden head and the harmonious hues

When he ventured to address some commonplace remark to her, she answered as one roused from a dream—answered in tones of rare gentleness and sweetness, but in a voice few as possible, and without a smile. Never had the polished man of the world seen any one like her. She interested him in the same way as a new poem, but in a much more intense degree. His heart beat wildly when she spoke to him or looked at him. He was ashamed of himself, disgusted with what he considered his gaudiness, but he was powerless to resist the mighty sway of the passion which was luring him irresistibly, like the dream's fateful singing, on to the rocks of destiny.

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

The idea of the enchanted castle still possessed Cecil. It seemed to him as if the lovely silent girl by his side were some damsel held in thrall, and as if it were reserved for him by love 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 restore him to the original of his dream. They were foolish fancies enough; yet he could not rid himself of them.

Silently the pair walked through the sunlit garden, through the dells and glades of the bowery park, where interlacing branches, "Golden and green light danting through Their heaven of many a sangied 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 glauced 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 with the dead green of the floating leaves 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 skiff.

"Yes," she said again. "And do 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 boat only holds one!" "Why?" she asked, with perfect simplicity.

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

"Oh, no!" she replied, shrinking. "I couldn't bear that. I prefer being alone." The hot color mounted to the young man's face.

"Is my company so distasteful to you then, Miss Veriston? I can leave you now if you wish. I would not for worlds force my unwelcome presence on you."

"I don't mind here," she answered absently. This speech was scarcely calculated to soothe his wounded pride, yet he was fain to be content. The glamour she had woven round him was too strong to be broken by a few cold words. What spell was there in that expressionless face, that sweet even voice to affect him so powerfully? Why should his heart beat so fast and his eyes well used to control those of women, fall like a shy boy's before the dreamy light of hers? Why had his usual ease 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 mossy trunk of an old oak-tree, watching the fluttering butterflies and errant bees, and the shadows dipping deeply into the mere, while great wails of honey-suckle perfume came over and anon, borne by the fitful south wind.

Then they had sauntered back to the house, and had had tea in a small sunny chamber, through the open casement of which large sweet reeds 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 pot into cups of priceless china.

It seemed to Cecil afterwards, on cool reflection, as if he had sat at the polished table and simply stared at this young girl all the time, drinking in the witchery of her presence. He could not recollect that any one had uttered a word. He remembered seeing, as in a picture, a rose-framed window, the delicate tinting of the walls, the sombre furniture, the old man lying back in a large easy-chair, sipping his tea at intervals, and clear as a cameo on this 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 the glory of the evening and the odors of the flowers had reared him to poetry. 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 shadowy twilight porch, where the marble flower-girl offered her unheeded blossoms. He knew that in the soft gleam she had looked like some spirit, and that he had won 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—glorified all his homely surroundings there, and had lulled him into happy impossible dreams.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Come on home quicker'n lightning!" exclaimed a boy rushing up to an Estelline man who was washing a game of checkers in a Second Street drug store. "W-w-why, what's the matter?" "The baby's fell down the well!" "Gosh! Fall clear down?" "You bet he has." "Get his head up out of the water!" "Yes; but we can't get him out."

"Well, it's too thundering bad. You see I'm sort of backin' this fellow on the game and he's just about got 'em where he wants 'em. Tell my wife to leave the rattle-box and the rubber ring down to the post-office, I'll be up and sing to him kind o' soft like, and I'll be up just the minute this game is finished."

her golden head and the harmonious hues

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A Masterpiece of Fiction.

The following is a translation of a scene from a French fiction: M. de Makshiff when the file of soldiers left him, found himself in a dungeon. Not a ray of light penetrated the dismal abode, but De Makshiff's eyes gradually became so accustomed to the darkness that he saw a figure lying in a corner. He caught up the torch, struck a flint, and pressed it to his heaving bosom. Then, in his despair, he tickled his nose with the straw and laughed.

"Who laughs?" demanded a voice. "I do."

"Who are you?" "De Makshiff. Who are you?" "The Abbe Se Long."

"Ah."

"How long have you been here?" "I have now, alas! no method of reckoning time, but I must have been here since sunrise this morning."

De Makshiff gasped. "Where are you now?" "In a tunnel," the Abbe replied. "A tunnel?" "Yes."

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

"You astonish me."

"Ah."

"Ah, bah. Where did you get your shovel?" "Had none."

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

"I will."

"I scooped it out with a shirt button. Have you a button on your shirt?" "No."

"Alas! you're married."

"No."

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

"Ah."

"Ah, bah. 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 gone?" the Abbe asked. "Not yet."

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

"All right; he's gone now."

"I am at work."

Scoop, scoop, scoop. A long, heavy arm was thrust into De Makshiff's cell. De Makshiff 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 do you want with them?"

"Make heads to go on the end of the ladder."

"Here they are."

"Now," said the Abbe, bending the pins and fastening them on the ladder, "follow me."

They passed out into the courtyard. De Makshiff 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 ode to a goat may be called a nanny-versary poem.

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

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—"absolutely." "Engagement? No; the first week of our honeymoon."

The Japanese typesetter's case is sixty feet long, 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 fight.

A phenomenal base ball pitcher, who struck out twenty-seven men in a recent game, says the secret of curve 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. McJob—"What did ye say? Lem me sell milk on the Sabbath day? No, Na! I couldn't doe that; but as ye seem decent boys, I'll jist give ye thripence worth for nethin', an' ye'll jist make me a present o' a shillin'."

Street car philosophy: 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 morning. I took it from you in change." "Well, you see, we are more particular than you are."

Judge—"The officer 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 Honor, was not attributable to liquor, but to circumstances over 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 polite nothings, he remained standing in front of her and seemed embarrassed. "Do you wish anything?" asked the lady. "My opera hat, if you please; it has the honor of occupying the same seat as yourself."

Miss Longcut—"Mamma, I think I'll accept young Snopkins. He seems to be the best thing I have on the hooks at present. Mrs. L.—"Why, my dear, you have plenty of time before you." Miss L.—"You're mistaken, mamma; I am falling rapidly. I know, because I have heard several people say lately that I'm growing younger and prettier every day; I have no time to lose."