

REGINA FAIRFIELD;

OR

A TERRIBLE EXPIRATION.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued).

"I said everything I could say to your injury, Wolfgang, and, having done so, I come to tell you of it, not in defiance—but in frankness." "God bless you, Fairfield! there! I believe this is the first time in all my life that at least since my time in the nursery, have we been so frank."

"What is the meaning of this, Wallraven?" inquired I, with the regret and the tone of embarrassment.

"It seems to express my own and my father's deep sense of the high honor Miss. Fairfield confers upon us in bestowing her hand on me!" he replied in a sad, earnest, and somewhat bitter tone.

"But this is wrong, utterly wrong,

Wallraven. Regine's whole fortune now does not amount to more than three thousand dollars, a sum scarcely sufficient to provide the trousseau of a Wallraven bride. If you will have her, in the name of Heaven take her; but do not think of giving so much where nothing is given in return."

"She gives me her priceless self," he answered, almost mournfully; "then, after a short pause, added: 'I am glad that it is so. I am glad that she is dowerless. I would confer everything upon my bride; receive nothing from her but her love, and still be her debtor, and still tremble for—Oh, God!' he ejaculated abruptly pausing.

"Regina herself, for the reason that she brings you no property, will object to receiving this magnificent settlement."

"She must not! It is the time-honored custom of our family. It has always been the rule of the Wallravens to settle that dower upon the lady whom their heir should select as a bride, and who should respond to his love. Her fastidiousness must make her no exception to this rule. Indeed, her refined delicacy and pure, high pride will prevent her seeing the matter as you do. She will not for a moment degrade her sentiments by mixing them up with these subjects!"

It was thus that the wayward and erring, but generous, fellow even tried to hope. Now that it was useless to bode on the dark side, I turned resolutely to the bright one, which was really very bright. Wolfgang, handsomely dressed, accepted,欣然地, the distinguished graduate of the university, now in the glow of his recent success, and, admiring my sister, said: "How well you look on this side of the picture, when you are brilliant!"

The next day I went to a visit Bishop Leopold, who had travelled North. He concluded with me upon my justification, when he came, but congratulated us upon our fitness and poverty when he went away.

I promised to return his call; and accordingly, upon the second day I did so, and took that opportunity of informing him of my sister's contemplated marriage with Wolfgang. Wallraven, and of unfolding to him my desire to enter a course of theological training for the purpose of taking holy orders. I told him how long this had been on my mind; how long, even before I dreamed of a possible loss of fortune.

I had, however, placed his library at my disposal, and my service, in inviting me at the same time to return with him to the South, and take up my abode for the present at this house.

There were many reasons why I should feel no scruple in accepting the assistance of the venerable old man. He had in his youth been indebted to my grandfather for his own education, and subsequent establishment in the church in which he had risen to such high honor.

Now, in this age, he had wealth, a large home, an extensive library, and a still family, consisting of his wife, son and daughter.

He seemed very anxious to assist me, and soon overruled my faint objections.

I told him, however, that it would be impossible for me to return with him to the South, until after my sister's marriage, when I promised to do so.

When I returned I found that Wallraven and Regine had walked out together. They did not return until the dinner hour.

I pass over two weeks, the mornings of which were spent in writing, or driving out, or reading; music of conversation at home; and the evenings, in attending lectures, and concerts abroad, or in some social pastime in our own parlor.

Regine was proudly, though bashfully, joyous.

Wallraven exhibited a haughty and self-consciousness that became him greatly. Every day his step was more steady and elastic, his eye more steady and commanding. The regal spirit was assuredly triumphant now!

At the end of two weeks, early one morning, he entered my chamber and laid before me two papers, indicating the fact that I should read first.

That was a letter from his father, Mr. Wallraven, giving consent to his marriage, and filled with affectionate expressions of regard for his bride and earnest prayers for the happiness of both, regretting that his infirmities must prevent his traveling North to be present at their marriage and pressing Wolfgang to bring his wife to Hickory Hall immediately after the ceremony. His letter ended with a message of affection and esteem for myself, a fervent tender of service, and an invitation to accompany my sister and her husband to Virginia. The letter was like the old gentleman himself, full of delicate beneficence, exalted love and magnanimity, yet through all betraying an under-ton of sadness, solemnity, almost gloom. I was deeply affected, on reading it.

Wolfgang slipped it from my hand and placed the other paper before me.

"This was the letter I wrote to

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

HE IS A STRONG FRIEND OF CANADA.

Mr. W. Vaughan Morgan Is a Modern Dick Whittington—A Friend of Canada.

Mr. W. Vaughan Morgan, who was induced as Lord Mayor of London recently, is not only a modern Dick Whittington, having risen from office boy to the highest position in the gift of his fellow-citizens, but he is also a valued friend of Canada, writes a London correspondent.

Regarding his election to the Lord Mayorality, Mr. Vaughan Morgan frankly admits that the possibility did not present itself until within quite recent years, although he read the story of Dick Whittington, the humble apprentice lad and his wonderful cat, at an impressionable period of his life. His youthful ambition, however, was fired by the old nursery romance.

Mr. Morgan is, in a sense, Lord Mayor by accident. Before a man can reach the Chair he must first become alderman and serve as a sheriff. Generally, men become aldermen after an active career as Common Councilmen, his efforts in that capacity commanding him to the electors in his ward. But Mr. Vaughan Morgan was elected alderman in spite of the fact that he was never a member of the Common Council, and had taken, no part in ward matters.

In 1898, the year when, in the ordinary course of events, his turn would have come to serve as one of the sheriffs of the city of London, illness caused by overwork prevented him from taking office, and he became senior sheriff in 1900 instead.

"It is settled," I wrote to my father this noon: "I shall take my wife to Paris immediately after our marriage. I intend to make our home there for many years—perhaps forever! France is really the only civilized country in this barbarous world! Paris, only, is really enlightened; or human? Yes! Paris is truly our home. Go with us, Fairfield, will you not?"

"Not to that mad Western Station, Wallraven, if I know you, will never like a place of home and health is unknown! You will be only, at best, a refugee in Paris—nay, I suppose, I hope—I may never know!"

"Yes, you will know, some day, when I can tell you my humiliating secret proudly! Then you shall know!"

"God grant that you may be able to do so, Wolfgang, my brother!"

Regine at this moment entered the room, every sign of displeasure vanished from her radiant brow.

I made no further opposition. I crouched down in the bottom of my heart, trying to forget, and tried to hope. Now that it was useless to bode on the dark side, I turned resolutely to the bright one, which was really very bright. Wolfgang, handsomely dressed, accepted,欣然地, the distinguished graduate of the university, now in the glow of his recent success, and, admiring my sister, said: "How well you look on this side of the picture, when you are brilliant!"

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To be Continued.)

FIDELITY'S REWARD.

Handsome Dowry Left Servant Who Deferred Wedding.

A romantic wedding, which for many years had been delayed owing to a woman's promise, took place at Sowby near Thirsk, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, England, the other day.

For nearly a quarter of a century the bride had acted as confidante and housekeeper to a maiden lady, who possessed considerable means. Many years ago the housekeeper met a gouty man, and was wedded by him. Both died. The housekeeper had promised her mistress to stay with her until she died, and so the love story became one of pathos.

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FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS.

"Why didn't you put this water-melon in the ice-box, as I told you?" asked the mistress of the maid. Then Maggie, the maid, grew indignant.

"I did, mum."

"But it isn't cold."

"No, mum. How could it be? I had to take the ice out to get it in."

HE HAD IT.

"Have you a modern street railway system in your town?" wrote the eastern street railway system.

"Our street railway system," wrote the western real estate agent and town boomer, in reply, "is strictly up-to-date. Forty-seven persons here have been run over by the cars or knocked off the track in the last

A woman may be shy on birthdays without being behind the times.

Narrow-minded men and women talk about persons' instead of things.

Of course, it's the proper thing for a man to have a back bone; but he should remember that it is jointed

in the neck.

The Home

DAILY DISHES.

Ritter Batter—Beat an egg without separating the white and yolk. Add half a cup of milk and stir gradually into three-fourths of a cup of flour sifted with one-fourth a teaspoon of salt. Let stand an hour before using.

Potato Cake—Mix together

one cup mashed potatoes, one cup flour, one-half teaspoon baking powder, two tablespoons butter, two like pastes. Cut in squares and cook on greased pans in oven. This can be prepared after noon meal just before tea time can be put in oven.

Pop Ovens—One cup sifted flour, three-quarters cup milk, one-quarter teaspoon salt. Blend flour, salt, and milk to a smooth paste. Break in an egg beater. Pour into buttered dishes and bake in hot oven.

Marmalade Tart—Line a pie-plate

with rings cut from pared and cored apples, sprinkle with lemon juice and dredge lightly with sugar. Bake about half an hour. Serve hot plain; but for a company dish, serve with whipped cream or ice cream.

Cake with Fruit Filling—Make a layer cake by any preferred recipe for white cake. For the filling boil one pound of sugar with a half cup of marmalade. Cover the top with peach or apricot preserves.

Clean the nickel-plated stove

with soda and ammonia in powder, with a moist woolen cloth, and polish it with a leather.

Water marks on furniture are often

white and unsightly; apply linseed oil and turpentine in equal parts, rub with a soft rag, and then wipe off the mixture with clean dust.

Vinegar will remove the disagreeable smell of paint from earthenware, and the varnish of a rug from vinegar and soap.

Wax candles become yellow and

dusty by exposure to the air; they can be cleaned by being rubbed with a faint dip in methylated spirits.

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