CHAPTER XXIII.

" MAY I GO ?" The very day after this, Octavia opened the fourth trunk. She had had it brought down from the garret, when there came a

summons on the door, and Lucia Gaston ap-Lucia was verypale, and her large soft eye wore a decidedly frightened look. She seemed to have walked fast, and was out of breath.

Evidently omething had happened. "Octavia," she said, "Mr. Dugald Binnie is at Oldelough."
"Who is he?"

"He is my grand uncle," explained Lucia, tremulously. "He has a great deal of money. Grandmamma "She stopped short, and colored, and drew her slight figure up. 'I do not quite understand grandmamma Octavia." she said. "Last night she came to my room to talk to me; and this morning she came again, and—oh!" she broke out, indignantly, "how could she speak to me in such

" What did she say?" inquired Octavia. "She said a great many things," with eat spirit. "It took her a long time to say great spirit. "It took her a long time to say them, and I do not wonder at it. It would have taken me a hundred years, if I had been in her place. I—I was wrong to say I did not understand her — I did — before she had

'What did you understand?" "She was afraid to tell me in plain words -I never saw her afraid before, but she was afraid. She has been arranging my future for me, and it does not occur to her that I a great state of excitement. Miss Chickie as coward, and despises me for it—and it is orders might be completed was so over- of good spirits, and no nonsense about him what I deserve. It I make the marriage she powered by her labors as to have to take her chooses, she thinks Mr. Binnie will leave me tea and toast in bed. chooses, she thinks Mr. Binnie will leave me lea and toast in bed.

his money. I am to run after a man who

At Oldelough, varied sentiments prevailed, been thinking of paying a visit to America, does not care for me, and make myself at
Lady Theobald's manner was chiefly distin

say that ?" it I suppose. I wouldn't worry. She wants somewhat suggestive of bones. you to marry Mr. Barold, I suppose." Lucia started.

" How did you guess ?" she exclaimed. Oh, I always knew it. I didn't guess And she smiled ever so faintly. "That is one of the reasons why she loathes me so," she

Lucia thought deeply for a moment; she recognized, all at once, several things she had been mystified by before. "Oh, it is! It is!" she said. "And she has thought of it all the time, when I never

Octavia smiled a little again. Lucia sat mind."

because Mr. Binnie came. I could have forher more easily; but she has been making coarse plans all the time, and treating me with contempt, Octavia," she added, turning upon her, with flushing cheeks and knave nor fool, I stick to him. Believe I'll sparkling eyes, "I think that, for the first send to find out. Where's Lucia?"

What his opinion of Lucia was, it was dif fast. There was a hint of exultation in her " Yes." she said. " I am in a passion. And I am not afraid of her at all. I will go tavia's. home and tell her what I think.'

have done so, but for a trifling incident she walked very fast after she left the

house. She wanted to reach Oldclough before one whit of her anger cooled down, though, somehow, she felt quite sure that, even when at the garden party. her anger died out, her courage would not flight with it. Mr. Dougald Binnie had not proved to be a very fascinating person. He "Perhaps she wouldn't let was an acrid, dictatorial old man; he contrabe very angry, I am sure." was an acrid, dictatorial old man; he contradicted Lady Theobald flatly every five minutes, and bullied his man servant; but it was not against him that Lucia's indignation was all. I shall not be afraid again." aroused. She felt that Lady Theobald was quite capable of suggesting to him that ladyship by her demeanor. her, and if she had done so, it was scarcely or making any effort to evade it: under her understood now why she had been allowed to and unmoved. On the first occasiou of my visit Octavia, and why divers other things had lady's referring to her plans for her future happened. She had been sent to walk with she received a blow which fairly stunned her. happened. She had been sent to walk with she received a blow which fairly stunned her. under her own eye for nothing. She had pressed by their seriousness, as Aunt Belinda Francis Barold; he had been almost re- The girl arose from her chair, and looked been disturbed of late, but by no means saye. I suppose they are pretty serious—to her ladyship had been good enough to sug-gest to him that it was his duty to further her confront. plans. She was as capable of that as of anything else which would assist her to again," she said. "I will not listen." And gain her point. The girl's cheeks grew turning about, she walked out of the room. hotter and notter, her eyes brighter at every "This," her ladyship had said in sepulchstep, because every step brought some new thought; her hands trembled and her heart

I shall never be afraid of her again," she said, as she turned the corner into the road And at that very moment a gentleman

stepped out of the wood at her right, and stopped before her.

She started back, with a cry. "Mr. Burmistone!" she said; "Mr. Bur

mistone !" She wondered if he had heard her last her excited face. I am glad I waited for you," he said, in

the quietest possible tone. "Something is the She knew there would be no use in trying

to conceal the truth, and she was not in the mood to make the effort. She scarcely knew

She gave quite a fierce little laugh. "I am angry!" she said. "You have

never seen me angry before. I am on my way to my-to Lady Theobald." He held her hand as calmly as before. He

understood a great deal more than she could have imagined. What are you going to say to her?" he

asked. She laughed again.
"I am going to ask her what she means I am going to tell her she has made a mis-I am going to prove to her that I am not such a coward, after all. I am going to tell her that I dare disobev her -that is what I am going to say to her," she concluded, de eisively. He held her hand rather closer.

"Let us take a stroll in the copse and talk it over," ha said. "It is delicid

"I don't want to be cool," she said. But he drew her gently with him, and a few steps took them into the shade of the young oaks and pines, and there he paused. She has made you very angry?" he

And then, almost before she knew what she was doing, she was pouring forth the whole of her story—even more of it than she had

told Octavia. She had not at all intended to do it, but she did it, neverthless. "I am to marry Mr. Francis Barold, if he

will take me," she said, with a bitter little smile. "Mr. Francis Barold, who is so much in love with me-as you know. His mother approves of the match, and sent him here to make love to me—which he has done as you have seen. I have no money of, my own, but if I make marriage which pleases him, Dugald Binnie will probably leave me his-which, it is thought, will be an inducement to my cousin-who needs one. If I marry him, or rather, he marries me, Lady Theobald thinks Mr. Binnie will be pleased. It does not even matter whether Francis is pleased or notand, of course, I am out of the question - but it is hoped that it will please Mr. Binnie ladies have talked it over and de cided the matter. I dare say they have of fered me to Francis, who has very likely re fused me, though perhaps he may be per suaded to relent in time-if I am humble and he is shown the advantage of having Mr.
Binnie's money added to his own—but I
have no doubt I shall have to be very

ady Theobald, last night, and it is what I liety.' am going to talk to her about. Is it enough make one angry, do you think-is it enough ?' He did not tell her whether he thought it

eyes.

"Lucia," he said, "I wish you would let is not as frivolous as she appears to those me go and talk to Lady Theobald." You?" she said, with a little start.

the tears rushed to her eyes. She raised her zest. face with a pathetic look.

May I go?"
She looked at him for a moment, incredulously. Then she faltered : "Yes."

She still looked up at him, and then, in spite of her happiness, or perhaps because of prove at all of the manner in which Lans it, she suddenly begen to cry softly, and forgot she had been angry at all, as he took her into his strong, kind arms.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GARDEN-PARTY.

The morning of the garden-party arose bright and clear, and Slowbridge awakened in having worked until midnight that all her ble young fellow, with an inexhaustible

tractive, in the hcpe that he will condescend guished by an implacable rigidity. She had to marry me, because Mr. Binnie may chosen as an appropriate festal costume, a leave me his money. Do you wonder that funeral-black moire autique, enlivened by it took even Lady Theobald a long time to massive fringes and ornaments of jet—her that?"

jewelry being chains and mancles of the latter,
Well," remarked Octavia, "you won't do which rattled as she moved, with a sound

Mr. Dugald Binnie, who had received an invitation, had as yot aimably foreborne to say whether he would accept it or not. He had been out when Mr. Burmistone called, and Miss Bassett."

had not seen him.
When Lady Theobald descended to breakfast, she found him growling over his news paper, and he glanced at her with a polite

"Going to a funeral?" he demanded. "I accompany my granddaughter to this—this entertainment," her ladyship responded. "It is scarcely a joyons occasion, to my

thinking, her hands clasped tightly.

"I am glad I came here," she said, at length, "I am angry now, and I see things more clearly. If she had only thought of it go? Man's all right, in the? Once knew go? Man's all right, isn't he? Once knew go? a man of the name of Burmistone, myself. One of the few decent fellows I've met. If I was sure this was the same man, I'd go my-When I find a fellow who's neithe

passion. I think I shall never be afraid of ficult to discover. He had an agreeable habit her any more." Her delicate nostrils were of staring at her over the top of his paper, and dilated, she held her head up,her breath came over his dinner. The only time be had made any comment upon her, was the first time he saw her in the dress she had copied from Oc-

And it is quite probable that she would get it here I'll wager."

ave done so but for a trifling incident "It is an old dress I remodeled," answerwhich occurred before she reached her lady- ed Lucia, somewhat alarmed. "I made it myself."

"Doesn't look like it." he said gruffly. Lucia had touched up another dress, and was very happy in the prospect of wearing it

"Don't call on grandmamma until after Wednesday," she had said to Mr. Burmistone. " Perhaps she wouldn't let me go. She will

In fact she had perfectly confounded her She bore her

rancis Barold would be a good match for fiercest glance without qualling in the least, She most scathing comments she was composed her straight in the face. "I beg you will not speak to me of that

ral tones, when she recovered her breath. this is one of the results of Miss Octavia Bassett." And nothing more had been said on the subject since.

No one in Slowbridge was in more brilliant

spirits than Octavia herself on the morning of the fete. Before breakfast, Miss Belinda was startled by the arrival of another telegram.

On reading this communication, Miss She wondered if he had heard her last words; she fancied he had. He took hold of her shaking little hand, and looked down at think that we should meet again! Why didn't he let us know he was on the way? I should have been so anxious that I should not

have slept at all. "Well," remarked Octavia, "I suppose that would have been an advantage." Suddenly she approached Miss Belinda,

cissed her and disappeared out of the room, as if by magic, not returning for a quarter of an hour, looking rather soft, and moist and brilliant about the eyes, when she did re-

Octavia was a marked figure upon the grounds at that garden party.

"Another new dress, dear," remarked
Mrs. Burnham. "And what a charming
color she has, I declare! She is usually paler. Perhaps we owe this to Lord Lans downe."

"Her dress is becoming, at all events," privacely remarked Miss Lydia Burnham, whose tastes had not been consulted about

"It is she who is becoming," said her sister. "It is not the dress so much, though her clothes always have a look, some way She's prettier than ever to day, and is enjoy ing herself."

She was enjoying herself. Mr. Francis Barold observed it rather gloomily as he stood apart. She was enjoying herself so much that she did not seem to notice that he had avoided her, instead of going up to claim her attention. Half a dozen men were standing about her and making themselves agreeable and she was apparently quite equal to the emergencies of the occasion. The young men from Broadoaks had at once attached them-

selves to her train.
"I say, Barold," they had said to him, why didn't you tell us about this? Jolly good fellow you are, to come mooning here for a couple of months and keep it all to your-

And then had come Lord Lansdowne, who in crossing the lawn to shake hands with his host, had been observed to keep his eye fixed

upon one particular point.
"Burmistone," he said, after having spoken his first words, "who is that tall girl in white?

And in ten minutes, Lady Theobald, Mrs. Burnham, Mr. Barold, and divers others too numerous to mention, saw him standing at Octavia's side, evidently with no intention of

leaving it.

Not long after this Francis Barold found his way to Miss Belinda, who was very busy and rather nervous.

Your niece is evidently enjoying herself,

"Octavia is most happy to-day," answered Miss Belinda. "Her father will reach Slowbridge this evening. She had been

humble indeed. That is what I learned from looking forward to his coming with great anx. enthusiasm in all the young ladies of my

Ah!" commented Barold. "Very few people understand Octavia," said Miss Belinda. "I'm not sure that I fol low all her moods myself. She is more affect enough or not. He looked at her with steady tionate than people fancy. She—she has eyes. who don't know her well."

Barold stood gnawing his moustache and "Yes," he answered. "Let me go to made uo reply. He was not very comforther. Let me tell her that, instead of mar- able. He felt himself ill used by Fate and rying Francis Barold, you will marry me. If rather wished he had returned to London you will say yes to that I think I can profine that you need never be afraid of her any more."

Slowbridge. He had amused himself at first, but in time he had been surprised to The fierce color died out of her cheeks, and find his amusement lese something He glowered across the lawn at the ace with a pathetic look.

"Oh," she whispered, "you must be very did so, Octavia turned her face a little and sorry for me. I think you have been sorry saw him. She stood waving her fan slowly

> He condescended to saunter over the grad to where she stood. Once there he proceeded o make himself as disagreeable as possible in a silent and lofty way. He felt it only due o himself that he should. He did not

owne kept by her.
"It's deucedly bad form on his part," he said, mentally. "What does he mean by

Octavia, on the contrary, did not ask what he meant by it. She chose to seem rather well entertained, and did not notice that she was being trowned down. was no reason why she should not find Lord Lansdowne entertaining : he was an agreea He was fond of all pleasant novelty, and y distin and he asked innumerable questions con-She had cerning that country, all of which Octavia an-

swered.

"I know half a dozen fellows who have been there," he said. "And they all enjoyed it tremendously.

"If you go to Nevada, you must visit the mines at Bloody Gulch," she said. "Where?" he ejaculated. "I say, what a name! Don't deride my youth and ignorance,

"You can call it L'Argentville if you would rather." she replied. would rather try the other, thank "It has a more hilariyou," he laughed. Will they despise me at Bloody

Gulch, Miss Bassett? I never killed a man in my life." Barold turned and walked away, angry. and more melancholy than he could have lieved.

" It is time I went back to London," he "No need to dress yourself like that, if this is to be to put it. "The place begins to be to isn't," ejaculated Mr. Binnie. "Why don't vou stay at home, if you don't want to "Mr. Francis Barold seems rather out of spirits," said Mrs. Burnham to Lady Theobald.

Lord Lansdowne interferes with his pleasure. "I had not observed it," answered he ladyship. '' And it is scarcely likely that Mr. Francis Barold would permit his pleasure

be interfered with, even by the son of the Marquis of Lauderdale." But she glared at Barold, as he passed, and beckoned to him.
"Where is Lucia?" she demanded.

you any "Nice gown that," he blurted out. "Didn't return to London to merrow—leaving here early.' She turned quite pale. She had not counted upon this at all, and it was extremely inopportune. What has happened?" she asked rigid-

ly. He looked slightly surprised. "Nothing whatever," he replied. "I have remained here longer than I intended." She began to move the manacles on her right wrist. He made not the smallest prosion of reluctance to go. She said, at

"If you will find Lucia, you will oblige She was almost uncivil to Miss Pilcher She had not the slightest intention of allowing her plans to be frustrated, and was only roused to fresh obstinacy by encountering indifference on one side and rebellion on the other. She had not brought Lucia up ance of Mr. Dugald Binnie, she could cer-She would do her duty unflinchingly. In fact, she chose to persuade herself that, if

CHAPTER XXV.

" SOMEBODY ELSE." But Barold did not make any very ardent search for Lucia. He stopped to watch a game of lawn tennis, in which Octavia and Lord Lansdowne had joined, and finally forgot Lady Theebald's errand altogether. For some time, Octavia did not see him.

She was playing with great spirit, and Lord Lansdowne was following her delightedly. Finally, a chance of the game bringing to him, she turned suddenly and found Bar-

old's eyes fixed upon her.
"How long have you been there?" asked. "Some time," he answered. "When you

are at liberty, I wish to speak to you."
"Do you?" she said.
She seemed a little unprepared for the repressed energy of his manner, which he strove to cover by a greater amount of coldness than

asual.
"Well," she said, after thinking a moment, "the game will soon be ended. I am going through the conservatories with Lord Lans-

downe, in course of time; but I dare say he can wait.' She went back, and finished her game, apparently enjoying it as much as ever.
When it was over, Barold made his way to

He had resented her remaining oblivious of his presence when he stood near her, and he had resented her enjoyment of her surround ings, and now, as he led her away, leaving Lord, Lansdowne rather disconsolate, he re-

sented the fact that she did not seem nervou or at all impressed by his silence. "What do you want to say to me?" she "Let us go and sit down in one of the arbors. I believe I am a little tired—not that I mind it, though. I've been having a lovely time."

Then she began to talk about Lord Lans

"I like him ever so much," she said. "Do you think he will really go to America? I wish he would—but if he does, I hope it won't be for a year or so—I mean, until we go back from Europe. Still, it's rather uncertain when we shall go back. Did I tell you I had persuaded Aunt Belinda to travel with us. She's horribly frightened, but I mean to make her go. She'll get over being frightened after al little while."
Suddenly she turned and looked at him.
"Why don't you say something?" s

asked. "What's the matter? "It is not necessary for me to say anything."
She laughed. "Do you mean because I am saving every

thing myself? Well, I suppose I am. -awfully happy to day, and can't help talkng. It seems to make the time go."

Her face had lighted up curiously. There was a delighted excitement in her eyes, puzzling him.

"Are you so fond of your father as all that?" She laughed again—a elear, exultant laugh.

icquaintance," he returned dryly.

He thought such rapture disproportionate to the cause, and regarded it grudgingly.

They turned into an arbor, and Octavia sat down and leaned forward on a rustic table. Then she turned her face up to look at the vines covering the roof.

"It looks rather spidery, doesn't it?" she remarked. "I hope it isn't; don't you?"

The light fell bewitchingly on her round little chin and white throat; and a bar of sun light struck on her upturned eyes, and the olonde rings on her forehead. "There is nothing I hate more than spi-

ders," she said, with a little shiver, " unless, seriously, " it's caterpillars—and caterpillars Then she lowered her gaze, and gave her feathers and satin hows-a charming tip over

her eyes.
"The brim is broad," she said. sorry for me. I think you have been sorry for me from the first.

"I am desperately in love with you," he and smiling at him in a calm way, which reminded him very much of the time he had answered, in his quietest way. "I have been desperately in love with you from the first.

"The brim is broad," she said. "If anything drops, I hope it will drop on it, instead of on me. Now, what did you want to say?"

He had not sat down, but stood leaning against the rustic wood work. He looked ale, and was evidently trying to be cooler than usual.

" I brought you here to ask you a ques tion.' "Well," she remarked, "I hope it's an important one. You look serious enough.

"It is important—rather," he responded, said. "It is a pity with a tone of sarcasm. "You will probably and find you tired." go away soon ?" away soon?"
"That isn't exactly a question," she cominted. "And it's not as important to you "A queer day, my dear!" ejaculated Miss mented. "And it's not as important to you He paused a moment, annoyed because

he found it difficult to go on; annoyed be

erenity. But at length he managed to begin again. "I do not think you are expecting the question I am going to ask," he said. do not think I expected to ask it myself—they dreuntil to day. I do not know why-why I already!" should ask it so awkwardly and feel -- at suc

disadvantage. I brought you here to asl ou-to marry me." He had scarcely spoken four words before all her airy manner had taken flight, and she had settled herself down to listen. noticed this, and had felt it quite natural. When he stopped, she was looking straight into his face. Her eyes were singularly large.

you," she said. "Why didn't you?"

It was not at all what he had expected. He did not understand her manner at all. "I—must confess," he said, stiffly, "that I felt at first that there where—obstacles in the way of my doing se."

"What where the obstacles?" He flushed, and drew himself up. "I have been unfortunate in my mode of expressing myself," he said. "I told you l was conscious of may own awkwardness.' "Yes," she said, quietly, "you have been unfortunate. That is a good way of putting

Then she let her eyes rest on the table few seconds, and thought a little.

"After all," she said, "I have the conso-

said, vehemently, his feelings getting the betinto the carriage, in rather a better humor ter of his pride, for once, "However badly than usual. ter of his pride, for once, "However badly I may have expressed myself, I am very much "I saw her with Mr. Burmistone, half an hour ago," he answered, coldly. "Have lyou any message for my mother? I shall limb how with you. I have been wretched for any message for my mother? I shall limb how with you. I have been wretched for any message for my mother? I shall limb how with you. I have been wretched for any message for my mother? I shall limb how with you. I have been wretched for any message for my mother? I shall limb how with you. I have been wretched for any message for my mother? I shall limb how with you. I have been wretched for any message for my mother? I shall limb how with you. I have been wretched for any message for my mother? I shall limb how with you. I have been wretched for any message for my mother? I shall limb how with you. I have been wretched for any message for my mother? I shall limb how with you. I have been wretched for any message for my mother? I shall limb how with you. I have been wretched for any message for my mother? I shall limb how with you. I have been wretched for any message for my mother? I shall limb how with you. I have been wretched for any message for my mother? I shall limb how with you. I have been wretched for any message for my mother? I shall limb how with you. I have been wretched for any message for my mother? I shall limb how with you.

days."
"Was it because you felt obliged to ask me to marry you?" she inquired.

The delicate touch of spirit in her tone and words fired him to fresh admiration, strange might come myself. Appears he's taken a to say. It suggested to him possibilities he fancy to Lucia. Wants to talk it over. Suits to say. It suggested to him possibilities he had not suspected hitherte. He drew nearer

to her.
"Don't be too severe on me," he saidquite humbly, considering all things.

And he stretched out his hand, as if to take

hers. faintly. "Do you think I don't know what the obstacles are?" she said. "I will tell vou." "My affection was strong enough to sweep them away," he said, "or I should not be

She smiled slightly again.

"I know all about them, as well as you do," she said. "I rather laughed at them, at first, but I don't now. I suppose I'm im-"Nothing would be so serious to me as

tainly subdue Lucis, though Mr. Dugald that you should let them interfere with my Binnie had been of no great help, so far happiness," he answered, thrown back upon happiness," he answered, thrown back upon himself, and bewildered by her logical manner. "Let us forget them. I was a fool to Lucia was brought to a proper frame of mind there could be no real trouble with Francis tion?"

Lucia was brought to a proper frame of mind there could be no real trouble with Francis tion?"

She paused a second, and then answered:
"You didn't expect to ask me to marry

you," she said. " And I didn't expect you " But now ---- " he broke in, impatiently.

" Now-I wish you hadn't done it." "You wish ___"
"You don't want me," she said. "You want somebody meeker—somebody who would respect you very much, and obey you. I'm not used to obeying people."

"Do you mean also that you would not

respect me?" he inquired, bitterly.
"Oh," she replied, "you haven't respected me much !" "Excuse me --- " he began, in his loftiest

manner.
"You didn't respect me enough to think
"You respect me enough to think
"I was not me worth marrying," she said. "I was not the kind of girl you would have chosen of your own will."

"You were going to give me a great deal Slowbridge had never seen such a wedding I suppose—looking at it in your way," she or such a bride as Octavia. It was even adwent on; "but if I wasn't exactly what you mitted that Jack Belasys was a singularly

wounded feeling.

"Does this mean that you refuse me," he that being at last a married woman, and en demanded—" that your answer is no?"
She rose, too—not exultant, not confused, She rose, too—not exultant, not confused, not lack them. Her present to Lucia, who neither pale nor flushed. He had never seen was one of her bridesmaids, dazzled all be-

"It would have been no, even if there hadn't been no obstacle," she answered.
"Then," he said, "I need say no more. I see that I have—humilitated myself in vain, and it is rather bitter, I must confess." "It wasn't my fault," she remarked.

He stepped back, with a haughty wave

CHAPTER XXVI.

" JACK." The first person they saw, when they reached the lawn, was Mr. Dugald Binnie, who had deigned to present himself, and was talking to Mr. Burmistone, Lucia, and Miss Belinde "I'll go to them," said Octavia. "Aunt

Belinda will wonder where I have been." But, before they reached the group, they were intercepted by Lord Lansdowne; and Barold had the pleasure of surrendering his charge, and watching her, with some rather sharp pangs, as she was borne off to the "What is the matter with Mr. Barold?"

exclaimed Miss Pilcher. "Pray look at him."
"He has been talking to Miss Octavia Bassett, in one of the arbors," put in Miss "Yes," she answered, "of course I am as

Lydia Burnham. "Emily and I passed them
fond of him as all that. It's quite natural,
isn't it?"

"I haven't observed the same degree of ing what has happened."

"Lydia!" exclaimed Mrs. Burnham, in

stern reproyf of such flippancy.
But: the next moment, she exchanged glance with Miss Pilcher.

"Do you think ——" she suggested. "Is

'It really looks very like it," said Miss Pilcher; "though it is scarcely to be credited. See how pale and angry he looks." Mrs. Burnham glanced toward him, and then a slight smile illumiated her countenance.

how furious Lady Theobald will be.' Naturally, it was not very long before the served that he took no share in the festivities. Then she lowered her gaze, and gave her that he did not regain his natural air of en- distant places. There is no more profitable on without steam locomotion. Her traveling hat—a large, white Rubens, all soft, curling viable indifference to his surroundings—that corn to be produced wherever a market can he did not approach Octavia Bassett until all be found for the ears, for after the ears are is much employed in lending color was over and she was on the point of going sold at a good price, the stalks left may be brightness to the little dining room. heard.

bye.' her hand to him. Then she added, quickly, in an undertone: "You oughtn't to think badly of me. You won't after a while." As they drove homeward, she was rather silent, and Miss Belinda remarked it.

"I am airaid you are tired, Octavia," she said. "It is a pity that Martin should come "Oh. I'm not tired. I was only-thinking.

selinda. "I thought is a charming day."
"So it has been," said Octavia—which Miss Belinda. Belinda thought rather inconsistent. cause she waited with such undisturbed Both of them grew rather restless as they neared the house.
"To think," said Miss Belinda, "of my

> "They!" exclaimed Miss Belinda. "Who But she got no further. A cry burst from

Octavia—a queer, soft little cry.

"They are here!" she said; "they are! He had Jack-Jack!" Belinda, fellowing her closely, was horrified of sulphate of copper. The small kinds may to see her caught at once in the embrace of a be planted in hills twenty four inches apart.

Mr. Martin Bassett, who was big, and yield is often 18,000 ears per acre. A com-

Martin Bassett led her to a seat and smiled more triumphantly still.
"Never mind, Belinda," he said. "Don't be frightened. It's Jack Belasys, and he's the finest fellow in the West. And she hasn't seen him for two years." *
" Martin," Miss Belinda fluttered, "it is

not proper—it really isn't."
"Yes it is," answered Mr. Bassett; "for he's going to marry her before we go abroad." abroad."

It was an eventful day for all parties convery much in love with me. If you had not been very much in love with me, you would never have asked me to marry you. You would have considered the obstacles."

"I am very much in love with you," he will we have a support to have

as I set eyes on him."
"Do you allude to Mr. Burmistone?"
"Yes. Had a long talk with him. He's
d coming to see you to morrow. Told him he fancy to Lucia. Wants to talk it over. Suits but keep largely to themselves. They should me exactly, and suppose it suit her.

Looks be given a run when other fowls are exciteded, as if it does. Glad she hasn't taken a fancy to some haw haw fellow, like that fool high ground and dry soil, secluded and dry walked here for more'n a mile with us-a Barold. Girls generally do. Burmistone's

Lucia who had been looking steadily out of the carriage window, turned with an amazed expression. Lady Theobald had received a shock which made her manacles rattle. She could scarcely support herself under it.
"Do I——" she said. "Am I to under stand that Mr. Francis Barold does not meet

worth ten of him.

vith your approval?" 'Yes, by George!" he said. "I'll have nothing to do with chaps like that. If she'd taken up with him, she'd never have heard from me again. Make sure of that." When they reached Oldclough, her lady-ship followd Lucia to her room. She stood

e her arranging the mans les on her wrists, nervously. "I begin to understand now," she said.
"I find I was mistaken in my impressions of
Mr. Dougald Binnie's tastes—and in my impressions of you. You are to marry Mr. Burmistone. My rule is over. Permit me to

congratulate you."
The tears rose to Lucia's eyes. "Grandmamms," she said, her voice soft and broken, "I think I should have been more frank, if-if you had been kinder

"I have done my duty by you," said my Lucia looked at her pathetically. "I have been ashamed to keep things from you," she hesitated. "And I have often told nyself that—that it was so sly to do it—but

could not help it."
"I trust," said my lady, "that you will be more candid with Mr. Burmistone. Lucia blushed guiltily.
"I—think I shall, grandmamma,"

It was the Rev. Alfred Poppleton who as sisted the rector of St. James to marry Jack served that he was almost as pale as his surolice.
Slowbridge had never seen such a wedding

wented, I had something to give, too. I'm hadsome fellow, and had a dashyoung enough to have a good many years to
live, and I should have to live them with you,
if I married you. That's something, you that he owned silver mines himself, and had chow."

even done something in diamonds, in Brazil,
He rose from his seat, pale with wrath and
where he had spent the two last years. At all events, it was ascertained beyond doubt. titled to splendors of the kind. Octavia would

holders.

"It would have been no, even if there When she was borne away by the train, with her father and husband, and Miss Be linda, whose bonnet strings were bedewed with tears, the Rev. Alfred Poppleton was the last man who shook hands with her. He held in his hand a large bouquet, which Octavia herself had given him out of her the hand, signifying that she should pass out abundance. "Slowbridge will miss you, of the arbor before him.

Miss.—Mrs. Belasys," he faltered. "I-I

And as the train puffed out of the station "There is another reason why it should be and disappeared, he stood motionless for sevno," she said. I suppose I may as well tell eral seconds; and a large and brilliant drop you of it. I'm engaged to somebody else." which formed the center-piece of his bouauet.

THE END. -The immediate ancestors of Lord Bea-

constield, descended from Spanish and Veneian Jews, were lax in their adherence to their 1805, was actually baptized as a Christian in rection.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Cultivation of Sweet Corn-

5,000 ears, are daily, or rather nightly, taken her children. She hates brillis "Gaod bye," she answered, holding out cality, and will easily make two crops where the season is longer. only 60 days or even less, to become fit for use, and a second crop may be planted among the hills of the first one so as te get And How the Match Came to be a good start before the first is cut away. There are several varieties of sweet corn, early, medium and late. The earliest are of small growth, some of the stells reaching to baby that she was in the habit of lugging no greater length than 3 or 4 feet, but as these may be planted quite close together, the yield any rate, he was not an love with this one, that of the large kind. The earliest varieties and I remember very well that when his own and remember very weit that when his own are the early marblehead, the earliest of all by a week or ten days; early Minnesota, Narraganset, Crosby's early and early Concord; the medium are triumph, Pratt's read about the house. If Mrs. Lincoln hapearly, and Egyptian; the late are evergreen seeing poor Martin again."

"Suppose," said Octavia, nervously, as and mammoth. These will give a succession was trouble in the family for a few minutes, from July to November if the frost holds off they drew up, "suppose they are here—in localities south of New York and Philadel make him a good nurse. He would read, and, phia, and sufficiently long in New England so far as appearances went, was deaf to all and Canada to mature even the latest. Sweet the infantile cries that came from his hopeful corn requires only a moderately good soil, heirs. When the babies grew up a bit, and and a moderate supply of manure or artificial knew something, they found in their father a fertilizer. It can easily be grown year after companion and a friend, but they had to look year on the same ground, if care is taken to elsewhere for a nurse.

The seed from smut by the common pre
Well, at the time I mentioned, Lincoln And she was out of the carriage, and Miss caution of steeping it in brine, or a solution and bright, and clear.

There eyes were singularly large to see her caught at once in the emprace of a polymer tall, bronxed young man, who, a moment which will give nearly 11,000 hills to the acre, understood, became engaged. One day Mary and as three plants in each hill will produce and Nancy Green were going a mile or so to a start of the at least half as many marketable, ears, the Mr. Martin Bassett, who was big, and yield is often 15,000 ears per acre. As usual, Nanoy took the baby and trunged sunburned, and prosperous looking, stood in the passage, smiling triumphantly.

"M—M—Martin!" gasped Miss Belinda.

"M—M—Martin!" gasped Miss Belinda.

"What—oh, what does this mean?"

"Method Bassett, who was big, and yield is often 15,000 ears per acre. A comalong with it, although it was a heavy weight with ears when the has a good market for the ears when the has a good market for them. The stalks will average at least 2 pounds to the hill, which will give 11 or 12 tons of most excellent fodder to the acre. No other fodder is so productive of milk or so healthful for cows when pasture is short, as this. The ground may be cleared of the crop, and a second one

> grass or turnips may be sown, or late cabbage may be planted on it.

planted of the same kind, or Hungarian

Managing Turkeys: There is small benefit derived from keeping either too large a number or too great a variettner too large a number or too great a variety of fowls on a limited space. As spring approaches, the turkeys, ducks and geese, begin to feel and manifest in divers ways the inspiration of the season. This is the period hen they require attention, food and care. Turkeys should be kept quiet and tame, and ious the disposition to ramble governed as much as possible without resorting to force or confinement. Turkeys should never be confined unless it be for a few weeks when very young. This disposition to ramble, which comes on about the laying period, may be greatly controlled by management and gentleness. They are not apt to like the society of other fowls, particularly the water fowls. Turkeys like nocks attract their attention, and they are exceedingly shy at nesting time. Some hens are so particular that if the nest is disturbed or the eggs taken out, even if replaced by others, they forsake it entirely. The better way is to allow the eggs to remain, if their is no danger of frost or prowling vermin. The mother will manage the eggs better, and a "Oh, she didn't! And you hadn't politement of the provided research to effect to help her but must larger percentage of them will hatch. this is not safe the eggs should be stolen away wait to be asked. each day as laid, and inferior or hen's eggs substituted as each one is taken, keeping the Lincoln. 'I alwa this is not safe the eggs should be stolen away each day as laid, and inferior or hen's eggs substituted as each one is taken, keeping the number good. In this manner the hen is more likely to sit.

wait to be asked.

""Why, I never thought of it,' returned Lincoln. 'I always supposed she would be afraid to let a fellow like me touch the baby for fear he might break it or something. I'd carry

season, but keep up continuous laying, which is not profitable. There is no mother for the first of the first of the first season, but keep up continuous laying, which is not profitable. There is no mother for the first of the first of the first season, but keep up continuous laying, which is not profitable. There is no mother for the first of the first of the first season. young turkeys like the natural one. Instinct leads them into their natural belongings, and to seek the food most beneficial. Often one hen will rear two broods in a season. not quently made with turkeys is in keeping too ried that child when he could see its mother nany hens. Two are sufficient for all ordinary were near about tired to death. purposes, and three at the outside. Where there are too many they are ant to disagree, and wander off in different directions. Thus they form a habit of wandering, natural. It is an ancient belief that turkeys turn their eggs daily. They do move the eggs about with the feet and beak, but whather it be intentional er not, is not known.

"Lincoln turned about with a laugh and didn't appear to think much more of the matter. He treated Mary very nicely, and held heen said, but her they form a habit of wandering, which is quite The germ in the egg is always uppermost, and matter. He treated Mar in incubation receives the first warmth—a much as if nothing had recognized fact that the heat must come from words, no doubt, made a serious impression, above—although with the constant brooding for from that time their intimacy began to the nest is thoroughly warmed, and retains it wane, and after a time there wus a genera until the young leave it. Turkeys should nest understanding that the engagement was canon the ground, and indeed any fowl does celed. There were no more words about the better to sit on the ground when the weather baby, I believe; but it was the baby after all better to sit on the ground when the weather baby, I believe; but it was the baby after all will admit. The moisture is highly beneficial that broke up the match." to the eggs while undergoing the process o incubation, keeping the shells soft and the skin moist, so that the young find no difficulty

in escaping.

A turkey usually sits 26 days in medium A turkey usually sits 26 days in medium weather, and is a steady incubator, bringing out all the eggs at once. The young should remain on the nest without disturbance for the first 24 hours. If a good mother, she will that he did, and the officer inquired: take care of the empty shells, usually tucking them around out of the way under the tail. When necessity demands she will lead the brood quietly from the nest, and if the weather be warm and without storms, will succeed well in rearing the brood under her own man-agement. Turkeys should not come off unti the first week in June. By that time cold storms are over and the air is mild .- C. B.

in Country Gentleman. WHIMS OF AN EMPRESS.

The Empress of Austria came to Paris

nuch disposed to receive no official visit.

She is a great, a very great lady in reality, and in her own eyes; very capricious and strong willed in carrying out her fancies and whim-whams. In the German fashion she of the arbor before him,

She did so, but just as she reached the entrance, she turned, and stood for a second, framed in by the swinging vines and their like to go to America."

Miss—Mrs. Belasys," he faltered. "I I whim-wnams. In the Garman lastical with people of no rank to speak of, if such is her good pleasure. Capt. Middleton, who is her esquire on the hunting fields of Englishment. land and Ireland, had every reason to know that she is the proudest of the proud. With the circus girl Elise, who was last year the idol of the Parisian Gommeux, her Majesty is almost motherly, and is very companion-They smoke cigarettes together and talk gayly on equestrian subjects—the only subjects which interest the Kaiserin. But Elizabeth holds in foul scorn nouveaux on riches and self made great ladies All her ancient faith, and he himself, born in 1804 or prejudices and what she deems her principles are on the side of feudalism and right divine his boyhood. One of his newspaper biogra-monarchy, which, by the way, never lived on phers, and he not of the deceased Earl's good terms with the barons of the feudal household or political creed, says that he was period. She looks—although Austria is now never ashamed of the race from which he sprang, and that he contended for its political constitutional monarch with pity mingled per? Wouldn't you like a few oyster rights even at a period of his career when his with contempt, and calls her a rich personal interests pointed in the opposite dipolitry-yard fowl, who has not wing power to take a high and independent flight. When the French Republic was represented at —There was -Rev. Dr. McKay, of Formosa, who preached at Goderich on the 16th inst., has since been laid up there by illness, and was compelled to cancel all his engagements up to compelled to cancel all his engagements up to take a light and independent light. When the compelled to cancel all his engagements up to the compelled to cancel all his engagements up to the compelled to cancel all his engagements up to the compelled to cancel all his engagements up to the compelled to cancel all his engagements up to take a light and independent light. When the compelled to the compelled to cancel all his engagements up to take a light and independent light. When the compelled to cancel all his engagements up to take a light and independent light. When the compelled to cancel all his engagements up to t may 1.

—The Imperial Council of China have refused to sanction a railway through the interior of the Empire.

I and she blew nim up like a nor-weicesse ties to approach her. The chief of the French Executive called on her Majesty at the Hotel Bristol and was received by her. The crowned Clorinda was surrounded by her household.

Clorinda was surrounded by her household.

I and she blew nim up like a nor-weicesse ties to approach her. The chief of the French For she usually minded quite miquely;

Then remarked that he guessed,
As he shifted his vuessed,
They had not better come more than with the complete ties to approach by her household.

Part of her hair, which is still of a burnished nazel brown shade and splendidly was coiled round her head, and the rest was Sweet corn is rapidly becoming a favorite allowed to fall down behind her. She was fodder crop as well as a market product. The dressed in a plain black velvet costume, with excessive sweetness of the grain when in an a linen collar and an enameled brooch. Elizaunripe condition, and its succulence and ten- beth speaks French well, but with a German

derness make it a desirable article for table accent.

The Empress of Austria has little taste for table accent. common field corn for this purpose. It is reading. When she is at home she is general-greatly in demand in towns and villages, and ly very tired and lolls back in a deep, soft enormous quantities are sold every day in arm chair, or lies on a sofa puffing eigarettes. the large cities. It is reported that in the She has an album by her with photos her of season from 300 to 500 wagon loads, each of horses, her favorite dogs, her grandchild and attention of numerous other ladies was by farmers near the city into the markets of has no wish to be popular, thinks parliament directed to Mr. Francis Barold. It was ob- New York. Besides this, a large quantity is contemptible, abhors republicans and cannot taken in by the various railroads from more imagine how the world was ever able to get used for fodder for cows and horses, and will couch in the bedroom is suspended. A thus pay all the cost of the crop. Some of the early varieties are so quickly grown that they will succeed even in a far northern loof her Majesty, who is not, however, a de-

ABE LINCOLN'S FIRST LOVE.

"It was this way," said Mr. Green. "My cousin, Nancy Green, had a great strapping about with her wherever she went. rened to arrive home about this time there

had grown very fond of Mary Owens, and she seemed to take quite a fancy to him. They a neighbor's, and Lincoln went with them As usual, Nancy rook the baby and trudged along with it, although it was a heavy weight part of the distance, and so relieve her, but if she had such expectations they were not realized, for he put his hands in his pockets and leisurely sauntered by the side of Mary

Owens, wiithout a glance toward the baby. Mary became cold and an-"Pretty soon swered Lincoln with short and curt sentences. Then she refused to talk to him at all, and by the time the end of the journey was reached she fairly withered him with Lincoln did not know, or seemed not to know, what the matter was, and at last asked an

explanation.
"' What's up, Mary?' said he. 'You seem to be in bad humor.'
"'Oh, no,' she replied, mockingly. ez purring and good natured az a kitten What is there to ruffle a body, my grace

Lincoln.
"'No,' replied Mary, tartly, "it's nothing you've done. It's what you hain't done, and that's just what's the matter.' "' Well, what is it?' said Lincoln.

"' You don't know, of course,' responded

" 'It s something I've done, I suppose,' said

Mary, disdainfully.
"'No; I'll be hanged if I do,' said Lincoln. " 'Wall, I'll tell you,' said Mary. 'You've nooks attract their attention, and they are ex- great, strong feller like you-and let that

When ness enough to offer to help her, but must

" ' If I asked you,' responded Mary. " Well, I reckon you could ask me if you wanted 'em carried,' retorted Lincoln.

'' I just tell you what it is, Abe Lincoln. weaning the older ones until the others are cried Mary, getting excited, 'any man as is fit out of the shell. A great mistake that is fre-

> " ' And I didn't offer ?' said Lincoln. " 'No, you didn't.' responded Mary.

" ' And so I ain't fit to be a husband.' said Lincoln.

HIS MODESTY. The other night a policeman observed a

"Then why don't you go up?"
"Well, I was thinking of it." "Haven't been expelled, have you?" "Aren't afraid of anybody?"

"And you haven't lost your interest?" "I might as well tell you," said the man, after beating around a while longer. "I went down to Toledo a few days ago, and somehow the story came back here that I was drowned. My lodge thereupon passed resolutions to the effect that I was honest, upright and liberal, and a shining ornament, and that what was its loss was my gain. I wasn't drowned, as you see, but I kind o' hate to walk in on 'em times, and I can't get higher up than the fifth stair before I weaken."—Detroit Free Press.

-A loguet tree in full fruit is probably a sight never seen in England before, but "the phenomenon" is now on view at Richmond. It has a fine crop of fruit, comprising about a dozen bunches, each bunch being of eight or ten beautiful berries.

-- "We remember one evening," says writer in the London Spectator, "an English-man expressing, more forcibly than politely, eating aw fish, in the presence of Mr. Iwakura, the son of the Japanese Minister, as then resident of Baliol College, Oxford. uttered, when Iwakura interrupted the speak per? Wouldn't you like a few oysters? don't eat them myself, but--was lost in laughter at the keenness of the