## A GREAT MISTAKE.

So they began their lives together The old house was transformed The gladness of a girl's presence filled it with sweet and wholesome influences. George's that he had Lucy in her fresh cambric dress and trimly coiled hair to attend him, to pour out his coffee, to have the newspaper ready, to nod a bright good-bye from the steps as the horses came round to the door and he drove away to his work

Mrs. March, who was often late for break fast, declared, laughing, that she was not used to getting up at such unearthly hours; but Lucy's simple convent habits clung to her in many things; and, as she was always down stairs and in the garden long before even the Doctor made his appearance, he was sure of one companion at least to his early meal.

arry mean.

It was so natural to the girl to be busy that she was falling by degrees into her old habit of waiting on every one; she was per petually running up and down stairs, and making herself a little smiling slave to her

cousin and to Mrs. Ludlow.

But after a while this seemed to alter.
George interfered quietly but with determina-Lucy began to find that she was to be waited on a little now.

Batters used to look to her wordrobe for

her when she was out. The girl found her dresses brushed and smoothed, or laid out ready at dressing time; the buttons were always on her boots; all needful mending was carefully attended to.

Edward, the Doctor's own man,

at a moment's notice to go on Miss Lucy's errands, saving her little feet many a weary tramp, to fetch ber a cab in wet weather whom she was obliged to go out, to protect her with an umbrella as she got in and when she returned. Lucy would blush and protest, hav ing become unused to such services during her stay in King's Road; but Edwards would state in his grave way that he had the Doc tor's orders though from his electity it was plain that the staid man servant obeyed these orders with satisfaction to himself.

The consequence of all this was that Lucy found time to read more and to practice her music, which she had sadly neglected. She more too, which was a delight to both the was always begging for her. The quiet little ing very warm and tired and amused. woman declared that she could not "take would rather keep on in the old way, feeling liked the Doctor, but the children were always that their efforts reached a few of those who

But the Doctor would not hear of this. He he had begun, and think only of Lucy's

happiness.
The girl's delight at returning was reward enough, after all, for his unselfishness And indeed the house was not the same with

out her.

Her old pretty bloom and roundness wer her, to hear how lightly she flew about the house, to see how bright she looked after her walks, and how easily she broke into a laugh to know that she was happy in those days.

CHAPTER XLVII.

George March walked to church with his wo menkind and heard Lucy's voice in the hymns Edgar Bryer had no need any longer to make pilgrimages to St. Mark's in order to see his little blue-nyed divinity. It was a pretty family party, people said, and Mrs. March ought to be a very happy woman.
Indeed, Mrs. March looked as if she were

Naturally she was enjoying the agreeable excitement that had followed her return to

Barlaston es a bride.

A good many entertainments had been given in her honor, at each of which she had worn a new gown from her tasteful trousseau and had excited a good deal of attention.

The Doctor was necessarily a great deal away from home during the day, and there was really very little to occupy his young wife's thoughts in the house so admirably managed by Mrs. Batters, so that Ada was a gift from kind Tom Throgmorton to his wife's favorite-and by organizing such parties of pleasure as were

possible in the quiet old town.

Mrs. March indeed was rapidly becoming a Mrs. March indeed was rapidly decoming a good deal to her own resources.

small celebrity in Barlaston. Her appearance at St. Cloud's on Sudday was waited for as at St. Cloud's on Sudday was waited for as thing for Minne to have the opportunity of course I found out your secret long ago; and thing for Minne to have the opportunity of vou can indge for yourself whether I have "What was the matter with me?" she impatiently as a new number of the Young Lady's Gazette, and every one was talk-ing of her delightful little dinners—every one, except perhaps Mrs. Batters who at her age was to backcused for not altogether appreciating her mistress's new fangled ways, and who opened her provincial eyes somewhat widely at the cost of those apparently simple little banquets.

People, when they saw Ada's gray ponies driving about the streets and a graceful little lady, in a succession of charming toilettes, passing in and out of the shops or givrders from her tiny carriage, used to look at each other and whisper eagerly that that wearing another new bonnet.

was a concert at the Town Hall, wire, March made up a party and secured a box; and what with her own striking dresses and the her box generally attracted as much attention as the play itself or the music.

have helped to swell the young matron's train. His mother's kind face was no longer clouded by the old anxiety on his account. George March learned from her than the boy had settled down to work in a London office and was behaving with unusual steadiness and moderation

of the little town in quite a remarkable way.

Lucy often said to herself that every one

seems rather an unmagning way, but I seemed happier for it.

Of course the Doctor joined his wife's par ties as in duty bound, if only for an hour. It was for his sake, as Ada gently explained to estly to the woman he had married, nor to Edgar Bryer. It seemed so at least to the him and her friends, that she exerted herself attempt to draw her nearer to him. He was Doctor, though Ada frankly confessed with a

chair and an anectionate same, the same suffering and in presenting declare that there was to be no running away his wife and to the world.

to that dreary study, that he must just stay and hear Minnie's last pretty ballad. It was delightful, Mary Throgmorton declared, to see the Marches together. And Ada made the best little wife in the world.

Certainly Mrs. March was indefatigable in her exertions to render her husband's home

Her greatest difficuly, as she sometimes gaily asserted, was in finding civilized young men to help her in carrying out her devices.

George his slippers and his cup of tea.

"You poor dear George!" Ada would say "You poor dear George!" It is well you In London, she would add, there were always so many idle young fellows, welldand well-mannered, who were only too glad to dance attendance on an agreeable young matron, with whom they were sure of nice little dinners, or a place in a box, or a seat in a carriage; but in Barlaston, the

Doctor's wife protested, with a comical little of a pet of the blushing boy, laughing kindly woman, that, had he been free again, she

recruits—unless, indeed''—with a somewhat and stares at you as if he were moonstruck!' cold smile—"Bee intends to relent before "Oh, but that is because you don't under

I don't know," answered Lucy sadly. think she is unhappy about it. I am glad he has gone away, poor fellow. It will give her complaint from Lucy however, Mrs. March time to think

upon Mrs. March's hardly kept together little coming reckless.
"party," as she was fond of calling the few She made an appointment with him one amusements. There was no one who could take the place of the rich, good-looking young that morning of headache. man who was wandering about aimlessly

wound in his faithful aching heart.

Neither Bee nor Lucy could fairly be said to be of Ada's party. They had their own occupations and interests, which seemed to a pretty velvet gown and fastened some roses grow more absorbing every day. Ada laughed in her belt. at them gently sometimes for their girlish Eagar fou enthusiasm.

"What you are trying to do," she said. not unkindly, " is being better done all round high heeled shoes daintly posed on the fender you by properly organized societies. Why, don't you send your babies to Janet Bryer's

found that George liked to hear her sing, and she began to hunt up all the songs she knew. and cried sharply, "Ladies, will y u please Shawas able to be with Bee a great deal come to order for a minute!" Votes of thanks or expressions of regret at the absence girls, and sometimes she went away to Oroome of one or two popular members were proposed for several days at a time. Mrs. Ackroyd and seconded, and the girls came home, feel-

They told George afterwards that they would rather keep on in the old way, feeling would have been scared away by the rules clamouring for Lucy.

"Who will see to your breakfast, you poor and regulations of the societies.

"Who will see to your breakfast, with the word of the societies.

"We have no lists of contributions to print the word of the societies.

negateored George (\* Mrs. March Cried, with smiling dismay, when Lucy was first invited and nothing to talk about; so we have more to go to Green Knowe. And Lucy, coloring, declared eagerly that she would just as soon they decided; and so they went their way, busy and happy together.

Luck felt bound to accompany her cousing

when Ada wished it : but she found the perwas often at Croome during Lucy'g visits; petual shopping and driving about the streets but he resolved that he would carry out what so monotonous, and it seemed to her such t so monotonous, and it seemed to her such But I am beginning to think I was missan utter waste of time, that all her good taken." nature and politeness failed to conceal

" If we might go out into the country roads and lanes," she sometimes said in confidence to Bee, "I should like it very much; but to spend two or three hours of each day reviving rapidly in the rest and security of her new life. George had only to look at And people stare at us so! I wonder if what is this I hear about your sitting out hand. "Do you dislike the smell of my they are as sick of seeing our faces as I am poor Lucy's patience the other day when sick of seeing theirs! I believe I know every soul in Barlaston by sight."
Something of this Ada extracted from her

> received with perfect good humor.
>
> "Poor Lucy!" she said, smiling. "You shall not be victimized any longer. I think I shall cultivate Minnie Bryer; she is not too often." strong minded to care for pretty things, and cured of his tendency to blush whenever he meets us, I think I shall appoint him, faute "Pool de mieux, my aide de-camp, vice Ted Ackroyd,

sober surprise.

"Oh, to run messages, and buy tickets, and turn over my music! What does one ever want a man for? As dear George is too busy to go about with his poor."

"I know the Doctor thinks I am a bit of a sobre surprise."

free to amuse herself, and contrived to do so very well for some time by driving about in elsewhere. Her life was as uneventful as that wished; and, if I only thought I was working She wen ther sister Janet having become more de Mrs. March. cidedly serious than ever since Doctor March's There was marriage, the poor little country belle was left

going about with the fashionable Mrs. March, you can judge for yourself whether and of making the most of her youth and good been on your side or not."

Accordingly the Dector's wife and the March! Accordingly the Dector's wite and the words of the mode, you represent the present a surprisingly short time. They fell into a surprisingly short time. They fell into a way of dressing a good deal alike—Ada had great taste and skill in millinery matters, and contrived to produce a great effect at small expense—and always in advance of the mode, you to came this evening when I was alone there is some medical the way of the Paris.

March: I have been in love with ner ever a mercally to run away from him like that."

George knew nothing of this while he was accusing himself of wronging Lucy with his useless regrets. It was the girl's sweet frank-if you persist in teasing poor Lucy with such long visits! It was to tell you so that I asked deepest.

"She thinks—Heaven bless her!—that then be a size of the way of the march." thanks to their diligent perusal of the Paris fashion book, for which Mrs. March sub-

eribed.

They spent their mornings together very March, if you would only say a good word for they while George was on his rounds and me. I——" often, while George was on his rounds and Luoy reading to Mrs. Ludlow upstairs; and, after luncheon, when the pony carriage drove up to the door, they went out very gay and smiling to display the result of their industry as the lunched and she laughed a little impatiently as he no longer any white slim shape to fit along. was Mrs. March, and would point out, with Lucy reading to Mrs. Ludlow upstairs; and, and to execute a great many small purchases caught her hand in both of his.

as the play itself or the music.

Wherever Bee went young Ackroyd was sure to follow. Jack Throgmorton was still away. He had not returned to Baslaston him with his sister back to Beaudesert gar-and doubtless. dens for tea and a little duet singing before the young people went home to dinner.

"It looks well for dear Minnie's sake," she

said to her husband, who had wondered rather scornfully what Ada could find in such a cub. "And poor Edgar is useful, if not

Doctor March supposed that it was only It really seemed as if the Doctor's marriage to Miss Ludlow had cleared the atmosphere thereof. "Let her be happy in hir own way." seems rather an unmeaning way, but I sup nose it is all right-and I am no judge of

women's fancies."

In truth he did not yet dare to speak earn-

So Mrs. March's blushing aide de camp began to haunt the house in the square at every moment which was not absorbed by business. It seemed to George that he was always walking over the young fellow's long

when her visitors were gone. "It is well you had begun to believe at last that Lucy in town, by a dinner in Upper Brunswick swered the fond mot have Lucy to look after you a little. And had never cared for him. The girl's sweet street, a dance at Mrs. Bryer's, and by one of poor Ted went away really I am afraid poor Edgar is rather a and cheerful directness with him, her renewed Mrs. March's dainty and exclusive little bandard work.

"Oh, but that is because you don't under then. I suppose she means to marry him stand how to talk to him!" declared Ada. smiling. "Edgar is quite agreeable, really "I to those who understand him." On a second and third repetition of this

felt that it was time to scold her protege again Poor Ted's flight cast a decided depression and more seriously. Hs was evidently be-

over Europe in the vain endeavor to heal the was hurning which flickered nictures until for some music. and, having listened dutifire was burning, which flickered picturesquely among the gold frames and the blue and

> Edgar found her sitting in a low chair holding a scleen before ber face in a hand that sparkled with rings, and with her small

"I am so glad you have come!" she said, creche, and your cooking and sewing girl to giving him the little glittering hand and a Mrs. Ackroyd's industrial schools?"

pretty smile. "Come and sit down here by Mrs. Ackroyd's industrial schools?"

Bee and Lucy were a little crushed by this at first, and thought it only fair to consider

Perhaps such a humble position may reduce me. Yes, you may have the steel if you use and to sit with his hels on the window sill you to a properly submissive frame of mind you to a properly submissive frame of mind watching the chose, smoking and dreaming, and the light was pleasantly subdued. Minnie Ada was feeling a little depressed, and though the light was pleasantly subdued. Minnie and the light was pleasantly subdued. Minnie and the light was pleasantly subdued. Was singing one of her ballads, which came it natural that her cousin should miss the was singing one of her ballads, which came it natural that her cousin should miss the was singing one of her ballads, which came it natural that her cousin should miss the was singing one of her ballads, which came it natural that her cousin should miss the was singing one of her ballads. Iney attended one or two meetings in the school rooms near St. Chad's. A great many ladies were there. Janet read aloud a long report, and, when the talking became too loud, rapped on the floor with her unbroll.

the young matron gently. "All my friends do; and I hope you and I are going to re main very good friends in spite of what I along between the box borders, carrying her am going to say." As she spoke she laid watering pot, and holding her muslin skirt

von not? Edgar nodded. He felt decidedly ill at

"Frankness is always best," Mrs. March went on, with just a shade of hesitation;
"and I intend to be frank. I have always thought, Eddie, that you at least did no misunderstand me and my poor abused little London ways, and that I was therefore justi fied in admitting you to the intimacy which has been so pleasant to us both; has it not taken."

"No; I give you my word, Mrs. March!"

protested the boy eagerly.

"Of course I don't pretend to dislike devotion on the part of my aide-de camp; but"— smiling pretrily—" that distinguished officer whoever he may so for the nonce, must was in Upper Brunswick street?'

The boy turned very red again.
"You know, Eddie, that will not do; and cousin before long, and the confession was I am going to impose a little punishment received with perfect good humor. have people talking; and I think you must promise me not to come here quite so "Oh. Mrs. March"—the boy started up

she has a trother who might be made useful she his steel, looming big and ruddy above with a little training. At present he is devoured by mauvaise honte; but, if he can be don't believe I could keep away now if I

"Poor boy," murmured his friend, looking up with her large calm eyes. " Not if I asked

"Eddie," protested Ada softly, "I really little wife, I must only supply the deficiency as well as I can!"

Minnie Bryer was by no means loath to am young yet, and earn only ninety pounds were glimmering whitely beyond the wide

"Oh, you have been awfully good, Mrs.

"You think she—she does not care for "You think she—she does not care for riage service, and that, when people utter me?" cried the boy in an agony. "Oh, Mrs. them, they blot out everything that has gone

in the principal streets.

there—you had better go now! I am sure I books and letters. He sat with drawn down thing to The drive generally ended by a turn through don't know what your mother would say to all blinds and lighted lamp then; and, for all gently. beauty of her cousin and Mrs. Throgmorton, the less ornamental thoroughfares by which her box generally attracted as much attention may come in! It would never do to tell him just yet. You must leave it all to me.

After that day young Bryer was seldom seen in Beaudesert Gardens or behind Mrs. March's pretty popies. A charming sisterly note had warned him in playful terms to absent himself for a while

declared to her husband when he remarked

CHAPTER XLVIII

Quite a happy little lull fell upon the house hold at number nine after the dismissal of Edgar Bryer. It seemed so at least to the

suffering and in presenting a decent calm to had left her nothing to do.

Certainly Mrs. March was indefatigable in her exertions to render her husband's home as complete a contrast as possible to what it was before his marriage.

Her greatest difficulty, as she sometimes of the pupil's progress that was in finding civilized young of the husband, and it was Lucy who brought of the husband, and it was Lucy who brought of the husband, and it was not unhappy—not altogether sorry for much enthusiasm.

Indeposit sinhes down at the geast and his part to desire to make merry in her poor boy's absence, a dinner party was dear, sensible, good girl!"

Throgmorton, immensely relieved. "You are her poor boy's absence, a dinner party was dear, sensible, good girl!"

Throgmorton, immensely relieved. "You are her poor boy's absence, a dinner party was dear, sensible, good girl!"

"Oh, don't praise me too much, pray!"

often she could spare only a nod and a smile fretting or thinking. But, if he had had, he friends to renew their acquaintance with the charming girls they remembered with so getting a little creature wno would nave useen a neip to her poor boy's absence, a dinner party was was so eager for her pupil's progress that work to do; and had not much time for given, which enabled Captain Sugden and his often she could spare only a nod and a smile fretting or thinking. But, if he had had, he charming girls they remembered with so would have told himself in those days that he charming girls they remembered with so getting a little creature wno would nave useen a neip to given, which enabled Captain Sugden and his off given and his aims?"

Often she could spare only a nod and a smile geath and his aims?"

Often she could spare only a nod and a smile geath and his o

tay that he had been mistaken, that she had sacrifieed nothing in giving him to another Ada's married life so far.

The poor fellow tried hard to make friend of his wife—tried to enter into her amusements, to talk to her in the long light

rest. Ada hehaved charmingly—listened with pretty sympathy as she sat at work in a fresh young people who had leisure to share her evening. No one else was admitted, not even and tasteful toilette; but she did not say amusements. There was no one who could Minnie, to whom her friend had complained very much. George could not always be very much. George could not always be rure that she had heard what he was saying. Sometimes he thought he saw her stifling for some music, and, having listened fully in his turn for a while, he would

> people in their position, but he gave in, as he did when possible to all his wife's wishes, and went through the little eeremony, no matter how tired or out of sorts he should be But in his study, a sombre book lined room opening upon the garden, he was free to puli

know that I am going to scold you Eddie?" walls.

"Oh, Mrs. March!" Poor Edgar fidgeted on his stool, which was rather a precarious seat for a person of his robust proportions, and turned very red.

"I would not sing before Doctor March for the whole world," she declared, showing robust proportions, and turned very red.

"I would not sing before Doctor March for the whole world," she declared, showing robust proportions, and turned very red.

"To poor George, coming in, tired and huntile and stand to the propose they have the propose they have the propose the prop went whirring over the stable yard to rocet, and the rustling old elm trees grew darker and darker in the dusk. She would come an going to say. As she spoke she talk (watering pot, and holding her mushis shirt accressing hand for a moment on the boy's aside, quite unconscious of the heavy eyes dark curly hair. "You promise me that; do that were watching her behind the wire blinds

> stairs for some tea.
>
> He did not know how frightened Lucy had been the first time she did this—she never inderstood why herself.

> turn, and Ada had sent her cousin to call the Doctor out of his den. The room was full of smoke when Lucy entered in obedience to a deep "Come in," and the young man, in his comfortable old coat and slippers, was eading a newspaper, with one leg thrown over

the newspaper, and springing up with a kind haggard smile

hastily behind her. She was trembling from of her hair and the gloomy whiteness of her negret, and the sometime contrasted prettily with the bronze hastily behind her. head to foot as she leant against the old pan elled wall; her heart was beating in great

She had never before seen Doctor March out of the regulation garb which he wore in common with other men in his hours of bus iness or in society, and the sight of the old gray coat and shabby slippers thrilled her with

ing came over her. Then she heard the hanof the study door rattle behind her

She went a She went and knelt down by the window contrast between this slender shape and "If he thinks of the tall trees were rustling tran-quily in the dark; the windows opposite were lighted up here and there; a dog was barking come from, and the little flaxen haired woman March's toilette was come from and the little flaxen haired woman was to light to the was come from and the little flaxen haired woman was to little was come from and the little flaxen haired woman was to little was come from and the little flaxen haired woman was to little was come from and the little flaxen haired woman was to little was come from and the little flaxen haired woman was to little was come from and the little flaxen haired woman was to little flaxen haired woman was t of most girls in a quiet provincial town; and, for Lucy, I know I should get on - you'd see | The tops of the tall trees were rustling tran-Mrs. March."

There was a little pause; then Mrs. March lighted up here and there; a dog was barking rose too, pushing away the footstool with a far off; the sound of Ada's singing came in the dressing gown, though one swift flame ing in the room.

Goating up from below. It was all very still of unavailing anger against his destiny did though her

you have been awfully good, Mrs. "I must go down again. George will think I I have been in love with her ever am crazy to run away from him like that."

here is some magic in the words of the mar -

efore ! The poor fellow spoke with a bitter sad-

under the ivy wall and disturb him from his

with his pipe.

An agreeable diversion as it seemed to the have felt grateful to him ever since!"—breaktwo of his friends. Mrs Ackroyd had wanted the end or not; but I would not. No doubt to put them off, being in no mood to enterate she will make the story up after her own tain strangers; but her husband, who had taste, poor thing, while she lies awake in the off her white shoulders, with her prestige as

The young men remembered very pleas antly their visit of the year before, and were pretty Miss Thrale" whose illness had put an up stairs.

ada took the little sermon quite goodemperedly, and declared that Lucy and Bee lad left her nothing to do.

"Except to be happy, dear George," she pleasant little firtations they had been added. "You don't think me very frivolous for enjoying the first few months of our married life in my own way? Remember

Mr. Ackroyd urged this point strenuously married life in my own way? Remember

married life in my own

on his wife's attention, whereupon, though she secretly considered it heartless on her with the secretly considered it heartless on her with the secretly considered it heartless on her with the secretly considered it heartless on her who would say so!" cried Mary that good fellow marry that charming, earnest the secretly considered it heartless on her who would say so!" cried Mary that charming the secretly considered it heartless on her who would say so!" cried Mary that charming the secretly considered it heartless on her who would say so!" cried Mary that charming the secretly considered it heartless on her who would say so!" cried Mary that charming the secretly considered it heartless on her who would say so!" cried Mary that charming the secretly considered it heartless on her who would say so!" cried Mary that charming the secretly considered it heartless on her who would say so!" cried Mary that charming the secretly considered it heartless on her who would say so!" cried Mary that charming the secretly considered it heartless on her who would say so!" cried Mary that charming the secretly considered it heartless on her who would say so!" cried Mary that charming the secretly considered it heartless on her who would say so!" cried Mary that charming the secretly considered it heartless on her who would say so!" cried Mary that charming the secretly considered it heartless on her who would be secretly considered it heartless on her who would be secretly considered it heartless on her who would be secretly considered it heartless on her who would be secretly considered it heartless on her who would be secretly considered it heartless on her who would be secretly considered it heartless on her who would be secretly considered it heartless on her who would be secretly considered it heartless on her who would be secretly considered it heartless on her who would be secretly considered it heartless on her who would be secretly considered it her who would be secretly considered it her who would be secretly cons

he entered his wife's drawing-room.

Never had that drawing room been more temptingly arranged, never had Mrs. March worked harder in the construction of pretty toilettes for her daily kettledrum. panting Minnie Bryer toiled after her in vain. by degrees among his poor patients, to find She had not the young matron's resources for such a lengthy campaign.

Mrs. March, hearing from Barry Sugden

hat it was now quite good form in country houses for those ladies who had walked with wrappers and caps, had such a costume prepared at once, and received her guests evening in a glorified dressing gown of white cashmere, and a coquettish little cap to cor-

respond.

The young men declared with one voice himself off to his tobacco scented study and his old shooting jacket and slippers.

The young men declared with the billion of slippers imaginable.

The Doctor, however, who happened

come home a little earlier than usual that She declared that Captain Sugden was bother evening, looked decidedly grave as the vision ing her life out about the two girls: so she

gry, out of the chill clear air of the October evening, the atmosphere of his wife's drawing her.' room, the odor of tes and perfumes was un-

bearable.
"Have you a headache, Ada?" he said, going over to kies her with much sim-plicity on the forehead. "No wonder, if you have been stifling in this air all day! Why don't you open these

gloves, having just got home.

It was her day at the hospital with Bee. looking delicate, and her depression seemed

Miss Thrale her cup of tea. She might have on his return, and endeavored to prevent his had half a dozen slices of bread and butter at once if she wished.

"Thank you," she said, laughing and "But George was conscious of an effort under the said.

complexion.

Her modesty charmed the young men. Sugden sighed when the door closed millinery.

the pretty girl. George got up too She could always find a great deal to do behind the pretty girl. George got up too and went away to his study. Lucy was standing on the great old fashioned landing as he planning new effects for the coming winter.

THE HUCKLEBERRY PICKER'S ADwent down stairs. She was talking to Mrs. And now there was every probability of a Batters about jelly and broth for her sick dinner at Croome when Lady Sarah arrived

kindly; and he proceeded to ask some is of no use dressing prettily for dear questions about one or two of his patients to George. I believe he thinks Lucy's gray whom Lucy had been reading that afternoon. gowns and linen collars the perfection of good He tried not to remember too keenly the taste.'

answered, smiling. "When I come home, When the George, I don't know whether to be most before. "Law in the flowers, and " Ada singing to us, and the dinner waiting—
it is all so dear to me and so comfortable. And the poor girls I have been to see seem to have bodies only to feel hunger and pain with. It is terrible, George. And the poor

thing to think of to-day," said the young man Pinch's beefsteak pudding that I told her all gave Bee up, and went and sat down by Mrs. about mine, and how young Ackroyd ate it. I March, who was looking a little neglected.

in playful terms to absent himself for a while tain strangers; but her husband, who had trom the house in the square, where accordingly George was no longer compelled to listen to his singing of "Speak to me," or "A Te" every evening.

"He was getting quite too tiresome!" Ada The young men remembered very pleas.

"He was getting quite too tiresome!" Ada the type and fire; but he would not look at it, and went declared to her husband when he remarked antly their visit of the year before, and were the lad's sudden disappearance. "I was by no means averse to shooting Mr. Ackroyds straight to the window, folding his arms and out of the bear's paws. I tell you I was glad oblided to send him away!" coverts again, or to meeting "that very hand staring out at the chill sad evening. Autumn curtly, when his wife came down stairs in her to get back home home alive."—Williamsport staring out at the chill sad evening. Autumn curtly, when his wife came down stairs in her some Miss Throgmorton' who had snubbed leaves were falling slowly on the window sill. pretty white wraps, surprised to see that he

and to the tableaux.

Next evening, though Mrs. March and Miss afterwards sadly enough in his study. He did not dare to go and meet Lucy Thrale at

Throgmorton."
"I try not to fret, my love," said poor kind

that afternoon with Captain Sugden to gaiety already.
St. George's Park, and that she herself had "I would rather spend this first Christmas the carriage.

Barry Sugden had openly admitted that he

could not stand" that Bryer girl" any longer, and that he for one was not going to annoy that fine fellow March by kicking his heels all day long in the little woman's drawing room -a burst of heroism which might have been received with less derisive shouts by Barry's audience in the smoking room if he had not been so palpably hard hit by Bee Throgmorton's dark beauty, and if they had not all discovered that the surest place to don, to his mother's great distress. There meet "that sweet little Thrale" was not in were no festivities except the children's party her cousin's house, but in Upper Brunswick in Primrose Alley, which was a much more Street.

CHAPTER XLIX. Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Throgmorton and her daughter went out to Croome to spend a week; and then Mrs. Ackroyd came to Beaude sert Gardens and Legged for Lucy as well met his eye of his wife in this careless at had invited a few more people, and had made tire, lounging among her pillows before what up quite a pleasant impromptu party. Even he mentally termed "a roomful of young Lady Sarah Vanneck had promised to come for a day on her way to the North. Lucy felt

all sorts of things to talk about that interest

Lucy ventured timidly to suggest this to Mrs. Ackroyd, and to explain what an enjoy-ment such a visit would be to Ada. "My dear, Mrs. March's place is with her

this sturdily. " and I should think nothing these would induce her to leave the Doctor alone. air all day! Why don't you open these would induce her to leave the Doctor alone, windows and get rid of half these flowers?" But you girls have a right to all the dancing And in a lower voice he added, "Don't you think you had better deny yourself to visitors another day when you don't feel equal to the exertion of dressing?"

"You dear stupid George!" his wife ex claimed gaily, but flushing a little under his dresh with a lower and the standard of the stan

steady eyes and assuming a less easy atti-tude. "I am charmingly dressed! This is the fashion now for afternoon tea, dear. Ask a whole week with Bee and the children and Captain Sugden!"

the kind admiring young men who were so

But Captain Sugden had started up to anxious to improve her knowledge of lawn speak to Lucy, who at that moment came tennis, into the room, pulling off her bennet and The house in the square seemed strangely

The girl was looking as fresh and clean as a to be growing deeper. Her friendship with daisy in her simple dark gown, the close Minnie Bryer having cooled a good deal, and fitting lines of which displayed the charming Mrs. Throgmorton being away, time hung slimeness of her figure, and the sombre color heavy on the young wife's hands. Her of which contrasted prettily with the bronze silent, well regulated house, with only her mother's somewhat monotonous society seemed to oppress and stifle her, though she All the young men were very easer to hand always kept a smiling face for her husband

blushing, as she parried these attentions. "I her smiles, and by degrees it came to seem have had tea with Bee—with Miss Throgmor-kindest on his part to spend his after dinner ton—and I must go upstairs now to aunt hours, when he was at home, in his own room, or to stay out and play a game of billiards while Ada amused herself with her

people. She turned and smiled gravely at the young man as he passed.

"Have you been hard at work," he asked had once said to her mother and Lucy.

The dinner party came off duly, and Mrs.

"Well, you have given poor Eliza somehing to think of to-day," said the young man
gently.

the girl's crimson cheek. "Happy as 1 am, when I stopped and looked back, the more bears coming; they were cubs. Then was at home and had something to hope for."
Then Barry came fidgeting about them; all got together. I thought that I was a ently.

Then Barry came fidgeting about them;
"Oh, yes! She was so delighted with Ruth and Lady Sarah, with a good natured laugh,

An agreeable diversion as it seemed to the doctor's wife, occurred just then in the arriing into a bright laugh. "Then she wanted val at Croome of Captain Sugden and one or me to tell her whether John married Ruth in two this friends. Was Akreyd had wanted the order of the poung men seemed to have renounced three bears started off, and the dog started their London faith, one of whose chief articles after them; he ran after the bears about a was that girls were a bore, and only married mile. I tell you, if ever anybody made for was that girls were a bore, and only married women worthy of the least attention. Ada, with her exquisite French looking dress falling off her white shoulders, with her prestige as the shoulders, with her prestige as the shoulders and continued to the shoulders are the balance of the shoulders. The work of the shoulders are the balance of the shoulders are the balance of the shoulders are the balance of the shoulders. she will make the story up after her own with her exquisite French looking dress falling

The Doctor had not come with his wifet p stairs.
Once more, and sat and smoked his pipe
Next evening, though Mrs. March and Miss
afterwards sadly enough in his study. He did

sided.
There had been a few words said by Lady when the invitation arrived it was found to be for Lucy only, and all the pretty toilettes which Mrs. March had been contriving were

vasted. asteu. George would have insisted on Lucy's going to Wastelands, miserable as the house seemed without her, but the girl pleaded to be allowed

been asked to go with Mrs Throgmorton in the carriage.

Barry Sugden had openly admitted that he And she wrote a little note to kind Lady Sarah, excusing herself on the score of h

cousin's delicate health. time. The autumn had burned itself out. November fogs came creeping about the old house in the square, and dead leaves were blowing along the garden walks.

Ted was still away. Jack did not come home for the holidays, but remained in Lon-

were no festivities except the children's party

the mothers as well as the babies. Lucy-and perhaps Bee too-were thankful for these outdoor calls on her time and her sympathy. The Doctor helped the girls in their work, and gave them good advice and suggestions; he was too glad of any excuse to be constantly busy during that long winter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARRIAGE IN NORTH CAROLINA. A couple from Virginia landed in Milton the other morning to be married by 'Squire Lewis. They walked hand-in-hand up Main street and took a seat upon the front step of the 'Squire's office, and the man asked, for a As the 'Squire was preparing to

make it out, the buxom girl began to inch off, and hesitated, and finally said to the young man in a half whisper:

"John," said she, "I don't believe I will—I never did feel so flustered—lawd! wonder what pappy's doing now-I feel right tremblesome—less go back; come on,

" Well, you don't want the license then

said the 'Squire.
"Hold on thar, Mister; yes, we do," said the man; and he moved up closer and set his chin to earnest work. "Now, Sally," said he, "don't go on thater way; what 'ud folks say? It 'ud be awful hard on me An' than's the candy stew at Bob Brown's to-night, and aller that; and Sucky Jones would jest die a grinnin' over you about it. was mad as pizen vesterday when she heard

we was comin'—
"I don't mind her no more'n the dust off, my feet, but I feel so skittish-like, John i wish ermdie if I hain't sorry we come. I don't want'er get married, John."

"Say, Mister, fix on your papers," said

standin' up in spellin' class at Oldfield "Well, stand up," said the Squire. "I'm ready." But as the ceremony was under way the girl jerked back, exclaiming: "I'll be dinged ef I do!"

"Marryin's nuthin: no

John.

The 'Squire suggested that the licence had been given, and they had gone most too far to back out now.
"That's so!" said John. "Stand fast, Sally! Don't git all in'er quiver now," gently taking her arm. "Com'er long in

place; it's most over with," and she sided As the 'Squire said '' I now pronounce you

" Lud'amercy!" cried the bride. " an' is it done? You bet 'tis-easy as spellin'; and now we'll go," said the man; and they mounted the horse double and rode out of town.

VENTURE. " As I was sitting down picking huckleberries - I had a little black dog with me-I heard the dog barking furiously. I thought

that somebody was plaguing him; he is a dog that don't like to be plagued. I thought that I would get up and go and see So I got up and what was wrong with him. saw a bear as big as a yearling calf. When the dog seen me he ran to me and the bear after him. I picked up a stone-he was coming full tilt, with his mouth wide open. I fired away with the stone and hit the bear pretty hard rap alongside the head. made him mad; he growled a little, and heaven he had lost.

"Go and rest a while," he said kindly, as because a what his cousin was about to when the bear came up the dog snapped him be married to her first love, a widower with came right on. I picked up a pine knot, and motion the news that his cousin was about to when the bear came up the dog snapped him be married to her first love, a widower with contact the hind leg. He jumped at the dog; the little boys, who had come back from the dog jumped between my legs; the r. "You look tired, child."

"Oh, I am tired and rested too," Lucy

the little boys, who had come back from then the dog jumped between my legs; the ladia a good deal stouter and richer than bear jumped at me, and then I struck him on when the Earl had sent him away ten years the snout. He snorted, and blew the slobbers in my face so I couldn't see for a little bit. before.

"Lady Sarah is the best soul in the world," the sprightly little soldier added; him, and bit him in the hind leg again. "and I am awfully glad she is going to be made happy at last."

Bee echoed this wish very heartly. She limbed quiltily when kind Lady Sarah asked the should apply the should be They have no thoughts in their heads. They have never read books or seen any thing but poverty and ignorance. What can they do but ache and wait and be patient!"

"Well, you have given poor Eliza some—"Well, you have given poor Eliza some—"the girl's crimson cheek. "Happy as I am, it would make me happing to know that the finite to come pick them up. I ran about a half a mile, when I stopped and looked back, saw two goner, sure, but they all made for the little dog; they fought awhile, and I called the dog off. I ran to a tree and climbed it, and the three bears started off, and the dog started

> started at her again, but was careful to keep Sun and Banner. LOVE UNREQUITED.

Make it comes a consist and to bring some bright influences around him.

"Dear George works far, far to hard," is she often said, with a sigh. "It is my duty to induce him to take a little relaxation now and them."

So George, coming home in the evening, would find quite a large group assembled in heating, and perhaps making a nul perhaps making and an affectionate smile, and would give him her most countortable chair and an affectionate smile, and would give him her most countortable chair and an affectionate smile, and would give him her most countortable chair and an affectionate smile, and would give him her most countortable chair and an affectionate smile, and would give him her most countortable chair and an affectionate smile, and would give him her most countortable chair and an affectionate smile, and would give him her most countortable chair and an affectionate smile, and would give him her most countortable chair and an affectionate smile, and would give him her most countortable chair that there was to be no running away.

Water the Evening Wisconsin.

A touching and perhaps as usual to receive the seemed with a sign wat that the days in Barlaston and these gentlemen put in an appearance of these gentlemen put in an From the Evening Wisconsin.

desirable sources.

Lately her fidelity was rewarded. The lover of her girlhood has returned from California, bronzed, bearded, and a millionaire\_ with a wife and twins.

"Mother, I am at the door," is the title of a new ballad. It is to be hoped that the old lady will hurry down stairs and let him in, or a watchful 'copper" will have him in the station house.

-It will be interesting to the ladies to would have told himself in those days that he was not unhappy—not altogether sorry for the irrevocable step he had taken.

He had begun to believe at last that Lucy had begun to believe at last that Lucy had never cared for him. The girl's sweet had never cared for him. The girl's sweet had courage and color—all seemed to any color—all seemed to aspect that he had been mistaken, that she had sacrificed nothing in giving him to another.

Were gone, and Lucy was back again in the charming girls they remembered with so much enthusiasm.

This was followed by other entertainments in the period of Captain Sugden, and square. Mr. Olifaunt sighed when he said them have a column alloted to them for the first fashion notes. And one of these asserts much enthusiasm.

The girl noticed with terror the slow creep.

The girl noticed with terror the slow know that in many English journals the gen-tlemen have a column alloted to them for

The weather hannened to be wet and dis. "You must not fret shout that dear Mrs. men's presence in the neighborhood had sub-

air of dismay, the young men were shut up at his persistent devotion, and reading him in offices all day long, and, when they came the most charming elder sisterly lectures at ther—much farther away. And, feeling this, home, seemed to think that there was some times about his waste of time and neglect of George began to admit to himself that it was Mrs. March's drawing room appeared to the the most charming elder sisterly lectures at ther—much farther away. And, feeling this, Green Knowe was correspondingly depressing. In try not to fret, my love," said poor kind George began to admit to himself that it was Mrs. March's drawing room appeared to the Mary. "But what with Bee's low spirits and better to have Lucy for his friend and sister bored sportsmen a sort of oasis in the social poor Jack away.—Well, well"—she bright than to have let her go out of his life altogram of the lingering through the mists and showers of the counpoor boy is getting on very well and behave, which was to biars out into an evanscent jolthing immoral or "French" in making themhis family.

selves deceutly serviceable or amusing to a The lectures did not appear to be productearly breakfast was a pleasent event now married woman.

Ted Ackroyd's sudden departure from Bar-Ted Ackroyd's sudden departure from Bar- more determined to persevere in his visits, in emotion which, in spite of better resolves, try roads, luring them half unconsciously ing very steadily. We must only hope for lity and splender at Christmas on the strength loston, a couple of months after her return, finding excuses for which he displayed conthe girl's presence or voice still stirred within from turnip fields and fallows to still more the best. It is a comfort to know that you of Lady Sarah's approaching marriage; but, left Mrs. March in a worse case than ever in the matter of masculine escort. She could and George are happy, at any rate."
"Dear Mrs. Throgmorton!" murmured seductive game in town. All the afternoon there was a little bustle Such emotion was a wrong done to Lucy. he knew, and was a breach of the brotherly faith and devotion he had pledged to her on that last sad day by the mere. Trusting to not help expressing a laughing wish to her cousin that the young man had waited until he worried poor Lucy by insisting shyly on after Christmas at least to propose to Bee waiting for her cousin rather than disappoint Throgmorton, and to be refused.

"I suppose it will break up the party at she had sent him.

Croome," she added regretfully—" and I was looking forward to that for several agreeable complemed. He never says a word, but sits him entirely in her innocent security, the poor child had come into his house, and it he resounded with vigerous knocks; and now afternoon. No one saw the new bows but the Doctor found the scenes repeated which her husband. Mrs. March and Minnie drank was his duty to make that house her safest had excited his scorn in Edgar Bryer's reign, their tea alone again, and Lucy mentioned to decline the invitation. Ada was not strong, refuge.

their tea alone again, and Lucy mentioned to decline the invitation. Ada was not strong, at dinner that Bee had taken a long ride she urged; and she herself had had enough

evenings while they were alone and Lucy was watering her flowers in the cool of the day tried to interest her in his plans, to busy her

in her a rational companion for his hours of

Mrs. March had playfully insisted on her husband's dressing for dinner every day.

George laughed, and pronounced it absurb for slippers imaginable.

of the study.
Sometimes he could hear her singing the tunes he liked overhead, or perhaps she would knock at the door and ask him to come up-

It was a night or two after the bride's

the arm of his chair. He turned as she entered, throwing down Lucy answered somewhat incoherently, and

painful throbs. The same feeling had come as when she had first seen George carve and had eaten of his bread at the same table with him.

a quite indescribable emotion. She blushed, and pressed her hands over "I have never said her eyes; her cheeks were burning; a great, until you give me rush of passionate pity and nameless yearnand she flew breathlessly up stairs, not into the lamp lit drawing room, but higher still

There was a little pause; then Mrs. March ose too, pushing away the footstool with a far off; the sound of Ada's singing came floating up from below. It was all very still and sweet, and before very long the night air fellow, it was hard to be living in sight of the gowns were just as passes as ever.

Solve the Mrs. March lighted up here and there, a way in the dressing gown, though one swift flame in the dressing gown in the dressing gown, though one swift flame in the dressing gown in

them all so unmercifully, or "that awfully He could hear Minnie singing a noisy song was not dressed. And so he dired by himself