MRS. GARFIELD ALONE WITH HER DEAD.

The writer of the following simple tribute to the late President Garneld knows that wiser heads and abler pens will far better than her-self "render in µoetry, some expressions of our sympathy as Canadians in the late melancholy sympathy as Canadians in the ince mean con-occurrence." It is only in accordance with nu merous requests from both sides of the borde that she lays these lines before her friends.

Only a few brief weeks have past, And a noble man took oath, To God and to his country's sons, Duty to do to both. Ahi who of all that trusty band, Un er the engle's plume, Could dream that in so short a time Their chief should ask a tomb.

Benners are floating half-mast high-Emblems of grief and woe Droop down from pillar, roof and arch, Dirges are mourning low, And thousands of the free-born pass With ceaseless, n-is-less tread, To see their nation's blighted hope, The pale face of their dead.

But hush! keep silence, mighty hosts Guards, close the sacred door, And leave the living and the dead Together, just once more, Until the fond wife bids farewell Unto her loved and lost O mighty nation! what to her Hath been this priceless cost

Knights Templar with their swords at rest Have laid their tribute down,
And the glorious cross of M dta fades For him who wears a crown.
And the dead man's comrades thro' the war.
In heaven's own white and blue,
Have left their "old commander" signs Of their subargase true Of their allegiance true.

And fair, all beautiful with love, And ther, all besuch the lock, And that mournful scoke, Stands that pure circle of white leaves, From Christian England's Queen. Oh i blessed bonds hat bind two realms In one unsevered chain; Two women's he arts have forged strong links, Arching the rolling main.

ther supplies.

died.

nod.

For good Victoria, too, hath drank Of that embittered cup. Which now her widowed sister holds And to the dregs drinks up. Oht branking heart! he is not dead. He is not gone so far. Loo 4 up! your people comfort you. Behold "the gates ajar."

Ah! breathe that solemn, last farewell. An 1 breathe that solenni, last later we but only f ratime; "Asleep in Jesus," he hath woke In Christ's own glorious clime, And burning words of hope and love, Words of the Christian faith, Hymns of the Christian, over him, Full many a fond lip saith.

The world in sorrow stands appalled -Sons of the stripes and stars,
Ye mourn as one Elisha mourned.
To see the golden cars.
But children, mother, wife, beloved,
Oh ! these are words that fall.
And in your true and loyal heavts
To tender memories call.

Why should it be? Hush, stricken ones, God has His own right way, And what to us seems dark and strange Shall all be bright some day. Oh! widowed heart! Ch ist comfort thee For all beneath the sod; Oh! vast heart of America, Keep strong your faith in God. HARRIET ANNIE

A GREAT MISTAKE.

It was a year, George remembered, since he had first seen Lucy Thrale. Then it was Christmas again, and the bells

were ringing across the snow out at Green Knowe as they had rung when he walked across the fields with her to church on that happy Sunday. There was a brooding shadow of unhapp

ness over his home, to which the young man tried bravely to shut his eyes. Nothing could have been kinder or more steadfast and manly than his behavior to his wife. He repeated for all narties.' to himself that she was not to blame-that,

since he had chosen to keep silence and to make her his wife, it was his duty to see that she at least did not suffer for another's mistaken sacrifice. But, when the spring was breaking again

in the old square gardens, and George March's little son was born. Lucy hoped that a hap pier state of things would begin for the fam ily and that the cradle in the house would draw them all closer together.

CHAPTER L

When Mrs. March began to get about again, the freshness of early summer was on the little town and the old square gardens. It seemed to Lucy, in her brave hopeful ness, that life might be beginning anew for

them all: but after a while it became evident in the tranquil present with her husband and round of duties and

"Oh, Geordie is thriving splendidly !" said Lucy. "A..d I au afraid George would not hke to leave town, Ada. Would i not make his work all the barder ?" "Dear George likes whatever I like." "Dear George likes whatever I like." "But, when Mrs. March did mention the subject one evening to her husband, she just then were already as heavy as he could very well support, and that the rant of their house, roomy and commodiuus as they found to the based of the sonether." "I tapends on what you call being buried dist in tait. I twas the manuscript of "Ethel her deave town, Ada. Would i not make she had thought buried out of hearing for ever. "Why do writch have to pretend so much in tait. I was the manuscript of "Ethel her deave town, Ada. Would i not make she had thought buried out of hearing for work all the harder ?" "But, when Mrs. March is popt. fourth his sore, were the sonether as the sonether as the sonether as the sonether as the sonether, where Lucy, who was subject one evening to her husband, she to the family group in the bear of this in the while on the open German book which were the one on failed mending." "I tadeen't follow that the is encert to show the best sonether." "No doubt i twas dear Lucy who did the source the out on arranging the table to tor family, whon she heard of Lucy's final an swore to Mr. Olifaunt. "The Reetory is prefect dream of a place! You would be in thouse, roomy and ommodiuus as they found thouse, roomy and ommodiuus as they found thouse to sonether eater for a stroll in the allow to the server to show while the yworked, after the lamp had been." "I and George was shart up in his study." "On doubt i mai face acceles, while the worked, after the lamp had been." "I tadeen't follow that she is never to show while the yworked, after the lamp had been." "On tread aloud to Mrs. March and Lucy?" "I tadeen't follow that she is easen! "For every one's controf that the reant of their "Bourse to bow that she sonether "For every one's controf that the reant of their "House, roomy and commodi house, roomy and commodious as they found the best society -actually among the county the old place, was, on account of the anti- people! quated situation, very moderate inde d. The dualed situation, very inductate index of a mere furniture too, which he had bought for a mere song from old Doctor Featherstone, would be Every one cannot make love-matches, sadly out of place in the bright modern villa replied Mrs. March, with smiling impatience, tinent, to some baths which had been recom on which his wife had set her heart ; and he did not feel justified for the present in in- | better of it."

curring the expenditure which a removal would certainly entail. "Try to be happier here for a time, my "Try to be happier here for a time, my dear," the young man said kindly, " and I faintest little shrug. promise you that as soon as I can afford it "I think people never know when but Lucy had declared that she must remain they are well off," she said, sighing as at home. "I way shall make the change you desire." was a serious drain upon him, now that her you would have been more sensible." "For George's sake !" repeated Lucy, children were growing up, and needing to be alped on their way in the world. Indeed. dear George, you work far too startled, and making a little clatter among hard !" said Ada, kissing him lightly on the

ber cups and spoons. Lucy ? T "I don't understand you, Ada," the girl am sure." orehead. "And I have often wanted to speak to you about your step-mother I am sure you will not mis said, fixing her blue eves wistfully on her face.

understand my motive in doing so. You know, dear, it was all very well to " The thing is evident enough however,' returned Mrs. March with centle coldness. make her a handsome allowance and to charge yourself with the education of her children The poor fellow is always complaining of his expenses, and he works far too hard, Lucy. He is keeping three families really ! I hoped you would have considered him a while you were single : but, now that you have an expensive little wife, and a little son of your own to think of, it seems to me that you little have a very good excuse for withholding fur-"George would not ask me to marry a

man I did not carefor," said Lucy, blushing go for a time." painfully. "But indeed I think it is time that "Poor Jack 'But you see," returned George gently, 'she is quite alone in the world, and she has I began to work for myself." "You know perfectly well that George always looked to me for help since my father that we could not permit that !" answered her cousin somewhat impatiently. "I sup-I could not forsake her now because I am so happy as to have a home and dearer

pose things must only go on as usual. I am "Dear George," murmured his wife, again sure I don't know how to tell him about these kissing his forehead, "you are always so miserable bills !" She took a little roll of papers from her

Mrs. March continued however to bemoan pocket as she spoke, and opened them on the necessary size of their house and the nn. necessary expense it led to in many ways.

her lap, sighing. "Bills," cried Lucy, with a sinking at her heart "Oh, Ada, for what ?" And then it came out that money troubles "I wish George could be induced to give it up." she sighed in her confidential talks with had had something to do with Mrs. March's drew away her hands. long continued depression. The bills for the "Here is Lucy," she said gaily. "Lucy, Mary Throgmorton. "And I wish that we could delicately suggest to good Mrs Batters greater part of her trousseau had been coming that I am quite capable of managing our in by degrees, and she had not a penny to simple establishment myself. She is a faith ful creature, I dare say ; but I do not think she meet them. meet them. "Of course I intended to pay them out of my own money," she explained wearily. "But need be quite so obtrusively devoted to George She always seems to be consumed with a nervous dread that I shall neglect his tastes that has always been absorbed by the house-

and wishes. My dear old stupid George—as hold expenses. It would not have done to tax if I would! Lucy is the only person besides dear George too heavily on account of my 'the master' to whom the old dame conde. family.' Lucy made an eager exclamation, then said. scends to be decently civil." " I do not see indeed," agreed Mrs. Throg-

keeper now. But George is so fond of old faces, I suppose he would not hear of parting vith Batters." You cannot think I would suggest it ! '

eried Ada prettily. "And, as for Lucy," her friend went on,

"And, as for Lucy," her friend went on, a with a meaning little nod. "Oh, dear Lucy's home is with me, of f course !" interposed Mrs. March quickly, "I have always insisted on that with George," "And very sweet it is of you, my love," is said the kind woman, beaming at the pale young matron; " but I always think young married folk are best alone; and, if Lucy is can find a home of her own, it will be better a for all parties."

ior an parties." "I do not understand." Ada lifted her large eyelids and searched her friend's face. Mrs. Throgmorton was evidently full of a new idea. She

Thrale had become very marked during the young lady's last few visits to Croome. The kindly matchmaker felt that Lucy girl stared and turned pale when she learnt had behaved remarkably well in the matter the amount of the debts.

of her cousin's marriage, and that she deserved a reward. And no reward could be heart stricken voice. more appropriate than such a handsome and She was thinking of the kind fellow who

say nothing of the charming, quaint old Rec- den was to fall. tory, with its gables and dormer windows, its

fruit of which was famous for miles around.

Lucy did not answer: she

"Oh, Geordie is thriving splendidly !" said would take all that away. George had start instant. It was the manuscript of "Ethel He rode a good deal, and fished, and read a smiling. "My old friend is wearing out at he wished they had been the heads of the

e best society —actually among the county ople 1" "But I do not care for Mr. Olifaunt," said Summer was drawing to a close. Nearly lit, and George was shut up in his study. every one was away. The town was at its There were times when he sat with Mrs. very dreariest, as Mrs. March declared to her March alone, and the conversation seemed up, and the Ackroyds were off to the Con-Sometimes he walked with her to the park Sometimes he walked with her to the park, and they spent the afternoon strolling about mended for Mr. Ackroyd's rheumatism. Ada together under the trees. Janet Bryer met used to yawn until the tears ran down her them once or twice as she trudged along tue Lucy, you are a foolish girl; you will think mended for Mr. Ackroyd's rheumatism. "No," Lucy said; "I will stay here as 'the lay on the sofa in her shady outlying streets of the town in her thick tion to the Doctor's family. His mother had ong as you and George will have me."

Mrs. March lifted her sheulders in the her embroidery. Bee had tried very hard she mentioned the circumstances to her faintest little shrug. It was very dull at home just then, Jack promise of the strictest secrecy, the news

complained. Bee's piano was hardly ever to "Saltsea! Good Heavens !" Mrs. March be heard; his mother's time was altogether [ancy for Miss Thrale. There was nothing

without Lucy ?"

lutely without reproach

her slender throat.

park.

After that evening Jack Throgmorton

came less often to Beaudesert Gardens per-haps; but Janet Bryer met the pony carriage

again two or three times on its way to the

Ada repeated this conversation to her hus-

of Lucy," he growled from his dressing room

"A young scamp that cannot keep

* I hoped for dear George's sake, Lucy, that cried, with a shudder. "Why should one go taken up in adoring and ministering to her like marriage for steadying a young man, the orou would have been more sensible." can yawn unobserved. Do you suppose Bee to understand the change that had come over obliged to admit at last that Lucy s behavior plays on the beach with a spade and a bucket, his sister, who used to be quite the jolliest since her cousin's marriage had been abso-There is nothing else to do there, I girl in the world.

'If she cared for Ted Ackroyd, why did Doctor March came in one evening and she send him away?" he said to Mrs. March band the same evening, who received it with told his wife that Jack Throgmorton was one evening, when they had come in from evening, who received it with going to India. He had just met William their drive and Lucy was up stairs in the "It would be like his impudence to think going to India. He had just met William their drive and Lucy was up stairs in the

going to India. He had just mer windah ther drive and bucy was up starts in the internal difference invalid's room. "The firm has offered him a capital The drawing room windows were open to door. "A young scamp t chance, owing to the sudden illness of a the old square gardens. Ada, in a pretty himself, let alone a wife." George looked rather whi have a good berth in their branch at Bom-bay. It will be a very good thing for the boy; and his people are glad that he should window sill just above her flaxen head, where the star, and inclined to fling things about. he sat with one hand in his pocket and the she was standing before the glass fastening

" Shall we see him before he sails ?" asked back. "And if she didn't. you know, Mrs. March, dear Mrs. Throgmorton to send him to us on Ada carelessly. "No," the Doctor answered. He was rumwhy should she look so miserable about it ?" "Why indeed !" Ada answered, smothering purpose."

maging for a book, and speaking in an absent staccato fashion. "It is quite sudden. I believe he will start within a week." A day or two later Lucy, on going into the

drawing room to join her cousin, saw that she was not alone. Some one was hold ing her by both her hands and talking very She naused abruntly. rapidly as he stood with his back to the

Mrs. March broke into a little laugh and have you forgotten Jack ?' The young fellow turned round.

" Poor Jack !" said Lucy, beartily.

door.

India.

shook hands with Miss Thrale.

"Oh, have you come down after all, Mr. Jack ?" cried Lucy, cordially. " I am so glad ! Now you can see the baby before you go to hought that you at least could judge us better.'

" I must believe what I see." Jack returned Ted Ackroyd had come home that afternoon Jack laughed, but he reddened too, as he in the same constrained low voice. "Women quite unexpectedly and to his mother's untake a fellow's love and play with it and cast it aside. What is that but cruelty?" " Of course I must see the baby," he

It was like a scene from a modern comedy the artistic drawing room, the open win dinner to night at Croome." we giving a pretty glimpse of evening Bee had felt it to be her duty to spend a dows giving a pretty glimpse of evening skies and waving trees; the young man in his well-cut London clothes, the graceful voman at her work-basket, withe he skirts skilfully arranged, and speaking her silvery iug her boy away. They used to talk a great deal about Ted as they sat by the wood fires

little speeches. Jack's veins were thrilling with excitement. "There is no hurry." put in baby's mam This was a man's life indeed that he was " And entering upon. Boys had nothing to do with "Geordie is not like other babies," exsuch scenes as this : he felt that he had done her apron. And, wherever she went, Rip

well not to go to India. "What is that but cruelty ?" he repeated " Suppose you give us some tea, dear Lucy," fixing his dark young gaze on his com-Mrs. March suggested, as she wheeled forward

panion's downcast face. A little tremor passed over it, then the soft lines hardened with an evident effort "Not going away? You are not going to after self-control. She answered him with gentle coldness.

flat basket filled "Sometimes such cruelty is the best another of ripe plums. It was a mercy, she kindness a poor woman has to bestow, subsequently declared, that she did not drop Would you have her harm the man she all the eggs when she lifted up her eyes and beheld a great sunburnt grant standing in the oves, Jack, by estranging him from his friends and bringing poverty to his doorway and holding out both his hands. bearth? Ah. no! Not if she cares for * You are just in time to take the basket," him. She will rather go on suffering and she said, with the least bit of a tremble in her

Another of the clerks in the Mincing Lane office went to Bombay in Jack Throgmorton'place. and the young fellow received an in-timation from the head of the firm that his enduring herself. A little pain more or less bright contralto voice; and she popped them to a woman in this world-what does it mat- into the young man's arms; whil ervices would thenceforth be dispensed with ter? altogether. "One finds it hard to believe in the devo rapturously in van efforts to lick his master" Mrs. Throgmorton was secretly relieved by

CHAPTER LI

tion that takes such strange shapes," the boy hands and face, and by grovelling blindly at returned, sbrugging his shoulders, but speak- his feet and barking in furious excitement. ner son's decision. She had dreaded the thought of the voyage and the long separa tion. It was not for that, she told her hus ing in spite of himself with suppressed agitaon. "The grief that consoles itself by band, that she had nursed the boy through the diphtheria. But Tom Throgmorton

marrying another man. for instance - you can sweet face which was lit up and quivering as hardly except the -the fellow who has been he had never in all their long friendship seen looked grim, and gave it as his opinion that refused to appreciate so great a sacrifice !" it before. The "Yes," Mrs. March declared — and in her earnestness she let her work fall into her lap, last, with a happy little laugh that was half Jack would be safer at sea, or in India, than idling his time away in a place like Barlaston.

Doctor March too declared that it was high ime the boy settled to something or other, —" If he remembers that only on the other so long? Did not you know how we all

said Ted, putting away his cue and going to stand at the fire with his hands behind his back. ' But I confess that I don't see myself what a woman who has a husband and a baby and a house to look after wants among a crowd of girls. She has had her turn; it is theirs now. I don't profess to be fashionable, Jack, and that seems only fair."

Miss Bryer was not the only person who began to talk about the young fellow's devo-"The women are all jealous of her." said Jack, shrugging his shoulders and walking off in a huff. And it seemed as if, either out of sulted in her driving over to lunch with Mrs. bravado or out of pity for Mrs. March's lone-March, when she confided to her, under a liness, the young fellow began to devote himself to her more openly from that day. that her second son had hinted at a budding

Ada renewed her intimacy to a certain tent with Minnie Bryer—poor Edgar had left Barlaston some months before to join a before to join a married sister who was settled in Australiaand made a vigorous attempt to rally round her the little party of which she had been the queen in the early days of her married life. It pleased the Doctor's wife to essert that the town was divided into two factions -" The White and Red Roses" and " The Houses of York and Lancaster," she had dubbed them-and that Bee Throgmor ton was her rival. Mrs. March now declined all invitations from the Red Roses, poor Bee's George looked rather white and savage.and party, though she still remained on terms of smiling civility with the puzzled family in

Upper Brunswick Street ; and she took pains. when any entertainment or festivity was other thoughtfully stroking Niniche's fat sleek on her bracelets and putting some roses in back. White Roses were excluded. Bee would have laughed at all this but for

George made some inarticulate reply, and the distress it caused poor Lucy, and some a sigh. "Why do any of us make mistakes, Jack, and repent them when it is too late? candles on her dressing-table shone upou her sime past now a chill of suspicion had been What can a woman do when she begins to charming white dress and smoothly-braided heart that Doctor March's marriage had not realise that her life is over before it has well hair, and on the collet necklace of dead gold begun, and not orly her own perhaps, but and large turquoisys which she wore round been productive of the unmixed happiness between threat. to talk to her mother just vet about the "What a pretty necklace !" said the Doc-She paused abruptly. "But some one else's?" suggested Jack, his voice dropping almost to a whisper. "Women do not care for that, I think. They are all cruel, Mrs. March — every one." "The Detterly "it is a suggested Jack, "What a pretty necklace !" said the Doc-tor, wishing to recover himself and to atome for his little outburst of temper. "I don't remember seeing it before." "Not really?" returned his wife, putting "The Detterly "it is a suggested with the suggest of t

are all cruel, Mrs. March—every one." The Doctor's wife lifted her eyes from her embroidery and looked with gentle reproach at the boy's agitated face. "Do you say that, Jack?" she sdded. "I thought that you at least could judge us locat dear George?" "Not really?" returned his wife, putting up a white hand to touch it. "Why, it is one of my few relices of old London days! Oh, you must have seen it a hundred times! "Woll you have one of my rosebuds for your thought that you at least could judge us locat dear George?" see that anyone else need. I like Mrs. Jack brought with him the intelligence that march's society—she is the only woman worth speaking to in Barlaston-she is good enough to like mine. Is there anything improper in our singing together occasionally in speakable rejoicing. "Bee is staying with Mrs. Ackroyd," he said. "No doubt there is fatted calf for her husband's house, or in our walking a few yards side by side when we meet each other

n the street ?'' Mrs. March, in her character of Queen of the White Roses, had, of course, declined Mrs. Ackroyd's invitation to the birthday-ball at few days whenever called upon with the lonely mother whose patient face always Groome-the invitation which Ted and Bee seemed a silent reproach to her for send had had such hard work to obtain : and Lucy They used to talk a great remained at home with her cousin in spite of George's expostulations. The Doctor's wife was heard to say afterwards, with a pretty of an evening : and Bee went every morning to see the young man's favorite horses and laugh, that she was sorry poor Mrs. Ackroyd's ball had been such a complete failure. feed them with apples from the pockets of

This having been, as she chose to consider. ollowed jealously, having transferred his the latest sortie on the part of the Red Roses. Ada resolved to head a sally of her own fol-Miss Throgmorton was coming in from one lowers and to take the town by storm with of these excursions on the afternoon that her appearance at the annual Infirmary ball. oung Ackroyd came home. She had her which she knew Mrs. Throgmorton had never nomespun dress turned up over a crimson attended. Lucy, when she heard of her couskirt, and was carrying into the house a round in's determination, begged Mrs. Throgmorton with new laid eggs and

to take Bee too for that once. " Of course it does not really matter," the the girl said cheerfully, though the anxiety in her blue eyes belied her words. " but it will look so much better if we all go. Barlaston is not like London ; and Ada does not think

George had taken Bee into his confidence and charged her to procure for Lucy the counterpart of the dress she had worn at Rip did his best to upset them again by leaping up. broome two years before. Lucy's eyes filled with tears when she saw it. Custom had not dulled the sweetness she found in his kindness—in being considered and cared for and Young Ackroyd could not see the dog or the indulged. It seemed to her that he was never baskets or anything for gazing at Bee's dark too busy to think of what would give her leasure

The girl looked like a spring morning, or anything else that is fresh and young and sweet, when she came into his tulle and daisies study in her white to show herself with Ada before they set off for the Town Hall. It nearly broke the poor fellow's heart to look at her-ather shm young figure, ather blue eyes, with their dark and delicate eyebrows and lashes, at her pretty rough bronze hair and her charming happy smiles-and then at the exquisitely dressed little woman who bore his name and was the mother of his child. Mrs. March had devised a black costume quite as startling as the memorable whiteone she had worn at Croome on New Year's Eve. It glittered with jet like a starlit night, and defined with startling frankness the grace ful ou.lms it was supposed to hide. She had diamond buckles on her tiny black satin shoes; her flaxen hair was studded with dia-

a low chair for her visitor. "Jack can see baby to-morrow. He is not going away after all, it seems." India?" ndia?'' asked Lucy in amazement. '' No,'' returned Jack, reddening again ; ''I have changed my mind.'

"Oh, Ada !" was all she could say, in a

make, in spite of his five-and-forty years, to his broad willing shoulders that this new bur-"I dare say it looks very tremendous to

vonderfully trim garden and hot houses, the ruit of which was famous for miles around. "I wish you could see what other women are

"But is it very probable ?" asked Ada, who my humble little trousseau."

peared a little wounded. "I did not thiak you were so proud, dear !" she said reproachfully. "Have I not always said that your home should be with me? But Lucy had declared that it would make

onfessed now that she had heard from Mrs. and emptied it into Ada's lap, begging her to

that Ada's old restlessness or discontent was lurking under all the young mother's pretty forced smiles, and that she was living not would he a splendid marriage !!

was thinking

"I do not see indeed," agreed Mrs. Throg-morton, "that you have any need for a house-auxious face. When she had first gone to His gray garments were well made and be live in George's house, she had felt that it coming, his dark moustache had arrived at would be impossible for her to remain with maturity. her cousin unless she was allowed to contrib- "I will go and bring him down," Lucy ute something towards the household ex. said. "He has just come in from his walk, penses, and she had spoken frankly on the He is such a splendid little fellow, Mr. Jack ; ute something towards the household exsubject to Ada. Ada had laughed at first, and his name is George Robert Victor." and then, when Lucy still persisted, had apma, smiling at the girl's enthusiasm

men don't care for babies, I am afraid." claimed Lucy proudly.

her feel a great deal more comfoatable if Ada would take half her little income. "George need never know anything about

Ackroyd that the Rector's attentions to Miss pay the bills and not to look so pale and wor-

her baby and her simple her baby and her simple round of duties and pleasures, but in some vague future, which was more real as well as more absorbing to morton, and will doubtless expect his wife to was more real as well as more absorbing to her than the actual people and things by come of an equally good family, even if she which she was surrounded.

regard.

Lucy wondered with a passionate wonder that Ada could not be happy with her beau tiful boy, in whose nursery she herself spent called more than once while Lucy was at more. such long delightful hours. The chill terror Croome. Really she is a very lucky girl ! She would be quite in society as Mrs. Oli-faunt—one of the county families, as you may that had struck to the girl's heart on her return from Croome seized her again as she noticed her cousin's gentle ind fference to the say." One day not long after this, Lucy was in little fellow's baby smiles, and her increasing depression when George was not by to see it.

Ada is not quite strong again," Lucy thought, uneasy, searching for excuses for her notice of baby and be more cheerful. She is happy—oh, surely she must be happy!" sho would ery sometimes with sudden anguish. "She loves George, and he is good and true, His goodness is wonderful. I have never

heard him speak an unkind word. I am sure he has not a thought that is not generous and leyal and manly. Oh, surely Ada at least it in the morning before he came down and he caught sight of the baby's white heard him speak an unkind word. I amsure leyal and manly. Oh, surely Ada at least must be happy ad her to see that the restlessness The young man was standing at the win

It bewilder It bewildered her to see that the restricted been and discontent were on Ada's side and not dow; but be turned with a start and a some-on George's, who had such good cause for what forced smile as she entered the study, and pulled forward a chair for her. unhappiness.

Coming home from her work out of doors. her heart still thrilling kindly with the reto have a talk with you." membrance of glad child voices, of im eves brightening as she drew near to sick beds, of words he had to say would possibly cause hungry months fed, and of cruel pains soothed. Lucy would be met with Ada's smiling stifled yawns and listless attitudes, and would filthowever that it was a duty that must be feel that they were almost more than she done. Mr. Olifaunt the ratio had successful the sector and th could hear.

It was cruel, she felt. to see George's wife dissatisfied, longing vaguely for the unattain able when she already possessed what would have made life so beautiful to other women, and for which they would gladly have given

the whole world besides. Lucy had known what it was to look bright and indifferent, with a very sad and sorry heart, for poor George's sake; but George. why need Ada, who had her desire, make any

why need Ada, who had her desire, make any effort to seem happy? "She loves George!" the girl instated, with a new access of terror. "She told me she did. It is only that she is not quite strong It can be only that.' again.

Once she spoke to Ada very timidly, and with a burning face, and tried to find out the reason of her long continued apathy. Ada

laughed and vawned. 'It is the Barlaston air," she said gaily.

"I feel as if I were stifling in this little place 'But it is your home !" cried Lucy, turning

Your husband lives here-little very white. George will grow up here." " Pray don't utter any such dismal prophe

cies, dear Lucy," protested Mrs. March, smil ing. "Why should you suppose auvthing so else. I think. hopeless?

Lucy looked at her cousin, with fright in her blue eyes. "Where do you want to go ?" she asked

abruptly. "How could you bear to leave this dear old home where George has lived so

long ?" The Doctor's wife raised her blond

brows in calm amusement. "It is a dear old house," she said lightly-

"a very dear old house! I have been thinking that a little villa at Green Knowe would ing back at unit. We have had out that not cost half as much; and, if we moved out—about Mr. Olifauot, I mean? " You had bet some probability of decent society now and ter think of his offer, child. Sleep on it, and then. I shall talk seriously of it to George. give me an answer in the morning. He could have his consulting room in town, and go in and out by rail. The country air, I am sure, would be better for baby." She nodded cheerfully and went away. If return to him at breakfast when something trembling, half and hour's quiet in her room on a roll of paper. She recognised it in an

with all her might what would be best to do. "Oh, Ada, tell (reorge !" she exclaimed at last "He always said it was best to tell the truth, no matter how disagreeable, and not to brings him no money." My love, Mrs. Ackroyd thinks he is very be afraid. If you tell him I am sure he won't serious in his intentions. His mother has be angry; and you will not have to worry any

Mrs. March smiled again.

"My dear Lucy," she said, not unkindly, "do you really suppose I need advice as to my conduct towards my busband? If I keep India. any harmless secrets from George, it ton. the nursery minding the baby while the his sake, you may be sure. I must tell him" nurse went down to her dinner. She was —laughing lightly — "how enthusiastic you bushing him to sleep as she softly paced the yeu were on his behalf." hortly.

Lucy was startled. It was the first arms. She stood for a moment to

cloak through the trees, and crossed over to the iron gate to call the nurse. He looked warm and dusty and walked as if he were tired. Lucy watched him as he stooped down to look at the little fellow's face and to

tiss it; and then she turned away, and the old bitter pain was in her aching throat as ckets.

she went upstairs. She knew afterwards that some of the bills,

at least had been paid. George took no holiday at all that year ; he him to lose her who had been as bright as sunshine to him in many gloomy hours. He emiled and said he could not find time. He had made arrangements to send his wife, done. Mr. Olifaunt, the rector, had spoken to him of his regard for Lucy, and his with the baby and the nurse, to Saltsea for a few weeks, leaving Lucy with Mrs. Ludlow, who was not equal to the exertion of the desire to make her his wife, and George now spoke to her freely of the offer.

Lucy started up, coloring violently. " Oh, George," she cried indignantly, what

Sit down, child," he said kindly. " I want

Dr. March spoke with an effort. The

ourney. But Ada declined to go. could have put such a -- such a ridiculous "While dear George has such heavy burdens on him, the least we can do i notion into his head?" ' is it so very ridiculous ?" asked poor

to stay and share them," she said to her cousin. Lucy blushed at this implied reproach and

"Of course it is," protested the girl, with sweet angry eyes. "Why, Mr. Olifaunt is quite old -old enough to be my father !" George's expenses hauted the girl like a pain. She could hardly sleep at night for ' My dear, Olifaunt is a good fellow, in the prime of his life." George said steadily. thinking of them and regretting the money

she had spent during the past year. It had not been spent on herself; she had wanted no new clothes, and had felt free to lay it out think any woman is fortunate who wins his "I did not mean to be ungrateful." Luoy hung her head, blushing. "But," she broke out again impetuously, "I have the dearest on poorer girls than herself, and to indulge out again impetuously, "I have the dearest hereal in the new delight of giving; but home in the world already. I don't want to herself in the new delight of giving ; but

more, except what was absolutely necessary. She even determined to give up her reading and practising, and to devote her spare time to writing a successor to go away, unless you and Ada send me." "You must go some day, I suppose, child. We cannot hope to keep you always." "Yes, you can, if you will," she urgel,

with a tearful smile. 'I am very much Ethel Delamere's Atonement." obliged to Mr. Olifaunt ; but I do not want laughed at herself and at what she wrote to marry any one, and him less that any one but she persevered : and often old Batters coming in to tuck her in bed and put out he

There was a pause. George had taken up light, would find the girl scribbling at her the paper-knife again ; he did not look witting table, with flushed cheeks and bright Lucy when he spoke. wakeful eves.

"You must not sit up so late, my dearie. "Not even that man you once told me of," he asked in a somewhat unsteady voice the good woman would say, as she brushed the man who has your heart, Lucy?" She shook her head, coloring painfully. out Miss Lucy's bright hair and braided it up "You'll be losing your roses for the night.

"That is all over," she said. "Please -and that would be a pity." do not speak of it again." Sue got to the door. "You do not want me any more, George?" she asked, smiling and look-But the story was finished and ready to

eend away before long. One morning, when Lucy began to dust ing that a little villa at Green Knowe would ing back at him. "We have had our talk the Doctor's study, she noticed a drawer in which had been left wide hig writing table open all night, and George's kevs hanging

from the lock. She was about to shut the drawer and put the kevs in her pocket to mother hest.' Jack did not seem in any hurry to go.

contrived to spend his time very agreeably.

and that, if he had gone to Cambridge only to get into debt for rorses and wine-parties, the woman feel safe from her own weakness. "Did you?" Ted answered. he had better have stuck soberly to his desk,

ike his brother William. "Indeed it would have been wiser," assented the Doctor's wife gently. "I have been scolding Jack for his last freak; but he be fulfilled, why should not she seek oblivion

in the calm round of home-duties which await does not seem very penitent. He declares that he wants to see a little more of the her by that other man's fireside ? It will not be happiness, but at least she may find conworld before undergoing banishment to tentment there in time."

"Or say she finds it," hazarded the boy in "And he begins by coming back to Barlasa whisper, flushing to the roots of his hair. Mrs. March was silent, but she half turned mother. I want to see her smile again — "Oh, but he speaks of returning to London away and began with quickaned breathing to really smile. She has often tried for my sake

examine the pattern of her embroidery as it "How much better off will he be there. lay upon her knee dling away the best years of his life, picking Ada," Jack went on feverishly-and for

in a little sham philosophy and fashionable ng, and a host of bad habits, and fancying was nearest him — " Ada, I — — " But the next moment he started back imself a man of the world before he is able

earn his own living? No, Ada. You talk hastily, resuming an upright position; for the door was flung open and Doctor March came in, carrying his little son, and followed o the boy, if you have any influence over im, and send him about his business. Jack s a good lad enough, but he lacks ballast ;

and, if I were you, I would not encourage him in dawdling about your drawing room." in George's brown beard, and was tugging at his tyrant's tears. The tall beautiful figure Ada raised her calm eyes from the antiit with all his might and main. Lucy's blue macassar on which she was embroidering an artistic bunch of blackberries in crewels, eyes were laughing at him over his father's

and watched her husband's face as he paced " Geordie has some to see mamma '' said up and down the room with his hands in his

"Dear George." she said softly. " if you arms. Jack started up, looking considerably an-

have any objection to his coming here ----- " "Objection ? None in the world," declared George, staring a little in his turn. "I don't see that his coming here can make much difference – I mean that he ought not to be in Barlaston at all, sponging on his father. and making that sweet mother of his un happy. He has cost them both enough

already.' After that, being convinced apparently that iokes and kisses. her husband did not object to Jack's pres nce, Mrs. March began to see even more of the boy, and seemed to have admitted him to

the post left vacant since the days of Edga Bryer. Even Lucy could not accuse Jack of being

tupid. He talked with great eagerness and animation, and repeated all the gossip of the ondon season with quite an air of authority; ne gave an elaborate description of the reign ing beauty, whom he professed to find less beautiful than was asserted, and brought

Mrs. March a heap of the latest photographic of this lady and of her rivals for the golden nnle.

It was evident he had not neglected his pportunities.

How he had found time to become so wel cquainted with so many high sounding She ames, with the famous pictures of the year and with the various comedies that had been produced at the theaters he did not explain nor did Mrs. March inquire.

It was enough for her that she could again talk with some one who was fresh from London, and be assured that not at Good-wood, or at Coves, or in the Park, had he

seen any woman with whom she need fear to compete when her time came to return to the world she had left three years before. "Nonsense !" Ada cried, with a smile and a sigh as she pushed away the photo graphs which she had been eagerly scrutinis

ing. "I am an old married woman now-1

hall never go back ! But you will of course It is right that you should. And then I shall be very lonely again, but very glad that you are doing what will please your

He jacket. "Look out for the lining !" cried George,

What can she do? I ask you again. When

He was still standing, a burly bronzed shape, with his arms full of eggs, and Bee friends-parents-are urging her, when she was looking at him and rejoicing in him and knows that the desire of her heart can never aughing at him as of old.

" Of course !" "I would have come back sooner if I had

filelity during his master's absence.

known that, Bee," "That ? what ? " she demanded, blushing carnation red, but drawing herself up to her

while you were away; but now ——." The tall proud beauty suddenly dropped

"Ada," Jack went on feverishly—and for and melted, bursting into a passionate fit of an instant he touched the slender hand that sobbing, in the middle of which fed, having miraculously rid himself of the eggs, took her into his great gentle arms and held her head against his breast without speaking a word. Bee sobbed and subbed in that faithful refuge to her heart's content. The courtyard

by Lucy and a servant with tea. The little fellow had his tiny fists tangled Mr. Ackroyd had no immediate desire to dry

was not very heavy to hold, and now and then he stroked broad shoulders. abandoned head upon his shoulder. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" the

the Doctor, holding the baby with mas-culine clumsiness in his strong and tender girl cried at last, tearing herself away and flaming round at him superbly. " How dare you hold me, Ted?"

he said tranquilly. noyed. " I must be going," he said, taking out his

"I was only crying because your mother will be so glad !" she asserted defiantly. vatch-he shook hands as he spoke with George - " I had no idea it was so late." "I understand, dear." "And-and you won't throw it in my teeth

The dreamy repose of the hour and the scene had been dispelled with a breath. The oom was full of nothing now but baby talk and laughter and the most commonplace

peal of laughter that did him good to hear. ' Don't let baby frighten you away, Jack.' 'Oh, Ted. Ted." she said, giving him her said Mrs. March, emiling, and laying aside her work. "This is quite against the rules, hand, "you are as big a goose as ever !" Young Ackreyd's return did much to reand he is going back to the nursery. Naught,

You know the drawing room is It was once more worth Mrs. March's while to study her little journal of modes. There papa ! bidden ground for this young gentleman. We must keep one place in the house safe against you two baby worshipers. Please, dear Lucy. was to be a ball at Croome on Ted's birth day, and meanwhile he had organized a

ing for nurse." But Lucy had baby in her arms already. "Geordie will come with me," she said nortified. "I did not know Mr. Jack was here.'

The little talk in the window was effectually silenced. George looked so moody as Lucy carried off the child and dropped so vearily into a chair that young Trogmorton ook the hint and said " Good-bye. " Is that boy going to idle all his life away?

cried the Doctor, with lazy scorn as the door closed behind him. "Ada, why don't and Mrs. Ackroyd's invitations to the Doc tor's wife were as few as civility permitted. Jack spoke once rather hotly to Ted, wonderon send him to the rightshout ? You must not be too hard on poor Jack,'

ing why the deuce people took such a savage Ada said, smiling; and then Lucy came delight in hurting that poor little woman's feelings, and why they did not take more back, bringing George's gray shooting jacket and his slippers, in which it rested him to pains to conceal their evident jealousy of her ounge about for a while before going to dress attractions. Ted said little. He seemed infor dinner. His wife stood up to help him on tent on a game of billiards.

"Mrs. March has a husband, Jack," he observed coolly. "Why do you constitute yourself her champion ?" with his coat. "What are all these new ideas," she asked lightly—" slippers and babies in my draw-ing room? I think I must fine you, dear " Champion ? Nonsense !" oried Jack,

leorge !" angrily reddening. " March is too busy "I thought George looked tired," said Lucy, hurriedly. "It was to save him going naturally to look after his wife's enjoyments, diameter nine feet. A hole in the and I hate all that provincial rot? Why which is now no bigger than a man's hand. downstairs must a woman bury herself alive because she "So thoughtful of you, dear Lucy !" murs married-the very time in London when

mured Mrs. March, prettily, as she guided the begins to enjoy herself ?" her husband's arm into the arm hole of his

savagel

mond stars. These diamonds had been her mother's in her old days, she explained to George. As a girl she had, of course, been unable to wear them; but now "dear mamma" had gladly given them up to her, and she hoped he thought them becoming.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SPICY PHOTOGRAPH OF HALIFAX

A traveller from the States photographs with a lingering hand the dark the capital of Nova Scotia in the following uncomplimentary style :

There are a few long, crooked streets. either side of which are rows of dingy brick and stone buildings, strangers to paint, now as in the past, and will forever be. The " I was afraid you would break the eggs," men, as a rule, wear red. bunch side whiskers,

Billycock hats and pepper and salt suits of Scotch or English goods, and in every case their trousers are too short, and a big Newfoundland follows them as they go bobbing about from place to place. The woman are to-morrow?"--" No." She looked at him again out of her joyful hurta or tawday ornaments whatever if a

tear-stained eyes and burst into a delicious bustie or tawdry ornaments whatever. man owes another man a dollar the creditor can seize the debtor at any time and cast him into durance vile, there to moulder among

gray vaults until the dollar is paid. Thiel fogs hang about the town, and its legends abound with shipwrecks and other maritime ive the dormant vivacity of the little town. romances. Everybody here in their vernacu lar drops the h, giving yeu 'and for hand and 'ill for hill, in -a barbarous strange custom. They are very loyal to the Queen, but whether the Queen is a woman or a man they can scarcely tell. Very few of them have ever series of parties for lawn tennis, at which Miss Throgmorton reigned supreme. All the pretty girls in Barlaston and Green Knowe seen England, but they all simulate English gathered in their coquettish costumes and manners. The washerwoman charges ten cents a pair for socks, and sends them home aprons in the beautiful quaint old gardens

and made the house merry once more. to you wet and muddy, and blue as indigo. Doctor March insisted on Lucy's going with The resources of Halifax are lumber, fish the rest of the young beauties. Mrs. Throg-morton was always very glad to take her Mrs. Throgand nasal catarrh. The people talk through their noses, all the way up from Jenkins', with Bee, so there was perhaps no necessity the fish-monger, to the major genereral of for asking Mrs. March to chaperon her cousin, the citadel (McDougal), and that antique

specimen of human bric a brac, his v specimen of human bric a brac, his wife. There is an old anathema ; "Go to Hades or Halifax." There used to be a stronger word than Hades, but the proverb is modified to suit the Oxford revisers. It will not be safe for the American pen-photographer to revisit Nova Scotia.

been planted in 1710. It is about 150 feet high, and fifteen feet from the ground its civ-

cumference is twenty-eight feet and its

was not many years ago large enough for a

man to crawl into, and was once used by

children as a sort of play house. As the tree

The lad was knocking the balls about has grown of late years the aperture has

he spoke; he looked as if he gradually closed.

-In front of Col. Thomas Mead's house in Greenwich Conn., stands a sycamore, or ball wood tree, which is 171 years old, having