We stood in the garden at morning, We stood in the garden at herming.
A garden all golden and green;
The leaves in the win a sang together,
Her laughter made music between
She was robed in the white of the lifes,
Her eyes, like the heavens, were blue,
And around her, in sweetness unfolded,
The roses a-glitter with dow.

I prayed for a bud, and she gave it,
With a smile and a blush and a sigh.
I caught and I kissed her white fingers,
There rembled a tear in her eye.
The gardener, ancient and wrinkled,
Came clipping the boxwood and yow,
And she went, and a cloud drifted over,
And the sparkle died out of the dew.

My locks are a-glimmer with silver, My life is unbrightened by love, For, still in the robes of the lities, She sings with the angels above. In a book in my bare little attic, Laid in with a leaflet of ruc, Is a rosebud that nover unfolded For lack of the sunlight and dew.

That is all: she is dead like the resebud And my love for her never was told,
But my dream of the glory of heaven
Is of her at the gateway of gold.
She stands with her feet in the blossoms,
And waiteth to welcome me through,
And give me a rosebud immortal,
Starred over with diamonds of dew.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"You know, father, that I do not care for these parties," said Caleb, awkwardly.
"They are not in my line, and I am never

my own man in them."
"And thee doesn't make account of thy duty to me as brought thee up," said Miles.
"What thy father wishes doesn't weigh so much as the tail-end of a mouse with thee. Thy father who has slaved for thee, and thought night and day of naught but thee and what would be for thy good—thou'st naught better to do than flout and flear when he wants thee to hold up thy head as thou shouldst with the best."

"You know, father, I never mean to flout or flear you," said Caleb, earnestly; "but I do not feel called on to go about among these people. They think themselves of another make of flesh and blood from us, and they don't care a jot for our money—
got, as it were, by a fluke, and with such owners as we.' "Such owners as well and what the

dickens dost mean by that, jackanapes?'

"Why, just this, father: we are not gentlemen and we can't pretend that we

are," said Caleb.
"Toots, toots, lad! Brass'll gild a miner's pick till it is as fine as my lord's sword," said Miles, half in fun and half in anger. The gentry at Kingshouse ain't far different from mon and women elsewhere, I reckon; and a full purse goes as far, my lad, as those mouldy old coats of arms, with nothing behind them but lean chaps and family pride. Go thy ways, I tell thee. Hie upstairs, Caleb, like a good lad, and do as thy father bids. Don thy best coat and go to the vicarage with the rest. And if thou'lt bring me home a well-doing likely daughter in-law, like that Lady Elizabeth yonder I'd not care to call the King my uncle. And I'd set thee up in housekeeping so that the King shouldn't be put about to call thee

Caleb still hesitated—silent, awkward, reluctant, abashed; when his father sud-denly flew into a rage such as even he was not accustomed to see; and with curses, kicks, blows, and oaths offered him his choice—to go, or to leave the house that very moment disinherited forever. His had therefore nothing for it but to bend before the storm, and yield to his father's desire; and so it was that for the first time in his life he formed one of the Kingshouse gatherings, and made his entrance into the fair company of whom Lady Elizabeth Inchbold was the queen and Estelle Clanricarde the star of beauty.

CHAPTER III. HIS IPHIGENIA.

One of old Miles Stagg's favorite aphor isms was that which proclaims how fine birds are made by fine feathers. Give Colin Clout a good coat, a flashy necktie, a gold chain as thick as a ship's rope, studs hig ag givnences and all the rest to correspond, and Miles could see no difference between his appearance and that of the smartest young Jemmy Jessamy in the land. If Jemmy were to be dressed in flannels, the difference indeed, would be to the good of Colin. Consequently, though Caleb, from his experience of college life, knew alightly better than his father, and from his more delicately organized brain, had at all times keener and quicker perceptions, he was forced to obey the old man's imperative command that he should make himself as smart as ninepence, and take the shine out of that gang of genteel paupers he would

the vicarage gardens to day.

His close-fitting frock-coat was new to rawness and distractingly faultless; his black trousers were still in the tailor's welldefined creases: his glossy hat shone like a blackened mirror; and his jewelry was resplendent. Over the edge of his stiff white collar, guillotined with an aniline orimson tie fastened by a large diamon horse-shoe pin, his round, flat, unmeaning face rose like a pug-dog's changed from black to red and white, and from hairy caninity into a fairly good sketch of humanity. His fawn-colored gloves matched the color of his hair, and his patent-leather boots crippled the flat feet which, for the most part, expatiated in greased boots where his corns were not tortured. Such as he was, holding himself as stiffly as if trussed beneath his clothes, shy, sheepish, uncomfortable, self-con-scious, and not a whit reassured by his father's boisterous commendation, nor by his mother's vacant smile, the young man mounted the dog-cart, which the coachman drove—the smart groom sitting behind, his arms folded and his tongue in his cheekand went off to one of those informal tennis parties which Mr. and Mrs. Stewart gave weekly for the pleasure of the people and the promotion of social good feeling. It need hardly be said what impression

the poor young man made when he came on the lawn, somewhat after time because of the struggle at home; his wonderful get-up contrasting so sharply with the loose flannels of the rest, the tightly buckled belts, the turned-up sleeves, the well-worn cricket shoes, and all the other loose points of the time and occasion. Not the dear good vicaress herself could resist that little smile which comes unbidden on the first flush of a ridiculous surprise, while some of the worse bred and less kindly tittered audibly. Lord Eustace, Lady Elizabeth's younger brother, gave a slight whistle, which was the rudest thing of all. But then he was a lord, and en titled to his own private code. Charlie Osborne, who, as poet, painter, musician and artist generally, assumed to know more about the religion of beauty and the moral ity of asthetics than any one else, looked at the new-comer with the same expression on his face as if a false chord had been played, a halting rhyme repeated, or a man been

detected biding the ace up his sleeve.

As for Caleb himself, if that old familiar wish about the earth opening and swallowing him up alive could have been fulfilled for his benefit, how gladly would he have unk beneath the sod, never to reappear! His distress was so apparent, his awkwardness so pitiful, his whole bearing so abject and humiliated, that three charitable souls cook kim into the sacred precincts of their compassion, and forgot to ridicule for the sake of pity. One of these three was, of course, Mrs. Stewart herself-a woman of that liberal, kindly, but not sentimental uphill grind a little less arduous. mature sometimes found in the arid wastes

of society, as might be found a fountain and a palm tree in the desert; the second, Estelle, who thought how dreadful it must be to be like that; and third was Lady Inchbold, the fair-set mark at which old Miles aimed the presumptuous

shaft of his paternal desires.

But then this was Lady Elizabeth's way. Whatever there was of hurt or sorrow, of low-lying, trampled on, helpless or mishandled, Lady Elizabeth was willing to lift up and comfort. Could she have wiped away all tears from all eyes at the cost of her own eternal weeping, she would have done so; could she have healed all wounds by the blood of her own heart, she would have healed them. No thought of self, no calculation of the extent or cost of her sacrifice troubled the pure stream of her human pity. That she should besmirch herself by touching the besmirched never occurred to her as possible. And if it had? Well, those who give themselves up to the care of the lepers doom themselves to the disease they live to soothe and die to

Estelle Clanricarde's great friend, she and Charlie Osborne, whom Estelle loved stood at the opposite sides of that groat triangle of life and thought the apex which is truth. Where he, bitten by the sentimental cynicism of a certain school, desnised his kind, and held life but a blotch and a blunder—more especially modern life and all the changes wrought by steam and science—she saw good every where, and like those who bore for under ground waters on a sandy tract, knew how to find the deeper heau-ties hidden beneath superficial ugliness For her, unselfish, generous, glad to serve and eager to save were more har monies than discords in this great diapason of suffering and joy, of vice and virtue; for him, self-indulgent to pleasure and weak to pain, unable to bear, of irritable fibre all through, were mainly discords, with here and there a harmony in a gorgeous sunset or finely worded objurgation of the high-priest of his worder objurgation of the ingression has own restricted sect, or in Estelle Clanricarde when he could get her to himself and forget his artificial pessimism in the light of her dear eyes. Lady Elizabeth had sympathy with humanity because she did not lose touch of the real in the ideal. She therefore loved mankind, and pitied as much as she loved. Charlie Osborne refused sympathy because of his abhor-rence for that which was mean and low and ugly in man. Her love went to people, his to things; hers to facts, his to thoughts. Between them lay the whole difference between the two great schools of humanism and realism-humanity and art.

It was not, then, out of the usual order-ing of things, but the reverse, that when ing of things, but the reverse, that when her grave, calm eyes had taken the whole circumstances of this unhappy omad'haun, so painfully out of place, Lady Elizabeth should go to where Mrs. Stewart was still talking to him in her brisk bee-like manner, and join in the conversation as one who had the right of previous knowledge. She had that way. Her manner ledge. She had that way. Her manner was that of one who had already established a claim of sympathy, and counted the points of contact. She never stood on the defensive, as even well-bred people are wont She never stood on the to do with strangers, but assumed from the first that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

"By Jove! that sister of mine is stark staring mad. Look at her talking to that Polichinelle!" said Lord Eustace, not below his breath, to Estelle, to whom he was paying exaggerated court to take a rise out of Charlie Osborne, for mischief, not

mance.
"On the contrary, I think she is very sweet to be so kind to such an object. But then she always is so kind," returned Estelle, glad to be able to contradict her adhesive companion, whom she could not shake off, and wished anywhere but where

ne wae. She knew Charlie's susceptible jealousy and faculty for self-tormenting, and she had no wish to vex him for Lord Eustace's pleasure. She was far too gentle and sweet natured to wish to vex him for her own—just to see the power she had over him—as is the way with certain of her sex. "Are you, too, one of the new sort?"

asked Lord Eustace contemptuously. "I thank my good stars I am out of it. All this playing at democracy seems to me not only the worst form but the vilest rot affoat. It is rank atheism to pretend that we have no distinction of classes, and that gentlemen and boors are own brothers. And

All the same, I think Lady Elizabeth is very sweet to go and talk to that dread-ful creature," said Estelle, with her pretty doggedness.

And then—her mether's back being con veniently turned at the moment - she looked round to Charlie Osborne, and sent him a telegraphic message with her eyes which allayed some of the fever burning in his

Meanwhile Lady Elizabeth took it in hand to make poor Caleb's present torture a little less unendurable. She found it hard work. There was not a solccism that he did not commit, not a gaucherie that he left untouched. He called her Miss to start with, and when Mrs. Stewart gave her her title formally, he made "Lady Elizabeth" flank every sentence, now before, now behind

and sometimes fore and aft together. When Mrs. Stewart said, "I don't think you know many people here, Mr. Stagg?"
poor Caleb blushed like a peopy and looked

"No, Mrs. Stewart, not to speak to," he answered.

Then, when she presented him to Lady Elizabeth, he forgot his hat, and shool hands instead. When, pointing to the garden seat near to where they were standing, Lady Elizabeth said, "Shall we sit down," he planted himself at once on the edge in the shade, and let her git in the sun with the light in her eyes. When he saw his mistake he was too awkward to get up and rectify it, though he would have let her walk over his body and use his fine new clothes for a door-mat had she had the And when she, with that wonder ful insight which belonged to her, divining the cause of his apparent discourtesy, and knowing that the little sacrifice would be his pleasure, said quietly, "I am sure your eyes are stronger than mine, Mr. Stagg; would you mind changing places with me? he very nearly tumbled head-foremos into her lap in his cagerness to obey her and wiped the place where he had been sitting with his handkerchief for her

benefit. But by slow degrees he ceased to twirl his hat between his knees; his heart left off beating in those painful gasps which are more like sobs than beats; those invisible needles ceased to prick him, as they had been pricking him ever since he drove up to the gates; he got to feel that he knew this Lady Elizabeth, this daughter of the earl, quite well, though not intimately—as one would know one's guardian angel, say; something to revere, but not to be afraid of : while over all his being stole a divine sense of calm, as with a lost wanderer when he sees the welcome

light of a human home.

After probing and ploughing this barren tract and that arid acre, Lady Elizabeth at last fell on Caleb's own particular subject
-flowers and birds and natural history generally. It needed patience and good engineering to draw from the poor omad'haun the fact that he knew anything at all; but the "delight," as her father sometimes called her who had him in hand, was both patient and a good conversational engineer: and though her shy and awkward naturalist never ventured on a positive assertion, but said what he had to say with a modest "I think" as the grating behind which his knowledge took refuge, even to "thinking" that field-mice est honey-bees, and that the sundew entraps flies-she got a great deal out of him that

was pleasant and new, and that made her Also it somewhat tightened the slack

he could interest her by what he said. How glad he was that she cared what he for nature and things? He was indem-nified now for all the ridicule and coarse opposition his student's tastes had had to face and bear at home. This divine creature, who reminded him of some Greek goddess, met him on his own ground and asked him for information. It was an honor which scemed to crown his head with a fillet of gold when she said that she would like him to show her in his microscope things she had not yet seen, and teach her more than she already knew. It was the noble touch of womanly dependence which rouses in a man's soul all that he has of heroism and devotion. Younger than himself, but how immeasurably superior, this beautiful girl woman seemed to draw his whole being into hers, as the lake receives the rill, as the formless mist over the merass is absorbed into the infinite heaven. Had he been a Greek she would have represented to him the chaste splen-der of that goddess who kissed the sleeping boy on Mount Latmos; had he been a Roman, she would have been the renewal of Numa's sacred counsellor; as a Roman Catholic, he would have seen in her the holy likeness of the blessed Virgin; as a Hindco, she would have been Lachshmi, the female energy of Vishnu. She was in any case semi-divine; and he was glad now that he had braved the torment of this ordeal, seeing what great gift of grace and joy it had brought him. His face beamed like one who has met an angel by the way, and something deeper than its ordinary flat and level sentiments seemed to have come into it. But this delightful state of things could not last very long. Lady Elizabeth was too valuable a member of the small society on the lawn to be allowed to give herself to one only—and such a one as Caleb Stagg more especially.

Estelle was the one who came to disturb n interview which was beginning to really interest Lady Elizabeth, and to set the Caleb. She was bored by Lord Eustace, and under the strict patrol of her mother's watchful eye she could not get so much as whispered word with Charlie—scarcely a fleeting look. He at last, in a fit of jealous rage and despair, had gone to the hammock that swung untenanted between the two evergreen oaks. Estelle thought that if she were sheltered and shielded by Lady she were sheltered and shielded by Lady Elizabeth she might perhaps snatch a perilous five minutes of joy, soothe her lover's easily perturbed spirit and drink another draught of that sweet poison with another draught of that sweet poison with out which young life is but a desert and young hearts as dry as potsherds. Accordingly, the graceful girl came strolling up to where this strangely mated pair were siting on the garden seat backed by azaleas and rhododendrons, and in a pretty beseething way asked her friend to come with hear for a little walk, and that walk would hor for a little walk—and that walk would be to the two evergreen caks between which the hammock was swinging, with Charlie Osborne eating his heart. The winding of the paths and the friendly intervention of flowering shrubs would hide them from Mrs Clangiagas, and all reals to the paths and and all reals to the contract of the paths and and all reals to the paths and and all reals to the paths and the paths and the paths are the paths ar Mrs. Clanricarde, and all would be well and without danger.
As Lady Elizabeth had it also at her

heart as a duty to help poor Estelle wher she could, and as she did not think that a new interest should overset an old one, she looked at Estelle kindly, and said, "Yes, I will go with you, dear," as Estelle knew

Then, turning to Caleb, she asked, 'Shall I introduce you to any one before

go?"
"Thank you, Lady Elizabeth. I don't think I care to know any one else, thank you, Lady Elizabeth," said Caleb, with a blush that made his ears as red as fleshy

"But you will be dull, knowing no one," said the daughter of the Earl of Kingshouse, with as much kindly consideration and courtesy as if her brother's Polichinelle had been the son of a king.
"I think not, Lady Elizabeth," was his

stammered reply.

She could not say "Will you come with

us?" That would not have been fair to Estelle; but she wished she could have carried him with her, as she would bave

rescued some bird from boys, some monkey from a brutal showman.

"I'll just keep to myself, now that you are going, Lady Elizabeth," said Caleb, after a pause, between the Scylla of not liking to make an independent observation, and the Charybdis of not Wishing beautiful woman to trouble herself on his account. "I am sorry to take Lady Elizabeth

"I am sorry to take Lady Elizabeth away," said Estelle, very kindly.

Had it been any one but Charlie Osborne she would have kept the poor fellow in his present safety and have thrown over all the rest.
"Oh, don't vex yourself, miss," Caleb

answered with another torrent of blushes. "I couldn't expect that ladies like Lady Elizabeth and yourself, miss, would stay with such as me," he added, with the deep humility of his kind.

humility of his kind.
"I am so sorry; but, oh, come, dear!"
whispered Estelle, the selfishness of love
sweeping away her philanthropy; and
Lady Elizabeth turned away with a smile
to poor Caleb that left on his bewildered
soul the impression of moonlight on the
water, of soft moss, of cool green forest
ledge of a vary wild flow; found on the clades, of a rare wild flower found on the dge of a sheltered pool, of all that there is of goothing and entrancing in nature. And while the two friends strolled away to carry comfort and bring joy to poor irritated Charlie Osborne, Caleb slunk into the shrubbery that sloped sharply down-

ward to the river.

If he could have left the vicarage at this moment he would, but he was bound. had not arrived punctually, and that had been a grievous thing to him. The card of invitation had said "4 to 7," and he had not been there till half-past 4. ordered the trap to return punctually on the stroke of 7, and it never occurred to him that he could leave before it came. He had, then, two long mortal hours to fill up, and how was he to fill them? The best thing he knew was to keep out of sight of every one; so he slunk into the shrubbery, and for the first time in these late en thusiastic years of study he forgot to look

for creatures. All nature seemed transformed, and he knew nothing of what he saw, or, rather, he saw nothing as it was about him. He felt as if in some strange place full of mild glory and an all-pervading but indefinite Tears, of which he was not conscious, slowly gathered in his wide-opened eves and fell on his red silk tie. He was trembling with that kind of rapturous tremor which overpowers us in the presence of some sublime beauty of nature. The poor omad haun! the poor Polichinelle! Who would have credited him with those birth-pangs of a new goul-he, in his glossy hat and tailor's triumphs of coat and trousers, his fawn-colored gloves and flashing horseshoe diamond pin! The satyr which enclosed the god, the temple, the gift of man to naid, of mother to child, was the architype of poor Caleb's soul, imprisoned in such body and overlaid by such conditions as nature and fortune had made for him !

CHAPTER IV. THE GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

The matrimonial market at Kingshouse was really too heart-breaking! So Mrs. Clanricarde thought, in the incessant way of one who has a perennial grievand though she had enough self-control not to think aloud. Here in Estelle was the winning number, and no prize to take ! was as though a thorough bred trained for the Oaks had only costermongers' donkeys to contend spainst, and a bunch of turnip ops when the post was passed. It was indeed heart breaking, with those family funds always decreasing, and good guiness comfort and make happy her handsome going after bad like so many "moutons de lover meanwhile. Panurge." Lord Eustace was as purely a

and from the same cause.
wanted money with his wife wanted money with float him off the lows where at present he and all his house were stranded. He could not afford to marry for mere love and beauty; no man can nowadays who has not a good fortune firmly secured. Certainly no one in Kings house could, unless he were prepared to bring up a family on stirabout, and to dress them in blue house-flannel and workhouse

sheeting.

Caleb Stagg was the only moneyed man available; and even Mrs. Clanricarde shrank from a creature who wore tailors' flaunted a flaring red tie with a flashing diamond pin. Still, he was rich beyond these dreams of avarice we all have heard flashing the strength of the living does not be such as the strength of the living does not be such as the strength of the living does not be such as the strength of the living does not be such as the strength of the living does not be such as the strength of the living does not be such as the strength of the living does not be such as the strength of the living does not be such as the strength of the living does not be such as the strength of the living does not be such as the strength of the of; and on the principle of the living do and the dead lion, a golden calf is better than a leaden phœnix, and those who want butter on their bread must not be very nic as to the shape of the knife wherewith it i spread. Besides, no plastic substance i spread. Besides, no plastic substance is utterly hopeless to reform, and if Caleb Stagg had a mind at all, and his proper complement of limbs and senses, surely an astute mother in-law could pull him into shape! Even all princes are not person able men, and other poets than Pope hav

been outside the pale of manly beauty. Stirred, then, by all these reasons, more or less deliberately recognized, Mrs. Clan ricarde went to Mrs. Stewart, and in her pretty French way, which beat all the Eng lish manner out of the field, asked what had become of Mr. Stagg. Poor young man!— it must be very triste for him, here among so many strangers! and should they find him and console him?

him and console him?
"He is somewhere about," said Mrs.
Stowart, looking vaguely round. Truth to
say she had forgotten him. Like many say she had forgotten lim. Like many kind-hearted, brisk and energetic women, she was apt to be sporadic in her interests and a little unordered in her ways.

"Let us go and find him," said Mrs.

Clanricarde, looking behind a rose-bush, as Giarricarde, fooking benind a rose-bush, as if he might be hiding in its shadow.

But they sought in vain. Deep down in the shrubbery, off the path and on the border of the river, the poor omad'haun sat cradling his new-born soul, and the things of time and space were to him as naught Mrs. Stewart went the length of even a Mrs. Stewart went the length of even a shrill little call, to which was no response, and the search was perforce abandoned. Meanwhile Estelle and Charlie Osborne made the most of their chance, and Mrs.

Clanricarde lost on all sides at once.

The hours of pleasure passed and that of departure came on. That automatic memory of time, which seems to belong to the body rather than the mind, made Calel know that he must rouse himself from his mental ecstasy and physical stupor and go through the ordeal of saying good-day to Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. As he came on to the lawn the whole party was assembled together. No one had yet gone. It seemed to Caleb as if all England was there. His round eyes took in no one precisely, no one personally. He only saw a very sea of bonnets and cricket caps, of colored frocks and white flannels, of women's faces and men's mustaches. Then he caught eight of two large lustrous gray eyes, and all the rest vanished like a phantesmagoria. Only those glorious eyes remained, as his home, his loadstar, his anchorage, in this bewildering sea of un-

familiar humanity.

Nothing of all this was shown. The face of a man is not as a sheet of glass through which can be read his thoughts and feelings All that the assembled company saw was a An that the assembled company saw was a round, that, red-faced young man in an absurd get-up, staring at Lady Elizabeth Inobbold with all his might, and standing stock-still, as if struck to stone.

Lady Elizabeth herself broke the apell

by saying, with marked kindness, to this mute star-gazer, whom she knew the rest were mutely ridiculing, "Have you scen that beautiful avenue of laburnums, Mr. think? Did you see them?" You were in the shrubbery, I

Caleb blushed as he naturally would when thus brought back to the things of the present.

"No, Lady Elizabeth," he said. Poor fellow! As little as Jim Bludso did he know how to lie. Even those white lies of society, which save appearance and mask confession, were as far from his understanding as were the recognized shibboleths and authorized formulas.

"It was a pity to have missed them,' aid Mrs. Clanricarde, adopting Lady Eliza beth's tone and looking with artificial enignity on the omad haun, thickly plated with gold as he was—so thickly as to be almost possiblel

Caleb turned his round face and rounder eyes on the speaker with pitiable bewilder-ment. It was all like some distressful dream. Why should these people stand there looking at him? Their eyes, multi-plied to hundreds, stuck like lances into his beart. He felt as if he had unwittingly committed some offence, and this was h arraignment. It was a nightmare; but he retained just so much of consciousness as to let him understand that Mrs. Clanricarde had spoken; and not knowing too clearly what she had said, nor what he ought to reply, his native courtesy came to his aid and he answered, "Thank you, Mrs. Clanricarde," as the only thing that presented

Though he had not been formally intro duced to any one but Lady Elizabeth Inch bold, he knew quite well each individual o the assembly, when he could detach his wits from their wool gathering and them into concrete observation. The Sun day club of church is the great photograph of a neighborhood, where people learn t know one another without speech or con

"Let me take you," said Mrs. Clan ricarde, still benign and humane.
"I'm loth to trouble you, Mrs. Clan

ricarde," answered Caleb.
"It would be a pleasure," said Estelle mother, with her airy French politeness and Caleb, feeling as one in a mill-race dragged into the deep waters by a force he could not resist, was led like a calf by a wisp of straw to where the laburnums hung like golden fountains against the sky.

As she went, Mrs. Clanricarde

nanded Estelle to accompany her by the look her daughter knew so But Estelle remained impassive, and Charlie Osborne got the good of her con-

tumacy. Though at the time of their walk, which Mrs. Clanricarde did not hurry, the weight of conversation rested on her alone, she got answers of a kind from Caleb; but they were emphatically of a kind, and at the end she was no nearer anything like acquain-tance or sympathy than she had been at the beginning. Her action had in it no real kindliness. It was essentially egotistic and well calculated; and the poor omad'haur felt the difference becould not have defined But he was grateful all the same. She went through her self-appointed task with gallant consistency, and got so far on the way she wanted to go as to fix a day for Caleb to call at "Les Saules" - which local Cales to call at "Les Saules"—which local orthography spelled, and local intonation pronounced "Liesols." As he had at last entered society through the vicarage gate, there was no impropriety in opening her own. And she could try her hand at his reformation. If he proved hopeless, she had but to abandon him; if he were practicable-Estelle had before now taken a ailver-coated pill. This of gold would also

have to be taken. When they returned to the lawn the great bulk of the company had gone. Lady Elizabeth was no longer there, and Estelle and Charlie Osborno had also disappeared. They had walked to the gate, where the carriage would overtake them-Estelle, resigned to brave the maternal tempest that she knew would follow on her act of dis-obedience and temerity, if only she could

Then Caleb, shaking hands with Mr. and

cords of his own self-esteem to find that detrimental as Charlie Osborne himself, Mrs. Stewart and with Mrs. Clanricarde. so heartily that the ladies nearly shrieked as their fingers were cut by their rings, as their lingers were cut by their rings, said, in his strange old world way, vivified from mummydum only by his excessive embarrassment, "And thank you, Mrs. Stewart, for my entertainment"—and the same to Mrs. Clauricarde, varying only the name. But his heart was heavy, and the world seemed empty, and he felt that he had been worse than a boor and less polite than a coal heaver in that he had not been able to say the same to Lady Elizabeth, to whom he owed so much more than to any

(To be Continued).

A SIEGE OF BURGLARS. Ferrific Commotion and Combat on Chica

one else.

go's Finest Avenue. The most fashionable part of Michigan avenue boulevard was wildly excited at 7 o'clock last night E. C. Lewis, an insurance broker, who lives in a handsome house at No. 1,450, had just sat down to dinner when a servant girl rushed in from the kitchen, yelled "Burglars!" and crawled

under the table. Mr. Lewis plunged into the back yard A low-sized man, dressed in dark clothes confronted him. The low-sized man pre-tended to be drunk, and said he "wouldn' go home till morning." Mr. Lewis looked around and saw a ladder which had been raised to an upper window. Mr. Lewis ran into the house and returned with a big gun. As he entered the yard he heard a nocking laugh and saw the low-sized mar

loping up the alley.
"I'll fool the other one," muttered Mr. Lewis, and he took down the ladder and stored it in the woodshed. Then he went into the house to lock the door. The servant girl thought the burglar had come to scalp her and she hurled herself into the

street, screaming.

George Hankins, the ex-gambler, lives next door in a stately mansion. Mr. Han-kins has numerous servants. Each of these servants turned in a call for the police Every other neighbor who had a police call used it. Every other neighbor who didn't have a police call made a noise. Mr. Hankins' coachman climbed over the fence, and George Jones, a druggist's clerk, who had sneaked around to the back door to get the first lick at the burglar, smote the coach-man with a baseball bat and chased him down the alley. A boulevard policeman thinking George and the coachman were the burglars, started after them. The

were met by a patrol wagon full of bluc-coats, who fell upon George.

And the burglar? He buttoned up his coat, walked down the front stairs, mot one of Mr. Hankins' servant girls at the door, chucked her under the chin, and went home.—Chicago Cor. New York World.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY

At the Disinterment of the Body of Mr Samuel Bowlby.

Another remarkable case of the growth of hair after burial came to light yesterda at the disinterment of the body of Mi Samuel Bowlby, who died in Southwold in May, 1887, and was buried in the Talbot his beard was about four inches long, and the hair upon his head was the usual length worn during life. When the coffin was taken up yesterday by his son-in-law, Mr. J. Learn, for reburial in Mapleton cometery it was discovered that the beard had grown to the length of eighteen inches had grown to the length of eighteen inches. -St. Thomas Times.

Bible Scenes Still Enacted.

In writing from Faval, one of the Azores Islands, a correspondent of the Boston Tran-script says: On the country roads and near the wind-mills you will see circular thrash-ing floors made of hardened pumice stone When cows and oxen are driven over the grain, crossing and recrossing it, these are a distinct and frequent feature in the landscape, and reminds one of Bible scenes What is that strange noise I hear from afar I say to my native companion. Why, its an ox cart coming along the lane with a load of grain. I watch and wait, and within half an hour it passes, with its two or thre yoke of oxen dragging this uncouth cart with its high encircling wicker front and sides.
Its great solid wooden wheels creak and groan. One is impelled to be merciful and beseech the owner to oil the whoels. But no, I must not, and am told that this noise is part of the equipage, and no farmer is satis-fied unless his wheels have the proper amount of squeak. A law was once made by the Portuguese Government that no creak ing cart should be allowed to enter a city. the people rebelled and the law was repealed.

Two Odd Old Ones.

Moses Bradshaw, of Cloiborne county Tenn, celebrated his 100th birthday anni versary this week by riding fifty miles on horseback. He made the journey on a

Mrs. Sophie Merklein, who died at New York a few days ago, leaving \$10,000 to her children, had a queer bank the bed on which she slept. After her death \$4,000 n cash was found between the two matresses.

Collector - I have called six times, sir, for

the amount of this kill already.

Citizen—Wha-at, six times? Is it pos when I feel like paying the amount I will call on you myself. It's outrageous to give a man the trouble I have unconsciously given you.

Why She Refused Him "I know," mumbled the weazened octo-

genarian millionaire, gazing fondly into the azure eyes of the charming woman by his side. "I know that I am somewhat dvanced in life, but still an old man can love, and besides the disparity in our years is not so apparent that—"
"Sir!" she cried, flushing indignantly

and they were not married.

He Put it Strong. "They tell me you are married again,

Pat; is that so?

"It is, sor? "How are you satisfied with the change? Moighty well, sor! Ef the ferst Mrs McGlacherty was aloive the day, me ownly regrit wud be that of hadn't married me

Worse than the Small Boy Behind the Sofa "So you and Herbert are going to be married?" said one young lady to another.
"Yes, during the holidays."

second woife ferst."—Yonkers Gazette.

"You didn't threaten him with a breach of promise suit, did you?" No. I merely showed him the phonograph that I always keep concealed under the sofa.

A Child's Apol. gy

A little 4 year old told his father he was a fool. On being reprimanded by his mother and required to say he was sorry, he tod-dled up to the insulted parent and ex-clamed: "Papa, I'm sorry you's a fool."

" When a woman has plenty of clothes to talk about," says a cynic, "she is not in mischief." What a misfortune that Eve had not more clothes to talk about .-Binghamton Republican.

They are putting in a lick here and lick there with the big Lick telescope, now doing business in California. The latest act reported was a long, steady look at Caturn's South Pole, which seems to show a shiny tiny ice cap. This report is subject to revision. The shadow of the rings upon to revision. The shadow of the rings upon the ball and of the ball upon the rings come strongly into ken through the great glass.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A FAMOUS Boston wit says that the pros pects appear to be that protectionists will not much longer allow the tide to come in mless a tariff can be collected off it.

A BOTANICAL exploring party from Germany recently discovered on one of the Philippine Islands a number of plants whose flowers were almost a yard in diameter, the petals, five in number, being oval and of a creamy white shade.

LADY SHAFTESBURY, a niece of the Marquis of Donegal, is another fair sprig of the British nobility to go into trade. She has established a shop in Bournemouth for the ale of farm and dairy produce, much of which comes from her own property.

A MINNEAPOLIS minister, Rev. C. S Nickerson, indorses the Presidential Inauguration ball, saying that it is natural innocent and heautiful. He denounces some round dances, but high-necked, 11 o'clock, equare-cornered, long-meter dancing he approves of thoroughly.

It has been demonstrated that in piping natural gas in pipes of one size about eight pounds per mile of the pressure is lost, but by using the telescope system, smaller pipes at the well and gradually increasing the size toward the point of consumption, the loss of pressure is reduced to three pounds per

LIEUT. STANLEY, whose marriage with a daughter of the Duke of Manchestor on the 5th inst., was the most fashionable event in London in recent years, will arrive in Canada with his bride about the beginning of February, and for a few weeks following accompany his father, the Governor-General, on various visits to noted places.

THE Princess of Walos has set the fashion for a new boot which is intended for rough country walking and is imporvious to any amount of damp. It is very high, buttoning nearly up to the knee, of black leather, with an inner lining of stout water proof tweed between the leather and the kid lin ing. The sole is about half an inch thick CANON HAWEIS still retains his stall in Chichester Cathedral and occasionally preaches with great vigor, though he is 84 years old. He is a son of the Dr. Haweis who was chaplain to the famous Countess of Huntington, and is the father of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, the funny little man who

newspaper man all in one. Ir has been discovered that the grave of William Penn is in a sadly neglected condition. There is not even a mound above it, and only a flimsy slab of stone stuck in the ground, at the head or foot—no one can tell which. The Friends do not approve of the crection of elaborate and costly monuments, but there surely could be no objection to some more definite and permanent marking of such an interesting spot.

visited this country recently and is preacher, lecturer, musical and art critic, author and

NEARLY all the sweeps in Paris are Italians The funeral of their chief, M. Scazziga, has just taken place at St. Augustin Church with sumptuous solemnity. He came to Paris 60 years ago on foot, "sweeping" his way to the metropolis. He died a millionaire by knocking down soot, and curing smoky chimneys. His charities were proverbial. Two facts in his career: He would never allow any of his employees to work on Sunday, and any stove chimney or fire place that was sick, in a poor man's home, he doctored it gratis. The Pope decorated him with the place of St. Consequents of the place of th him with the order of St. Gregory, which ranked him "Cousin," with the Emperor of Austria and the Queen of Spain.

THE London Morning Post has published a story describing the finding at Holyrood Palace a short time ago, of "the remains of a baby wrapped in cloth of gold and marked 'J.,'" and proceeded to suggest that the baby was none other than the real James VI. of Scotland and I. of England. The story, it may be pointed out, has got rather mixed on its way south. The fact is, no such discovery was ever made at Holyrood. About two years or more ago Major Gore Booth discovered the body of a child concealed in the stonework of the castle not far from the entrance to Queen Mary's room. There is no clue to the identity of the child, and none has since been forthcoming. Every visitor to the castle gets the story from the guides, and no mystery is made about the matter. THE advantage which a good cigar has

over a cigarette is that the smoke of the cigar is likely to kill microbes, while that of the eigsrette only retards their development. The London Telegreph says editori ally: "An eminent physician of Pisa has re-cently been engaged, we observe, in some experiments undertaken with a view to test the action of tobasse smoke upon priero organisms. The microbes were subjected the smoke for about half an hour, during which time three and a half to four and a half grammes of tobacco were consumed.
Among the various kinds of tobacco used were the large Virginia cigars, large and small cayour cigars and the best cigarette tubecco. The result showed that tubecco smoke has the effect of wholly preventing the development of some micro-organisms and of retarding that of others. The Virginia cigar secured to have the most powerful result, while cigarette smoke had only a retarding influence, and did not entirely check the growth of any form." If, therefore, you want to be healthy—most diseases being the product of microbes, as Dr. Flint stated in the Forum-why, amoke cigars and swear off from cigarettes.

Those who complain of the amount of fiction taken out of public libraries should remember how frequently the most important questions have been forced home upon the public mind in the form of fiction—this arresting attention, and other inquiry and action coming afterward. No one will ever be able to compute just how much was contributed by "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the fall of slavery. The late Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.) worked hard in libratics for a whole winter over her compilation "A Contury of Dishonor," and when it was fairly published, and a copy sent to every member of Congress, she felt that all she could do to right the wrongs of the Indian had been done. Yet it failed to produce the impression on the public mind which she had desired; and she then wrote, at a white heat, and with a rapidity and facility which she compared to inspiration, the novel of "Ramona;" and this time the work was accomplished. Herutmost dream of success for the book was of a circulation of 10,000 or 15,000; but it has now got up to 75,000, and is still steadily selling. Echools, societies, viilages and even drawingroom cars have been named after its here ne, and it has unquestionably done more than any other single influence to reach the public mind. The recent religious the public mind. The recent religious novels have brought anew the problems of theology before all. And the very latest illustration of this work of fiction, as a port of moral breaking up plough for thought and knowledge, is to be seen in the clubs which are said to be forming to study the problems presented by Mr. Edw. Bellamy's novel, "Looking Backward." The object of this ingenicus story is to portray the condition of life in the year 2000, supposing that the existing tendencies of legislation are carried farther and farther, and government becomes more "paternal" in its character.

There was recently discovered in Central Africa a village of houses built along a street and having gabled roofs. The inhabitants are of superior intelligence, keep good order in the village and sleep in beds raised above the ground.

Petticoat Emancipation in Paris. The Gaulois attacks Mme. Carnot because she suffered Mme. Disulator to appear at her last ball dressed in man's clothes. The Gaulois speaks of a police regulation which forbids ladies to wear such garments, and of a Prefect of Police who ordered it to be put in force at the Opera Comique against Mme. Diculatoy. The moral which this attack points to is that things are tolerated at the Elysee which the police would not allow at the theatre. It has been decided by a committee of the Chamber of Depu-ties that there is nothing to prevent ladies who find men's attire convenient from wearing it. Mme. Dienlafoy is a very exceptional person, and her life not only above the breath of scandal, but in the highest degree honorable. The Louve owes to her its Persian collection. At the opening of the Persian Museum there she received Mme. Carnot in the suit which she found so convenient when she was excavating the earth mounds at Shushan. She emancipated herself from petticoats for the first time in 1870 to follow the army of the Loire, in which her husband was serving as a volunteer. At Shushan, when she went there to excavate, she arranged for herself an easy kind of man's suit, and on her return to Paris she found it impose ble to revert to, as it seemed to her, the less convenient garments of her sex.—London

There are moments when silence prolonged and unbroken More expressive may be than all words ever

Look at that wan and wasted woman, once the picture of health, now so pallid once the picture of health, now so pallid. She cannot begin to tell her sufferings, but as from day to day she goes through the house, attending to her many cares, her attenuated form, her white face, her stooping shoulders, her pinched features, all tell that she is a silent martyr to disease. Her once cheery voice is seldom heard, but her silence tells her suffering more than words could do. Ol ye silent, sorrowing, suffering sisters, there is a cure for your roubles; Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip tion is a sovereign remedy for the derange ments and maladies peculiar to your sex. As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dress-makers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers and feeble women generally, "Favorite Prescription" is the greatest earthly boon, being un-equaled as an appetizing cordial and as an appetizing cordial restorative tonic.

Curiosities of the Phonograph

Subscribers to whom are rented machines can have left at their door every morning the waxy tablets known as phonograms, which can be wrapped about a cylinder and used in the phonograph. On these tablets will be impressed from the clear voice of a good talker a condensation of the best news of the day, which the subscribers can have talked back at them as they sit at their breakfast tables.

"That Diabolical Apparatus,

the stomach," is the energetic phrase which Carlyle applied to his own troublesome organ of digestion. The great essayist was a dyspeptic from his youth, but had he used Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets he might have shaken off the in cubus of indigestion, "like a dewdrop from a lion's mane," and there would have been more "sweetness and light" in his writings and his home. All druggists; 2. cents a vial.

"Old Grimes."

"Old Grimes," that familiar "littl-felicity in verses," which caught the popu-lar fancy as far back as 1823, was a sudder inspiration of the late Judge Albert C Greene, of Providence, R. I., who found the first verse in a collection of old English ballads, and, enjoying its humor, built up the remainder of the poem in the same

Wanted, 10,000 Disabled Men,

must be in poor health and unable to do good day's work. A disordered liver o any disease caused by scrofula or bablood will be considered a qualification but preference will be given to those hav ing obstinate affections of the throat and lungs or incipiont consumption. Apply to of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

A Dastardly Deed.

Fred Foster was arrested on Eaturds evening for perpetrating a brutal outrage i a saloon at Sandusky, Ohio. James Farrel an inoffensive fellow, was lying on a tabl in the saloon in a drunken stupor, an Foster conceived the idea of playing joke on him, and for that purpose purchase a pint of whiskey, which he poured we Farrell's clothing, and then set the liqu on fire. The drunken man was instantly er veloped in flames, and ran shouting from the room. Some men soon caught him an extinguished the flames, but not until l was terribly burned.

Saçah Bernhardt's foreign tour has bee brilliant success in all respects, but al will not derive any permanent benefit fro it, as her expenses are enormous. Slactually makes her son an allowance \$1,200 a week, and her debts amount ' \$140,000. Sarch and her company alway lodge in the same hotel when she is tour." and she is a Monte Cristo lil hostess when things are going well and sl is in good humor. She is still very e travagant, and wastes large sums in buyin trash of every description, and she carri her purchases about with her. Her bil at the Austrian, Roumanian and Turki custom houses amounted in the aggrega

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