Miss Marrable's Elopement.

IN TWO CHAPTERS .- CHAPTER I.

Miss Martha Marcable, a spinster lady of five and fifty, is the last of her race. Her only brother Mr. Clement Marrable, never married, and died twenty years ago at Baden-Baden, whither he had gone to drink the waters; and her two sisters, Maria and Læ'itia, although they cil marry, did not live to become middle aged women. The elder. Maria, after becoming the wife of Mr. Langton Larkspur, of the firm of Scrip, Larkspar, and Company, bankers, of Threadneedle Street, gave birth to a single child, a daughter, who was named Lucy; and the younger, Læitia, having been led to the altar by Mr. Septimus Allerton, of the firm of Allerton, Bond, and Benedict, brokers, of Pancake Lane, presented her husband with twin girls, of whom one only-and she was called Amy-survived her extreme infancy. It is therefore not astonishing that Miss Martha Marrable, a well-to-do woman without family ties, is exceedingly fond of the daughters of her two dead sisters. She usually has them to stay with her at least twice a year, -once in the early summer at her house in Gresvenor Street; and once in the autumn at the seaside, or in Italy, whither she goes occasionally, accompanied -to the great wonder of the foreigners-by a courier, a man servant, two maids, eleven boxes, and a green parrot. And as she is very kind to her nieces, and denies them nothing, it is not surprising that they are fully as fond of her as she is of them. But Miss Martha Marrable is growing old; whereas Miss Lucy Larkspur and Miss Amy Allerton are both young, and intend to remain so for some years to come. It is not, therefore, to be expected that the three ladies should invariably think exactly alike on all subjects. And indeed, I am happy to say that there are not many women who do agree with Miss Marrable upon all questions; for although she is as good hearted an old spinster as ever breathed, she is, unfortunately, a man-hater.

I have looked into the dictionary to see what the verb "to hate" signifies, and I find that it means "to despise," or to dislike inensely." Let it not, however, be supposed that the word "man-hater" is a stronger one than ought to be applied to Miss Marrable; for I am really not quite certain that it is altogether strong enough. She regards men as inferior animals, and looks down upon them with lofty contempt. "Who," she once said to her niece Lucy, "has turned the world upside down, filled it with poverty and unhappiness, and deluged it with blood? It is Man, Lucy. If woman had always governed the earth, we should have had no Cæsar Borgias, no Judge Jefferise, no Bonapartes, and no Nana Sahits." And yet Miss Martha Marrable can never see a vagarant begging in the street without giving him alms. The truth is, that although she detests and despises man, she pities him; just as she pities the poor idiot whom she sometimes sees grinning and gibbering by the wayside in Italy.

These being her sentiments Miss Marrable has not, of course, many male acquaintances. She is on good, but not affectionate, terms with her widowed brothers in-law, Mr. Langton Larkspur and Mr. Septimus Allerton. She once a year invites her man of business, Mr. John Bones, of Cook's Court, to dine with her and them in Grosvenor Street; and she is civil to the rector of her parish, add to the medical man whom she would call in to attend her in case of illness. Yet Mr. Larkspur once told Mr. Allerton that this feminine dragen had had a violent love-affair when she was nineteen; and Mr. Allerton-whose connection with the Marrable family is of much more recent date than that of Lucy's father-actually declared that he could well believe it. If, bowever, Miss Marrable did have a love affair in her youth, I am not inclined at this time time of day to cast it as a reproach in her teeth. Boys will be boys; and girls, I suppose, will be girls, though they may live to see the error of their ways, and be none the worse for their follies. One thing is certain, and that is, that at the present time, and for at least five-and-twenty years past, Miss Martha Marrable has ceased to dream of the tender passion. She still occasionally talks vaguely of going up the Nile, or of visiting the Yellowstone Region, ere she dies; but she never contemplates the possibility of getting married; and I believe that she would as soon think of allowing a man to believe that she regarded him with anything but polite aversion, as she would think of going into business as a steeple-jack, and learning to stand on one leg on the top of the cross at the summit of St. Paul's Cathedral.

And yet Miss Martha Marrable was laat year the heroine of a terrible scandal; and many of her misanthropic female friends have never since been able to completely believe her professions of hatred of man. The affair gave rise to many whispers, and was even, I understand, guardedly alluded to, with just and virtuous deprecation, in the columns of the Woman's Suffrage Journal, as a terrible but happily rare instance of womanly weak. ness and frivolity; and since the true story has never been told, I feel that it is only fair to tell it, and by telling it, to defend Miss Marrable from the dastardly charges that have been made against her established reputation for good sense and unflinching

contempt of the rougher sex.

Towards the end of August, Miss Marrable and her two nieces left London for North Wales, and after a long and tiresome journey, reached Abermaw, in Merionethshire, and took rooms at the Cors-y-Gedol Hotel. They were accompanied, as usual, by the two maids and the green parrot; but the courier and the man servant, being males, and their services not being imperatively required, they were left behind in London. Lucy had just celebrated her twenty-third birthday, and Amy was just about to celebrate her twenty-first; and-although I am sorry to have to record it-I am by no means astonished that they were both in love. Lucy, during the whole of the previous sessen, had been determinedly flirting with a designing young artist named Robert Rhodes; and Amy, younger and less experienced than her cousin, had been carying on, even more sen imentally, with Mr. Vivian Jellicoe, who, being heir to a baronetcy, tound that position so arduous and fatiguing, that he was quite unfitted for any active occupation of a laborious character. Of course Miss Marrable knew nothing of these affairs. maw; for it happened that at that very Amy found themselves together on the rocks son Vivian were staying when the three | favourable, he screwed up his courage, toli | ate, exhi'aration, lively now."

ladies the two mai's, and the green perrot arrived. But no foces gut on M ss Marrable's part could have pevented Mr. Robert Raodes from following Lucy to North Wales That adventurous artist had made up his mind to spend the autumn in M ss Lark. pirs neig iberaood; and even it Mss Mirtable had carried off her eldest niece to Timbuctoo or the Society Islands, Mr. Rhodes would have g ne after the pair by the next train, steamooat, dil gence, or caravan avail-

able. Upon the morning, therefore, after M'ss Mariable's arrival at Abermaw, she and her nieces were comfortably its alled at the Cors y Gedol Hotel; while at the Red Goat, cless by, Sir Thomas Jellicoe and Vivian occupied rooms on the first floor, and Mr. Rhou s had a bed room on the third.

In the course of that afternoon, Miss Martha Marrable occupied by her pieces, and it I owed at a re paceful distance by the two maids, walked in the surstine up in the hard sanc's that stretch, for I do not know how many hundred yards at low water, between the rocky hil's behind the little town and the margin of Cardig in Bay. The weather was hot and saltry, and the unrippled sea looked like molten lead in the glare. Much exercise was therefore out of the question; and ere long, the three ladies sit down on the seaward side of a rush grown sandhill to read, leaving the two maids to stroll farther if they chose to do so, and to explore at their leisure the unaccus-

tomes wonders of the seashore. M ss Martha having arranged her sunshade to her satisfaction. opened a little volume on The Rights of the Slaves of England, while Lucy devoted herself to one of "Ouida's" novels and Amy plunged deep into Keats. In five minutes The Rights of the Slaves of England fell heavily to the sand; and in three minutes more, Miss Marrable was emitting sounds which, but that I know her to be a woman who has no weakness, I should call snores. From that moment, Lucy and Amy, as if by common consent,

read no more. "Lucy," said Amy mysteriously to her cousin, "I have seen him,"

"So have I," said Lucy. "What a curious coincidence !" "Not at all. He told me that he intended

to follow vs." "What! Vivian told you?"

"O no! Bother Vivian! You are always thinking of Vivian, I mean Robert." "He here too!" exclaimed Amy. "I meant Vivian. I saw him half an hour ago, with his father."

"Well, I advise you not to let Aunt Martha know too much," said Lucy. "If she suspec's anything, she will take us back to London this atternoon." Miss Marrable murmured uneasily in her

sleep. A fly had settled on her chin. "Hush," exclaimed the girls in unison, and then they were silent.

Not long afterwards, they caught sight of two young men who were walking arm-inarm along the sand, a couple of hundred

yards away. "Look! There they are!" whispered Lucy. "Aunt must not see them. We must go and warn them." And, steathily accompanied by her cousin, she crept away from Miss Marrable, and rau towards the

approaching figures. I need not describe the greetings that ensued. Such things are the commonplaces of seaside encounters between young men and young women who have likings for each other, and they have been described a thousand times. Suffice it to say that, a few minutes later, Lucy and Robert were sitting together under the shadow of a bathing machine, while Amy and Vivian were confidentially talking nonserse a dozen yards off. More than half an hour elapsed ere the girls returned to Miss Marrable; but fortunately the excellent spinster was still murmuring sleep ly at the fly on her chin; and when sne awoke, she had no syspicion that she had been deserted by her charg s. As she walked back with them to the hotel, nevertheless, as if with a strange intuitive comprehension of danger in the air, she held for an to them upon her favorite topic-the unfathomable baseners of man; and gravely warned them against ever ollowing themselves even for a single moment to entertain any feeling, save one of polite aversion to the hated sex.

Thus matters went on for a week or more, Lucy and Amy meeting their lovers every day in secret, and M ss Marral le suspecting nothing. Although she knew Sir Thomas Jellicoe and his son, she treated them whenever she encountered them, with such freezing courtesy, that they did not seek her society. As for Robert Rhodes, she did not know him; and he therefore escaped her lofty slights.

But in due time a crisis arrived; and in order that the full bearings of the situation may be properly understood, I must briefly explain the character of Miss Martha Mar-

rable's undutiful nieces. Lucy Larkspur has but little romance in her composition; she has strong feelings, not much sentiment; and she is one of those girls who are perfectly open with their neart. She loved Robert Rhodes, and, as she knew quite well that he also loved her, she made no secret to him of her affection for him. Amy Allerton, on the other hand, is, and always has been, sentimentally inclined. She believes, rightly or wrongly, that it is a very charming thing

Let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, Feed on her damask cheek ;

and she would as soon have thought of permitting Vivian Jellicoe to think that she loved him, as of attempting to win and woo the Sultan of Turkey. The consequence was that Miss Marrable, who fondly imagined that she knew all the thoughts of ner elder niece, trusted her much more than she trusted her younger. She regarded Lucy as an open book that might be easly read, and Amy as a kind of oracular voice that, while saying and appearing to say one thing, might mean exactly the opposite. Miss Marrable was destined to discover that she was to same extent wrong in her estimate, so far, at all events, as Lucy was concerned; and her discovery of her error was, I grieve to say, accompanied by a good deal of pain and

Ten days had passed; and the two pair of lovers had made considerable progress. Amy, it is true, had not declared herself to Vivian, who, being a bashful young man, had, perhaps not pressed her suficiently; but Lucy and Robert understood one another completely, and were secretly engaged to be married at the earliest opportunity. Vivian's bashfulness could not, however, endure for have not taken her nieces with her to Aber- an unlimited time. One morning, he and behind the town, and the opportunity being

her that he had never leved any one but her; and obtained a coyly given promise that she

would be his. Natures like Amy's when they once take fire, often bur 1 rapidly. Ou Monday she became engaged to Vivian Jellicoe; on Tuesday, Vivian begged her to name a day for the wedding, and s e refused; and on Wednesday, Vivian, knowing the peculiar sentiments of Miss Martha Marrable, and doubtful also, perhaps, whether his father would not throw in pe liments in the way of his early mair age, pr posed an elopement; and Amy, with some hesitation, cors nted.

When she returned from her secret meet ing with her lover, she of course confided her plan to her cousin. 'How foolish you are," said Lucy; 'you know that your father would not have you do that for the world: and you will make an enemy of Aunt Martha, who is like a mothe: to us

But she would never agree to our marrying, if we consult her," objected Amy "and if she knew anything of our plans, I am sure that sho would manage to frustrate them. She is a dear ol 1 thing but-We l, she is peculiar on these points."

"I have tell you what I think," said Lucy, with an assumption of wisdom that was perhaps warranted by her seperior age.

"Don't be foolish." But Amy was already beyond the influence of coursel. She parsisted in her intention, and even claimed Lucy's sympathy and as sance, which of course, Lucy could not ultimately withhell.

Ere an elapament can be successfully carried out, in the face especially of the jealous watchfulgess of a man-nating spinster lady of middle age, numerous preparations have to be made; and in the case of Vivian and Amy, the making of these preparations involved correspondence. Amy, therefore, bribed one of her aunt's maids to act as a go-between; and the maid in question, with a fidelity that is rare, and at tho same time a treachery that, I fear, is common in her kind, promptly carried Vivian's first letter to her mistress.

Miss Martha Marrable without scruple tore open the envelope and angrily perused its contents. "My own Amy," ran the audacious communication-"Let us settle, then, to go on Wednesday. At nine o'clock in the evening, a carriage and pair shall be ready to take us to Harlech, where you can stay for the night with the Joneses, who are old friends of ours; and on Thursday by mid-day we shall be married, and, I trust, never afterwards parted again. We can arrange the details between this and then. But write, and tell me that you agree.

Your ever devoted VIVIAN."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Whale with Fine Whiskers. A whale measuring fifty feet nine inches long and twelve feet four inches through the body from back to breast, and with a tale nine feet across, got ashore recently on the south inside shore of Pungoteague creek, Accomac county, Virginia. Five fishermen attacked the monster by shooting and chopping it. They secured it with two anchors, which were fastened to the leviathan by ropes passed through holes cut in his flesh. Its captors were at work about the whale for several hours, during which time the whale remained motionless, and it was thought to be dead. When the tide came in at sundown it floated and displayed renewed vitality. A desperate struggle freed the animal from its captivity, and it moved away, carrying the cables and anchors with it. No more was seen of it until the following Monday, when it was discovered in the channel of the creek, dead. The fishermen towed it to the beacon north of Pungoteague creek, where they recommenced their operations of stripping it of the blubber. The proprietors of the fish factory on the creek offered to boil the blubber for one-half the oil, but the lucky captors refused to accept those terms. It will probably render seventy-five barrels of oil. This is the second whale to get ashore in the same vicinity within one year, and afford a source of revenue to the hardy fishermen of the neighborhood. The whale is now in charge of Capt. Crockett, who was most persistent in his capture. When its jaws are fully open an ordinary man can stand erect in its mouth. The monster was driven into the Chesapeake from the ocean by the recent easterly storms, and, keeping along the leeward side of the bay, entered the deepest water, which took it into Pungoteague creek. It is of the male kind. Behind each jaw, under the ear, it has a beautiful dark mane, much coarser than that of a horse. The whale is lying near Martin's point on his side, where crowds visit it from the country. Pungoteague creek is a distinguished locality. It was there Gov. Cameron, of Virginia, rendezvoused his oyster pirates I s year, and nct far from the whale is the ghost-famed Millstone point, so well known to old sailors and citizens. It is the only creek on the peninsula visited by water- outs, there being three experienced ere in thirty years. More people have been drowned in Pungoteague creek than in any other water on the eastern shore.

Cremation on the Continent.

On the continent, as in England, cremation is making progress. The French chamber of deputies has before it a bill, introduced by M. Casimir-Perier, giving French citizens the option of being inhumed or cremated as they may prefer, and it is expected that the bill will pass. The Belgian chamber of representatives has before it a petition from the town council of Brussels praying for the legalization of cremation. The International Cremation association, which has its headquarters at Milan, is at the same time carrying on an active propaganda in France and Belgium. The agent whom the society sent to Belgium is a near relative of the late papal nuncio at the court of Brussels; and he is charged to obtain permission to erect an experimental crematorium in the "gay city of Brabant," at the expense of the association. In Italy a considerable number of priests have been cremated. On the continent, where funerals usually take place within forty-eight hours of death, there exists a morbid fear of being buried alive; and this feeling may, perhaps, explain the favor into which incineration is rapidly rising on the other side of the channel,

A New Yord car-driver when he wants to clear the track shouts, "Hi, there, hi." A Chicago driver strikes his bell and shouts, "Shake 'em up there, will you?" A Boston driver says, "Deviate from the direct line these equine appendages, accelerate, acceler-

Elephant Fights in Burmah.

The cable said recently that the presence of the duke of Connaught (Prince Arthur) at an elephant fight, given by the rajah of Bhurtin Burmah, and another at Theyatmo, in British Burmah,

the best one," said he. "There were fifteen | nal portrait taken at Windsorces le in 1885 elephants on a side. A pair of them are by Prof. H. von Angeli. It has been painted never started alone at a fight. The fights and presented to the gallery, with her are always arranged for the amusement of majesty's special permission, by Lidy Aberthe nobles, and are great events. The bat- cromby, and was completed and accepted tle is terrific. The elephants are given by the transcess in November last. This picttoddy, made out of the fermented janco of | ure is the exemplification of a solitary exthe palm, which they drink out of buckets | ception made by the trustees to their rule Jersey lightning is like water compared established at the foundation of the gallery to the stuff. I drank some under the im- in 1856 -namely, that "no portrait of any pression that it was a kind of cider. It person still living, except only of the reignsmelled like cider. I took only one fing r, ing sovereign and of his or her consort, and I never was so drunk in my life. I shall be admitted." The queen is representnever would have felt the same amount of ed standing, facing the spectator, in a black whisky. It makes the elephants reel and satindress, with a plain white cap and veil tumble about like drunken men. They filling behind. The figure is seen nearly at snort and trumpet and create a terrible full length. The hands are joined and racket. In the fight at Tneyatmo the na- covered with rings, the right holding a houtsor drivers straddle their necks and urge white handkerchief. Besides the ribbon them on. The beasts had been maddened and star of the garter, a white bow, with by prodding and beating and rushed at each the ladge of the Order of Victoria and Alother like mad. There were some that bert is attached to the left shoulder, and a wheeled around and ran away, but those double row of large per risencircles the neck. that kept on made the earth shake when they came together. They ran right into clear blue ey-s are fixed steadily upon the each other. They locked tusks, and gored spectator. Light is admitted from the and lashed one another with their trunks. right-hand side, and shadows although Tusks were run into elephant shoulders six strongly massed, do not interfere with the or eight inches. The fights in India are the clearness of the comp'exion. The picture is same, of course. In Burmah fights take ent rely painted in water colors, but it has place between elephants and tigers. The all the force and brilliancy, of oils. It is Burmese in power are cruel. One king used | placed on a screen apart from the rest of to make the people lie down for his pony to the portraits, and as a strong light falls up. walk over."

Col. George Arstingstall, Barnum's elephant trainer, said elephants were fond of whisky or any kind of liquor. One would take four or five g llons at a dose.

There is n Tallahassee, Fla., an octogenarian who never drinks water and has no thirst for it. The wonder is that he hasa't died of delirium tremens long ago.

A New Picture of the Queen.

A lifelike portrait of the queen has been added to the nationa' portrait gallery, and placed in the opin port of the long gallery pore, India, would be made the subject of a on the ground floor, in close proximity to question in parliament. G. B Gaylord said the full-length picture of the prince consort yesterday, that he saw a fight at Prome, by Winterhalter, which was presented by her majesty to the gallery in 1867.

This portrait of the queen is a copy in "The one at Theyatma was by all odds water-colors, the size of life, from the origi-The likeness is well preserved, and the on 16 is seen to great advantage. - London

The power behind the throne in London is dynamite.

"Will you have a small piece of the light meas or a small piece of the dark?" asked Bob's uncle as he carved the turkey at dinner "I'll have a large piece of both," said

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