DEFIANT BEAUTY.

IAPTER IV.

"I cannot love nim. Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him

reaching her own room, without contact with any one staying in the house, she finds her hope frustrated by a

sweet, clear voice, "What is it, Nell? What a hurry you are in; and how angry you look! Come in here and tell me all about it " taking her arm and drawing her into a small drawing room. - "The same old story, I suppose. Lord Carbyne wants

you to marry Noel, and you"-"Don't!" says Miss Fairfax sharply. She moves impatiently from her friend's grasp and throws herself into a low chair. "It has been the worst encounter yet," she says, with a queer little laugh. "He is to disinherit me unless I marry Noel; so-disinherited I

am." "Oh, no," says Mary Sylvester, quickly. She is a tall, distinguished looking don't be angry with the question. Lord girl of about four-and-twenty, with marked features and an expression cold certainly rouse herself to be a friend. That she is a thorough woman of the observer. She looks troubled now as she watches the petulant anger on the

rever come to that." bent on this marriage, and, as for me, I am bent just the other way. He

will not give in, and neither shall I." "What is it that you can object to in even my bonnet, if you will, but not Colonel Dalrymple? He is rich"-

am being so perpetually reminded of indeed improbable, person for myself." it, that now at last I feel it would be gcod to be without it."

"He is young and"-"Young !"

'Certainly, Quite young! Only thirty." to be fifty? Tell you what, Mary, he is, be desired." in my opinion, old enough to be his own father. I'm not going to marry a death's head."

lately?" asks Miss Sylvester, with a Nothing I tell you-nothing. That other the calm. The very intensity of the smile.

me, for the matter of that ?"

You cannot, at least, deny that he is ing her once more to a proper frame of and conquer the first thought that handsome."

her friend, a little impatiently. "You ed. Her, pretty brows go up, the corn- the rustle of small leaves; the sighing know he is immensely better looking ers of her lips come down, a malicious of faint breezes that but yesterday than half the men one meets."

So mocking, yet so stern. I am sure Mary. You know those lines of he would like to compel all creatures Shakespeare's: to his will."

"I rather like that in a man." "Do you?" with a shrug. "It seems Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet to me you like everything about him. table near Miss Sylvester and gazing at her with eager hope in her eyes. "Now, read the other way round and

Miss Sylvester laughs. "Somebody else has," cried Nelly.

nods her head. No! Not Charlie Lyons?"

"No." "Sir John Amory, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am glad; that is if you must be so silly as to marry," says Nell, Erebus. And again, 'let no such man with a sigh. "I suppose you like him, but you will never be my Mary again. Everything seems slipping from me"ruefully-"even you."

She has one arm round Miss Sylvester's neck by this time, and is running says she, yawning. "There is no musher fingers through the unruffled locks ic in him. Not a note, not the smallof that rather stately creature, and est pipe. Music and charity are akin. having hooked two small fingers inside you know." angry little jerks every now and then. wrong spirit," says Mary, with some a lamb.

girl's short curls.

"After all," says Nell, breaking into | "Well-it dosen't; I trust my little fina sudden laugh, "you haven't been over ger was made for better purposes," complimentary to your John. You like says Miss Fairfax with a haughty a man who can bend all others to his move. "Oh! Mary, do you honestlyvery rich, is he? A man should be handsome-well, now, come; John is that I could have made money by it? not handsome, is he?"

"No," confesses Mary Sylvester, with a laugh. "And yet," coloring warmly: "do you know, Nell, there are mo-

ments when I think he is." This so delights the other, that forgetful of her troubles, and the strange new determination working in her mind, she goes off into a peal of laughter.

"Oh! what it is to be in love! May Heaven defend me from such a folly. Well, there is one thing, Mary, to my to private people is nothing, they flat- that the famous Carbyne temper runs eyes, he is ten times better looking ter, and tell one all sorts of pretty than Noel, with all his vaunted good looks. Give me a kind man, not a monster !"

"My dear Nell! Noel is the kindest

fellow !" grimace.

"All this is mere fancy."

They literally burned in his head. No, herself to draw upon her the compli- all that is now within my heart-I"-

ments of the crowd."

al, he"-"You have found the very word 1 have been seeking. He is illiberal. can admire it, if he cannot ?"

"Perhaps he is jealous-of the other cause I won't play a single with him; I

"Tell him that," says Miss Fairfax, with a malicious little grin. see how pleased he'll be. A man who prides himself on his strength of will to be the prey of vulgar emotion such as that !"

"Still, he might be, Nell," with a suspicion of embarrassment. swer me one thing, will you? And Dartford ? You do not care for him ?"

"How many times am I to tell you but earnest. She might not trouble that I care for nothing but my violin?" herself to be an enemy but she could To Miss Sylvester's anxious ears, however, in spite of the carelessness of the reply, there seems to be a touch of world may be read by the most casual consciousness in the short laught that accompanies it.

"I am glad of that," she says steadface of her little companion. It will ily, watching the lovely mobile face as she speaks. "He would be the last-"But, oh, yes, say I. Grandpapa is the very last husband one who loved you would choose for you."

"Not even the one who loves me shall choose a husband for me," says "But why not, dear?" very gently. Miss Fairfax. "A gown, a ribbon. my partner for life. I shall reserve "I hate money! Money is a bore. I the choosing of that troublesome, and "Well, don't choose Dartford," says Miss Sylvester, gravely.

"Do you think Noel so very superior to him? I don't. At least Lord Dartford has a soul for music. What a "What's the good of that if he looks touch! When he accompanies me I feel forty, and is grave and stern enough as though there were nothing left to

"There is, Nell, a great deal!" "To such a prosaic old thing as you, "What has he been scolding you about But to a foolish enthusiast like me. mur coming from land or sea, to break night at the Moores'! How he rendered heat seems to have rendered all nature "Never mind. When is he not lecturing that 'Reverie.' I could have cried." silent. As silent, indeed, as the All-"To go back to his perfections, then. Sylvester coldly, with a view to reduc- ear, and give your whole mind to it, mind. It is unfortunate perhaps that noise at last is dead, then you will "Can't I? Positively ugly, I call him." her friend should so thoroughly under- hear the chirp of the grasshopper, low "You are determinedly blind," says stand her. Miss Fairfax looks amus- buried in the turf beneath your feet;

twinkle brightens her dark eyes. "I can't bear that look in his eyes. "No, and it speaks badly for me,

"The man that hath no music in himself,

sounds, Say, Mary," seating herself on the Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

"I see a way out of the difficulty, You surely you have Dartford. He does can't want more than a paragon, can love music, you must acknowledge that, you? Why not marry Noel yourself?" therefore all bad thoughts and feelings are far from him. Happy Dartford!" "For one thing, because he has not Clasping her hands in fervent admiraasked me; for another, because" -- tion. "Would that all were like him. Do you know, Mary, I'm afraid Noel Miss Sylvester blushes faintly and is never moved with concord of sweet sounds."

"The motions of his spirit are dull as

And his affections dark as Erebus, Let no such man be trusted."

"Mark that. His affections, dark as be trusted.' I am sorry for poor Noel." "Nonsense!" angrily. "You should no: speak of him like that."

Miss Fairfax bursts out laugning. "Nevertheless, he is a dull fellow,"

her immaculate collar is giving her "You have taken him in quite a Altogether, indeed, she is doing great vehemence. "You teach yourself to wheedling tone, "I'm not so very bad." "You look awful! Bless me!" as now African campaigns the mean annual loss injury to the calm perfection of her think him opinionated and severe, and suit you."

will, and John could not bend a fly. bonestly think I have genius? Do you meant for the others. A man should be rich; John is not so believe that if I-had been born a poor girl, without a farthing of my own, That is the test!"

"I do indeed believe it," wondering at her earnestness, but unfortunately not grasping the meaning of it. "But you should be thankful, dearest, that no

such test is required of you." "Yes, yes, of course," hastily. "Yet

I should like to try." "To go on the stage, do you mean?" "Not that exactly. But at concerts now! to play to the public so. To play moment,"

Sylvester, brusquely for her, "such a slowly, "as that I would rather play "That's what the world thinks. I life as you describe would be abhorrent with Dicky. He is never rude to me large going to make a descent on the alone know him. If I were to marry to you. It would kill such a little when I miss my balls." him, the very first thing he would do sensitive thing as you. All that sort "Do you mean that I am?" would be to forbid my ever playing of thing sounds entrancing when one is By this time Mary Sylvester and her the violin except in the privacy of my well out of it; but to really have to brother have moved away; the latter own room, or to him"-with a slight work for one's gingerbread takes the to adjust the net, the other to get out gilt off it."

"Is it? You should have seen his impetuously, slipping off the table and at any other time, I admit." face that last night at Lady Swans- beginning to pace up and down the "Your imagination is your strong down's when they were applauding me room with some excitement in her point, beyond all doubt."

voice and eyes. "The life you advocate is tame, wearisome, monotonous, There is too much snug comfort in itthere is, in fact, nothing in it. But in that other-where by one's exertions one conquers Fate and the world, there he has beliefs that date from the Dark surely lies the noblest of ambitions. Ages. Women should be kept in their Oh, Mary! if I dared speak to you. proper place. A man's wife is his chat- If"-stopping short and gazing fixedly Crossing the hall with a view to tel, and should never, never permit at her friend-"if I could lay bare to you "I say, girls, where are you? Nell, "You make him out terribly illiber- Mary, where the-what on earth are you doing in here, wasting all the afternoon?" cries Dicky Sylvester, burstling into the room at this moment, and Why should he be angry because God for ever checking Miss Fairfax's athas given me a talent, and other men tempt at confession. "There's Dalrymple giving way to bad language be-

> "And out, and let's have a double." "It is so warm," says his sister, laughing.

know him too well for that, so I do

beseech you as you love me to come

Amory is in London still, and is not expected down until evening.

"I know it. But what will you? Dalrymple's temper is warm, too. He grows ferocious. Will you abandon me to his untender mercies? Nell, my best beloved," tucking his hand through her slender arm, "come to the rescue." "Come on, Mary," says she, in a resigned tone, and in truth perhaps a little grateful to him for the sudden entry that has left her secret still her own. "You know when Dicky's mind is

down one's arms." rible, and to be asked to play tennis over-full list. in it. is-well! if I die, Dicky, put a duty, having been the means of placing me under it."

"'Naught was never in danger. quotes Mr. Sylvester gallantly giving her a gentle push toward the door.

CHAPTER V. "The time I've lost in wooing, In watching and pursuing The light that lies In woman's eyes,

Has been my heart's undoing." Outside the world is in a blaze of glory, although now the sun is preparing to abdicate his throne. The yes. You are nearly as bad as Noel! day is wonderfully still, scarce a mur-"You didn't, however," says Mary Mother can be. Yet if you lend your rushed madly through the field and wood, and now lie bound and chained -all which things with many others, do make up the music of the world.

Afar off, toward the west, the eye rests upon the sunset, more exquisite than any dream. Dying truly, but most levely in its death. The rich gold of it spreads like a sweet curtain half across the sky. Down below the ocean, placid, and treacherous as ever, while on the grassy slopes which hang over it, sheep nibble at the short, sweet herbage, looking in the distance like mushrooms dotted here and there.

Mr. Sylvester, in a resplendant suit of flant els, waves aloft his racket as he shouts to one afar:

"I've got 'em. I've brought 'em.

Now for a licking !"

"That depends," says Colonel Dalrymple, the one addressed, rising with is already provided with a goodly gob- Medicine has been making an estimate of alacrity, suggestive of surprise, from let of that modern Hippocrene. "Nell, the deaths by the wars of France for the his position upon the grass. He is, you should keep an eye on him. Never past century. He finds that the civil wars in fact, more than commonly surprised marry a man who can't find satisfacat the fact that Nell has consented to tien in the simple, if slightly mawkish, come out and play a game with him. | tea." In truth they had played a very in-

and Nell, and make you sing as small that simple-minded youth goes hope- campaigns in Spain, Greece, and Algiers, as any Robin." "Oh, no!" says Nell, quickly. "You Got a bad pain?" asks he, in a and the loss in battle was only twenty-two

"I decline to go into the morality of his sister positively glares at him toilette; yet Miss Sylvester bears it like that he does not care for you, or for the thing," says Mr. Sylvester, severe- "You're getting worse, aren't you? talent; whereas the truth is that he is ly. "Even if you are as black as Try some of this." holding out to her wars, the war in the Crimea, the war in "Not all the John Amorys in the as foolishly in love with you as any you're painted, far be it from me to his brandy and soda, "Best thing out Italy, the war in China, the war in Mexico, and shall make me lose touch with world shall make me lose touch with school boy, and that you could wind be the one to point out your glaring for "you," says she fondly, smoothing the him round your little finger, did it so defects. Still, as a tenn's player, I "Dicky," says his sister, in a tone will admit you leave much to be de- so terrible that it reduces him to silsired, whereas Dalrymple leaves no- ence. Rising, she seizes him by the thing. See ?"

"I think you might try me this where the tea has been placed. Anyonce," murmurs she, in a voice not thing to get away from those other

"Your predilection for my society, returns Mr. Sylvester, in a loud and cheerful tone, "is flattering in the extreme. But if we are to play to win, my good girl, permit me to say that you and I against Mary and Dalrymple would not have the vaguest chance

of gaining the laurel crown." "If you don't want to play with me Eleanor, why not say so at once," says Dalrymple, coolly. He is a tall, handsome, soldierly young man, with dark eyes and dark hair, and a moustache as dark as either. There is no doubt through his veins, too, as he stands things-but oh! to have the world at now looking at the dainty, disdainful one's feet, if only for one little, little little maiden, who looks back at him as a blink. from under half-closed lids.

"Be thankful you can't," says Miss | "It isn't so much that," says she,

of hearing. "I can't believe it," says Eleanor. "Well, not more specially then, than Atter victory strap the helmet tighter. -Japanese.

"Which means," rathfully, "that I am telling an untruth "

MISTAKEN IDENTIFICATION.

A Sad Complication Resulting from the

Hinckiey Forest Fires.

IRON RIVER, Wis., June 29 .- A letter

began last fall, just before the Hinckley

forest fire, in which so many people lost

Until last September Mr. and Mrs.

James Trevelin, were residents of Iron

River with their three children, the young-

est a baby. Just before the big forest

fires Mrs. Trevlin started with the baby

to visit friends at Hinckley, where we

living some people from her old home in

London, where she was married. When

Hinckley was wiped out nothing was heard

from the lady, and Mr. Trevlin took his

two remaining children and went there,

hoping to find some trace of her. In the

search that followed the bodies, of the

found, and near them were the bodies of a

woman and a child, which Mr. Trevlin

identified as the bodies of his loved ones.

The bodies had lain in the hot sun for two

days, and it was necessary to bury them

Returning with his two children to Iron

disposed of his household goods, and re-

lives, and where he engaged in the mining

Miss Annie Varley, the daughter of a

little one, and who was one of the pret-

period of their honeymoon there was not a

A few days ago the people of Iron River

were startled by the appearance of the

original Mrs. Trevlin, in the flesh and look-

ing well, but worried, accompanied by her

leaving this town, and after a brief visit

there had gone to her old home in London,

her old friends. She had done this she said

left she thought she might as well keep

right on going. Mrs. Trevlin had not writ-

remained at Iron River for a day, and then

went on to Fort Francis to look for her

husband. A letter received by Capt. J. E.

Sanders, a friend of the family, contains

On reaching Fort Francis she found her

husband living with his new wife and the

children already accustomed to the change.

There was the usual scene, fainting and

tears, after which the whole thing was

for some place unknown to her friends.

FRENCH LOSSES IN WAR.

Six Million Men Said to Have Perished

in the Wars of the Last Century.

of the end of the eighteenth century and of

the republic up to and including the year

the army included less than 217,000 men,

Next came an era of frequent and bloody

sent to the Crimea 95,615 perished. Of the

50,000 that took part in the Italian war

nearly 19,000 perished. Nearly 1,000

perished in the expedition to China. The

medical statistics of the French in the war

of 1870 have not been published, nor have

those of the Mexican undertaking. The

effective strength of the French in 1870-71

was 1,400,000 men. The number lost is

fought at comparatively small cost of hu-

Always Unfair.

Tommy-That new teacher is real mean'

Mamma-What did she do to you to-

Tommy-She said the one that stood up

Dr. Lageneau of the French Academy of

talked over. Miss Varley was completely

the sequel of her search.

several hundred others.

hitch of any kind.

their lives.

"It means this, only," fiercely, "that don't believe I was ever rude to you in my life, whatever you have been to

from Fort Francis, Man., telling of the "Now, what's that, I wonder," says reuniting of Mr. and Mrs. James Trevlin, she, with a little scornful laugh. "The formerly of Iron River, Wis., furnishes the essence of politeness, I suppose"concluding chapter of an odd story, which

"I say, you two!" calls Mr. Sylvester, from the further end of the court, "stop your spooning and come along, will you? We won't be able to see the net presently."

This mistaken speech is as successful as if it had really struck the bull'seye. Both Nell and Dalrymple, after an inward struggle, burst out laughing and turned mechanically toward the place appointed them; and presently the game is in full swing. "Ah!" says Dalrymple, presently, al

most unconsciously, as Nell misses a rather easy ball. There is no reproach in his tone, nothing but regret for her mishap; but she refuses to read it, except in its worst sense. people Mrs. Trevlin had gone to visit were

"There! I knew how it would be," says she, flashing round at him. 'That's why I hate playing with you. Just as if you never missed a ball !" "I assure you, I only meant that"-

"I know very well what you meant. You needn't explain, thank you. After on the spot, as was done in the case of all, if I'm not a great, strong, horrid man, it isn't my fault, I suppose."

"You're tired I think," says Dalrym- city, Mr. Trevlin sold out his business, ple, too considerately. "No, I'm not. I'm going to play moved to Fort Francis, where his brother

made up, naught is left save to lay this out, if only to be revenged on you," says she, with such an absurd business. After the period of mourning "I wish I could lay down my body," attempt at the vengeance threatened for his lost wife and little one he married says Mary, with a stifled yawn. "I that Dalrymple involuntarily smiles, never felt so tired. The heat is ter- and adds another sin to his already neighbor, who had been taking care of his "Good gracious! Can't you spare tiest girls in the town. She was very

much in love with him, and for the brief decent stone over me. It will be your even five minutes out of the whole day ?" calls out Sylvester, indignantly. "Whenever I'm in love, I keep my tender speeches for the passages and the stairs. Anything more barefaced than your behavior I never knew

in my life." child. She at once made inquiries for her "Go on !" says Nell, giving Dalrymhusband, and expressed the greatest disapple a furious little push, whereupon h. pointment when told that her husband had sends an impossible ball into the very removed to Fort Francis. In answer to the furthest corner of the court. questions put to her she said that she had never gone to Hinckley, as her husband

"Fault!" from Sylvester. "There! that's worse than anything supposed, but had gone to St. Paul after I ever did," says Nell, triumphantly. And then: "What a temper you're in! After which the second ball drops this where she had visited with her parents and side of the net, and the score is to the enemy. And so on throughout. to spite her husband, who had opposed her Dalrymple, feeling thoroughly put out, going on a visit, and as she had plenty of plays villainously. Needless to say, money of her own in her pocket when she Dicky and his sister win the game.

"Heat's too much for you, old man," ten to her friends here because she was says Sylvester, giving Dalrymple a playful, if hurtful, slap on the shoul- afraid that if she did some one would tell der. "Never saw you do worse. And Mr. Trevlin where she was. She only as for Nelly, she surpassed herself. Is that tea I see crossing the lawn ! Hurry up, Tompkins!" with an encouraging shout to the laguid footman. "You haven't been playing tennis, have you ?"

Upon this Tompkins does condescend to hurry, and arrives breathless on tiscene, with a rather overloaded tray

and a broad grin. "You pour out, Dicky ; I'm quite done heartbroken over the turn affairs had taken, up," says Nell, sinking upon a soft rus and for a short time had to be restrained spread orientalwise upon the grass, and from doing herself violence. Of course, making a place for Mary to sit beside the marriage between Miss Varley and Mr. her; whereupon Dicky, who is accus- Trevlin was illegal, and Mr. Trevlin was tomed to being cast for this part, innocently a bigamist. Mrs. Trevlin remanipulates the teapot with much sumed her place as mistress of the house, grace, while Dalrymple hands round while Miss Varley left as soon as possible the tiny hot cakes.

"Now for you, Dalrymple," says "Tea, claret-cup, Dicky, presently. brandy and soda? Tea of course." "No; the other thing," laughing.

"Claret cup, then ?" "No; the other thing!"

"Fie! fie!" says Mr. Sylvester, who

1800 cost the lives of more than 2,120,000 "Dicky, dear, give me another cup, different sort of game in the morning, says Miss Sylvester, ever so mildly. Frenchmen. From the year 1801 to Waterin which many unpleasant words had turning herself to give her empty cup loo, when France was fighting Europe in been used, and where, as usual, he to her brother in such wise that he arms, more than 3,150,000 Frenchmen were had come off anything but conqueror. alone can see her face, whereupon she engaged and nearly 2,000,000 perished. "You'll see, my fine fellow," says bestows on him so many nods and Under the restoration, Louis Phillippe, and Dicky. "Mary and I will play you becks without the wreathed smiles that the second republic, when there were lessly astray.

and I, Dicky, I'm sure, Dicky," in a loud whisper, meant to be confidential. per thousand. Even in the brilliant was less than 150 men. rather less than 310,000 French soldiers

arm and draws him toward the tent, two, who now must know that she had been making signs to Dicky to be silent. That luckless person still consumed with anxiety about her, follows not positively known, but it is believed that her lead, pouring out recipes all the the wars of the second empire cost 1,600,time in a loud and cheerful tone, which | 000 lives. Dr. Lageneau estimates that the he fondly but erroneously believes to small wars of the third republic have been be a delicate murmur.

Nell has risen, too. A flush of an- man life. He estimates the total loss for noyance has risen to the auburn curls the century to have been 6,020,000 of men, that encircle her low, broad brow.

"Going for a stroll?" asks Dalrymple, carelessly, glancing up at her without a trace of consciousness in his face. Has he not heard, then? Miss Fairfax examines him with a judicial eye, but fails to detect a sign of guilt. day ? He bears her scrutiny without so much the longest in the spelling class could go

"To the gardens only, to get some home an hour earlier, and then, just 'cause

some of us couldn't spell the words, she roses for dinner." "Better take me with you. If you made us sit down. what may happen. McFarlane is capable of murder where they are con-

"You can come, if you like," says she, indifferently.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

mostly young.

that's what she is.

A Dull Girl.

Mrs. Wearie-This is the last time I'll have a girl who can, t speak English.

Husband - Why don't you send her off? Mrs. Wearie-I've been trying to for six weeks, but I can't make her understand what the word "discharge" means. She thinks it means a day off, and when I tell her she's discharged, she goes out and has a good time.