

# A PRECIOUS PEARL

## CHAPTER I.

One of the earliest scenes that Audrey Brooke remembered in her life was the following. The morning sun was shining brightly into the quaint old-fashioned room that her father, Dr. Fabian Brooke, called his library—a room that would have charmed an artist by its dark rich coloring and artistic furniture. Round the walls were great oaken book-shelves laden with books. The panels were painted in rich deep colors, the hangings were of deep crimson, the carpet was of Indian manufacture; the few pictures were chefs d'oeuvre; the half-dozen busts were of great merit and value, the whole tone of the room was warm and artistic. The prevailing odor of Spanish leather—fragrant and aromatic—was another charm; but to Audrey Brooke the greatest charm was the large bay-window, filled with soft Turkish cushions, and overlooking one of the most beautiful gardens in England.

Her father had just returned from the church, where he had been marrying two young people, and the form he had used still lay on the table. She took it in her hands, and read it as she went to her favorite nook, the great bay window. She laid it upon a cushion, and bending her fair head over it studied the words intently. They were beautiful words, and the sentence that riveted the child's attention was this: "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." She said it over and over again to herself with a critical air, as of one who weighed the words. A hand touched her bowed head and roused her.

"What are you reading, Audrey?" asked her mother, as she seated herself in an easy-chair.

Audrey handed her the form, and got up and leaned over the back of the chair as she answered:

"The marriage service, mamma. I have never read it before. How beautiful the words are! Listen to this one sentence—'Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' The words have the rhythm of an old poem."

"They are better than poetry, Audrey—they are truth."

The child raised her thoughtful eyes. Outside the window stood groups of white ascension lilies. Through the rippling foliage of the green trees she saw the lofty gray spire of the church; above that was the clear blue sky.

"But poetry and truth always go together, mamma, do they not?"

"They should, my dear. I cannot say that they do in every case," said Mrs. Brooke.

The girl did not seem to hear the answer—her eyes were riveted on the blue sky. She murmured the solemn words once again to herself—"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

"I shall never forget the words, mamma," she said, "they are so beautiful."

And henceforward in her mind, the gray church spire, the green foliage, and the white ascension lilies were all associated with a sentence which seemed to her more solemn than any she had ever heard.

Holmesdale was a picturesque spot. The town of Holmesdale stood at the foot of a wooded hill. The River Dale—a broad stream, with deep green banks—ran through the town; the houses clustered on either side; the great dark masses of the Holme woods rose on the left, and on the right lay miles of green pasture land. The church stood halfway up the hill, and was surrounded by tall trees. It was a church with arched windows overhung with ivy, and with a tall tapering spire. The rectory was built on a hill, and was a pretty, quaint old house half hidden by flowers.

There lived Dr. Fabian Brooke, one of the greatest scholars and one of the simplest men in England—a man wise yet simple, learned yet humble, full of deep religious faith, and showing it in a good life. He was rector of Holmesdale. No one ever referred to him as a miracle of eloquence—he preached no new doctrine, he took no part in the somewhat acrid discussions of the day, he startled no one by innovations of any kind; that it was a fact that the people of Holmesdale under his charge lived good lives and died happy deaths, that they were honest, sober, moral, and charitable. He was as firm as a rock in all matters of right and wrong, yet he was so kind, so merciful, so gentle in his judgments, that charity lived in his parish and among all the people with whom he had to deal.

His wife Isabel was a gentle, kindly woman, whose life had but one end—obedience to her husband. Audrey, his daughter and only child, completed the little household, and had far more depth of character than any one else in it.

It was a wonderful household and a sensible one. Religion was not made hideous with either cant or severity; it was made beautiful, graceful, attractive. The Brookses did not confound the sin and the sinner; they never glossed over wickedness, nor made light of it nor pretended that anything could excuse it.

They gave to every sin its proper name. Dr. Brooke never stood by calmly while the poor man who had stolen bread for his starving children and the rich swindler who had robbed thousands were clasped together. He never listened quietly while the follies and faults of a friendless, penniless girl were discussed without mercy and the "fast" follies of a "fine lady" smiled at and called eccentricities; he called sin by its right name. But, while he

was hard upon sin, he was most merciful to the sinner. Whatever the troubles, sorrows, or sins of his parishioners, they had but to go to him, and he had comfort for all. He could be influenced and persuaded; but no creature living could make him call wrong right, or yield to what he knew was wrong.

In the midst of this household Audrey Brooke grew up beautiful as a rose, pure as a white lily, bright, sensible and intelligent. She was just eighteen and it would have been difficult to find a more sweet, gifted, graceful girl. Refinement shone in her face; truth, purity, candor, shone there, too. Hers was a type of beauty. She had large dark eyes—dark soft and full of poetry, with long dark lashes, and clear straight brows; a broad, beautiful forehead, full of ideality, with its rounded temples. The crown of this fair young loveliness was a wealth of dark-brown hair that was full of nature, ripples and waves.

The mind was to the full as beautiful as the body. Audrey had inherited her father's keen sense of right and wrong, his passionate sense of honor, his calm, clear, unerring judgment, his shrewd common sense, his rectitude.

The first great change that came to Audrey Brooke was a visit that she paid to a distant relative of her mother's—Mrs. Calverne, a wealthy and fashionable widow, who had a beautiful villa at Richmond and considered life fifty miles from London quite unendurable. A matter of business had taken Mrs. Calverne into that part of the world where the Brookses resided. She had called on them as a matter of duty, and had found herself taken by surprise and made captive by the sweetness of Audrey. She thought in her heart that it was a great waste of life and beauty for the girl to live always in the quiet rectory, doing nothing but read and study, and visit old women—a great waste of beauty, she imagined. If Audrey Brooke went into society there would be no limit to her triumphs no bounds to her success.

"She will have no fortune of course, or very little," said Mrs. Calverne to herself; "but with such a lovely face she does not need money."

One evening Mrs. Calverne asked the rector if Audrey would be permitted to pay her a visit at Richmond. She said that the fair girl would very likely enjoy it, as she was seldom without three or four young people in the house. The rector would not give a decided answer, but he promised to think the matter over and to consult his wife. The result of the consultation was that Audrey might go and remain for a month.

She was delighted at the prospect. The rector gave her a check which he fancied would cover the expenses of her journey and all needful purchases. Mrs. Brooke had been very anxious to send for the Holmesdale milliner, a lady of great repute, but Mrs. Calverne had shuddered at the thought.

"It would be better for Audrey to have her dresses made in London," she said; "I can superintend them there."

She smiled when Audrey, full of glee came to her and showed her the check—smiled with the superiority of greater knowledge. She knew that the whole amount would not purchase two dresses of the description that she intended her beautiful young kinswoman to wear.

So the morning came when Audrey bade adieu to her pleasant home and to her loving parents. She was silent, filled with a thousand wonders as to what the new world she was going to would be like.

With a sigh of relief Mrs. Calverne threw herself back in the traveling carriage. She had enjoyed her visit after a fashion, but life in a country rectory was not at all suited to her taste.

"You will think my house a vortex of dissipation, Audrey, I am afraid," said Mrs. Calverne. "I am never alone; solitude and I are sworn enemies. Bright faces about me; I like plenty of excitement—music, parties, balls, fetes. I think life was given us to enjoy, and I endeavor to obtain my share. We shall have one quiet night; then will come a host of visitors. You will like them all; but there is one whom I should like you to make a friend of—Bertha Hamlyn. She is a brunette. Some people call her beauty; I think she is picturesque. But she is a terrible flirt."

"A flirt?" questioned Audrey. "That is something very bad, is it not?"

"Some people find the character very pleasant," said Mrs. Calverne. "The conduct of such persons means nothing really wrong—only playing at love."

"Beautiful dark eyes opened brightly. "How strange—playing at love! And your friend Miss Hamlyn does this well?"

"She does, indeed," replied the widow, with a quiet laugh.

"You will like her; she is full of life and animation. She has a large fortune, too, and will be sure to marry well."

Audrey's eyes opened more brightly still when she saw the beautiful mansion on the banks of the Thames which Mrs. Calverne called home. In her simple life she had seen nothing like it; it seemed to her a very palace of grandeur.

To Be Continued.

## OSTRICH'S ODD TRAP.

The oddest predicament in which an ostrich ever found itself lately befell one of the huge birds belonging to a South African farmer. This ostrich stole and bolted while steaming hot, a big dumpling. The bird's regret was immediate and visible. In his struggle to get rid of the fiery thing within him, Mr. Ostrich twisted his supple neck around one of his legs and succeeded in tying it in a knot. It required three men and half an hour's time to extricate the bird from its self-made trap.

## A CLEAR CASE.

Well, you must love to sit up at night, said the indignant mother as her daughter came tip-toeing to bed at a late hour.

Of course, I love, or I'd send him home early.

# A VILLAGE SOVEREIGN.

The marquis slipped his arm into the stricken fellow's and soothingly murmured: "Come, come, Mr. O'Neill, courage! Let's go up and see her. We must have the best of advice; little girls like her can't be snuffed out like candles."

At the door the marquis was the first to cross the threshold unbidden. Young O'Neill slipped into his own room to work off a fit of increasing emotion. Norry was gathered against her mother's breast, white and querulous. She moaned ever since she had been forced to swallow the nasty medicine.

"Do you know this friend who has come to see you, Norry?" asked the mother, with a tragic upward glance of greeting for the marquis.

Norry opened her eyes, and stayed her peevish whimper. She did not recognize him after eight months, and she was too oppressed by the atmosphere of the sick-room to smile. Looking down upon the wren and piteous little visage with the curls brushed back from the protuberant arch of brow and the blue eyes dulled and large and dark, the marquis himself had some ado to recognize the vivid face with its sunny glance and rosy lips that some months ago had drawn the heart of him as never child had drawn it before. "Norry, don't you remember your friend Grandby, whom you took to see Jacky Molloy's puppy?" he asked, dropping into her father's chair, and taking the white baby hand in his.

Norry stared at him in an effort of memory. To the healthy eye there is a world of difference between daylight and candlelight, and small wonder so little about the stranger struck a reminiscent chord. She frowned crossly and turned to her mother for explanation.

"You remember the gentleman Mrs. Molloy called the marquis, Norry?" whispered her mother. "Her sick smile faded, and she quivered in one of the old bright smiles as faint as the echo of a melody. "Oh, yes, Daddy, I remember; and stupid Mrs. Molloy says ever since that he's the marquis."

The mother's heart overflowed with gratitude for that sweet smile. To her it seemed a promise of recovery, and the dear vagrant doctor, restored, she shook her child, and held her close to her sobbing breast.

"She'll get well, Mrs. O'Neill; she must. By heavens, we can't let her go! I'll send a message off this very instant for Sir Martin Bunbury."

The marquis stooped and kissed the child, and strode away to post one of the Hall servants up to town by the last train for the great doctors. He broke his calling every day at the O'Neills. He was quite a humanized figure for his tenants by this. He was bound to them by a common tie, for he, too, acknowledged their queen and hung upon her whims. Because she spoke of the lake and whispered she had a boat, he telegraphed for the loveliest boat to money could buy. She soon grew to know him as well as the doctor. But she was faithful to old friends, and preferred Murphy the framp and Pat Malone the big sergeant.

The great man from over seas, summoned at the marquis's expense, was at first dubious, then convinced that nothing could save the child. His roasts and abominable knots of rustics and shopkeepers gathered to shake their heads and bemoan their fate. The clouds had burst and sent rivers of muddy liquid along the street, and drove a grey pall over the earth, sheer to the sombre horizon. It was a picture of dense immeasurable gloom; Norry's own town in tears, large hissing tears, tearing at the roots of her friendly trees and splashing into her magnificent lake, till it swelled beneath the sense of universal sorrow.

The marquis was seen coming down the street from the dark avenue, and it was decided to question him after his visit like an ordinary fellow-mortal. His hat was tilted over his eyes, and there was an air of sadness about him that stirred the spectators to a belief in some latent virtue in him. He was a hard landlord, true, but then Norry liked him; and he had grown fond of the child; surely he might be pardoned not having reduced their rents.

His knock now was not so self-assured as on the first visit. The young father was down-stairs, with his head on the table shaken by terrible sobs, moping and dejected. The marquis sitting on the door and stole upstairs. Outside the sick-room there was no sound. He peeped in, and saw it empty. Much amazed, he wandered down again and met Marcella crossing the hall with a cup in her hand; the back of the other she held against her eyes. "Where's the child?" asked the astounded marquis.

"She's down here, sir. She wanted a change, and the mistress carried her to the drawing-room." As she spoke she opened the door, and the marquis marched in. Mrs. O'Neill sat near the fire with a bundle of flannels in her arms, and out of this two tired blue eyes gazed at him.

"Dood-morrow, Dandy," said Norry, with a pressed her lips against the mother's cheek and smiled wanly at her landlord. "A-morrow," Norry went on, lifting her head wilfully and striking out a thin arm in her eagerness, "I'll be better, and I'll take you to the lake, Dandy, with my boat; won't I, mother?"

"Yes, darling," said the courageous young mother.

"And papa'll tum, too,—won't he, Dandy?"

"If it is fine, Norry, but you know papa and I couldn't go out if it rained. We'd catch cold," said the marquis, stroking her hand.

She wrinkled her little marble face in a ghost of her sweet little smile. It had the old light, but not the color, and she spoke with some of her quaint ardor

and broken lip; "Little children don't mind the wain, do they, mother? Me and Tommy O'Brien used to wain out in the wain to get big. But 'tisn't the same wif big people, I s'pose."

She had not spoken so much for a long while, and her mother hardly knew whether to hope of her. "Norry, don't tire yourself if she wants to get well," she ventured to suggest.

"Oh, mother, Norry isn't tired a bit, I fink she is better. Mother, do play the piano for Norry."

"What shall mother play?" "Play 'Polly Perkins,' you know, mother, the fife sergeant sings. Do you know 'Polly Perkins, Dandy'?"

"If you like to gratify her, Mrs. O'Neill, I'll take her," said the marquis, reddening.

With a desperate glance Mrs. O'Neill deposited the whimsical baby in his arms, and after she had complied with her despot's command for a tish, half staggered over to the piano, blinded by her tears, to play the wretched vulgar tune just imported from the London music-hall.

Never was "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" played in an atmosphere more tragic. The degraded jingle rose in the astonished silence nothing less discordant and inappropriate than if it had been played in a church. For Norry alone it was not out of place. She remembered her friend the sergeant and made a gallant effort to sing his parody. In a painful effort her voice quivered, with Polly Perkins had no sense.

She bought a fiddle for eighteenpence; and all the tune that she could play. Was Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay. She closed her eyes with the violence of her effort to finish the verse, and nestled her little brown head against the marquis's arm.

Marcella came in with something for her to take, but the mother and Lord Grandby held up an arresting hand. There was a drowsy look upon the child's face that promised slumber. She muttered something vaguely, and the marquis bent down to catch the words, feeling that he could never forgive the sergeant if it proved to be "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

"He isn't a marquis at all," she said. In spite of the heavy feelings of the moment, Lord Grandby involuntarily smiled. He sat there in the darkened little drawing-room, holding Norry asleep in his arms, while her parents and Marcella hung over him, sometimes kneeling and measure their chances of hope. Not for worlds dared he stir so burdened. The scene recalled a nursery episode at the beginning of his own married life. Somehow he had taken it to his head in those days. A child then, even his own had not seemed to him so precious a charge; it was the heir of his estate he thought of, not of the matchless sunniness of childhood. Now it seemed to him that the opening and closing of baby lids held all the mystery, the gravity, the import of the universe. And when at last the blue eyes opened, and unfevered sleep had given a faint tinge to the wan cheeks, he instinctively held out his hand to the father, and cried cheerily: "There, Mr. O'Neill, she's better already! You'll find she has passed the crisis in that light sleep."

The marquis proved a prophet. Sir Martin Bunbury stopped on his way to the station and this time announced the grand news that Nature had accomplished one of her mysteries. By some unaccountable freak the child had turned the critical point, and there was nothing now to do but to feed her up and keep her amused.

Imagine how she was fed, and how remorselessly amused! She might have emptied the single confectioner's shop daily, and daily have consumed the entire contents of the glass jars at Mrs. Reilly's gratis. Toys poured in upon her in the oddest confusion and confusion, and she sparkled and glowed with the critical point, and there was nothing now to do but to feed her up and keep her amused.

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## THE END.

## GERMANY'S POLICE SYSTEM.

Teutons Are Watched by Constant Surveillance.

In England and America police is just police, but in Germany the preservers of the peace and guardians of property are divided and subdivided into many classes. There is a building police, a business police and a press police, in addition to the regular street police. A sub-sectional police deals with lodgings, particulars of residence of the inhabitants, passports, servants, lost property, clubs, public meetings, cruelty to animals, keeping large dogs and skating.

A change of residence is no simple thing, so hedged in is it by restrictions and formulas. In addition to the worry of house-hunting the expense of moving and the harrowing up of feelings by the crash of crockery and bric-a-brac, the householder on removing from one district to another must exhibit his tax receipt, announce further place of abode, and receive permission to move, which documents are exhibited to the guardians of the new district.

The fire police is subdivided into five sections, charged respectively with preventing, announcing and extinguishing fires, with the regulation of explosives and with sweeping chimneys. The causes for and occasions on which a servant may be dismissed and for what breakages she may be held responsible, are rigidly prescribed, and on all sides there is such a hemming in, such a restriction of what elsewhere are deemed inalienable rights and privileges, as to be simply intolerable to those reared amid the environments of personal liberty. But the system seems to work well, and the German burgher is content and consumes his beer and sauer kraut as placidly as in this country.

There is a high profit in substitution, aided by public indifference. There will be no profit, at all if people, always and everywhere, refuse counterfeit articles.

## ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.

Earl an Ex-Fireman and His Countess an Ex-Barnmaid.

Mr. Augustus Arthur Perceval, who has come into the Earldom of Egmont by the death of his uncle, the late Earl, at his residence, Cowdray Park, Midhurst, has had a career very different to that of any other British peer, says the London Daily Mail.

The new Earl was some years ago in the Metropolitan fire brigade, and from his former colleagues of the brigade a Daily Mail reporter obtained particulars of his roving career.

"Gussy Perceval, we used to call him," said one officer. "He joined our drill class on March 25, 1881, when he was twenty-five years old and had just married a very young woman, who will now, if living, be the new Countess. Perceval was a lively character, and had led a roving life from the first, as we could tell by his yarns. He was born in Papanui, near Canterbury in New Zealand, on June 4th, 1856, and was educated as a naval cadet on board the 'Worcester' training ship at Greenhithe, in the Thames. The discipline there was too strict, perhaps, to suit his roving nature, and he

## SHIPPED BEFORE THE MAST.

and when he came to us he had a second mate's papers, and was accepted by Capt. Sir Eyre Massey Shaw as a drill-class candidate.

"He duly passed into the brigade on May 13, 1881, and took duty under the late Superintendent Hutchings, at Southwark headquarters."

"The new earl," said another officer, "was a rattling good fellow, but he never had any chance of doing good work in saving lives. That, of course, is always a matter of luck in our work, to a great extent. He was stationed at Southwark for about a year, and then was shifted, in the ordinary routine, to Kennington. He went back to Southwark early in 1883, shifted to Lower Norwood in the latter end of that year; went to Clapham in January, 1884, where he was stationed for two years and a half and then went to Waterloo Road Fire Station on July 13, 1886. That is about the average of the general moves in the service."

"When did he leave the brigade?" said one of the men. "He resigned and left the force early in February, 1887, having applied for and obtained the position of hall keeper at the new town hall, Chelsea, and his last order of service, signed by Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, says: 'During the period of Perceval's service his conduct has been on the whole satisfactory.' We lost the run of him after that, but we heard that there was

## A BIT OF A RIOT.

at a political meeting at the hall and that Gussy's fire brigade experience coming to his hand he got a hydrant to work and swamped the rioters, both sides alike. Then he invested in some cement works, and that was the last we heard of him."

"While the new Earl was in the brigade," said another fireman who had been "cronies" with him, "his uncle, the late Earl, took a great deal of interest in him, and at Christmas time used to enquire of the old chief how he was going on. The answer was generally satisfactory, and then the Earl used to come down handsomely, and Gussy was in funds for a while. But as a rule it was a pretty hard pull up the hill for Mr. and Mrs. Perceval, for they only got married in the year Gus joined us, and that was a love match, the lady who will now become the Countess, having been a young lady employed by Spiers & Pond. They had no children, and it is generally understood that they mutually agreed to separate when Perceval left the brigade."

## DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail  
That bring our friends up from the under-world,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah! sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly draws a glimmering square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd,  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

—Alfred Tennyson.

## A HUMANE WOMAN.

The Calman—Gimmie your bag, lady, and I'll put it on top of the cab. Mrs. Outcake, as she gets in.—No; that poor horse of yours has got enough to pull. I'll carry it on my lap.

## WEXED QUESTIONS.

What were these two men fighting about? Each claimed that his grandmother used to make the best pumpkin pies on earth.

# THE WINTER

BULLETIN ISSUED  
AGRICULTURE

of Special Interest to  
Country—Very  
on Winter Dairy  
Read and Consider

WINTER

The winter cream advantages to dairy many cows milking. The chief of these is quality of butter, bring a higher yield of butter which is got by separator. Either of the pay the cost of butter, which one-third and one-half where the milk is creamery. Again, much less for the the milk is sent to ery. In addition, wife feel much better to buy house they have five to let as a result of butter, than if fifty pounds of butter WHERE TO LOCATE

CREAM

The creamery summer cream-gatherer summer separate where there are no where there are no average of 15,000 lbs can be relied upon season, it will pay creamery apparatus maker. There is no cream gathering factories should be about October 15th of Business until Mrs. Irons must make it trade it at the Corner we open up again.

"Dry" Dairy for This ought not to lost through "dairy and ignorance of economic dairying municipal taxes in a ship of the Province

THE MACHINERY

The building should as possible with spaces, and should be heated with "live exhaust," steam from 20x30 to 30x30 making the butter, and an engine room, and an ice-house—say 600 ground space for the

The cost of the building \$1,000 to \$2,000. The total 15,000 to 25,000 lbs will cost about \$100. The leading makers of Canadian creamery Alpha de Laval, sold Dairy Supply Co., Montreal; sold by Co., London, Ont.

Russian, sold by D. Brockville, Ont.

Danish Weston, sold by Webster, St. Mary's

These separators cost \$550 each, depending on size. They all require any one of the to another. The average good points of each on application.

Next to the separator part of the boiler and engine to have a capacity of from horse-power; and six to eight. A half-made of whitewood of lent. A narrow cream of space at the sides is needed to cool the where a cooler is not

Where the cream is to rapid cooling, one coolers on the market or a coil of galvanized cold water running placed in the cream by the engine. This cream rapidly.

A Babcock tester feeds among patrons a loss of butter fat in buttermilk, is an essential machinery in every of. A complete list of all ed, together with their obtained from any of ply firms."

TO THE PAT

Aim to have about 1 fresh for winter cream liberally. Give the cow and water. Care for treat them kindly, keep and you will have to find that corn silage, hay, bran, peas, oats and if it can be got for less, give us good results. Sweden turns out not be fed to cows winter or cheese-making.

Do not allow the milk be exposed to any bad times per week is often liver the milk at the winter. Make arrangements with your neighbors to be hauling the milk and the skim-milk. This will flow. Sweden turns out for the hauling of the future dairy cows deter on the judicious use of skim

I am going for a long trip in boat. Do you know that I have that it may become competent to of his way.