

HOW IT ENDED.

CHAPTER I.

"What is love? 'Tis not hereafter. Present mirth hath present laughter. 'What's to come is still unsure.'"
"Bridget! Bridget!" cries Bridget's young mistress, in a clear, sweet tone. (There is something of anxiety in it—enough to make the old woman to whom the name belongs hobble more swiftly from the kitchen to the sitting-room than is her usual custom.)

"An' what is it agra?" says she, stepping over the threshold and looking up the big, bare room to where, in the third window, a tall, slight, childish figure is standing.

"Something, dreadful, I'm certain. Come here! Come here!" beckoning hurriedly to the old woman without taking her eyes off the window. "Hurry, can't you? Look out over there," pointing. "What is that? A man, eh?—a man hurt, wounded?"

"Faix, 'tis that!" says the old woman, laying her hand to her brow and staring into the growing darkness of the November evening.

"What can be the matter with him, Bridget?"

"I don't know, me dear. But he do look bad, whatever it is!"

"He shouldn't have come this way," says Miss McDermot, anxiously. "You know those dogs down there, and those— Oh, Bridget! did you see? He was nearly in then!"

"May the devil carry him!" says Bridget wrathfully, "whoever he is, for troublin' ye like this! An' may the heavens send him sense, to kape him for the future from searchin' for cowlud mud baths at this sayson of the year."

"You never care a pin about anything, Bridget," says her young mistress glancing angrily at her over her shoulder, "except—"

"You, me dear!" retorts the old woman promptly; whereupon both mistress and maid laugh in a subdued sort of way, as if a little afraid of being heard.

"Pon me conscience! he'll be there all night if the morning doesn't see him in the other world," says the old woman, presently, who again has returned to her watching of the distant figure that is trying in an uncertain fashion to cross the morass.

She is a rather handsome old woman, with masses of snow-white hair, that are but partly hidden beneath her still more snowy cap. Her dress is that of the ordinary Irish peasant, with a big white apron flowing over the skirt of the gown.

"Whoever he is," says Miss McDermot peering over the old servant's shoulder through the parlor window, "he certainly knows nothing of the neighborhood. Ours is about the most dangerous bog about here. Don't you think, Bridget, we ought to send some one to help him?"

"Unless ye mane me," said Mrs. Driscoll, whose Christian name is Bridget, "I don't know who ye can send; as ye know well enough yerself, miss, an' faix 'tis ye've had cause to know it, the master niver lets Patsy out of his sight from mornin' till night. 'Twould be ridiculous to count on him. An' besides—Glory be, miss! did ye see that? For a winged bird, he's a wonderful lepper."

Indeed, the man in the bog below seems, in spite of the fact that he is battling with an injured arm, extraordinarily full of life. The ill luck that has led him into this dangerous mass of water and spongy soil is not strong enough to destroy him; even as the two women, watching him breathlessly in the window of the gaunt old house, have almost given way to despair, he makes a last effort and, landing on a firm bit of turf, jumps from that again to the firm land beyond.

That last effort seems, however, to have exhausted him. He staggers rather than walks toward the house. As he nears it, the girl watching him can see how ghastly is his face, and flinging open the old-fashioned casement with an abrupt gesture, she springs down to the soft grass beneath, regardless of the old servant's remonstrances.

A few minutes brings her to the stranger's side.

"You are hurt, sir. You are faint. Lean on me. Oh! we watched you crossing that terrible bog and at one time we feared— But you are safe now. You will come in? Your arm, I fear, is—"

"Broken," says the young man with a nervous smile.

"Oh, I hope not. Sprained, perhaps—but not broken. There!—are you easier now? Lean heavier on me! I don't mind it a bit, and—oh, don't faint! Oh, Patsy! Patsy!" to the groom, gardener, boot-cleaner, man-of-all-work, who comes hurrying up to her. "Catch him! He's awfully heavy."

Patsy catches him.

"Is he dead entirely, d'ye think, miss?"

"No, only faint. There! Be careful! His arm, he says is broken. There now! Oh, is that you, Bridget?" to the old woman who has hobbled out to her in a very angry frame of mind. "Where can we put him, do you think? In the north room?"

"The hall will do him, I'm thinkin' till the doctor tell us where to send him," says the old woman, icily.

With open unwillingness she lends a hand to convey the fainting man into the house.

Two or three chairs arranged in the hall make an improvised stretcher; but the unconscious man lying on them looks so miserably uncomfortable that the girl's heart dies within her.

"He can't stay there! Take him to the north room," she says, sharply.

"Miss Dulcinea, don't do that!" says Bridget, compressing her lips, and regarding her young mistress with an anxious gaze. "'Tis unlucky enough that a half-dead creature should cross the threshold; but to take him in—to keep him—till death claims him, that will be bad, miss! I'm tellin' ye 't will be for your undoin,' miss."

"Nonsense!" says the girl, scornfully. "What superstition! Besides he is not going to die because his arm is broken. Patsy, give a hand here—to the north room, I tell you!"

"Miss Dulcinea, darlin', be sensible now, I tell ye a hurt man brings no luck. An' yer father, darlin'—think ov him! What'll he say?"

"The McDermot, whatever his faults, would not grudge hospitality to a fainting man."

"Well, well! maybe. But look here now, my dearie! There's Sir Ralph to be thought of! If he should hear of this."

"Let him hear of it!" says the girl, angrily. "Am I to study his wishes, even before I—?" She pauses as if to finish the sentence in distasteful to her, and a frown contracts her exquisite, low, broad Greek brow. "I'm tired of hearing of Sir Ralph!" says she a second later in a clear, ringing, wrathful tone.

A tone loud enough to reach the ears of the foremost of two men who now enter the hall by the lower door.

CHAPTER II.

"O sweet Fancy! Let her loose; Everything is spoilt by use."

"There is a garden in her face."

He is a tall man, between thirty and thirty-two years, but looking considerably older. Not a handsome man—not even a commonly good-looking one. A more decidedly plain man in a well-bred way than Ralph Anketell it would be difficult to find. That his large mouth is kindly and his small eyes earnest does little to redeem his face. But one thing at least he has; a magnificent figure. A better set-up man than he or one stronger or more vigorous, is hardly to be found in the Irish county to which he belongs.

Miss McDermot's last words have been quite clear to him, and being engaged to her he may be pardoned for not finding them exactly palatable. Beyond a swift glance at the girl, however, he takes no notice of them; and the glance goes astray, as she is looking at the prostrate figure on the chairs rather than at him—a fact that comes home to Anketell with a little chill.

He had entered the big hall, beautiful even in its decay and disorder, by the lower door that leads to the garden, followed by Dulcinea's father. The latter—the McDermot—is a spare, tall, gaunt man, with dull eyes covered by overhanging brows, and a most dogged mouth. Perhaps from him the girl has taken her obstinacy and hatred of control, if from the dead mother she has inherited the great love of truth and honor, and the well of hidden affection that lives almost unsuspected within her breast.

"What is this? What is this? demands her father, hurrying to where, in the dim growing of the autumn twilight, the silent figure lies.

Dulcinea, in a low tone, and with a slender hand uplifted, as if to insure quiet for the wounded man, tells her tale.

The whole scene makes a picture hardly to be forgotten if once seen—as once seen it was!

The soft, gray, dying light that scarcely lights up the grand old hall; the central figure prone, inanimate; the old woman there, with her white hair and cap and scornful air; the bending figure of the man servant, and here, where the lights from the eastern window fall full upon her, the proud, slight figure of the girl, drawn to its fullest height, and with the lovely face uplifted. The rays from the departing sun fall with a wintry rapture on her nut-brown hair, lighting it in parts to gold. She is looking stirred, anxious; she is leaning a little forward toward her father, and her eyes—such eyes! Blue, deep, heavenly blue; blue, like the ocean when it dreams of storm—are turned expectantly to his. Her lips are parted. And in the background the two figures—the father's and the lover's—both silent, wondering.

"He is ill, father, he will die if moved," says the girl, in soft tones fraught with fear.

"He?—who is he?" asks the McDermot suspiciously.

"Ah! of that we know nothing." Her hand is still uplifted. "But Bridget says he is to rest there—there!" with a swift gesture toward the comfortable lounge, "until the doctor comes."

"Certainly not!" says the McDermot, taking a step forward. "There! Here, Patsy, what are you about? Carry this stranger to—where, Dulcinea?"

"The north room is the warmest. It has been prepared for Andy; but he may not come," says Miss McDermot. "And even if he does— Take care Patsy. Father, his arm is broken."

She runs to the body they are lifting, and thrusts her own young firm arm under it, where the broken limb hangs helpless.

She is a second later a little surprised at finding herself thrust gently if somewhat unceremoniously aside.

"This is a man's work, not a woman's," says Sir Ralph curtly, if courteously. "You must try to forgive me if you find me in the way."

"Who's he, do you think, Bridget?" asks Miss McDermot half an hour later of her henchwoman, when she has soothed down that angry despot to a proper frame of mind.

the devil himself, for aught I know; an' fey, I wouldn't wonder. Who but the old bog could come through that bog alive? What did he want at all, I wonder, by comin' this way? Was there no one to warn him? or hadn't he an eye in his own head? But what's the good of an eye wid them English? Why, they haven't a grain o' sense between them."

"You think he's English?" eagerly. "Couldn't you see that much in the cock o' his nose? Faix, ye're near as blind as he is himself if ye couldn't note that much, and the strange twist o' his tongue. Oh! English, sure!"

"I don't think he looks English! He is so dark. Did you notice that? And from where is he? What is he? One o' them young gintlemen up at Ballybeg, I'm thinkin'." Two of 'em come last night, as I'm twold by Larry Murphy, the cab driver. You know him miss?"

"No—no," dreamily. "Not at all."

"What! Not Larry the Thief? Arrah, what ails ye at all, me dear?"

"Oh, Larry? Oh! of course," blushing furiously. "I thought you were talking of—of—"

"Well, I wasn't," says the old woman, dryly. "I wouldn't presume to let me to run a race about them English folk."

"I really think the poor man we rescued was—is an Englishman?"

"Sorrah doubt of it! Bad scran to the day we saw him. Ye'll see now, miss, 'twill bring us no luck. An' naught but a wanderin' artist, I'd bet me life! The old lord above there is cracked on fools of that kind, I'm twold."

"Why should artists be fools?" asks Dulcinea, perhaps a little coldly.

"Well, for one thing, they never has a penny to their name."

"We haven't a penny either," says the girl with a superb straightening of her lovely figure. "Are we fools?"

"More or less," says Mrs. Driscoll, serenely—"yer father anyway! What's he bin doin' wid the property all these years? Makin' ducks and drakes o' it. However," says the old woman, "let McDermot do what he likes. It's not of the likes of him I'd dare spake the unkind word, but them other!" with a contemptuous sniff. "What's this? Nothin'! People as go thravelin' here an' there through the country an' niver a roof to their heads or a grandfather to their portion. A McDermot should not be named in the same day wid them, penny or no penny."

"Ah, the pennies count, Bridget," says the girl with a quick but heavy sigh.

"Wid them that are risin', but not wid the old stock," says the old woman eagerly. "A McDermot poor is the same as a McDermot rich."

"No, no, shaking her head sadly.

"Ye say that? The more shame to them as makes ye feel it!" cries the old woman fiercely, her lips quivering.

"How dare any one forget the days, not so long distant, ayther, when this old house was the best in the County Cork, and when the McDermots could shake their fists in the faces of all their enemies?"

"I suppose we could do that, now," says Dulcinea laughing in spite of herself. Then, going back to her former mood, "Well, that's all over, Bridget," says she, impatiently. "The end of the McDermots has come. Father, you know, is the last of them."

"No, I don't. There's you! there's you!" cries the old woman hastily.

"A melancholy specimen," says the girl, with a rather sad laugh. "I'm afraid I should never summon up enough courage to shake my fists at anybody."

"There's one at whom you shake it often enough," says the old woman reproachfully. "Take care ye don't do it once too often."

"Would the consequences," (saucily) "be so disastrous then?"

"Ah! now me dear! ye know better about that than I could tell ye!"

"Who could tell me if you couldn't?" purposely misunderstanding her. "And to I shake my fist at you, Bridget? And when I do it once too often, what? (mischievously) "what will you do to me, then, eh?"

"Ah, you will have your joke, alanna! I know that, whatever comes o' it. But don't go too far wid Sir Ralph, miss! He's careful I'm twold ye. He's none o' yer soft sort, he—"

"Oh, bother Sir Ralph!" says the girl turning with a little petulant gesture and walking away.

To Be Continued.

A QUIET BURGLAR.

In Bloomsbury, England, the other night, a lady, being awakened by a noise opened the door to be confronted by an utter stranger. The position was so entirely novel that the conventions of society were lost sight of. The only remark that occurred to her was: "Who are you?" With equal frankness, he replied: "I am a burglar!" Then perceiving that this failed to put her at ease, he added: "But a vrey quiet one." The entrance of the police put an end to what promised to be a very interesting description of his character and methods of procedure.

HIS AFFLICTION.

Dolly Swift—Let me see! That young Mr. Bubblehead has an impediment in his speech, hasn't he?

Sally Gay—No; his impediment is in his thoughts.

TOO LATE.

Hawkins—So you sent for a doctor? Does he think you will be out soon?

Robbins—I imagine so. He said he wished I had sent for him sooner.

THE NATURAL INFERENCE.

Beesleytop—What did you mean by telling Duxter that I was fond of talking big?

Famberton—Well, you told me the other day that you hated small talk.

STORIES OF UNBROUGHT-UPON.

THE GIFTED FRANZ LISZT AND HIS ERRATIC WAYS.

Oliver Goldsmith's Piteful Poverty and Despair—Lady Lamb and Lord Byron—Bobby Burns' Wit.

FRANZ LISZT.

Everything about this brilliant genius seemed erratic and weird. A Hungarian by birth, a fierce and ardent patriot, Liszt seemed made for storm and battle. His life in Paris and Vienna was remarkable for its artistic triumphs and the havoc he played among women's hearts. Religion had never meant much to him—his art and the fame it brought him satisfied him. As the years went on his fame grew greater, and when he went to Rome, though no longer young, his charm was great enough to win and his will strong enough to enable him to break off an interesting affair with a noble Polish lady from whom marriage divided him—the dangerous folly of which friendship was known to all the world.

Among the distinguished guests at a party given by a certain Roman prelate Liszt attracted more attention than any of the cardinals or the beautiful women upon that occasion. His slight figure, his long gray hair, falling straight and wavy to his shoulders, his restless eyes and powerful, rough-hewn features made him conspicuous. After aimlessly wandering about the rooms, the great artist sat down at the piano. The wild, grand, melancholy and passionate music which came from the instrument was indescribable. Liszt's rugged, furrowed face was lighted with a wonderful radiance. Suddenly he rose, leaving the tones still vibrating, leaving the hearts vibrating, and there was no sound to break the spell of the enraptured silence.

In the summer of 1832, Liszt went to live in a half-ruined monastery just outside the gates of Rome. In these bare white-walled rooms he seemed perfectly happy with his piano in one corner of the cell-like sitting-room and his writing-table piled with books and music; he ate these, there was nothing of interest in the room. His window looked out upon one of the most glorious views in the world—the hazy Campagna, the Alban hills cutting a clear profile against the vivid sky, and Rome, in all its beauty, in the distance. Here Liszt seemed another being; his art possessed him more palpably and more individually.

Later the world was electrified by the news that Franz Liszt had received the ecclesiastical tonsure, and henceforth was to bear the title of "abbe." He became a favorite of Pope Pius IX., and often played to him at his villa on the classic Lake Nemi.

Always a great artist, this wonderful man passed through many phases less enduring—patriot, spendthrift, atheist, convert and almost saint!

GOLDSMITH'S POVERTY.

In 1758, two years after Goldsmith returned from his wanderings on the continent, he presented himself at Surgeons' hall for examination as a hospital mate, with the view of entering the army or navy, but he suffered the mortification of being rejected as unqualified. That he might appear before the examining surgeon suitably dressed, Goldsmith obtained a new suit of clothes for which Griffiths, the publisher of the Monthly Review, became security. The clothes were to be returned immediately when the purpose was served, or the debt was to be discharged. Poor Goldsmith, having failed in his object, and probably distressed by urgent want, pawned the clothes. The publisher threatened and Goldsmith replied:

"I know of no misery but a jail, to which my own imprudence and your letter seems to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and by heavens! request it as a favor more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being—with all that contempt and indigence bring with it—with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a jail that is formidable?"

Such was the hopelessness, the deep despair of this imprudent but amiable author who has added to the delight of millions and to the glory of English literature.

A POET'S WIT.

Burns was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant belonging to the town had the misfortune to fall into the harbor. He was no swimmer and death would have been inevitable had not a sailor who happened to be passing at the time rescued him. The merchant, upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket and generously presented the sailor with a shilling. The crowd which had collected loudly protested against the contemptible insignificance of the sum; but Burns with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamor, "for," said he, "the gentleman is of course the best judge of the value of his own life."

UNFORTUNATE LADY LAMB.

Many of Byron's most charming and tender verses are written to Lady Caroline Lamb, the novelist, whose life was sadly interesting. She was married before the age of 20 to the Honorable William Lamb and was long the

literary accomplishments, her personal attractiveness and her grace. Upon meeting Lord Byron, she became the victim of an unfortunate infatuation for the poet which continued three years and was the cause of much commotion. The poet is said to have trifled with her feelings and a quarrel took place. For many years Lady Caroline led a life of comparative seclusion at Brocket Hall. While riding one day with Mr. Lamb, she met at the park gates the hearse which was conveying the remains of Lord Byron to Newstead Abbey. She was taken home insensible and a long and severe illness followed, during which she had spells of insanity. From this time her manner and habits changed and three years before her death, a separation took place between her and husband, who, however, visited her frequently and corresponded with her. A romantic susceptibility of temperament seems to have been the misfortune of this lady. This fact illustrates the wisdom of Thompson's advice:

"Then keep each passion, however dear, Trust me, the tender are the most severe."

SLANG AND THE RED MAN.

In those days when you used to go on the warpath, did you take many captives? asked the newspaper scribe who was interviewing Man-afraid-of-everything-but-his-firewater, the once mighty chief of a once powerful tribe. Ugh! grunted the old warrior, Injun had 'em to burn.

AMBASSADORS' SALARIES.

What Great Britain Pays Her Representatives at the Various Courts.

It is announced that Dr. Leyds is to receive £17,000 a year as representative of the Transvaal in Europe. This salary is greatly in excess of the amount which Great Britain deems sufficient for any one of her representatives in foreign countries. Our most highly-paid ambassador is the British representative in Paris, though he receives little more than half the sum Dr. Leyds is to draw—a beggarly £9,000. Britain's ambassadors to Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey receive £8,000 a year each. The representative in St. Petersburg has the next largest salary, £7,800; while £600 less is considered enough for the British ambassador who takes up his residence in the Eternal City. For some reason, known only to the diplomatic mind, our representative in Washington is much worse off, receiving but £6,500 a year, though he has probably to work far harder for his country. The ambassador to Spain receives £5,500, while the representatives in China and Persia draw £500 each less. The heads of the legations in Japan, Brazil and Egypt, each receive £1,000; but Lord Cromer has beside £1,000 as a "personal allowance." The British agent at Pretoria, who is paid by the colonial office, receives only £2,000 a year.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.—Pope.

Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.—Franklin.

God has never ceased to be the one true aim of all right human aspirations.—Vinet.

Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds and though a late, a sure reward succeeds.—Congreve.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbling.—Steele.

Not education but character is man's greatest need and man's greatest safeguard.—Spencer.

If you wish to be held in esteem, you must associate only with those who are estimable.—Bruyere.

One of the Godlike things of this world, is the veneration done to human worth by the hearts of men.—Carlyle.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be.—Socrates.

This is the law of benefits between men—the one ought to forget at once what he has given, and the other ought never to forget what he has received.—Seneca.

BORN THAT WAY.

Physical Indications of the Criminal "Degenerate."

Degeneracy betrays itself among men in certain physical characteristics, which are denominated stigmata, or brand marks. Such stigmata consist of deformities, the unequal development of the two halves of the face and cranium; then imperfections in the development of the external ear, which is conspicuous for its enormous size or protrudes from the head like a handle. That which nearly all degenerates lack is the sense of morality and right and wrong. In order to satisfy any momentary impulse or inclination or caprice they commit crimes and trespasses with the greatest calmness and self complacency.

Another mental stigma of the degenerate is his emotionalism. He laughs until he sheds tears or weeps copiously without adequate occasion.

HADN'T THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

First Salesman—What shall I do? She says she don't want any cheap imitations.

Second Salesman—Show her an expensive imitation.

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THE FALL PL

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