A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

By MARGARET LEE,

Author of Divorce—A Brooklyn Bachelor—Lorimer and Wife—Etc.

(Continued.)

"What would your father say to all this?"

"Oh, daddy is very sensible. He will think just as I do—he always does. I am sure of him if you will say 'yes.'"

"Rose, this is a great, an unexpected, temptation!"

"Temptation!"

"I should say a joy that makes me tremble. Is it right for me to have such happiness?"

"You dear, dear Larry!"

How did you conceive of this idea?"

"Oh, I have been thinking hard for days. Do you know the Collect for Whitsunday? It is very wonderful. Wait, and I'll show it to you."

She brought him an open prayer-book and left the room. When she returned he was lying on the sofa, looking gray and nerveless. Rose sat down and put her hands in his. He studied her grave face for some seconds.

"Sweatheart, has your father convinced you that your plan is unwise?"

"Ah, you don't altogether understand my daddy. What do you think he said?"

"What! Did he consent?"? Larry sat up.

"He says I have gone to the root of the matter—that I have the right idea of marriage. Larry, he is going to attend to all the details. I don't like details. I think the fairies have a nice way of doing things—just by waving a wand. These are daddy's plans. We can go to the church in the morning about eight o'clock and be married. Then we can take the early train for town. Mr. Proctor baptized me; he would have married us, anyhow. Daddy and grandma will come to town with us, and I can stay at the hotel with them, so as not to inconvenience your mother. And, Larry, I have lots of things. Daddy says to do everything quietly, but properly. I have a new tan-colored suit that I can wear."

"I think I am dazed with all this kindness."

"I wish I could make you smile."

"And I have shadowed your bright face."

"Not you. Larry, I want you to promise me something. May I do just as I please for—for two or three days? After that, I will do as you wish."

"You remind me of the Spanish proverb: 'A woman's advice is no great thing, but the man is a fool who doesn't take it.' I think, love, you can always do as you please."

CHAPTER XIX.

The next afternoon Rose met Powers on Madison Avenue. He looked surprised, then delighted, and turned to walk with her, speaking earnestly.

"I am so relieved to see you! When did you get here?"

"I have just left the train."

"You look so well, too. You are good not to put on black."

"Oh, I couldn't do that! I cling to hope."

"Well, was there ever such a muddle? You don't mind if I allude to this?"

"No, I want all the light I can get on the subject."

"I can tell you that it is a pretty dark one. Such a burlesque on wealth. A man with more than he could conveniently spend, losing his reason in the effort to become richer! I can understand poverty driving a man crazy."

"Perhaps it does, only we don't hear of it."

"True. This is a most terrible entanglement. Nothing can be done to save anybody or anything! If Everett were proved to be dead, why, the estate could be administered and something might be saved out of it for his family. As it is, such matters are at a standstill; and meanwhile his paper is maturing. He had quantities of it out. You see, with him speculation was a mania. He was like a juggler with his tops in the air. How he keeps them up is a mystery to everybody but himself. Everett was a master of the art. He understood the fifth rule in arithmetic—substitution. Take money from here and put it elsewhere, but keep all your interests in good shape. The people at the bank are close-mouthed. They admire Everett and are true as steel; but they have themselves to think about, and they can't protect his paper. I offered Larry all I own, but he told me it would be a drop in the bucket."

"How good—how generous—you are!"

"I am glad for his sake that you are here. The boy is simply going to pieces. He takes this to heart so much more than his mother and sister seem to."

"He is a man; he realizes what the results may be."

"Yes; and he was working hard when the blow came. He had reached a point where any mental shock was bound to unnerve him. It is hard to say what the end will be. It is well for him that he has you to think of. By the way, when did you see him? I was at the house this morning; but he was out of town, and Mollie didn't seem sure of his whereabouts."

"He is at home by this. He stayed with us yesterday and came down with us to-day. We will be at the same house."

"I may call this evening?"

"Do. If we have to go out I'll leave a note and you can follow us. It will only be to Mrs. Everett's."

"You will be here for some time?"

"I cannot tell. It all depends upon what I can do.

"You! What are you going to attempt?"

"I am going now to see if Mr. Pounce will put himself in Mr. Everett's place."

"Phew! You are a courageous girl! ou must have faith in human nature!"

"I should have. Didn't you offer Larry everything?"

"Ah, but I have always known him and liked him. If you care for a person, that is one thing."

"Yes."

"What do you think of Larry?"

"He frightened me near out of my wits the night before last."

"What did you do? You seem to have recovered the e."

"I did what you had done. I offered him all I had to give."

"And he refused, I suppose? Unless you are a fairy with a gold mine at your disposal."

"No; I only wish I had. I think father made him some such proposal, but in vain. Larry is not willing to take money from where it might be missed."

"Pray, what did you give him—in your generosity and pity?"

"Nothing. You know, 'if you care for a person, that is one thing.' Mr. Powers, you are so kind and true that I am going to tell you something nice."

"That would be a novelty, I swear!"

"Larry looks a great deal stronger—that is, a little more hopeful. This is our wedding-day."

"What! You are going to marry him at this crisis."

"I have done it. This morning, in our own dear little church, we were married. Whatever happens, at least I am his wife."

Powers caught her hand. "You are a good woman! This is the most joyful news I ever heard. I congratulate you, and I thank God for Larry's sake!"

"I knew you would be glad to hear it. To-night you will come to see us?"

"Yes."

They walked for some distance in utter silence. Powers rang Mr. Pounce's antique bell and waited until the heavy oaken door was opened for Rose. It was her privilege to be taken to whatever room Mr. Pounce might happen to be in, so she followed the servant to the pretty rosewood cabinet. The old man had just found a treasure in the shape of a cup. He was rubbing it with chamois and holding it to the light. His eyes lightened as Rose came forward.

"Well, I declare! Why, when did you arrive?"

"Just now."

He drew forward a heavy chair with a high, Gothic back, and Rose sat down and took the cup from him. He was in an ecstasy over it.

"That's an old, old pattern, out of date for centuries!"

The sunlight had fallen on her hair, and while she examined the piece he feasted his eyes on the living picture before him. "It is so old," she said, as he took it and carefully made room for it in the case.

"You don't see the beauty?"

"I don't know enough to appreciate it."

"There's something in that, I'll admit. I've spent a lifetime studying these things. Well! And so you are here again? I was thinking about you only a few minutes ago." He looked at her and hesitated.

"I suppose you know all about this sad trouble," Rose said, quickly.

"I know about all I care to — yes. It is only one case in thousands. You'll find them all over the country. Some men are in such a hurry to 'get there!' Look at me—I'm twenty years older than Everett, and I haven't 'got there' yet. Why couldn't he make haste slowly? This idea of enjoying the blossoms and living off the fruit of other men's trees is destroying our whole business system. I tell you, the prospect of making a fortune suddenly by one brilliant stroke in speculation is demoralizing the whole community. Our young men are blinded by the few dazzling successes, and become so unsettled that they are unfitted for everything. By Jove, you can't find a young man who hasn't a little hole in Wall Street where he drops his savings! Everett was going in for a big harvest. I had some of his paper offered me a few days ago."

"Is it too late to buy it?"

"Oh, no. If he gets back within a day or two he can pull through. He can at least get an extension; but a man with his ability and reputation can always borrow money."

"You think he is living?"

"Yes. He had no more idea of suicide than I have. This world pleases me. I have no desire to leave it. I don't concern myself with what people are calling the 'Unknowable.' I think that the good Lord of the present can take care of the future. I have no sympathy with these loud-mouthed infidels who propose to pull away our tried bulwarks and leave nothing in their place."

"Father sayst hat these attacks on Christianity are periodic, and always cause a healthy reaction."

"He is about correct. I remember when Tom Paine's works were startling us with his fine theories. That was a long time ago."

Rose put her hand on the old man's arm:

"Suppose that Mr. Everett does not come back within a day or two?"

"Ah, my child, matters will be in a bad way. You see, he has borrowed heavily from the bank. That may break. The directors only have his notes, and there is now a rumor abroad that he holds some of their securities. That borders on the foolish, if not altogether dishonorable. You know a bank is not justified in loaning a man its securities in exchange for his notes. You can't understand the thing, but it looks bad for Everett."

"But it is not too late to save everything—his credit—his fortune. If I could do it, another can."

"Yes, if some one with the money would come forward. It's an old story! I have seen many a house go down just for the lack of a few thousands of dollars judiciously placed at the right moment. In fact, my child, I failed once. I learned a lesson — bitter, but good."

"I want you to save Mr. Everett. I came here to-day to ask you to do it."

Mr. Pounce stared at Rose for some seconds; then he stood up and walked about the room, stopping at intervals to look at her. She met his glances with steady eyes. "What put such an idea into your head?"

"I couldn't tell you. You could do it without losing anything in the end."

"Yes, I could. But why should I? The Everetts are nothing to me. I never liked them. They have all the silly characteristics of our modern Americans. They despise their own country; they ape foreign people and manners. Nothing here is good enough for them. They are abroad half the time, wasting their money. I am told that Miss Everett is looking for a nice highsounding title! What pleasure would there be in helping such idiots? Poverty would be the best thing for them. It would cure them of their follies and bring them to their senses. That boy that you engaged yourself to may have brains. Let him use them for the good of his family. Anyhow, they have their own friends. I never aspired to their select circle!"

"I suppose it requires so much. But, indeed, you are misjudging them in some ways. Mollie is engaged to a young fellow named Burrows. He is in Mr. Everett's office. He thinks everything could be arranged if you would help him. Mr. Powers has offered all he owns."

"Just like him! He'd give away his head if it were loose."

"It would be worth taking, I think."

"Who sent you to me"?

"No one. I was told not to come; that it would be useless."

"Still you came."

"Yes. I found out last winter that people were entirely mistaken about you. I think you might do this simply out of good nature. Perhaps, if you save the Everetts from disgrace they will reform and adopt their own country."

"You haven't broken off your engagement?"

"I've fulfilled it."

"Pray, what do you mean?"

"Why, Larry and I were married this morning."

"You married him this morning? Why what sort of a girl are you? You took him in his misery? He let you do it? I thought such women were out of date."

"Like the pattern on a china cup? Oh, no. Nature repeats herself."

"So this is your wedding-day?"

"Please don't speak and look as if I were an object of pity. I am proud and thankful to be his wife. I want to keep bright and strong for his sake. If I can't help him in one way I may in some other. He has done nothing wrong, and if the worst comes —why, we can live our life somewhere under the stars and make our own happiness!"

"Stay a moment. A girl like you should have a bright wedding-day. Let me think. Powers offered all he had—the widow's mite, eh! You gave him yourself. I have learned something to-day. Young people are a great deal better than I supposed — warm-hearted, generous, thoughtful, self-sacrificing to the uttermost! You possess that old-fashioned faith. It is a nice virtue to have. It came honestly to you. My girl, because you proved your faith in me this day, and for no other reason, I will do all that you ask. Come, come, now. No tears today. How does the song go? 'Tears for to-morrow, but kisses to-day.' Will you give me just one kiss? There—I want you to smile. Rose — Rose Everett—that is your name now—you must have a wedding-gift."

"Oh, you have given me all that I want!"

"And you must have a proper celebration."

"Oh, never mind about us."

"See here, little woman; I fancy you have been living for days in a nightmare of horrors. Isn't that so? Now, the first thing to be done is to communicate with your husband. We'll go down to the library; I know of nothing so conducive to rest and reverie as a wood fire. I'll carry out all your wishes. The messenger will be ready as soon as we are. Come."

Feeling somewhat dazed, Rose followed the old man and sank into a great arm-chair before the blazing logs. She perceived his movements and actions and heard his voice for some minutes with a sense of half consciousness; then she felt surprised at his business-like and rapid proceedings. He had seated himself at his desk while he talked.

To be Continued.

BERLIN'S DRUG STORES

Curious Names Bestowed by Apothecaries on Their Shops.

The German drug store is always a mystery to the traveller when he first becomes one of its customers. The apothecary's department, which is only one feature of our drug store, is an independent establishment in Germany and is devoted to the filling of prescriptions and the duties of the apothecary. The "droguerie," quite a separate place; provides half the articles customarily found here in the drug store. It is to the droguerie that one must go for soap, toothbrushes, drugs in the pure, and all of the articles not dealt in by the apothecary. The division may be a convenient one after the mysteries have been mastered, but it is confusing at first.

Another peculiarity of the apothecaries is that most of them have names displayed. That custom dates from the earliest days of their history. One of the most famous in Berlin closed its doors the other day, and the incident recalled some interesting facts. The old names of the shops have survived to some extent, although the purely fantastic names have given place to others better suited to the commercial exigencies of modern times. The city to-day possesses 164 shops of apothecaries, and many have adopted names taken from the street, square or region in which they are situated. There are fifty-six of these, and nineteen are known only by the names of their proprietors. Nineteen are named after birds, the eagle having ten named in its honor. There are all sorts of eagles among these ten, black, red and white. Other names include wild animals, mythological names such as Minerva and Flora, and royal titles like Friedrich and Augusta Victoria. Most curious are those called after famous historical personages, such as Arminius, Roland and Siegfried. [illegible] difference between the ea[illegible] in Berlin and the present is the [illegible]ical disappearance of the French apothecaries. In 1780 when the first count was taken three out of twenty-one were French. Twelve of these original places are known today by the names they bore then.

Jimmy and Jane.

Those were their names—Jimmy and Jane. Everybody in the village knew them; they had many friends; yet all agreed with wonderful unanimity that they were two of the strangest individuals ever seen.

Jimmy—his full name was James Bradford—was a bachelor of about fifty years, reputed to have a stocking full of gold and silver coins, which he kept in his feather bed. He was a noted hater of women, and seldom spoke to one.

Jane—or more properly Miss Jane Green—was called an old maid, lived in a tiny house by herself, and had a holy horror of the biped man. Her age was "uncertain," but her fortieth birthday was of the past.

Jimmy took life easily, but was opposed to ostentation and the modern acceptation of the term "luxury."

He dressed without regard to fashion, but within the bounds of respectability. He even rode out in his own carriage but it was by no means a modern vehicle; it had done service, he would proudly tell you, since his grandfather's days, quite a century ago.

He cared little for books; society he abominated, because it was spoiled by admitting women, and of the few diversions that went to make up the sum of his life's pleasures, fishing held the place of prominence.

Even in the pursuit of this gratification Jimmy was not free from harassment, for he was obliged to pass by the door of a cottage occupied by a woman in order to reach the river. The woman was no other than Jane.

One bright afternoon in September, Jimmy was lounging along the river bank when the splash of oars in midstream fell upon his ears. He looked in the direction of the sound, and then a scowl wrinkled his forehead.

"Humph!" he muttered, "that old maid, Jane Green, is trying to row over to Ned Brown's. She'd better be to home, drinkin' tea. Most likely she'll manage to get drowned. What a fuss she makes, splashin' an' flappin' about.'

He pulled up his line with an angry jerk, put a fresh worm on the hook, and then cast out the line again, with an outlay of strength quite unnecessary, unless to give vent to his indignation.

The "splashin' an' flappin' about," instead of dying away in the distance as the boat neared the other side of the river, grew louder and more disturbing, and half in wonder, half anger, Jimmy looked around again.

"Drat the luck!" he cried. "If she ain't gone an' rowed right smack inter that eddy—the only one within two miles at that. If that ain't jest like a fool woman. I'd like to know what 'tis like."

Just then his attention was attracted to his line, and Jane's peril was for a moment forgotten.

A forcible reminder came in the form of a loud piercing scream, followed by a frightened appeal for help.

"There, jest as might ha' been expected. The first bite I've had for an hour, an' that miser'ble woman had to let out a screech an' scare the fish away."

"Help! Help! I shall drown!" screamed the woman.

There was no question about it Miss Jane was in great peril. Her boat, an old leaky shell—was twirling about the rapid, rotary motion causing at frequent intervals foamy waves to splash over its sides, and it bade fair to sink in short order.

"Let her drown!" growled the woman-hater savagely. "There'll be one less woman—gosh! she will go down as sure as fate. Bein' a sort of human critter, I s'pose I'll hev to pull her out, er the neighbors 'll lynch me."

His own boat happened to be near at hand, and a few rapid strokes brought him as near the eddy as safety permitted.

"Here!" cried he, grumblingly, as he threw out a rope, "ketch hold of that, if you don't want to drown."

Miss Jane had been so occupied with her fears and struggles that up to this moment she was unaware that assistance had arrived. At the sound of his voice she turned quickly.

Her hasty movement caused the boat to go down, but she clung heroically to the oars and regarded her would-be rescurer with a look of horror.

"Merciful powers! Jimmy Bradford, of all men lemme drown!"

"Don't be a tarnation fool, Jane Green! Ketch hold of that rope an' I'll pull you out."

"Never!" cried Jane, spurting out a stream of water from her mouth and paddling desperately with both hands to keep afloat.

"Then I'll pull ye out, anyhow!" ejaculated Jimmy. "I never knew any livin' woman had such grit. You're too plucky for fish bait, an' I'll save ye, whether er no."

Despite Jane's gurgled protests, he hurriedly hauled in the rope, formed a slipnoose at one end, and hurled it over the half drowned woman's shoulders. Then he exerted his strength in a vigorous pull, which Jane resisted with all her waning powers, and succeeded in lifting her into the boat.

"O dear!" she gasped. "And to think that I should owe my life to Jimmy Bradford,"- and then, too much exhausted to bear up longer, she closed her eyes and fainted away.

"Wuss an' wuss!" cried Jimmy. "Did ever a man hev such luck? What in the world am I goin'g to do with a faintin', half-drowned woman, I'd like to know! I've half a mind to leave her here in the boat an' start for home."

But he didn't. He did precisely the opposite.

He drew the boat upon the sloping shore, and after carrying Miss Jane to a sheltered spot beneath a wide-spreading willow tree, proceeded to restore her to consciousness. When she opened her eyes the first thing that met her gaze was Jimmy's face.

"O, my soul!" she gasped, feebly, "Am I in the power of the Evil One?"

"Draw it a little mild, Jane Green. I ain't the Evil One, nor no kin to him as I knows on. An' you're showin' mighty little appreciation for havin'g your life saved, I can tell ye."

"Wall," said Jane, after a moment's thought, "perhaps I was a little too harsh. I s'pose there are wuss bein's on the face of this airth than you be. I reckon you'd ha' better jest me drown, though, than to set all the tongues o' scandal waggin' against me."

"You're too plucky a woman to feed fishes on, an' too good looking, to."

Jane's pale face changed in a moment to a deep carnation hue, and her tone might have indicated either real or pretended reproach as she replied:

"Shame on ye, Jimmy Bradford, to make fun of a misfortunate an' defenseless woman. I'll go home this minute."

She arose, trembling and weak, and attempted to walk away, but staggered and was obliged to grasp a branch of a tree for support.

"You're too weak to go home now, Jane," said Jimmy, approaching. "You'd better stop a while longer."

"So you could make more fun of me, I s'pose," said she, tartly. "No, thank you, Mr. Bradford."

"I didn't say more'n I meant, Jane Green, nor more'n I'd say another time. I never knew before that women had so much gumption. But if you're bound to go I'll give you a boost, for you couldn't get there alone. Here, take my arm."

"An' set the hull town to talkin'," cried Jane.

"'Taint best that they talk," retorted Jimmy. "The first one that says a word ag'inst you will feel that," exhibiting a hard and formidable fist.

After considerable persuasion, Jane was at last induced to take his arm, and off they walked, a most singular looking couple.

"Now be careful and see that you don't take cold after yer duckin'," said Jimmy as they reached the invalid's home. "You'd better make you some hot ginger tea to once. An' if you'll agree to it I'll drop in to-morrow an' see how you are."

Jane agreed to it coyly, and Jimmy turned away, with new and strange feelings lingering in his breast.

"Blest if she ain't a plucky one," he said to himself. "I never see a woman before that had any sense. She'd make a good wife for a feller that liked women folks."

But a month later found her the wife of a man who did not like women folks, and that contented individual was no other than Jimmy Bradford.

THE END OF MAHDISM.

THE DEAD YAKUB AND HIS FOLLOWERS BESIDE THE KHALIFA'S BLACK FLAG.

The finest heroic display in the dervish ranks was made by the Khalifa's brother, the Emir Yakub, who, with his followers, gathered in a dense mass round their standard and proudly faced the leaden hail. As Yakub expired, several of his wounded bodyguard raised themselves and fired at our men. They were promptly despatched. Slatin Pasha witnessed the death of his old enemy and captor, Yakub, who recognized him.

HE HUMBLED ITALY

But Britain's Martial Power is Quite a Different Thing.

With the victory of Adowa in March, 1896, Menelik leaped into European fame as a new puppet worth playing with, says the London Daily Mail. His armies had humbled Italy and enlarged his territories, his vanity was ripe for ambitious schemes, and there were adventurers ready and eager to play upon it.

Menelik, Negus Negusti, "the Lion of Jusdah," succeeded John II. in 1889. In his earlier years, as King of Shoa, he had won successes against the wild Galla tribesmen, and was known as a wily subject; and by 1890 he had subdued by force or craft all the Danaquils of the coast and Gallas of the south to his rule.

After his victories against Italy he may be excused for imagining that he is the "King of Kings," while he was old enough to remember the retreat from the Soudan of 1885, and—be deceived by it.

The Negus is handsome for an Abyssinian—with a clever face and cruel mouth. A general of no mean ability, he can put 200,000 fighting men into the field, and he has always large bodies of troops operating against the tribesmen of the south or the dervishes.

The Abyssinian is a born fighter and a splendid shot, as the Italians learnt to their cost; while at the end of the war there were known to be 100,000 MODERN RIFLES IN THE COUNTRY.

Menelik is anything but lacking in common sense, and he was reported to have a wholesome fear of the Soudan expedition; yet he has not been able to resist the magnificent temptations of Prince Henri d'Orleans to rule west to the Nile, north to Kassala, and south to Lake Rudolf.

That is why at the present time Abyssinians are threatening Gedaret, Ras Maakonnen, is on the Sobat, and M. Leontieff is being painfully disillusioned in his wide domains in Equatoria.

It would be a mistake to imagine Menelik an autocrat without a rival, and a greater mistake to suppose he does not know it. Those who know Menelik have a shrewd suspicion that the Governor got his Equatorial provinces because they were too troublesome to keep.

The Gallas are always fighting. Only in October it took two expeditions and many men to reduce the King of Kaafa. In June, 1857, the Somalis cut to pieces a force of 3,000 Abyssinians, while in Ogaden 200 would-be tax-collectors were promptly massacred.

No doubt Menelik smiled in his sleeve when he heaped his favours on Leontieff.

In Abyssinia proper Menelik is stronger; but the Abyssinian is turbulent and treacherous, and divided, moreover, by bitter divisions.

TRIBAL JEALOUSIES.

Menelik is a Shoan, and the favour he shows to his tribe, the Ambara, is bitterly resented by the tribes of Tigre and Lasta, who are the better warriors and horsemen. More important are the religious differences, Menelik is no bigot, but he has an unpleasant way of baptising new conquests at the point of the sword.

The French influence in Abyssinia has had two ends—to annoy and hamper the English in the Soudan, and to carve out a French protectorate on the east of the Nile. Nor has she altogether failed. She may yet succeed in embroiling Menelik with England at Gedaref, whither some time ago an Abyssinian force was marching, which will now meet 3,000 successful Egyptians. And Bonchamps left French officers behind with Ras Makonnen on the Sobat.

But Menelik is not likely to press on either at Gedaref or Fashoda. In the swamps of the Nile the hardy Abyssinian mountaineers die like flies, while Kassala is really beyond his natural boundaries, and his treaties with Italy show that he knows it.

NOT ALL BEETLES ARE BAD.

The common ground beetle devours cut-worms in great numbers, and the soldier bug and the wheel bug are noted for their predacious instincts. They live upon whatever worms, slugs and insects they can find in the garden. Even our wasps are great insect destroyers, and if we could overcome our natural prejudice against them we should find that they deserve to live. They will not sting one unless cornered or frightened in some way; but they will destroy tent caterpillars and slugs by the dozen.

DECLARED HIS INTENTIONS.

Fond Mother—Has Signor Arturo, with whom you have been dancing all th eevening, at last declared his intentions?

Yes, mamma.

Thank goodness! What did he say?

He declared he would never get married.

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