MY MARRIAGE.

"The present monthly of he weeking and web is nothing, Madgie."

Homphrey has spent a great deal of money this morning, and I literally gasp at the cost of our presents. There are Dora, Isabel, and Regy still to be provided | brows, and surveys the pretty picture with for; but, with Humphrey's assistance, the difficulties are surmounted. We purchase a silver locket and chain for Dora, a model steamboat for Regy to work on the pond at home I can fancy his face when he sees it -and little Isabel will be happy for some time in the possession of the waxen blueeyed baby that I spend more time in choosing than I did over all the other presents; for I still have a lingering affection for dolls, and a secret longing to be a child again and enjoy such delights.

Flushed and smiling, I look up at my husband after these purchases are made .--This is the pleasantest day I have yet spent in Paris, for every hour of it has been occupied in thinking of the dear ones

"There is only papa, now," I say next. "Oh, Humphrey, please help me! I do not know what to get for him."

Humphrey gives all the assistance in his power; but we cannot arrive at any satis-

factory conclusion. "Men are so hard to please," I say, for I am at my wits' end. When they are boys one can give them pocket-knives. I think I have given Jack a knife every Christmas for the last ten years."

"A book," Humphrey suggests. "A book-eh, yes?" I assent joyfully,-"The very thing! Clergymen always want books,33

But the difficulty of choosing a volume is so great that at last we purchase an inkstand for papa's study table at home. "And now you look tired, dear. We had better go home," Humphrey says; "and we can finish another day."

MANAGEMENT WITH THE PARTY OF TH Our visit to Paris is over at last, and we eanary," chimes in Isabel, in her high childare starting for home. I endure every- ish voice. thing cheerfully-fatigue, seasickness, all the weariness and discomforts-for every moment brings me pearer home. As our journey draws to a close, I laugh and talk

"What spirits you are in, Madgie!"-Humphrey remarks; and I cry out raptur-

"Only to think that I shall see them all to-night! Oh, Humphrey you cannot imagine what it is to be going home! It is worth while being married and going away only to have the pleasure of coming back !"

He does not auswer, but looks out o the window of the railway-carriage. Long afterwards I know how my words pained him, how it hurt him to think that he had no share in my gladness, that in my heart there was no room for love for him. Humphrey is very kind and gentle; and

when he lifts me out at the little station at home, he says quietly-"Here are Bee and Jack come too meet

He goes away to see to the luggage, and I spring forward and cling tightly to Bee, with a sob in my throat at the first sound of her clear young voice. Jack gives me a boyish hug, and then stands back. "You are an awful swell, Madgie! You

don't look a bit like your self." "Come ?" I cry in, wild delight. "Come, Beel Oh, I can't believe I am at home

With Bee and Jack, one at each, side, I am hurrying from the station, when Jack

"Where is Humphrey?" I have forgotten him. For a second my hushand has gone clean out of my mind. "He will soon be after us. I can't wait!" I say impatiently.

"Here he comes!" exclaims Jack. And when they have shaken hands I hasten away with Bee, leaving Humphrey to follow with Jack. Down the well-remembered bit of road,

in the glowing evening sunshine, I speed with flying feet, Hee laughing beside me. And then the familiar gate is opened, and I fly in at the open door.

"Mother!" I gasp, and feel the dear arms close round me fondly.

"Madgie, my child!" For one moment I cling to her like a frightened child, and am not able to say a word, for tears will come if I speak; but the rest are clamoring for their share of at-

"And what have you done with your ran away from him, Madgie?"

wife is coming," I answer looking round pur tot an verse, with that I have staged

Thea I turn and see my husband in the deerway. Our eyes meet; and I am half repentant, half angry, in an instant. What right has my husband to expect to be thought of every moment? It is most unreasonable! Humphrey looks dismal, sad, and jealous, but only for a second; then he speaks quite pleasantly to my father, and tells him about our journey, while am down on my knees, with my arm round Crib's neck, hugging and kissing him, and hearing Bee say that the faithful animal never touched a morsel of food for a week after I went away.

"He is quite fat now," I say, looking up; and Jack explains... "Oh, yea! It was only for a week. He

forgot you after that, Madgie." I get up and leave Crib to himself. It he can forget me in a week, his love is not worth having. Still it is delightful in the midst of them all again to hear the clamor of young merry voices, "Madgie, Madgie!" on all sides, to hear mamma saying softly, "You were sadly missed darling." Bu in all the glad loving welcome I am conclous of Humphrey's tall figure in the ekground, and know that his eyes are

never off me for a mement. "Madgie must be tired," I hear mamna's voice saying. "You had better let her take her things off; and I fancy tea is

With Ree at one side and Lona at the other, I proceed up the staircase, the chil-

dren trooping after me. -Regy-Isabel, don't worry Madgie!" my father calls out; but on this first night of my arrival his mild remonstrance goes

On the landing stands nurse, with her welcome in her eyes. "You're welcome home, dearle!" sh says tremulously—for I am the old we man's favorite. And she asks after Humbrey and tells how she has missed me in

a breath; and, with a great lump in my throat, I wish I had never gone away. But not one of them dreams that I as not quite happy, not quite contented in the love of a good husba

CHAPTER VI.

Bee and Lena stay with me while I wash off the dust of my journey from Paris; and See takes my hand and looks at my wed-

"How funny it looks, Madgie?" she says, "It seems so stronge to have you

And I laugh, because I feel tears com-

"And you have cut your

Do you know, I think it is most becoming. I wonder if it would suit me?"

I look at Lena's fresh young loveliness, as her face is reflected in the glass beside without that," he says. "Tifut flimey col- | mine. She has a childlike beauty, with a roundness of outline that is very soft and winning; and her large winning blue eves are childlike in the extreme. Smiling she draws down her soft silky hair to her eye-

great satisfaction. as I think I shall cut it. Look, Bee, does

it suit me?" "I don't know," says Bee who possesses a striking sort of beauty of her own-a laughing gipsy face, with sparkling eyes, and brown wavy hair that grows down in a peak on her broad low forehead. She is tall and lithe, and in my heart I think that Bee is the beauty of the family, and promise great things some day for my hoyden

sister. There is great "high-tea" in honor of our arrival. The tea-cakes I know are Lena's making, and are as light and flaky as cakes can be. Lena is a good cake-maker, and achieves great success in that art. With her dimpled arms bare to the elbow, she transforms flour and butter deftly into cakes that for flavor and flakiness I have

never seen rivalled. The dear old faded shabby dining-room gives me more pleasure than would the grandest banqueting-hall, and the homely fare is more to my taste than the most elaborate feast would be. Not once during the whole meal do I address Humphrey; shall have him all my life to talk to, and these other and dearer ones but seldom; I am making anxious inquiries about everything of interest around the place, especially about my garden; and I am asking after every individual fowl in the yard. We have each our special favorites, and I confess it was with a pang I gave up all claim to my own pets when I married.

I have taken your garden, Madgie," Helen says quietly; "and it is in good or-"And mamma said I might have your

I suppose I am very foolish, but this difision of my possessions hurts me; it sounds as if I were dead. One has my garden, another my canary; and Jack declares Crib to belong to him now that I am

I should like to take Crib to Carstairs," I say piteously. "I should like to have something I had here;" and involuntarily my eyes go to my husband's face. He is

looking at me fixedly, intently. "Crib is an awfully ugly brute," Jack preaks in. I am sure Humphrey could get you a much jollier dog."

"It would not be her old friend," Humphrey says quietly. "And I think that Madgie would rather have Crib than a new pet."

I give him a quick grateful look, and stop to pat Crib's rough head. He is still fond of me, poor dog, and is keeping close

After all there is something sad in this home-coming. I am of them, and yet not one of them now. My high spirits collapse suddenly; I giance round the table and wonder how it looks every day with my vacant place. I feel as if I have come back from the grave, and am standing unseen gazing in at the open door, with bursting heart to view the place that knows me no longer

"If you loved your husband, it would be different." A voice seemed to be whispering and echoing that sentence over and over again. I do not love him; I know that if I were never to see him again it would not trouble me much. When he speaks, when he whispers tenderly and passionately his great love for me, my heart beats not one sensation quicker. am conscious only of a sense of weariness, a kind of dreary depression seems to take possession of my whole being, when Humphrey talks of love; or perchance the ludicrous side of the matter strikes me, and I am more moved to laughter than senti-

Bee might understand such things; sh "piles up the agony" in her stories, slaying heroes with a disregard to human life, which is reckless and uncalled for, I tell her often, and leaving the beautiful but unnatural heroine lamenting. Bee's stories are all fire and misfortune, the possible and improbable mingled wildly together, the ridiculous and pathetic going hand in hand. And they all end badly-there is nearly always a funeral knell instead of

"I don't know why," she says, a piteous husband?" my father says. "Have you smile in her beautiful eyes, "but it comes naturally to me to make all my people un- stairs laden with the presents from Paris.

"A contrast to yourself," I have told my madcap sister often.

Ah, Bee, with all your imagination, do you never draw a character from real life? Are you so unobservant as not to see how the wedding-ring on your sister's finger burns and chafes into her very soul?

Three months ago it seemed possible for me to be happy with a man that I cared nothing about. It seemed then almost a noble thing to lighten the burden at home -the unromantic and weary burden of poverty-to leave one mouth less to feed, one form less to clothe, however shabbily. As a gentleman's daughter-my father's income was three hundred pounds a year, and there were eight children to feed clothe, and educate-it seemed possible then to be happy as Humphrey Carstair's wife. Now I wonder if I shall ever know what it is to be contented again.

There my husband sits at the other side of the table, and I think of my first description of him to the others at home. "Oh, only a man with a beard!" I told them on returning from a tea-party where

I first met him.

And he is only a man with a beard still -a very tall man with a slight stoop in his broad shoulders as if he had grew too fast when he was young. He is bending down now and talking to Isabel in the kind tones he always uses to children; and Isabel seems to have overcome her shyness, and is siling up into his face. The light falls upon his hair, his grave rugged features, and I am wishing, for both our sakes, we had never met. He looks up catches my | waiting on me at home. He is wearing a aye, and smiles. Some mesmeric power al- frock coat to-day, and it makes his tall fig ways seems to inform Humphrey when I ure look taller still. It is some consolation spend to one tithe of the affection he wastes

so lavishly upon her. "Humphrey," I say foreing back the thoughts that are crowding on too fast, wis our luggage to come to-night?" "Yes; they promised to send it up," he

replies, as usual answering my lightest question instantly. "Would you like me to go and look after it, Madgie "Oh, no! I suppose it will come if they

promised," I answer carelessly. drawing-room, which is faded and shabby my friend and was married to somebod like the dining-room, each piece of furniture being a veteran in its way, having It is a levely day with an antumnal haze, seen hard service for many long years. The | which the sun is breaking through carpet may have had a pattern cace, but the trend of many feet has worn it to a neu- always like a wait in the garden on Sun tral tint, and I believe it is only mamma day morning before church." Gathering

now who still thinks of the pattern as

white littles on a drab ground. This carpel was once the chief adorument of the house, when the curate brought home his bride so many long years. ago. It is a dear old room, with wide square windows, which are open to-night to let in the warm balmy air.

It grows dark early now; but the dis garden is fragrant and delightful in the dusky gloom, and the air is heavy with the eder of stocks and mignemette.

"Glad to be at home, Madgie?" It is papa's voice. He comes up to me as I stand at the open window, and lave one of his thin white hands upon my shoul-

"Yes, papa," I whisper, and lay my

cheek upon his loving hand, Poor papa! What a weary toiling life he has had! His thin face has many a weary line printed on it, and his eyes smile but sadly now. All his life he has faced poverty, and he has worked uncomchildren have grown up around him, and this world's goods are denied to him still. "Heaven knows best," he says meekly, and goes on his way with a cheerful heart and joy. If his Master gives him souls for his hire, he counts himself trebly blest, and he will meet his reward in Heaven. In our hot-headed ignorance we say it is a shame our father should be passed over. I do not think he would care were it not for the sake of his family. He never pushes himself forward, never asks for anything .--Shy, proud, and retiring, he goes to the wall, and the pushing ones meet , with success. He stands besides me now in the gloaming, and he is talking of my future. "You will be happy little Madgie," he says. "Humphrey is a noble, good man,

and loves you well." "Yes," I falter, and feel thankful that the darkness hides my face. "You are tired, dear. Where are your

apirite." "Gone for ever," I could cry out, with an agony of regret at the irrevocable step I have taken; but I only say quietly, "You

forget how far I have traveled to-day, pa-And then Jack calls out-"Here are your things, Madgie. Oh,

what a heap of boxes!" I hear them being bumped into the hall and up stairs; and presently Humphrey comes into the room and walks over to me. "Your boxes have come_they are all

"Humphrey," I whisper, standing on tip-toe, "could I get out the presents to-

"Of course, my darling. Come along, and I will unfasten the box for you." He is pleased when I show interest in anything; and I often wish he was not quite so eager to gratify my lightest desire. As we go up stairs he says suddenly in a

"Madgie, what were you thinking of to-I know what he means, but I wilfully

misunderstand him.

"Thinking of! When?" "You know what I mean, Madgie," he says sadly. «Shall I tell you your "You couldn't," I answer, with an at-

tempt at raillery; for I was not thinking "Yes, you were, Madgie; you were thinking how happy you were before I came. Am I right"-bending his tall fig-

ure a little. "Humphrey," I cry in a choked voice, "If you and I are ever to have happiness, do not try to understand my thoughts

I am ahowing more agitation than I meant to do, but I cannot help it; it is better for us to understand each other thoroughly. In an agony of regret and remorse I take his hand and press my line to It, for the pain in his voice as go a home to my heart, and something within me cries out against the injustice I am doing my

"Humphrey," I say brokenly, "I have done you a great wrong; I-I will try to atone for it !" as My darling!" he says.

I think he knows however what the confession has cost me. It is a strange place for an explanation-the landing of the wide old stair-case where I used to play at hide-and-seek in the dusky twilight when I was a child. Little did I dream then that my heart would ache as it is aching

I am smiling enough a quarter of an hour later, when Humphrey and I go down Helen and Lena are in eestacies, Bee is speechless with joy, and all the rest are equally delighted. Mamma scolds Humphrey for allowing me to bring such costly presents. He laughs, and looks at my radiant face.

«If you had asked me what I wished for, Madgie," cries Bee, "you could not have chosen anything I liked better."

The excitement subsides at last into quiet pleasure. Jack is looking at his watch every other minute, and can hardly believe it is real. Humphrey has spent money lavishly to give me pleasure, though the pleasure is but fleeting, after all.

One resolution I made on this first night of my return home-no one shall suspect that I am not perfectly happy, and so I smile brightly, as if congratulating myself on carrying off the prize, when Lena says with an envious little sigh-

al wish there were more Humphrey Car-CHAPTER VII.

The next day is Sunday; and when I go down to breakfast I find only mamma presiding at the table, and I know that according to the family custom, the others have all gone to Sunday-school, some to teach some to be taught.

"Bee has taken your class, Madgie," mamma-says; and she seems to get on very well. The children are very fond of her." This sounds like another of the family arrangements after my death; but I say

Humphrey is carefully attending to my wants; and it seems so strange to have him am looking at him, and I sincerely hope my | to me to know, that if he is long-limbed face tells no tales. I am afraid it does, for | and loosely jointed, he looks a perfect gena sorrowful smile comes into his ayes -- a | therean. There never could be any missort of dumb appeal for something I can- take about that and he has very small not understand. I am selfish enough but well-shaped hands and feet, and a well-like the feet well-shaped hands and feet, and a well-like the feet well-shaped hands and feet, and a well-shaped hands are shaped hands and feet, and a well-shaped hands are shaped hands and feet, and a well-shaped hands are shaped hands and feet hands are shaped hands are shaped hands and feet hands are shaped hands and feet hands are shaped hands a soul: It must be a terrible thing for him | do not regard him with favored eye, that to have married a woman who does not re- there is nothing plebian about him in manners or appearance... but then I could not have married a vulgar looking man. Alsugh Humphrey Carstairs is not in the least like my ideal hero, yet there are times when I find a positive pleasure in looking at him. It would be very nice to have him as a friend; then I am sure I should have great respect and warm liking for him .-White he is watching over my breakfast, and remonstrating against my simple artaking of bread and honey, I am think-And then tea is over, and we go into the ling how pleasant it would be if he were

of am going into the garden," I say," of

up my dress and throwing it over my arm, I go towards the door, and then, looking back, catch sight of Humphrey's eyes, grave, reproachful, gazing at me. - Aren't

you coming !" It is a diplomatic question, for I immediately turn the tables on him, and make it appear that I um the aggrieved party.

Side by side we saunter through the dear old garden fraught with a thousand memories to me-the sweet old, wild, neglected place, with its gandy tangled borders, its wealth of roses intertwined, which wave and toss and hend their sweet blushing faces to woo the pussing breeze. It is a very large old rambling garden, famous for its luscious plums that ripen on the high sunny brick walls. An old man, bent and infirm, toils daily amidst the overgrown current-bushes, and feebly scratches with a rake down the weedy paths between the high box borders. Here and there are spots of cultivation that gleam pleasantly from out of the tangled wilderness around. plainingly for many weary years. His I saze with loving eyes on every guarled apple-tree, on the wall-fruit-tree that send

ap an array of straight twigs pointing neavenward, and waving to and fro, on every twisted, neglected branch, on the his sweet weary face aglow with no earthly | straggling unpruned rose-trees that brush against our faces as we pass under the "These ought to be trained," Humphrey

says, pushing aside a forward spray that catches in my hair and holds me prisoner. With an exceedingly gentle touch which makes each movement a caress Humphrey releases my locks, lingering over the task lovingly; and I wonder what pleasure he can take in passing his fingers through my | dips his handkerchief into the shining hair. I glance up at him sideways from under my a shes to see what he is looking like, and each such a fond yearning expression in his eyes that a sudden flush dyes my cheeks, and, to cover my confusion, I reach up and gather a half-blown rose and fasten it in my dress. My long skirt lies unheeded at my feet. It is olivegreen cashmere, made serpent-fashion; and, straight, and slim, I bend over the resebud and do not look at Humphrey.

What a great pity it is I ever married him! I had no idea he would demand or I have everything on to match, and feel expect my whole affection. I cannot give it to him. It is perfectly impossible that I can love my husband.

The world is very fair and beautiful today. Here is the quaint old garden, the autumn sun beams on the glory of the glowing summer flowers, and I stand with downcast face and watch the sunlight flick-

ering on my wedding-ring. "Madgie," my husband says, almost in a whisper, laying his hand lightly over

"Well!" But the saucy smile dies on my lips at the look on his face. "Do you remember the question I asked He puts the question solemnly; and I answer gravely and clearly-

"You asked me to be your wife."

He takes my face between his hands and gazes on it-oh, so sadly! "Child, you have driven me mad!" he says; and my eyes fall beneath the fire that leaps into life in his., "Oh, Madgie, Madgie, why are you so sweet, so lovable? Only to break my heart when I look into the heaven of your eyes and see their beautythe sweetest eyes that were ever set in human face, that never, never smile in love

for me?" The words, with their intensity of utterance, seem to fall from him without will or power of his own; and before I can say anything he has placed his arms around me tightly, and holds me clasped to his breast as if he would never let me go. My poor little rose is crushed and broken.

"My child, my love!"-and his voice trembles. "Maggie, when your eyes reproach me I feel like a murderer. Oh, darling, say you will be happy with me His voice breaks in its deep tremulous

pleading, and tears fall down my cheeks. "Have I made you cry, my poor little wife?" he whispers pitifully. And there in the old garden I lift my head and look up into my husband's face, and force back the sobs that leap to my throat. "Humphrey," I say-and my voice is

broken whisper, not like my usual clear, girlish tones-"can you not let me try to be happy in my own way? I-I like you now; and in time-in six or seven years-I may get quite used to you, and be happy without all these"-standing back from him, and indicating by the sweep of my hand the old house, the moss-grown appletrees, the wild unkept garden-everything that comprises the word "home" to

With my eyes swimming in tears, I see but dimly the expression on his face; but the anguish, the pity of his voice hurts me

"In six or seven yearr, Madgie! What do you take me for, that I must wait for my wife's love till then!" I did not say that, even after the lapse

of all those weary weeks and months, I would love him even then. I do not think it possible that he can ever be one white more to me than he is now; but I can find it in my heart to wish that he had less feeling or that I had more. "Humphrey," I cry pitcously, my eyes

reading the stern gravity in his, "what is this love that you say can make us hap-

A half-sad and wholly tender smile deep-"When it comes child, your heart will

answer that question." Then he draws a step nearer, and lays his hands upon my shoulders for a space in which one might have counted ten. We are effent; for once I quall before the expression in his face, and my eyes fall be-

neath his. "Maggie," he says suddenly, in a hard unnatural voice, "did you marry me because I could give you this and this lifting one hand and touching the thick gold band around my neck, and the gol locket-his present-that is rising and falling with every burried palpitating breath that breaks from me to keep bac the storm of crying that is coming on

"You have no right to say that?" I exclaimed, with passionate, tearful volume ence, steadying my voice and lifting de-flant, repreachful eyes to his. "If you had been as poor poor as a church mouse" __ bringing out the ludicrous simile with gasp-eit would have made no difference with me. Do you think I like being rich -I who would be ten thousand times happier if I was Maggie Alison and with them all? Listen, Humphrey-you shall, you must hear me "-- for he has opened his lips to speak and taken his other hand from my shoulder. "Don't you understand?" I cry vehemently. "Couldn't you see how poor we were-how misers wretchedly poor, with so many to feed, clothe and educate? Can't you understand what a difference even one would make? I did not mind the poverty, save for them. I couldn't die, so I married; and the rewhy I married you, Humphrey, and not to be rich. Do you understand?"

His grave hurt voice contrasts strangely with my gasping tearful explanation. erYou could not die; so you married he repeats slowly. "Are the two so near lyakis, my wife?"

"The effect is the same-one less a home," I answered quickly, feeling as never felt before what an awfully solemn

thing marriage is. "Humphrey!" The sudden cry breaks from me-he has bowed his head and covered his face with

his hands. Have my words hurt him? When he looks up his face is white, and his eyes appear to be full of unshed tears. I can only sigh and look miserably at him. It will be terrible if we are always to go on like this. I wonder vaguely if all men are like Humphrey Carstairs. I have cried more since my marriage than I have done since I was a child, and gone through more scenes; and the more I explain the more sore and reproachful my husband seems to become. -

With an atttempt, as children call it, of "making friends," I slip one of my hands in his, and feel it clasped closely immedi-

"Humphrey, they must not know we have been quarrelling."

"Heaven knows that I have no wish to quarrel!" he says moodily; and then, looking down at my upturned face he smiles. "You poor little soul-and are you to wait seven years to get used to your husband?" At this moment I like him, and the smile that answers his, is natural.

"You will be tired of me before that, Humphrey." For answer, he stoops and kisses me,

and our little storm has blown over for the present. At the foot of the garden a tiny stream

babbles along under thickly-clustered over-

hanging shrubs. Humphrey laughingly

water and washes the tear-stains off my "No one must see the trace of tears on my wife's face," he says. "It is an unkind, uncharitable world, Madgie; and, if we have our share of troubles, let us keep

them to ourselves." I agree with him thoroughly; and, when I appear ready for church, there is not a shadow in my eyes, not a trace of recent tears to be seen. A hat made up of dark green velvet and feathers is on my head. that I am going thoroughly well and fash-

«I don't look as if I had been crying do I!" I whisper to Humphrey, as we emerge upon the road; and I take his arm-an attention on my part which he seems to ex-

He looks down and scans my features. "I don't think I ever saw you look so well," he answers.

The familiar tinkle of the little country church bell is sounding in the calm, still air. The well-known tone brings half-sad, half sweet recollections of church-goings in other times. How well I know the hare, dreary little church, with its scant collection of worshippers.

I feel that all eyes are on me to-day-that many heads turn as I come up the aisle, with my husband following, carrying our prayer-books, and taking especial care not step upon my train. The last time I was gere I was kneeling at the altar, whitefaced and resolute, vowing to love, honor, and obey Humphrey Carstairs. I wonder If he is thinking of that day. I cannot see his face, for I have got past Dora and Lena, and sit by Bee, and Humphrey is at the end of the seat by himself. In the middle of the service it strikes me that I .ght perhaps to have sat by him; but I never thought of it, and came naturally o my old place between Bee and Lena. Helen, Jack, Isabel, and Regy are sitting

The curate's family form a large part of the congregation. Mr. Thorn, the Rector, ass no family, and we children think it pard that papa should do so much of the parish-work and have so little pay and so many to keep. But we are all straight, healthy, and strong; and I think, after all, papa looks far happier than sour, crabbed old Mr. Thorn, who has seldom a smile for

Papa preaches this morning one of his weet winning sermons; and I listen to his voice and wonder why I never cared so before to hear its loving earnest tones.

For the rest of the day I belong to my wn kith and kip, and Humphrey is forgotten. We girls disappear after dinner to Helen's room; and for the afternoon no one sees us, and we talk to our heart's content, When the bell rings for tea, one idea is prominent in my mind, that my family look upon me as one of the lucky members thereof.

"I wish I was married," Lena says. looking with an envious gaze at my garments, which are immeasurably superior to hers. "You are so well dressed, Madgie; and I do not believe in beauty unadorned. You look a different being now." «Do II»

It is a very stupid remark; but my heart is full just now. How gladly would I hand over to Lena my dresses, my jewels, and my husband into the bargain, if I could only be merry, madeap Madgie Al-

"It is all nonsense about dress," cries Bee ... "I never care what I have on; but it must feel awfully nice to be cared about so much, Madgie. Humphrey perfectly worships you; his eyes follow you whereever you go."

"And what pleasure," I exclaim, facing round and looking at my sisters, edo you expect to find in eyes rolling after you, following every movement? Hee it does very well for stories; but I think it is the greatest mistake to have your husband too "And as a married woman, of course,

you speak from experience," Bee says, with a smile in her bright eyes. And then I become conscious that Helen's face is expressing surprise. siWhat do you mean, Madgie?" : Nothing. Don't look as if I had said

comething dreadful, Helen. Did I ever mean anything I said in my life !" She is not convinced; and, fearful of her reading my meaning all to clearly, I lean out of the open window, and see Humphrey sitting by himself, a book beside him-Snatching at a full-blown China-rose wasting its fragrance above my head, I shower its dainty petals on Humphrey's hat, and

he looks up and smiles. "Shall I come down?" "Not unless you want to do so," he answers; but he looks immensely pleased. I hasten down and sit beside him for five minutes, till the tea-bell rings again; and then I lead him to, and feel like some one who had captured a bear, and is trying to make the best of it. It is a very unfair thought, but a husband is a terrible drag

[To be Continued]

A MODERN LUCRETIA BORGIA.

Liverpool, Oct. 10 .- A woman named Catherine Flannigan was charged before the police court here with wholesale oning. Her mode of operation was sult is the same—there is one less at home, to induce people to allow her to insure and Jack can be sent to school. That is their lives in her favor, then poison them, and collect the insurance money She is accused of having caused the as excited so great an interest that Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Home Secretary, has ordered the bodies of six of the alleged victims to be exha

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