mer bird's last thrill. For the autumn leaves had fallen and the corn On the rail-fence seven urchins at once had Perched up like so many ravens, only all their heads were white Laughing, chattering-it were thraldom if they passed one moment still. They were very, very hungry, for their " lap

All at once they heard the clatter of the waggen Where the winding waves of Mill Creek drained the ditches of the ridge Then their glad shouts of " Hooray " all creation

When they ran to tell their mother, " Pap " was coming from the mill. All in time the blind old sorrel reined up at the And the meal with glad assistance safely landed And the good wife sweetly smiling, all the cakepaus went to fill. For the heart was very thankful that the corn

Supper over, every urchin with a piece of Johnny Went to cat it by the roadside, and the cchoes And the solemn Judge just passing, from the house upon the hill Smiled to hear the information that the "corn was some from mull. Then a vision flashed across him of the days of When he, too, through all the summer had to plough and plant and mow; When he made the dreadful scarecrow from the clothes he could not fill.

Then he thought of one bright being who had as well occupy himself. Dropping golden grains in furrows that he foltering, never still, her to mill. And throughout the next long summer how his rest heart was full of pain. With the thought of pale hands folded as he With the thought of golden ringlets as he rode | made his life intolerable.

Judge with solemn brow Knew the scene just then enacted in the great house down below; the grinding still, Smiled when Bess, the certage maiden, brought his supper to the mill,

wheels go to and fro, listened very still Listened to the "old, old story," in the shadow of

Thus our lives flow on forever, echoes of acl Will with joy and sad remem' ran

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

CHAPTER XV. ERLE ARRIVES AT REDMOND HALL.

"She hath a natural wise sincerity. A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her A dignity as nameless as the centre."

What thou bidd'st Unargued Lobey; so God ordains; God is thy law; thou name; to know more Is woman's Imppiest knowledge, and her praise.'

not alone. A better companion than her | laughed at her anxious face. white kitten, or her favorite Nero, or even | "Run away my pet, for I am busy," he | the pretty flushed face rather curiously. occupied the other velvet rocking-chair.

on the terra e, the little lake was a sheet of | Fay would go away reluctantly. blue ice and the sunshine broke on its crisp

some enchanted forest, with snow and his faults very frankly. It was quite true, Hugh.

vivacity and innocent mirth.

reached his ears. He thought it was a good out which was the chief favorite.

too, and Fay poured out tea for her friends | her name was Evelyn. in the damask drawing room, he always "Oh, I am not good at descriptions," re- looks after any of his people who are ill approve of my advice, and in his absence mittee: "The number and hardness of the merrily, but were girlishly anxious to conkept near her, as in duty bound; but he took | turned Erle, pulling Nero's long, glossy | there.' no active part in the festivities, and people | cars. "She is an awfully jolly girl, plenty | Here Erle again said, "Dear, dear;" wondered why Sir Hugh seemed so grave of go in her, lights up well of an evening but his provoking smile died away after a voice, to which Fay yielded for she offered to turn the book only was so hard and and unlike himself, and then they glanced and knows exactly what to say to a fellow glance at her face. at Fay's happy face and seemed mystified. - keeps him alive, you know; the sort of a "And," continued Fay, her mouth ground with his old playful smile. had always liked his cousin and had looked | night and get up early the next morning I am of being his wife, and must not think | furs were heavy; still, Erle was strong and up at him, thinking him a fine fellow; but and have an hour's canter in the Park be- that I am sorry that he is able to spend so wiry, and he carried her easy enoughhe noticed algreat change in him when he | fore breakfast.

came down to the old Hall to pay his re "Ah," in a mystified tone, "she seems a have him neglect his duty for the world; the two dogs bounded before him barking spects to the little bride. He thought Hugh | very active young person; but you have not | no. no, he is far too good and noble and joyously, and actually turning in at the looked moody and ill: that he was often | made me see her. Is she tall or short, useful to waste his time on me;" and Fay's Grange gates of their own accord—at leas irritable about trifles. He had never noticed | Eric? that sharp tone in his voice before. His ... Well, she is not the tall, scraggy sort, she spoke that Erle whispered under his ... Erle looked up curiously at the old re habits. Of course, he was very busy, with | height and has a good figure. his own estate and his wife's to look after: pany him when he rode to some distant | description, Erle, very bad, indeed."

hearted way when she watched Hugh and a pleasant sort of young woman." his little wife together. Hugh's manners | Fay's lip curled disdainfully. "I do not | husband, Fay."

what Fay wishes about anything. He settles everything off-hand and expects her account of the satisfied with what he has done; and she is such a dear gentle little thing that she is such a dear gentle little thing that she is such a dear gentle little thing that she is such a dear gentle little thing that she was an active young and she is such a dear gentle little thing that she was an active young and she is such a dear gentle little thing that she was an active young and she is such a dear gentle little thing that she was an active young and she is such a dear gentle little thing that she was an active young and she is such a dear gentle little thing that she was an active young and she is such a dear gentle little thing that she was an active young and she is such a dear gentle little thing that she was an active young and she is such a dear gentle little thing that she was an active young and she is such a dear gentle little thing that she was an active young and she is such a dear gentle little thing that she was an active young and she is such a dear gentle little thing that she was an active young and she is such a dear gentle little thing that she was an active young and she is such a dear gentle little thing that she was an active young and she is such a dear gentle little thing that she was an active young and she is not a good yellow in the second of the little thing that she was a little she was a or 'Certainly, if you wish it, Hugh,' from | Erle?' have snubbed her as he did, by telling her | whole situation in a moment, she knew nothing about it. She looked so |

Erle was working himself up into quite a grave House, but he had never noticed any | countess?"

sign of self-indulgence. plained of sleeping badly, and had recourse | terrupted her with an alarmed air. to narcotics. He was reckless of his health, I When across the back of "Jerry" he had packed and when Erle remonstrated with him he give them an inch, they take an ell. Who Vicarage, and ask Dora and the others to

And upon the horse behind him, hoghing, chat. in his cousin. He would have been shocked strong hint that an engagement with her she had to repeat her question before it and startled if he had known the strange, will be greatly for my interest. With her golden curls all flying, he had carried morbid fever that was robbing Hugh of all

> He was hungering and thirsting for the smile; if you marry her, Erle?" sight of a face that, he said to himself, he

But the children, laughing, playing, nor the told himself; to let that child bind him here Erle looked at her rather gloomily. "I of a walk, when Fay consulted them; so a Where the miller, white and dusty, busy with and try what change would do for him; but be poor Mrs. Trafford's experience over which made her look more a child than this quiet existence was maddening.

How he clasped her tight and closely, while she till his brain seemed stupefied, and yet he chief acquirements. "I should have to were thoroughly enjoying themselves, when had no wish for sleep. Erle told him he looked haggard and ill.

was nothing the matter, he said carelessly; of sleep plays the very deuce with a man,

or narcotics," observed Erle quietly, " your | the avenue. nerves are a little out of order. You should late; one can form the habit of sleep." But Hugh only scoffed at the notion o

little improvement hat Fay did not notice the sad change in | the hall with Nero. her husband. Now and then she would say Mitton, are you, Hugh? Your hand is so hot and Griselda had not been shocked at all. Lady Redmond sat in her "blue nestie," dry; do stay quietly with me this morning . "Don't you sometimes wish you were Fay turned still paler, and uttered a little but this bright winter's morning she was and I will read you to sleep," but Hugh only back at Daintree?" asked Erle, turning cry, but the next moment she laughed.

beauty of Hugh's child-wife, and he very That is all I had last year. Uncle talks of | gone?" soon felt almost a brotherly fondness for | the Engadine and the Austrian Tyrol next |

and that is such a bore." It had been a very pleasant ten days to | Erle was perfectly willing to describe his | band, you naughty woman! both of them, to Tay especially, who led | life at Belgrave House to Fay. She was a | Erle was such a pleasant companion; he | quaint remarks were very refreshing. He | mark. was never too tired or too busy to talk to even thought that he would confide in her her. He was so good-natured, so frank and after a fashion, and hint at a certain diffiaffectionate, so eager to wait on her and do | culty and complication that had come into her any little service, that I'ay wondered his life; he was rather desirous of knowing her such fragments of his time. But now, there. her opinion; but he began in such a round- as Erle spoke, a dim unconscious feeling "Nonsense," replied Erle, impatiently; Hugh smiled at them indulgently. It about fashion that Fay was quite perplexed. came over her that another was usurping "what does that matter in a case like this. aware of the origin of the word "pie" always pleased him to see his wee wife | She understood at last that he was talking | his rightful place; that it was her husband I suppose you think that good Samaritan used by you printers, I believe for conhappy and amused; but he thought they about two girls, who both seemed to influ- who ought to be riding and driving with ought to be ridin were like two children together, and secretly ence him, and for whom he had special lik- her, and not his young cousin, but in her helped that poor traveller?"

for her rides and drives when he was too imperious way, and put a stop to his unsatis-

him a few downright questions. So Fay and Erle scoured the country to. "You are terribly vague," she said, to waste it on me? You see," she continued. know whether they are old or young; but were so complicated that one of the first them "good-bye." When the father him aught but a warm friend and generous gether, and when the frost came they skated | wrinkling her forehead in a wise way and | with much dignity, " he has my estate to | Hugh said that he had had a misunder- | duties of the Service Books Revision Com- | tapped at the Princess of Wales' bedroom | neighbor, and if he does love Nita Dominfolding her little white hands on her lap; look after as well as his own, and it is a standing with them, and that it would be mittee in Edward VI's time was to sim- door he got no answer, and opening it lique she will have gained a true and noble Sir Hugh stood and watched them once, they looked absurdly dimpled and babyish large one, and he has no reliable bailiff." and they came skimming across the ice to | in spite of the brilliant diamond and emermeet him, hand-in-hand, Fay looking like a | ald rings that loaded them. "How is a person to understand all that rigmarole? It was delicious, Fay said, and would not | Perhaps I am stupid, but you talk so fast, on magisterial business ever so often," Mugh join them? But her husband shook | you silly boy, and now tell meexactly what | and here Fay stammered slightly over the | present agreeable circumstances we must has become known as 'pie'—an equivalent | trass from her own splendid guest chamber

Erle in his heart was mystified, too. He girl who will dance like a bird half the guivering a little, "you must see how proud Fay was very small and light, but her be read than to read it when it was found

"Yes, and her face?" demanded Fay | furlined coat.

said once to himself as he paced his com- would not do at all. Fay's little satire fell to her but that? fortable room rather indignantly. "He is very short of the truth. "You have not not a bit in love with her one sees that the hit it off exactly. Lady Maltravers is frivo a moment, and yet the poor little thing lous, if you like a mild edition of the relores him. It makes one feel miserable nowned Mrs. Skewton-thinks of nothing to see her gazing at him as though she were but diamonds and settlements and all the worshipping him : and he hardly looks at vanities for which your worldly woman her, and yet she is the prettiest little crea. sells her soul. It is a great, wonder that, ture I have seen for a long time. How with such an example before her eyes, Miss Percy would rave about her if he saw her : Solby is not as bad herself; but she is a but I forgot, l'ercy's idol is a dark-haired wonderfully sensible girl and never talks that sort of nonsense. Why, she goes to "All the same," went on Erle restlessly early service and looks after some poor

"no man has any right to treat his wife as | people; not that she ever mentions these a child. Hugh never seems to want to know facts, for she is not a goody-goody sort at

morning to night. Somehow that sickens | "Well," Erle began again, but this time | a fellow. I daresay she is a little childish he utterly broke down; fer how was he to "What a pity," she said, sorrowfully; "for "Ah, poor child, she is faint. Will you ticket given at the Missouri river by the met at the steamer's dock by her uncle she and crude in her ideas; that aunt of hers describe this girl with her beautiful frank must be a duffer to have brought her up mouth and her soft smiling eyes. He had specified the Romney girls and the Huntingdon, there is an easy couch there, "punch photograph" of the holder. This and found herself utterly alone in a land of like a little nun; but she is sensible in her | never found out their color at all. Would way. Hugh had no idea that she was read. Fay understand if he told her of the spright admires Dora Spooner immensely, and now way to a pleasant room with an old-fashioned the passenger. Along the margin of the ing the paper for an hour yesterday, that liness and sweetness that, in his opinion, I suppose there will be no skating." she might talk to him about that case in | made Fern so peculiarly attractive to him. which he is so interested, or he would hardly But, to his astonishment, Fay grasped the away fast enough," returned Hugh, with a little sealskin hat with hand that trembled

disappointed, poor little thing, there were boo," she said, with a knowing nod of her white surface, some brown sparrows and a then put some wine to Fay's lips. Fay tears in her eyes; but Hugh never saw head, "so it is not the young lady with the robin were hopping across the snow. Not a roused herself and drank some obediently, them, he never does see if she is a little go in her, though he does dance like a bird ; breath stirred the laden branches, though and a little color came back to her face. tired or dull, and I don't call that treating it is this other one with the fair hair and they drooped under their snowy festoons. "It is my foot, the boot hurts it so," she

virtuous fit of indignation on Fay's behalf; returned Erle, staring at her with an hon- and there is danger of a thaw." but presently he became secretly anxious. est boyish blush on his face. "Do you " Never mind, we will see how it is to Before the end of his visit he grew afraid know that Miss Trafford is poor; that she morrow, and Erle shall take me for a walk that more was amiss with Hugh than he at | makes her own gowns and teaches the instead. I suppose," a little plaintively, first guessed. He had often stayed with him vicar's little girls; and that Miss Selby, of "you will be too busy to come too?" before and Hugh had visited them at Bel- whom you speak so rudely, is niece to a "Oh, yes, far too busy," Hugh assured

He thought Hugh was beginning to take scornfully, "if your lady love be poor, Erle, Fay read hers-a few notes- and then sat more wine than was good for him. He com- you are rich enough for both;" but he in- silent behind her silver urn until Erle

"That is the worst of chattering to a she brightened up and began to talk. too, and worked often far into the night, woman," he said, in a lofty way. "If you "I think I will send off a note to th only said he could not sleep, and he might said I was in love with either of them? Do come all the same, and we will have a nice you know my uncle has spoken to meabout | walk this morning-that is, if you do no But in reality he never guessed, except in Miss Selby? He says she is a fine girl and mind, Hugh," looking at the handsome a vague way, the real reason for this change after his own heart, and he has given me a abstracted face bent over the paper; but

But Fay turned a deaf ear to all this.

had better never look on again; his very have anything more to do with me. No want them;" but it may be doubted nearness to Margaret kept him restless and doubt he would disinherit me, as he did his whether he ever heard her thanks as he own daughter, and Percy would be his heir. | buried himself in his paper again. What a fool he had been to marry, he Ah, it is all very well talking, Fay," and The dogs were delighted at the prospect down to this sort of life. If he could only have never learnt to work, and I should merry party started down the avenue break away for a time-if he could travel make a pretty mess of my life. It would -Fay in her furs and little sealskin hat, again. And he shook his head when Fay ever, and Erle in that wonderful coat of He was trying his fine constitution terri- suggested that Hugh should let him have his, lined with sable, and the two big dogs bly and he knew it. He would tire himself one of his farms. He knew nothing about racing on before them, and ploughing with out riding over his estate, and then sit up farming; a little Latin and Greek, a smat- their noses in the deep cold snow. over his letters and accounts half the night, tering of French and German were his They had walked about two miles, and turn boatman, or starve. No, no, Fay; I all at once Fay slipped

Selby is very nice." he was tough, like all the Redmonds, and Fay was very angry with him when he a bird. Erle never had to offer her any he had never been ill in his life. If he only said this, for she had taken a curious fancy assistance—he would as soon have thought slept better he should be all right, but want to this Fern Trafford, but Erle would not of helping a robin. It must have been "If I were you I should not touch spirits gravely proposed a game of snowballing in | Erle was walking calmly along, striking

take things more easily and not sit up so herself much shocked at the idea. Hugh her usual fashion, all at once she slipped gardeners might see them. As it was, Hugh and she sank down comfortably on the nerves, and during his long visit Erle saw had told her he was afraid the servants snow, only with rather a pale face. were not sufficiently in awe of her ever It was very awkward and embarrassing He was thankful, and yet puzzled, to see | since they saw her playing hide-and-seek in | a most unfortunate circumstance, as the

to him rather timidly, as though she feared it, though, and had snowballed Nero last think she could stand, much less walk a rebuff, "You are not quite well to-day, year in the Daintree Garden, and Aunt and when Erle knelt down to examine the

round from the window and contemplating her faithful friend Pierre, the St. Bernard, | would answer. "If you want a companion, oh, no," she returned quickly, "how and I cannot think how it happened. No here is this idle fellow, Erle, who never did | can you ask me such a question, Erle? I it is not so very painful, unless I try to

Outside the snow hay deep and unbroken a stroke of work in his life, I believe," and | could not imagine life without Hugh. Does | move. What are we to do, Erle?" it not seem strange?" she continued seri-Erle had already grown very confidential ously, "I have only been married about returned, disconsolately, looking down the with Fay. In her gentle way she took him five months, and yet I find it impossible to lane, while the two dogs gazed wistfully into The avenue itself looked like the glade of to task for his desultory life. Erie owned | imagine myself back at the cottage without | his face, as though they were quite aware

above stretched the pure blue winter's sky, self at the university and had been chiefly lessly, as he sauntered back to the fire. not ride on Pierre's back, you are hardly blue grey, shadowless, tenderly indicative known there as a boating man; but he had place, "that I have been here ten days and small enough for that; and with all my of softness without warmth and color with- been extremely popular in his college. "It must begin to think of my return? If goodwill I am afraid I should not succeed it is all very well," he grumbled, as he sat in there is one thing I hate, it is to outstay carrying you two miles—these furs are Fay in her dark ruby dress looked almost | Fay's bouldoir that morning, talking to her | my welcome. I should be afraid of boring | heavy, Fay-and yet how am I to leave as brilliant as the morning itself as she sat in his usual idle fashion. "What is a fel- you both if I stayed much longer. Well, you sitting in the snow while I go in search by the fire talking to her husband's cousin, low to do with his life? Perhaps you can what now?" breaking off in some surprise. of help. I suppose," with another look

while away an idle week or two at the old | make the grand tour, and then I could have | the smiles and the dimples disappearing in enlarged my mind. Ah, yes! every fellow a moment, "you are surely not going away He had been there for ten days now, and | wants change," as Fay smiled at this, "what | yet. What shall I do without you?" con he and Fay had become very intimate. Erle | does a little salmon-fishing in Norway sig- | tinued the poor child. "Who will ride and had been much struck by the singular nify; or a month at the Norfolks Broads? drive and skate with me when you are the other day. This lane leads to the

"Why, your husband, to be sure," re. quarter of a mile from the village." the gentle little creature, with her soft summer, but he travels en grand seigneur. turned Erle lightly, watching her as he "All right," responded Erle, cheerfully spoke. "You have not forgotten your hus. "I can carry you as far as that easily.

solemnity. his head. When other people came to skate, this Miss Selby is like. I think you said long world, but recovered herself in an certainly avail ourselves of the first shelter originally to "calendar." Archbishop

little of his time with me, for I would not | he actually had breath to joke too-while face wore such a sweet tremulous smile as | Pierre did, and Nero followed him.

but his heart, and dy out against him in whom have you brought with you, Pierre? "Why on earth has he married her?" he "Oh, no," replied Erle eagerly, for this that bitter waking that all was worthless stroking the dog's noble head. CHAPTER XVI.

* FAY'S DILEMMA.

Blessing she is : Ged made her so :

Ami deeds of week-day holiness

Fall from her noiseless as the snow ; Nor hath she ever chanced to know That aught were easier than to bless, And through the windows of her eyes We often sawher saintly soul. Serene, and sad, and sorrowful, Go sofrowing for lost Paradisc.

she never objects. It is 'Yes, dear Hugh,' person. And now, about the other one, blue ice could be seen for the drifts that lay see her coming through a sort of haze, system on overland roads to California, to Author to seek the assistance of an heaped on the little lake.

She called Hugh to look out with her. noon. Erle is so fond of young ladies, and he and a nice fire?" and Margaret led the is supposed to be a complete description of strangers.

hasty glance at the glorious prospect out. slightly, and laid the pretty head with its "Oh, you need not tell me, you poor side; there were tiny bird tracks on the softly ruffled hair on the cushions, and "I daresay the ice would be right enough "How do you know, you little witch?" for a little while; but the air feels milder,

her, as he seated himself at the breakfast "Well, what of that?" responded Fay table and commenced opening his letters. sauntered lazily into the room, and then

reached Hugh's car.

"Oh, no! it does not matter to me," he "And the fair-haired girl with the pretty | answered, indifferently. "Ask whom you like, Fay. The Spooners and Romneys, "In that case my uncle would refuse to did you say? Oh! by all means, if you

must not swamp my own prospects for a How it happened neither of them had but Sir Hugh only laughed at him; there mere sentimental idea. And, after all, Miss any idea. Fay was sure-footed, she skimmed over the frozen snow as lightly as listen to her; he got up and shook himself orange-peel, as Fay suggested-only neither and walked to the window, and then very of them saw any-but all the same, just as carelessly at the branches with his dandy Fay thought he was serious and expressed | cane, and Fay chattering and laughing would not like it, she was sure; one of the and her foot seemed to double up under her,

were two miles from Redmond Hall, and She confessed that she was very fond of there was Fay protesting that she did not dainty little foot, and touched it lightly,

" I am afraid I have sprained my ankle. It was very silly and awkward of me

"That is just what I don't know." h of the dilemma, and felt very sorry for icicles pendant from every bough; while he said, that he had not distinguished him- "Do you know," observed Erle care. their little mistress. "I suppose you could Erle Huntingdon, who had come down to tell me that. Uncle ought to have let me "Ah, Erle!" exclaimed Fay sorrowfully, that only landed him in ploughed fields, " there is not a house near, and yet this is

one of the Sandycliffe lanes.' " I don't think we are far from the Grange -the curious old red-brick house we passed Sandycliffe road, and I expect we are not a

" Oh! but we must not go to the Grange," Fay never knew why a sudden sharp returned Fay, in rather a regretful voice. shrewd little person in her way, and her pang shot through her at Erle's careless re. She was suffering a good deal of pain with her foot, her boot hurt her so, but she would ! It had never occurred to her simple not make a fuss. "The Ferrers are the mind to question her husband's right to only people who have not called on us keep so entirely aloof from her and to give and Hugh would not like me to go

marvelled at the scraps of conversation that ing; but for a long time she could not find wifely loyalty she stifled the feeling, and | Fay tried to laugh, but it was rather an a magpie. The allusion in the latter is to | Princess Thyra was still unmarried, the of Lucy's voice the judge knew that she spoke firmly, though with crimsoned cheeks, effort. "You do not understand," she the varying colors in which the directions Princess of Wales and the Czarina with had left her seat and was nestling close to thing that I'ay should have a companion | She grew impatient at last, in her pretty, like the brave little woman she really was. said, gently; "Hugh used to know the or calendar of the Church's service books their children came on a visit to Fredens-"Why, you extremely foolish boy," she Ferrers, and he says they are very nice were set forth. The directions of the borg. One morning the King was going Devereux has been most kind to us, but we busy to go with her himself, and somehow factory rambling style of talk, by asking said, "don't you know that Hugh has people; he is the blind vicar of Sandycliffe, calendar, which in its simplified form now out on a very early expedition and detersomething better to do with his time than and his sister lives with him. I do not precedes the Book of Common Prayer, mined to go to his daughters' rooms to bid has never given us real reason to suppose

"Dear, dear," replied Erle, with much he does not wish me to visit them." "And he has to ride over to Pierrepoint and the unfortunate traveller were not on symbol of perplexity and confusion. Hence simple bedchamber he found his two elder your life, Lucy," faltered the mother. visiting terms afterwards, but under the perplexity and confusion in printed matter | married daughters had each taken a mat instant;" and he visits the infirmary, and that offers itself. Hugh would quite Cranmer said before the Revision Comthere was a slight peremptoriness in Erle's | changings of the service, was the cause that | ing .- Modern Society. no resistance when he lifted her from the intricate a matter that many times there

cheerfulness, too, seemed forced; and he neither is she a diminutive creature, like breath, "You are a darling," and went brick house, with its picturesque gables had grown strangely unsociable in his your ladyship. Miss Selby is medium out silently, and perhaps for the first time and mullioned windows, and then, as b in his life forgot to hum as he put on his deposited Fay on the stone seat inside the porch, and was just raising his hand to the but he wondered why l'ay did not accom- with a baby frown, "you are very bad at And Fay, standing alone in her little knocker, the door opened, and a very tall room, whispered softly, " No. no, my bonnie | man in clerical dress appeared suddenly o farm, and why he shut himself up so much . Well, she is not dark," returned Erle Hugh, your Wee Wife loves you far too the threshold. Erle's hand fell to his side in his study. The old Hugh, the remem- desperately, "not a brunette, I mean; and well to keep you all to herself," but during and he and Fay exchanged puzzled glances; bered, had been the most genial of come she is not fair, like the other one, she has the remainder of the day she was a little it must be Mr. Ferrers, they thought, and panions, with a hearty laugh and a fund of brown hair—yes, I am sure it is brown—and quieter than usual; and Erle missed the of course he did not know any one was humor; but he liad never heard him laugh good features. Well, I suppose people call gentle fun that rippled into such a stream once in all these fen days.

He stood with his face turned to her exceedingly handsome, and she dresses of girlish talk. He had no idea that every the wintry sunshine, and his grand massive-Erle felt vaguely troubled in his kind- well and holds herself well, and is altogether now and then his words came back to her looking head bowed a little. The next with a little throb of pain, " You have your | monient Pierre jumped up and licked his hands, and tried to put his huge paws on only of the Court, but of every household did not satisfy Erle's chivalrous enthusi- think I admire your description much, six Yes, she had her husband; but would his shoulder, whining with delight. Mr. which respects itself, as they are in our asm. He thought he treated Fay too much Plenty of go in her; well, who cares for the time ever come to the girl-wife when Ferrers started slightly. "Why, Pierre, like a child. He was gentle with her, he that? And lights up well of an evening, as she should know she had him, but that my fine fellow, I ought to know that rough humored her and petted her; but he never | though she were a ball room decoration. I she could not hold him, when she should greeting of yours by this time; it is a long asked her opinion or seemed to take pleasure think she seems a frivolous sort of creather that she had given her everything time since you have called at the Grange ;

> Erle came forward at once. " My cousin, Lady Redmond, has met with rather an awkward accident in one of the lanes -she has sprained her ankle, and is in great pain; may I lift her on that comfortable oak-settle by the hall fire while " Lady Redmond," ejaculated Mr.

Ferrers ; and Fay wondered at the sudden shadow that passed ever her host's fine face. " Oh, yes, bring her in, Mr. Huntingdon, but we must find a softer couch than

A few days after that Fay met with a the oak-settle. Margaret-where are you, Margaret ?" and the next moment a clear,

"Of course the men could sweep the snow and yew-tree walk; and then took off the following words in small, black type:

said, faintly. (To be continued.)

How to Catch Cold. Go to an evening party in a dress without putting on heavy underwear to compensate for the lightness of the cloth. Sit in a street car next to an open window. Leave off your heavy underclothing on a

mild day. Take a hot drink before going out into the cold or damp air. Let the boys romp at school during recess time without their hats. Sit in the passage or near an entry after

dancing for half an hour. Sit in a barber shop in your shirt sleeves while waiting to be shaved Put on a pair of thin shoes in the even ing when you go to call upon your girl. Fail to change your shoes and stockings

after coming in on a rainy day. Have your hair cut and shampooed just as a change takes place in the weather. Wear one of the ladies' new cutaway coats without a chamois or flannel vest

Throw your overcoat open on a bluster-

Send the children out in autumn for exercise in short, thin stockings and short skirts.

Take a hot bath in the evening and sit up in your room to finish the last pageso f an exciting novel. Throw off your heavy coat when you

reach the office in a great Lurry and put on your thin knockabout Go down to breakfast without a wrap on a chilly morning before the fires have got fully started. Put the window of your sleeping-room

ip before you go to bed, especially if the window is near the bed. Run a square to catch a street car and take off your hat for a few minutes, to cool

off, when you catch it. Go out into the lobby during a theatrical performance and promenade around without your overcoat.

go out on a windy day. Take a long bicycle ride and stand for a while describing and showing off the beau. | great extent, is attributable to the rage for | ties of your machine. Come in from a rapid gallop on horse-

friend for five or ten minutes. If you are bald-headed or have a very to be a star in society for a time, no matter susceptible back, sit during grand opera

near one of the side doors. A Marrying Market for 100 Girls. territory running up at the extreme north. | conversation that is so attractive to many | doors and windows stood wide open to west corner of the State between the Indian | men. This rage for beauty has been a Territory and New Mexico. It is now great bane in London society for some filling up with people, and in Crosby time, and has rightly been a source of county, where the largest gathering of annoyance to the younger unmarried mempopulation is, there is a town which has bers of families who hold their position taken the name of Panhandle. Somebody by right, for it is an undoubted hardship has started a newspaper there, and in a for them to feel themselves shelved and recent issue of it appeared the following : | neglected by the men in favor of the fashion-"Wanted-Immediately, 100 single young able beauties, and some of the sillier of women who are prepared to rough them think that they can improve their it for a time to come to the Panhandle and position by copying the ways, manners and marry our thrifty young men who have conversation of these piratical craft. located on 640 acres of land and are now | Society has lately advanced a stage further, living in dugouts, tents and cabins. We and the beauties of London society whose can speak a good word for every one of the "face is their fortune" are now finding boys; they are all noble American citizens rivals in successful showmen, whose merits there were voices by the opposite window except one, and he is a little unfortunate as pets of the fashionable world are not Lucy and her mother, enjoying the quiet in being the son of an English lord. Girls, | properly appreciated in their own country. this is a good chance. Besides this, This same worship of a successful showmarried life will beat single blessedness man is in close analogy to the latter and every time. In a few months' time the more rotten days of the Roman Empire, dugouts will be turned into cellars and when the gladiators were the favored ones thrush-like voice she has! Mamma, Nita comfortable houses erected when the rail- and pets of the Roman ladies. Society, is growing restless; she thinks she ought to roads bring in lumber." There is no place again, is open to all who have the golden have something to do." like a new country for the fair sex. There key; and if any aspirant who does not "Lucy," said Mrs. Keene, "did it never every woman is a belle and every good happen to have a beautiful face, or to be a woman is little less than an angel. The rough men of the frontier know how to and wild appearance, can judiciously get deal? appreciate the intrinsic excellence of the taken up, and is willing to spend unlimited sex .- New Orleans Picayune.

Printers' Pie. A respected clergyman of the Church o England in this city writes: Are you either from pinatz, a tablet, or from pica, an instance of this attachment. While the very awkward to renew the acquaintance; plify them. So involved were the rules found her room empty, and on going to husband. that the title by which the body of direc. the Czarina's he knocked with the same " Perhaps not. I daresay the Samaritan tions was designated has become a very result. On arriving at Princess Thyra's again if she is to take the brightness out of you must allow me to judge for you;" and rules called the 'Pie,' and the manifold was more business to find out what should

Europeas Dress in Japan. The Court of the Mikado is being gradu ally stripped of every vestige of its Oriental coloring. It was only the other day that the Empress made the European fashion of female attire obligatory on the Japanese ladies admitted to the Court receptions and the domestics of the palace are now to be rigged out in liveries imitated from those worn by the servants of the Imperial ousehold in Austria. Prince Komatsu, who has spent the last few months in Vienna, was so taken with the appearance of the Court servants that he asked permission to have copies made of the different liveries. This was, of course, readily granted, and the models are now on their way to Japan, where powdered periwigs and silk stockings will no doubt before long be as regular a feature in the economy not own part of the world .- Japanese Herald.

the Queen's life, from her marriage with ing bailly." the dauphin to her execution. One of the results of the Peterborough Exhibition will ! be the erection of a home memorial of her women's clothes of " crushed strawberry "

At Fotheringay.

THE "PUNCH PHOTOGRAPH."

and she put out her hands involuntarily; says the San Francisco Chronicle. The uncle who had emigrated to try his fortunes Margaret's voice changed as she took them. | trouble all arises from the fact that the some time previously. But instead of being bay window overlooking the sunny lawn | ticket is printed, in a straight column, the

> Young-Middle-aged-Elderly. Eye.-Light-Dark. Beard-Moustache-Chin-Side-None.

The passenger is photographed on the ticket bearing his signature by punching out all the words that are not descriptive of him. If for a male, the word "female" is cut out by the punch; if he is slim, the out, and, when night came on, she fell words "medium" and "stout" punched; if his eyes are light, the word "dark" is stricken out; and if he wears no beard, the word "none" is left standing, while "moustache," "chin" and cated in an Italian convent. I wish we "side" are punched. Now, it is readily seen how a train agent passing hurriedly through a crowded car is likely to make errors in describing his passengers on their tickets, and so far from being a "photograph" of the holder, the marginal sketch often becomes a rank caricature. Even where the punch-marks faithfully portray the features and figure, the female passenger cannot always preserve her good temper on looking at the picture drawn for her. A well-developed lady of an uncertain age is not likely to consider it a compliment to be labelled in cold type as "stout" and "elderle." ereux's daily visits shed a sort of subdued That, however, is nothing to the treatment received by a Boston girl on her way to California, who was "photographed" as being a "female" of medium build, middle. lives are when spent within the precincts of ing winter day to show off your nice new aged, dark eyes and hair, and a side beard. a country village. This description, while containing evidences of careless, free-hand portraiture, is not, however, as bad as that of an olive-complexioned young lady who was punched as an elderly "male," slim and with light eyes and hair and a chin beard. Tourist derive great amusement from a compari son of notes, or, rather, of tickets, but their fun is turned to disgust when they are told and customs of the western world; the that they cannot secure return passage on the tickets when they have been wrongly portrayed by the train agent .- San Fran-

Beautiful Women as a Bane.

The tendency of the present day is the laxity of conversation permitted by many ladies in society in their male friends. This latter evil is one of very rapid growth, and has spread in many cases from the married women even to the girls, who think that Do your back hair up high when you they can make themselves as agreeable to have been accustomed to wear it low and the men as their successful rivals, by adopting the same style and allowing the same freedom of conversation. This, to a beautiful women, which for some time now has been dominant in London society; back and stand talking in the open air to a for now a woman, if she is extremely lovely, and can get an introduction, is sure what her position may be, and whether it entitles her to be feted and made much of by the great ones in the land, and wishing to make her reign as successful as possible until a brighter star arises and eclipses her, successful showman, with flowing locks money, his or her success is also ensured -London Saturday Review.

Affectionate Relations of Three Royal

It is well known how attached the three

How to Grow Plump.

The famous Mr. Banting, who reduced his weight by more than fifty pounds in one year, found that sugar was the most fattening thing he could eat. Hence, to increase your weight eat cakes, puddings, syrup, honey, candy and pastry, always taking care that it be crisp and digestible for indigestible food is a chief cause leanness. New England pie-crust probably responsible for the appearance of the typical gaunt Yankee. Other fattening articles of food are tender lamb, salmon and eels, milk and cream, corn bread and butter, and those vegetables which grow underground and of which sugar is madebeets, turnips, etc. Boiled or baked potatoes, mashed on the plate and seasoned with salt and fresh butter, make a delicious dish, rapidly fattening. Eat often and very slowly, for it is not the quantity that is eaten but the amount that is thoroughly digested that nourishes the system and rounds the bodily contour .- The Epoch.

Superstition Dies Hard.

The following note appears in the agricultural department of the New York sels will answer my expectations in that The Mary Queen of Scots tercentenary, that the age of astrology has passed : " I | your heart?" besides the exhibition of relies more or less always build my fence when the horns of And Lucy Keene's protestations were connected with her at Peterborough, has the moon point up, and stake and rider it, drowned in the tender accents of her lover's had a quaint dramatic recognition. At the | when the horns point down ; the two draw, voice. little North Hants village of Fotheringay, together, and my fence never falls. The the scene of her execution, the other day moon should govern us in all our opera. The are in well at Pesth, the deepest mans hundred visitors witnessed a series tions. Our school house, contrary to my one in the world, supplies hot water for tableaux vivants done by ladies of the advice, was roofed in the light of the moon, public baths and other purposes. It is abborhood, under the direction of Lon- and last winter nearly all the children 3.120 feet deep, and supplies daily 176,000

THE JUDGE'S WIFE.

This is the story Lucy Keene told to Judge Devereux when he called.

"But she did not give up," said Lucy growing more earnest as she narrated Nita's simple story to the judge. "She was determined to earn her livelihood somehow, and as they all told her New York was already crowded with applicants for every sort of work she resolved on keeping on to the country. But her money was spent and the storm came on, and poor creature, she was worn and wearied fainting at our door and we found her

"She is very intelligent," added Mrs. Keene, "and has, she tells me, been educould find her a situation as governess or resident instructress in some seminary or

Judge Devereux listened quietly, without expressing any opinion. He was a hale, handsome man, somewhere about 40, a rich widower, with two or three little children, and report spoke favorably as to the possibility of Miss Lucy Keene being some day promoted to the dignity of Mrs. Devereux, of Devereux Terrace.

Lucy herself, a modest little rosebud of a creature, scarcely dared to think of this distinction in store for her, yet Juage Devsunshine on her life. For it was a quiet, monotonous sort of existence, boasting of little variety and less excitement, as most

To this humdrum succession of days and nights Nita Dominique came like the gorgeous bloom of a fire-hearted cactus in a sober bed of daisies, or a tropic dream, or a meteor glowing athwart the midsummer starlight, or aught else that is new and strange and lovely. Her broken English, like the lispin; s of a child first learning to talk; her pretty surprise at the manners strong attachment she manifested toward Lucy Keene and her eagerness to assist the widow and her daughter in each and every one of their household tasks very soon en-

deared her to them. And even Judge Devereux, the staid, grave, stately man, grew to notice Nita, and chat with her, and be amused with her

innocent talk. "Yes," he said, one night after he had gravely sat and watched her for some time, " she is beautiful; and it is no ordinary

type of loveliness, either." Lucy Keene looked up from her sewing and for a moment, one moment only, the crimson rushed to her cheek and a keen pang seemed to pierce through her heart. " Am I growing jealous?" she questioned herself, hurrying away to the solitude of her own room. "Jealous! and of

poor, friendless, solitary Nita! Oh, surely, surely I am not so base as that ! But, nevertheless, Lucy Keene drooped a little after this, as a white lily droops when some unseen worm is gnawing at its

It was a week or two after this when The Panhandle of Texas is a body of permits and encourages that loose kind of of the Keene cottage just at dusk. The admit the perfumed air and scent of early June, but there was no one in the apartment, and, although the judge could hear the silvery voice of Nita Dominique thrilling soft Italian barcaroles down in the garden as she wandered by herself he did not turn in that direction, but threw himself on the sofa in the bay window, where the fluttering muslin curtain half concealed him, and, with his hands crossed beneath his head, fell into a dreamy sort of

Probably it was succeeded by something very like slumber, for when he came back

twilight together. "Hark!" said Lucy, softly, after a moment or two of silence; "don't you hear Nita singing in the garden? What a

strike you that-that Judge Devereux was beginning to rotice Nita Dominique a good "Yes, mamma." Lucy's voice was changed and constrained now. "Do you think he is in love with her,

"I think he is, mamma." "But, Lucy," said Mrs. Keene, with a disturbed tone, "it is not right. I thought daughters of the King of Denmark are to I hoped-Judge Devereux was growing

"Mamma, darling"-and by the sound her mother's shoulder-"it is right. Judge must never presume on his kindness. He

"I shall never endure the sight of Nita

"Mamma, darling, hush!" coaxed Lucy. "Ought I to grudge poor Nita the one drop and established herself thereon in the of sweetness in her bitter cup? Come, young girl's room. They were all chatting | mamma; don't let us talk of this any more. The piano is open in the back room ceal the escapade from their ladies-in-wait. and I have not sung you the Italian canzonet that Nita taught me last night." The mother and daughter went away. and when they returned, half an hour

later, with candles lighted, the room was "Lucy," said Judge Devereux, a day or two afterward: "I have been thinking of a nice situation for Nita."

"What is it?" There was no bitter jealousy in the soft eyes she turned up toward his face, only the sweet, friendly interest one young girl might feel in the welfare of another. "What do you think of her as a com-

panion and instructress to my little girls?" he asked. " I think Nita Dominique's compan-

ionship would ennoble and improve any Yes, Judge Devereux," she rejoined. "I congratulate you!" she said, with

hoked accents. "And I think I deserve congratulations, now that I have secured a good governess. I am not yet content, however want a "A wife, Judge Devereus!?, "Yes, a wife, Lucy, and no one but your-

Tribune without a word of comment, or respect. My little treasure, I have loved anything to show that the editor is aware | you long and truly-will you trust me with

go in search of help. I am Sir Hugh's don experts, depicting the chief scenes in had the measles, and now the roof is leak- gallons of water heated to 150 degrees I abrembeit. The Princess Pignatale is now a waiter

To the novel colors invented for girl in a second-class Vienna cafe. She in the cathedral there, where she was buried and " whipped cream " has been added the and tried life in a London music hall for a color of " slapped baby." quarrelled with her relatives last winter