Away From the Throng

It may not be—yet it seems to me
Away from the throng is best;
By some lonely shore where the waters roar,
Or, far in the crimson west.
For friends are few that are sure and true—
Aye, the crowd is a mob to me;
More tame and mild is the distant wild,
More calm is the stormiest sea.

Ah, it must be so, for the wisest know
That man is a foe to man!
The love is small that extends to all,
Tho' we trust it as we can.
So have one friend at a long life's end,
Is a blessing rare, I sigh,
One faithful class as we dying gasp—
One glance in an honest eye!

Yet there's love in all, in great and small,
In the fend whom all avoid;
You may see its gleam in a demon's dream,
And it cannot be destroyed.
In the great and least, in man and beast,
'Tis the soul, till life shall fail;
I'm sure 'tis part of my lady's heart,
And it wags my spaniel's tail.

But I sigh again as I say with pain,
Away from the throng is best;
My fondest dreams are of woods and streams
Afar in the hostile west.
There's a gleam I prize in my horse's eyes,
And I like—three dogs at most—
Aye, one dear face in my heart has place,
But it cannot hold a host.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"It's a queer feeling," said Mrs. Latimer. "I sometimes misdoubt myself."

"Misdoubt yourself of what?" queried Mary, sharply. "That you *are* Mrs. Latimer?"

"My word, lass, but you are a stanch 'un!" said the old lady, with a little laugh.

"There is not much good in being slack," returned the young woman. "What we've undertaken to do that we have to stick to, and we have Scripture warrant for not looking back when we've put our hand to the plough."

"Yes," said Mrs. Latimer, a little dryly. "But maybe our plough is one the Scriptures wouldn't much hold with."

"And why not?" asked Mary. "Not to do the good you do? What would become of that blessed Master Charlie but for the help he gets from his friend unknown—Mrs. Latimer, of Thorbergh? And, I ask, why shouldn't we as had to bear the brunt burden of the day have our reward when we have worked so hard for it?"

"Ay, we have worked hard," said Mrs. Latimer. "And it was a shame that the master never so much as left a five-pound note after you had done all that you did for him."

"I have taken my change out of him for it," said Mary, with quiet grimness. "Folk should think twice before they do unjustly and make enemies in this world. One never knows when one's sin may not find one out, and the one as we've trampled on rise up in judgment against us."

"No," said Mrs. Latimer; but she spoke with a cough, and a little uneasily; and Mary saying, "You'll be wanting your tea, Mrs. Latimer," bustled out of the room, bringing the conversation to a close.

"I'll all come to light some day," said the old lady, resuming her eternal knitting. "It was a rash thing to do; but the temptation was great, and Mary, she's that strong-headed there's no going counter to her. But she's overbold and confident, is Mary, and doesn't seem to think or fear. I'd like to know the end of it for my part, and what the sentence would be. I fancy it would be pretty heavy. But Mary says there's no chance, and I don't see any great fear myself. Still it's sure to come out, if not one day, then another, and I'd go out of it afore if I had the chance. But I don't very well see how that can be. I'm glad we have that tidy lot saved and put away there in the bedtick. No banks for me, not if I know it, with their managers and directors and trash who go off with the brass and leave the dupes to starve. A good bit of stout cloth, well sewed with waxed thread and hid among the feathers—that's my style, and it's the best, I reckon, out of the lot! And while it's there we can just make ourselves scarce if things look like Queer street, and our room would be better than our company. But it's a venturesome thing to do, and I oft wonder at myself. And really, if it were not for Master Charles, I think I'd be fit to give up any day of the year. But that bonny bairn holds me to it little as he knows what's being done for him, or who's a-doing it. Lord love him! The last time I saw him and he gave me that kiss, he took the heart out of me; and I said to myself then, "Ye bonny little lad, if ever I can do you a good turn I will," and I've stuck to my word even onto this, and I will to the end, that I will!" Here Mary brought in the tea, and Mrs. Latimer's musings came to an end.

This, then, was the annuitant whom Anthony Harford had promised Mrs. Clanricade he would see to report on her condition, which the impecunious wife of that unlucky George—the ill-starred mother of that perverse Estelle—hoped would be as full of evil circumstances as were compatible with life and prophetic of speedy death. But he would not go to see her yet, being still under the spell as Kingshouse—waiting to see how things would turn—whether he should have to live down that fever, or finally be enabled to slake it at the sometimes too satisfying, too refrigerating fount of matrimony—that sometimes grave of love, into which, however, love must needs descend. If Mrs. Latimer and Mary had known that at this present moment their landlord was at Kingshouse, dining with the residuary legatee, George Clanricade—watching, studying Estelle, whom Charlie Osborne loved and loved Charlie—while giving his soul as a habitation for a seven devils to possess because he saw just the nameless and formless shadow of that love cast athwart his own path—if they had known of all those links being now forged between them and their past—them and their future—even stout-hearted Mary would have quailed, and the vivacious black eyes of the old lady would have paled with fear. But nothing being known, nothing was foreseen. Anthony remained at Kingshouse; Mrs. Latimer drew her quarterly allowance; Charlie Osborne studied the stars from the streets of Yokohama; Estelle wrote to him long letters of constant love and gentle trust; and Mrs. Clanricade, taught by experience, walked warily and made no mistake.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GRAND COUP.

"As Yokohama, of fever, Charles, the only son of Rev. James Osborne, late Vicar of Kingshouse." This was the announcement in the *Times* which Mrs. Clanricade read first—Mr. Clanricade having taken the whole inside, telegrams, leading articles, and the money market, leaving to his wife the advertisements and the "dead and alive." This was almost the only privilege of his sex which that unlucky George dared to claim. For all the rest his wife came first, and her will ruled where his yielded.

Mrs. Clanricade read the announcement without the quivering of a muscle or the turning of a hair. She read it, indeed, as if she had expected it, and looked over the top of the page at her daughter, speculating on her reception of the thunder-bolt which neither surprised nor shocked herself. Estelle was eating her luncheon ignorant of and not foreseeing the blow that was about to fall. No presentiment warned her now, nor had any foreshadowed her coming sorrow. The Psychical Society would have nothing of her. She had had no dream of Charlie—pale, tearful, looking at her with eyes full of a mournful farewell—no vision had passed before her, halting for a moment to fill her heart with the pain and terror of love—no voice calling her name in the dear accents so well known had sounded in her ear—no dog had howled in warning—no owl had hooted ghastly presage. Full of sorrow and pity for this illness which had struck down her beloved, she had also the buoyant belief of youth, and felt sure that he would recover. For to love, life is immortality, and the beloved cannot died.

At this moment she was not thinking of anything very definitely. She was only dumbly conscious, as always now, of Anthony Hafford, and her ever-increasing difficulties in keeping him at a distance. Her net was drawing daily tighter and closer around her, and that the repelling power she had over him—almost like a mesmeric power—would one day be broken through, to her dread and danger. She was conscious that she would have at last to hear what she had so long restrained. Yet she meant to make a good fight of it, and to appeal to his generosity as she had already appealed to Caleb Stagg's. But she was more than doubtful of the result. The masterful will and hard-mouthed resolutenesss of Anthony made a man of a very different mould from Caleb Stagg in his lowly humility and tender self-abnegation. Anthony would carry the woman he fancied, however reluctant she might be, supremely confident that he could distance every rival, and wipe out every other thought or affection when once he had her as his own and could woo her to be wonder. He was a man who owned no superior, and whose master had yet to be born. What he set his hand to do, that would he eventually accomplish—the most formidable obstacles counting no more than so many straws in his way. And a woman's love ranked with the rest. Whatever moments of depression and doubt he might have, the central thread remained unbroken—the woman he loved he would have, and the woman he had should love him.

All this Estelle felt rather than formularized. Still, she meant to make a good fight of it. And perhaps she would after all succeed. How could a man marry a girl whose love was another's, and who said frankly she could never love him, and would always hate him, if even he took her by force? He could not! To Estelle the very idea was sacrilege; and Anthony Harford, though self-willed, was not sacrilegious. Yet even if he were, and even if he should insist on this crime, there was always one door left open—she could run away. She had money, got in a mysterious manner, and really Charlie's, not hers. That did not much matter. The tie between them was so intimate, their lives were so thoroughly fused together, that no shame attached to her using his money for her own preservation. There was an unholy marriage. Bank-notes, crisp and clean, sent, he never knew nor could discover by whom, came two or three times a year to him. They were addressed to the Post-Office, Kingshouse, and their receipt was given in the *Times*, under the initials "C. O." When Charlie went to London the letters were forwarded to him in due course from the office. When he went abroad, he empowered Estelle to receive them, and to keep the money for a future provision for themselves. She had done so; and she had sent the acknowledgments to the paper, as she had been instructed. And now she had close on a hundred pounds, which would help her to the maintenance of her integrity if pushed to the last resource. It would be a desperate step to take; and she trembled when she thought of it, as she often did, realizing the shame and scandal and disgrace of her plight, and the blow it would be to her mother. But if needs must, she would. She would do anything rather than marry Anthony Harford, with Charlie at Yokohama, looking across the seas, trusting in her constancy, and waiting for renewed health to embark and claim her. She would feel herself guilty of a shameful crime were she to marry another while her true love and promised husband lived. Not alike miserable Estelle stood by the window, looking up to the starry sky, wondering in which bright point her darling's soul was placed, sure that he was looking down on her and pitying her despair.

"He, at least, is happy," she said to herself again and again for reassurance. "I am selfish to be so wretched! I should be happy, knowing that he is out of pain and sorrow. But oh! he would have been so very, very happy had he lived, with my love, as I with his. Oh, that we might have known that love—that dear sweet life together, before God had taken him to Himself!"

It was the cry of a human heart making itself heard in spite of all the comforting assurances of faith—the pitiful sob of love, stronger than death, and nearer than the eternal heaven of an unfading joy.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAYING OF THE GROUND.

Days passed, and Estelle was still invisible to the world outside Lee Saules, and but rarely to that within. She was ill, her mother said to Anthony Harford and all other inquirers; which, indeed, was but too true, and ill as much mentally as physically.

She would see no one—not even Lady Elizabeth—and certainly not Anthony Harford. For him, indeed, she showed such shuddering repugnance that her mother was afraid to press her. The sacrifice of herself had to be made, cost her what it would. She had to be Anthony's wife, though she paid the supreme forfeit in return

On this point Mrs. Clanricade was inexorable. She was emphatically a modern mother with whom love counts as folly, and money is the only desirable good in marriage—who will welcome as her son-in-law a moral leper or a physical, if sufficiently well gilded—to whom a daughter's heart is merely a muscular arrangement, to be pressed down when inconveniently active, and to be ignored when only passively suffering.

During this time of the girl's first anguish of despair Anthony Harford's state was only a shade less pitiable than hers. He controlled all outward expression of feeling as rigidly as if he had been a true red-skin, and only Lady Elizabeth knew what no one else saw nor suspected. Lady Elizabeth put matters on a more truthful basis, for indeed she could not be aught but truthful, let the cost be what it might.

"Yes, she was what is meant by 'in love' with him," she said, with her gentle straightforwardness when Anthony asked her if there had been anything like a love affair—an engagement—between Miss Clanricarde and this young man, whose name at this moment filled the air, and they were in a manner engaged—in that hopeless way where there is no money now and very little chance of any hereafterward—where the engagement is only between themselves—not known to the world nor sanctioned by her parents."

"But he is dead now," said Anthony.

"Poor dear Charlie! yes, too surely!" said Lady Elizabeth.

"And was he such a wonderful person, really now?" asked Anthony, with no unnecessary suavity—with scarcely as much as was indeed quite necessary.

"Yes," said Lady Elizabeth; "he was a dear fellow. We all liked him."

"You, too, Lady Elizabeth?"

"I, too," she said.

"But he is dead now," repeated Anthony, a little more harshly than even before. "And no woman loves the dead forever to the exclusion of the living," he added.

Lady Elizabeth did not answer. In her own mind she thought it probable that Estelle would go on loving Charlie dead as she loved him living. Once to love would be always to love with herself; and she credited her broken-hearted friend with her constancy.

"She shall forget him," continued Anthony, in a certain sense pigued by her non-response. "I will love her so that she shall not remember him, still less lament him. She shall find her happiness in my arms," he went on, more as if speaking to himself than to a listener. "She shall be so happy in my love, so well cared for, that she will not even wish to change could her wish bring back the dead."

Lady Elizabeth's face became as pale as the snow-drops in the vase beside her.

"If she married you, I know what you would be good to her," she said, in a low, level voice, without inflection or emphasis.

"If? She shall!" returned Anthony, speaking with the intensity of constrained passion. "Neither man or devil shall keep her from me! She is destined."

"Hush!" said Lady Elizabeth, blanched to her very lips. "You make me shudder."

"Why?" he asked, with all his usual gentleness, all the chivalrous tenderness which was his ordinary bearing when he spoke to her. "Why should you shudder?"

"It seems almost as if you were forcing fate—compelling your own destiny, which is always sorrow," she said.

He took both her hands. It was his favorite action with her.

"Oh, you Delight!" he said, with a smile. "Are you too, daughter of the gods as you are, superstitious like the little people whose brains are no bigger than pigmies?"

"Who can help it who cares for another's happiness?" was her ingenuous reply, made steadily and without shamefacedness.

"And you care for mine?"

"Yes, indeed," she answered. She still spoke with steadiness, direct and unashamed.

"How I wish you were my sister!" said Anthony. "Estelle my wife—you my sister—I would ask nothing more from Heaven but long life to enjoy my superb happiness!"

Something she did not know what it was, nor could she control it, seemed to come up into Lady Elizabeth's eyes and throat. She felt choking, as if deep waters were closing over her head—as if one must cry out for help. Help for what? She could not answer. Her voice had gone; she had no power of speech left in her; but Anthony, irritable and sore on his own side,

After some further talk Mr. Hafford left the Dower House, not nearer to his great desire than when he had gone there, but with a heart somewhat lightened in that vague manner of a clearer moral atmosphere, where, though things are not more definite, the clouds seem to have lifted.

During all these days of Estelle's seclusion, Anthony Harford was like a soul in pain.

At last time worked its partial cure so far that Estelle consented to re-appear in the world. Such love as Anthony Harford had already felt flamed hotter and higher when he saw her for the first time after her illness. He would not see in her state the result of grief, only the result of physical ailment; and he felt for her in consequence that very passion of tenderness which strong men feel for the woman they love, when those women are even more helpless than usual, more frail and more dependent.

"I am glad to see you again, and sorry you have been sick," he said, holding her hand in both of his.

"Thank you; I am better," she answered, wearily, not looking at him.

"You have been very sick, I can see that," he continued, with great tenderness.

She made no reply. She only drew away her hand, more coldly than with repugnance. A spasm crossed Anthony's face like a shadow. It was repeated in Mrs. Clanricarde's

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At a recent meeting of the Agricultural Society of France, M. Guerin, of Grandvilles (Vosges), read a paper on a new method of preserving milk. He showed that when it was frozen, milk could be transported with the greatest ease, and that after being kept for days and weeks, and then simply thawed out, it retained all the characteristics of fresh milk. The paper deals first with the method of freezing, which could be carried out in the ordinary ice machines if done on a sufficiently large scale, and then described the experiments made to ascertain the precise temperature at which the best results might be expected. The appearance and taste of the milk after undergoing the process, when thawed, were so exactly those of new milk that in an assemblage of twenty persons not one could perceive the slightest difference. In cooking, yield of cream, and every other respect, the from corresponded with quite new milk, and on the fourth day the cream were still excellent, which was not the case with that of the latter. Butter and cheese can be prepared from it quite as well as from new milk.

DR. MINT WALKER still retains an irresistible love for the old soldier. In passing through the corridors of the Washington Patent Office a few days since, her eye rested upon a workman whose service had left its sad impression upon him in the ways of physical infirmity. Observing that the department had neglected providing a bassock for his feet, which came in contact with the cold, unfeeling tassellated marble floor, the doctor procured a rug

CURRENT TOPICS

A LOUISIANA court has decided that that State any title to goods passes upon the first payment and that after that is made the buyer may do what he pleases with the goods. This has put instalment dealers into a cold sweat.

MISS AMELIE RIVES' "The Quick or the Dead," long an object of English curiosity, is now published in London with a preface by the author, alleging that in her book she pure will see purity and the foul-minded foulness."

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THREE hundred miles an hour is the proposed speed for the electric postal railroad of the future. An experimental line has been erected at Laurel, twenty miles from Baltimore, Md. A compromise between the pneumatic tube and the ordinary railroad carries a miniature train of two cars solely for mails and light parcels, without any attendance. The road has three rails, one above the car for carrying the current, and two below which carry the cars. The cars are built of sheet-iron and are two feet square and twenty-one feet long. Speed will be regulated and power or brakes applied by electricity solely. If the experiment at Laurel succeeds it is stated that similar roads will be laid between Baltimore and Washington and elsewhere.

THE committee of the American Medico-Legal Society, appointed to consider the best method of executing the death penalty by electricity, in concluding a supplementary report giving the results of the recent experiments made with the electric current upon animals, say: If any doubt should exist in the minds of some that electricity would not necessarily be fatal to man because it has been successfully applied to lower animals, we have but to call attention to the fact that since 1883 some 200 persons have been killed, as we are credibly informed, by the handling of electric-lighting wires. As most of these people were killed probably by contact of the hands with the wires, it shows that in man at least death is rapid in this manner. Hence the suggestions made to this committee as to the use of wristlet electrodes have their value; and it is possible that this method, with the prisoner fastened in a chair, may ultimately prove the most desirable, as doing away with a complication of appliances and lending greater simplicity to the procedure.

At a recent meeting of the Agricultural Society of France, M. Guerin, of Grandvilles (Vosges), read a paper on a new method of preserving milk. He showed that when it was frozen, milk could be transported with the greatest ease, and that after being kept for days and weeks, and then simply thawed out, it retained all the characteristics of fresh milk. The paper deals first with the method of freezing, which could be carried out in the ordinary ice machines if done on a sufficiently large scale, and then described the experiments made to ascertain the precise temperature at which the best results might be expected. The appearance and taste of the milk after undergoing the process, when thawed, were so exactly those of new milk that in an assemblage of twenty persons not one could perceive the slightest difference. In cooking, yield of cream, and every other respect, the from corresponded with quite new milk, and on the fourth day the cream were still excellent, which was not the case with that of the latter. Butter and cheese can be prepared from it quite as well as from new milk.

DR. MINT WALKER still retains an irresistible love for the old soldier. In passing through the corridors of the Washington Patent Office a few days since, her eye rested upon a workman whose service had left its sad impression upon him in the ways of physical infirmity. Observing that the department had neglected providing a bassock for his feet, which came in contact with the cold, unfeeling tassellated marble floor, the doctor procured a rug

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"Now, Estelle, this nonsense must cease," said Mrs. Clanricarde, suddenly severe in her turn. "If poor Charlie Osborne had died of fever, is that my fault? Why should you turn against me and behave yourself like a maniac as you are doing. It is asburd, and undutiful as well, and I will not allow it. So I tell you."

A strange and ominous glare came into those beautiful brown eyes, usually so soft and tender.

"Mother, if you do not leave me at once I shall go mad," she cried, in a hoarse voice that had not a trace of her natural silver, her rightful melody, upon its rough-ened notes. "Leave me to myself—that is the only way in which I can live. You send me mad to see and hear you."

"And you are a wicked and undutiful girl; but I forgive you, and I am always your mother, ready to receive and comfort you," said Mrs. Clanricarde, part revolted, part frightened by this outburst, as she turned and left the room, halting at the door to say, "At least promise me one thing, Estelle—do not lock the door."

"If you promise not to open it," said Estelle, in the same rough and unnatural tones, making a step forward. On which her mother left her, and the girl went back into the fiery hell of her despair.

"I wish I had never seen you!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde, with true French peevishness, to unlucky George. "Everything connected with you turns ill. Here is now mademoiselle, your daughter, a stark staring lunatic, because this blessed young man has died at Yokohama. From such a father what else can be expected?"

That unlucky George smiled fatuously. Then his eyes filled up with tears. He loved Estelle with more intrinsic tenderness, more simplicity of affection, than did her mother, and he felt for her in her present trial with a faithfulness of sympathy which that mother could not compass nor even understand.

"Poor Estelle!" he said. "It is a hard trial for her."

"God sends us all trials," said Mrs. Clanricarde, with the tart religiosity of the cross-tempered. "Estelle has to submit, as we all must. I have to endure you," she added, a little below her breath.

But her husband did not hear. He was great at not hearing, as at times he was great at not seeing. And then sleep came down over the household, and only the miserable Estelle stood by the window, looking up to the starry sky, wondering in which bright point her darling's soul was placed, sure that he was looking down on her and pitying her despair.

"He, at least, is happy," she said to herself again and again for reassurance. "I am selfish to be so wretched! I should be happy, knowing that he is out of pain and sorrow. But oh! he would have been so very, very happy had he lived, with my love, as I with his. Oh, that we might have known that love—that dear sweet life together, before God had taken him to Himself!"

It was the cry of a human heart making itself heard in spite of all the comforting assurances of faith—the pitiful sob of love, stronger than death, and nearer than the eternal heaven of an unfading joy.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAYING OF THE GROUND.

Days passed, and Estelle was still invisible to the world outside Lee Saules, and but rarely to that within. She was ill, her mother said to Anthony Harford and all other inquirers; which, indeed, was but too true, and ill as much mentally as physically.

She would see no one—not even Lady Elizabeth—and certainly not Anthony Harford. For him, indeed, she showed such shuddering repugnance that her mother was afraid to press her. The sacrifice of herself had to be made, cost her what it would. She had to be Anthony's wife, though she paid the supreme forfeit in return

On this point Mrs. Clanricarde was inexorable. She was emphatically a modern mother with whom love counts as folly, and money is the only desirable good in marriage—who will welcome as her son-in-law a moral leper or a physical, if sufficiently well gilded—to whom a daughter's heart is merely a muscular arrangement, to be pressed down when inconveniently active, and to be ignored when only passively suffering.

During this time of the girl's first anguish of despair Anthony Harford's state was only a shade less pitiable than hers. He controlled all outward expression of feeling as rigidly as if he had been a true red-skin, and only Lady Elizabeth knew what no one else saw nor suspected. Lady Elizabeth put matters on a more truthful basis, for indeed she could not be aught but truthful, let the cost be what it might.

"Yes, she was what is meant by 'in love' with him," she said, with her gentle straightforwardness when Anthony asked her if there had been anything like a love affair—an engagement—between Miss Clanricarde and this young man, whose name at this moment filled the air, and they were in a manner engaged—in that hopeless way where there is no money now and very little chance of any hereafterward—where the engagement is only between themselves—not known to the world nor sanctioned by her parents."

"But he is dead now," said Anthony.

"Poor dear Charlie! yes, too surely!" said Lady Elizabeth.

"And was he such a wonderful person, really now?" asked Anthony, with no unnecessary suavity—with scarcely as much as was indeed quite necessary.

"Yes," said Lady Elizabeth; "he was a dear fellow. We all liked him."

"You, too, Lady Elizabeth?"

"I, too," she said.

"But he is dead now," repeated Anthony, a little more harshly than even before. "And no woman loves the dead forever to the exclusion of the living," he added.

Lady Elizabeth did not answer. In her own mind she thought it probable that Estelle would go on loving Charlie dead as she loved him living. Once to love would be always to love with herself; and she credited her broken-hearted friend with her constancy.

"She shall forget him," continued Anthony, in a certain sense pigued by her non-response. "I will love her so that she shall not remember him, still less lament him. She shall find her happiness in my arms," he went on, more as if speaking to himself than to a listener. "She shall be so happy in my love, so well cared for, that she will not even wish to change could her wish bring back the dead."

Lady Elizabeth's face became as pale as the snow-drops in the vase beside her.

"If she married you, I know what you would be good to her," she said, in a low, level voice, without inflection or emphasis.

"If? She shall!" returned Anthony, speaking with the intensity of constrained passion. "Neither man or devil shall keep her from me! She is destined."

"Hush!" said Lady Elizabeth, blanched to her very lips. "You make me shudder."

"Why?" he asked, with all his usual gentleness, all the chivalrous tenderness which was his ordinary bearing when he spoke to her. "Why should you shudder?"

"It seems almost as if you were forcing fate—compelling your own destiny, which is always sorrow," she said.

He took both her hands. It was his favorite action with her.

"Oh, you Delight!" he said, with a smile. "Are you too, daughter of the gods as you are, superstitious like the little people whose brains are no bigger than pigmies?"

"Who can help it who cares for another's happiness?" was her ingenuous reply, made steadily and without shamefacedness.

"And you care for mine?"

"Yes, indeed," she answered. She still spoke with steadiness, direct and unashamed.

"How I wish you were my sister!" said Anthony. "Estelle my wife—you my sister—I would ask nothing more from Heaven but long life to enjoy my superb happiness!"

Something she did not know what it was, nor could she control it, seemed to come up into Lady Elizabeth's eyes and throat. She felt choking, as if deep waters were closing over her head—as if one must cry out for help. Help for what? She could not answer. Her voice had gone; she had no power of speech left in her; but Anthony, irritable and sore on his own side,

After some further talk Mr. Hafford left the Dower House, no nearer to his great desire than when he had gone there, but with a heart somewhat lightened in that vague manner of a clearer moral atmosphere, where, though things are not more definite, the clouds seem to have lifted.

During all these days of Estelle's seclusion, Anthony Harford was like a soul in pain.

At last time worked its partial cure so far that Estelle consented to re-appear in the world. Such love as Anthony Harford had already felt flamed hotter and higher when he saw her for the first time after her illness. He would not see in her state the result of grief, only the result of physical ailment; and he felt for her in consequence that very passion of tenderness which strong men feel for the woman they love, when those women are even more helpless than usual, more frail and more dependent.

"I am glad to see you again, and sorry you have been sick," he said, holding her hand in both of his.

"Thank you; I am better," she answered, wearily, not looking at him.

"You have been very sick, I can see that," he continued, with great tenderness.

She made no reply. She only drew away her hand, more coldly than with repugnance. A spasm crossed Anthony's face like a shadow. It was repeated in Mrs. Clanricarde's

"Spoiling courtship!" was described by a young man in Croydon, England, defendant for breach of promise, as "walking out with a young woman to see if the disposition would suits each other, and to see whether at the right time anything would come of it." He claimed to have conducted a rambling courtship only.

HARRIET MCKAY, a Scotch girl aged 28, stole a man's clothes while he was asleep, and went and offered herself as a soldier. She passed the examination all right until the doctor's turn came, and he handed the adventuress, who is tall and comely, and belongs to New Zealand, over to the London police.

THE twenty-eight-story building scheme, which was so laughed at when the architect first made it public, is expected to materialize in Minneapolis during the present year. Financial backing has been secured and an office opened, where plans are exhibited which show the outline of 728 rooms, each of which opens from the interior court and has a window on the outside.

WILLIAM CLARKE, discussing in the *Political Science Quarterly* the progress of Socialism in England, says: "The State in England at this present moment provides, for every one needing them, midwifery, nursery, education, board and lodging, vaccination, medicine, public worship, amusements, burials, and carriage of goods and money"—all of which were once private functions.

IN a trial of the new garbage crematory at Jacksonville, Fla., the apparatus, with the use of less than a quarter of a cord of wood, reduced in one hour to a few ashes wlva barrels of night soil, five barrels of garbage, one barrel of chickens, one barrel of spoiled fish, four dogs, one box of meat, four alligators and five loads of refuse matter, including street sweepings, etc., two of these being double loads, making in all 7,800 pounds. Jacksonvillians think that this solves the sewage and garbage problem for their city.

THE Hartford *Courant* publishes a letter from John Bright to his son, who was studying cotton-making in Hartford, which had not before been made public. Speaking of the English policy on the tariff, Mr. Bright says in it: "The gain to our wage-receiving class during this period has been enormous, and during the recent period of depression they have suffered far less than at other times when our industries have been under a cloud. We shall probably go back to protection about the time when your people go back to slavery."

A LOST color has been discovered! Artists and scientific men have long wondered about the beautiful "azzurrino" found in the ruins of Pompeii. M. Fouque, the mineralogist, with a mixture of silicate or copper and of lime, has now obtained the brilliant crystalline "azure" of Pompeii. It is a tint perfectly unchangeable, and identical with the Alexandrian blue which was known to the Ptolemies, and imported into Italy in the first years of the Christian era. The hue is "sky of heaven;" in fact, like Naples itself, *pezzo di cielo caduto in terra*.

BISHOP TEMPLE, of London, relates that when he was once worshipping in an east end church where a hearty musical service is a distinguishing feature, he joined in the singing to the best of his ability. He has a stentorian voice, and the effect of his efforts on those sitting near him may be imagined. At the conclusion of the second verse of the hymn the patience of a workingman on his immediate left seemed fairly exhausted. Not recognizing the dignitary beside him, the poor man, in sheer desperation, gave the Bishop a sharp dig in the ribs. The latter, on turning round for an explanation, was thus addressed in subdued but distinct tones: "I say, gub'ner, you dry up; you're spoiling the whole show."

ELECTRICITY is to be put to still another use—that of welding metals. The ends of the pieces of metal to be wel