Plum Pudding in Verse.

If you wish to make the pudding which
every one delights,
Of six new-laid eggs you must take the yolks
and whites;
Beat them well up in a basin till they thoroughly
combine,
And be sure you chop the suet up particularly
fine.

Then take a pound of well-stoned raisins and a
pound of currants dried,
A pound of pounded sugar and some candied
peel besides;
Rub them all up well together with a pound of
wheaten flour,
And let them stand to settle for a quarter of an
hour.

Then tie the mixture in a cloth and put it in
the pot,
Some people like the water cold and some prefer it hot;
And though I don't know which of these two
plans I ought to praise,
I know it ought to boil an hour for every pound
it weighs.

O, if I were Queen of England, or what's better,
Pope of Rome,
I would have a Christmas pudding every day I
dined at home;
All the world should have a piece, and if any
did remain
Next morning for my breakfast I would have it
fried again.

MISS HELEN'S LOVERS.

"Ah, Betsey, don't we often, you and I, see a strong ship sail down the bay one morning," cried poor Miss Elizabeth, pointing with a tragic gesture to the sea, "and a few hours later, alas, where is she? A wreck, a wreck! Because we can't see the sunken rock upon which she founders, does that save her? Oh, dear, dear, I am so anxious!"

"If you go on like this, ma'am, fitting Miss Helen into parables like the parson, you will upset yourself, you will indeed. The young lady will be here in a minute and you'll be too ill to see her, through running down hill to meet misfortune. Ships sail past, a score a day, and come home, too, most times, and overtill the public houses, more shame to their crew."

These words "running down hill to meet misfortune" suggested an action to the hearer by which she could lessen her fears.

"Fetch my lace shawl and gauntlet gloves, Betsey," she commanded, with a sudden determination. "I will go down into Noelcombe and you shall accompany me. I will see the omnibus conductor; he promised me to inquire for the poor girl at the station, he undertook to look after her, otherwise I should have gone to meet her myself—as I ought to have done, as I ought to have done."

"It would have been better, ma'am, than tying up them carnation blossoms as if Providence was mistaken in making them top-heavy."

"I wished Miss Helen to see the garden at its best," said the poor gardener sadly.

"Young ladies don't look very particular at flowers, ma'am. 'Tisn't in a garden they take interest. Fine clothes, not fine flowers, are their delight; of young gentlemen, not carnations, they take notice."

Presently the mistress and maid—the former, dispirited and drooping; the latter, erect and energetic—were to be seen hurrying down the steep, descending street into the village of Noelcombe together.

Half an hour later a carrier's cart drew up outside the garden door of Carnation Cottage. The carrier, who had been walking beside his horse up the hill, addressed some one who was seated on a bench among a mountain of parcels and boxes beneath the arched awning.

"This your be the place, mum, if yer plaze to get out. It's a awkwardish concorn is a carrier's cart for a young lady to ride in, but it saved 'ee the worke howsomever, and a-long worke it be from up station down to Noelcumbe."

"Yes, indeed, and I am so much obliged to you," answered a gracious voice, most gratefully, and Helen, emerging from the shadow of the awning, climbed down by aid of the shaft, upon the road. "Your cart is very comfortable, I am glad I missed the omnibus now; I couldn't have seen the country half so well from it."

"No, mum, I sim as how yu couldn't. 'Tain't much to see, however. 'Twas a bit of luck my meeting o'ee and thinking to ask 'ee if you'd have a lift."

"So it was; thank you very much indeed. I have brought you out of your way, too, I am afraid."

"Lor' bless 'ee, mum, don't you spake of it. Poppet and me dorn't county an extra moile or tu; it's all in the day's job."

But Helen would not allow him to poohpooh his civility; she was most thankful to him, and with reason. His ready West-country courtesy had not only saved her a walk of deadly length and dreariness, but had restored her self-assurance. She had not been compelled to resort to the weak revenge of the foolish; she had not cut off her nose to spite her face after all.

She had certainly been born under a lucky star. If a misfortune seemed to threaten her, a lucky chance, intervening, averted it. She was elate with self-congratulation when a sudden memory of her moneyless and watchless condition struck her, and, slightly sobered by the recollection, she bade the carrier "good-night," and entered her aunt's domain.

The twilight had turned to dusk, and the moon, "like a rick on fire," was rising over the sea beforethe elder Miss Mitford returned. Too agitated to speak, she leaned on Betsey's stiffly-accommodating arm, with her eyes cast on the ground, a thousand fears overwhelmed her. The slugs, tempted forth by the falling dew, might feast undisturbed for once in their lives; she was too preoccupied to remember them. Even Betsey was perturbed; her rugged face was solemn, and she gave quite as high a jump, and gasped quite as fast and breathlessly as did her mistress when a girl's head was shrust through the open window and a lively voice cried—

"Oh, here you are, at last! I am unpacking, I will come down."

And the next moment Helen herself came out of the porch door to meet them.

"My dear, my dear, how you have frightened me! What happened? Where have you been? There, take me indoors, Helen, I am trembling sadly. I should like to rest."

"I am so dreadfully sorry, Aunt Elizabeth; but really, upon my word, it was not my own fault."

"Kiss me, my love; now that you are here, I mind nothing. Only that conductor increased my alarm. I know so little about girls; they are odd nowadays, quite changed since my youth. Betsey didn't believe it, but, then, Betsey never believes anything, you know."

Then Helen, her aunt and Betsey hanging on her words and asking many questions, gave a detailed account of the day's occurrences. She omitted all mention of Mr. Jones' name, however, and slurred over the explanations of how she lost the omnibus.

"And you came here in the carrier's cart—how extremely uncomfortable you must have been."

"It was rather jolty down the hills, Aunt Elizabeth."

Aunt Elizabeth and she were having supper. Betsy hovered about them, joining every now and then uninvited in the conversation.

"The carrier is a civil man; he admired my wallflowers so much in the spring—a dark variety, Helen, and particularly sweet-scented; would your father care for some seedlings, do you think?"

"He would love them, auntie; so should I."

"I am still thinking of the carrier, Helen; he and Mr. Jones are so very unlike. It is extraordinary that such an intelligent person as the conductor could have been so mistaken."

"Here Betsy made some remark about Ananias in an impressive aside

"What mistake did the conductor make, auntie? What did he say about me?"

"Well, really, I can't quite remember, my love. You see I was in the stable-yard at the Mermaid Hotel—such a confusing spot, for the horses were loose and so close to me. Though they were quiet at the time and looking hot and exhausted, poor things, it does not do to trust to appearance—I kept my eye on them."

"But what was the mistake?" Helen repeated. "Dear Helen is so determined," Mrs. Mitford was in the habit of saying, "she has such force of character."

"Never mind, love, never mind. It was a mistake, so I will not repeat what might be an annoyance to you. I make a point of forgetting anything unpleasant. Those kind of people do not mean any harm, not at all; but they are not discerning."

These remark were not likely to arrest Helen's ear only

"I should like to hear what he said."

Miss Mitford was of a plastic disposition; though she formed her own opinions and preserved them, yet she was always ready to comply with the wishes of her companions.

"He didn't say much, Helen."

From behind them came some indignant and isolated words, of which "Shameful"—"Sir Adolphus, indeed"—"grinding the poor"—"an old-clothes man"—"ought to know better"—"respected herself"—"not a word of truth"—were distinguishable.

"Why did you go to see the omnibus conductor, auntie?"

"I had asked him to look out for you at the station. I had given him a shilling, and he had promised to see after you. When you did not arrive, we went down to the Mermaid, where the omnibus stops, to inquire for you. The conductor, doubtless to screen his own carelessness, had the effrontery to tell me that you had started for Noelcombe in young Mr. Jones's dog-cart with that gentleman. Yes, my dear, he even said that Mr. Jone's valet told him not to wait, as his master was taking every care of you and would see you home. I questioned him, for I could not believe it. The conductor was both wrong and foolish to invent so impossible a tale to screen his fault."

While Miss Mitford was speaking Helen blushed, and her gray eyes sparkled, but with mischief, not malice. She did not execrate the inventor of the calumny, but she laughed and turned the subject.

"Don't faint, Aunt Elizabeth, but I want some more lobster; I was never so hungry in my life."

After supper the aunt and niece settled down for that underrated feminine delight, a "long talk." Helen was good company; she had plenty to say, and when she listened she was a good listener.

Her aunt had a hobby—our neighbor's hobbies are apt to weary us, but Helen had inherited the family flower-love, so she was sympathetic with this horticultural enthusiasm. She discussed the subject of seedlings and cuttings, of annuals and perennials, of bedding and sowing, of grafting and budding, without being palpably bored.

Betsey belonged to that unhappy race of people who were once described as those "who hate bear-baiting not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators," so she treated her mistress' delight in her garden as a weakness to be first despised and then quenched. The pleasure-crushers of the world are to be found in each flock. Never owning to, nor, perchance, realizing their unlucky tendency, they contrive to act as a drag upon their companion's happiness, blight the blossom of his innocent amusements, and play the miserable part of Killjoy in a world not overprolific of bliss at the best of times.

Helen's unfeigned interest in and admiration for every flower of the field or garden was delightful to Miss Mitford.

"I have not enjoyed an evening so much for years," she told the girl as they mounted the stairs on their way to bed; "it was very good of you to come to me at last, love, though I am afraid you will find it dull with only an old woman for your companion. You bring brightness with you, so I hope you will be content here, though the life I lead will seem monotonous and quiet, I know."

"I thought Noelcombe was raging with dissipation, auntie, ever since it had engulfed the great Sir Adolphus."

"Well, my dear, I hear that Newton is always filled with guests, and I believe that the Jones' entertainments are continual, but they do not invite me to partake in them. However, my friends at the Priory, the Majoribanks, are bidden to the ball there next week, and have already offered to take you with their party."

"I shan't go, though," Helen said, with a mighty yawn; "those sort of impossible people don't amuse me. I suppose everybody who goes to their house goes either to laugh at them or for what they can get."

Helen's tone was not dulcet; Miss Mitford was surprised at it.

"I know very little about them, my dear. They sit near me in church—such rows of servants and such very smart young ladies; they titter a good deal, which is not seemly; but I hear that Lady Jones is extremely kind to the poor. Their mansion is very red and much decorated; Sir Adolphus, people say, was his own architect. You can see the lights from the window of this room—over in that direction—a little farther to the left—below the clump of trees, love—you are looking at the wrong spot. Good night."

CHAPTER V.

"O saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border!
She's gone, like Alexander,
To spread her conquest farther."
BURNS.

Within the drawing-room belonging to that gorgeous mansion, toward the lights of which Miss Mitford had drawn Helen's attention, a rollicking party of smart people were assembled. The room, large as it was, was yet well filled, for the owner thereof and his daughters were indifferent to such charms as may be found in an unadulterated home circle, and their idea of bliss was to fill their house with guests—guests of distinction if possible—but guests at any rate, and at all hazards. Their brother, when he favored them with his presence—which was fairly often, considering that his company as an eligible young man, a good shot, and a good-humored companion, was much sought—fell in with their mood. Poor little Lady Jones' good nature overruled her good sense; her partiality for her daughters converted their wishes into her law, so she, with the courage of a martyr, lived in a harassing round of dissipation among people in the society of whom she felt neither ease nor comfort. The constant strain of the endeavor to appear other than she was, and the knowledge of the failure of the attempt, spoiled her pleasure of her riches, and turned her from a homely, sensible woman into a blundering, timorous nonentity. By the constrained expression of her daughters' faces, she knew when she had made some egregious mistake, but how to rectify such errors she realized that she was either too stupid or too old to learn.

Dinner was over—an excellent dinner it had been, such as leaves those who have been happy enough to discuss it in the best of humor. If the wit was weak among the party at Newton, the laughter was strong, and there was plenty of it, and the music of laughter is pleasant to hear in a world where it does not always overbound.

A group of men and girls were gathered round the piano, which, with an accompaniment of banjo, bones, and vigorous voices, was degrading its mellifluous tones by leading the popular strains of that curious tune "Killaloo."

Apart from the group at the piano, upon the ledge of an open window, Helen's recent acquaintance, Mr. Albert Jones, was seated talking, with rather a listless and condescending air, to his youngest sister, Anastasia.

"Don't grumble, Bertie, come and sing," she was saying; "or, if you won't sing, go and smoke—do something. I saw Lady Lucy looking over here just now; it's rather uncivil of you not to talk to her. You have been so stupid all the evening; you bored her to death at dinner, I saw her yawning."

"That polished horde, formed of two mighty tribes, the Bores and Bored," he quoted, with a comprehensive glance first at the musicians, and then round the room. "My dear Ana, I can't tune myself up to concert pitch in heat like this. Lady Lucy is all very well, but she is not invigorating; she is as mild as buttermilk."

His sister looked at him rather anxiously, and knitted her eyebrows.

"She is perfectly charming, Bertie; we are devoted to her and so is papa. They have asked us all there on the 29th. Didn't she tell you? Hasn't she asked you?"

"She said something about polo at their place, and a golf or tennis week—I forgot which. It made me feel to think of such violent exercise, and I said so."

"You are too spoiled, Bertie," said Anastasia, shrugging her shoulders. "you, really are. You are getting disagreeable."

At that moment the chorus of "Killaloo"—

"We learn to sing it easy, that song the Marseillaise
Too long, you know, on the Continent, we learnt it Killaloo."

rung out through the room.

"Pretty thing that!" growled the young man—"just like 'White Wings' or Lady Lucy. Sort of thing you never get sick of—grows on you—just suits a night like this."

He pointed through the open window to where the moon traced its pathway across the dark, heaving sea—to where the black cliffs towered, standing on guard upon either side of the left chasm in which twinkled the lights of the village.

Anastasia did not look at the view, but she looked keenly at her brother.

"Did Troubadour win the Norchester stakes?" she inquired with apparent irrelevance.

"Walk over," laconically.

"Then what's the matter, Bertie? When you are crusty something quite extraordinary must have happened."

"I'm all right, my dear; there is nothing earthly the matter with me. I suppose a fellow needn't make a fool of himself unless it is agreeable to him. Lady Lucy is everything that is correct, but she can't sing—

"Her voice was soft and low,
A cooing kind of voice, you know,
Except when she began to sing,
And then it was a fearful thing."

"Lady Lucy sings beautifully," his sister said, rather stiffly. "Good-by, Bertie. You are such dull company, I'm off."

She had not gone more than two or three steps when he called her back.

Anastasia returned—no one ever dreamed of disputing Mr. Jones' wishes; but she was impatient at his demands on her time. With half-a-dozen young men within hail, the best of brothers would seem a dull companion; this grim, uncomplaisant brother was an unmitigated bore.

"What do you want?"

"Well, I wanted to hear"—he spoke slowly; he was staring hard at his feet, as though its appearance at the end of his trousers was an interesting novelty—"I wanted to hear how many people are coming to this ball, and who they are, and what sort of entertainment it's likely to be.

This was an engrossing and a sensible topic, into which Anastasia could enter.

"Every one is coming," she answered, confidentially. "We have been so lucky—hardly one refusal. All the right people in the house." She ran through a string of noble names glibly, and in rather a raised voice; it is curious that such names should require emphasizing. "It ought to go off well. There are plenty of men, if they will only do their duty as well in the ball room as they are sure to do in the supper-room."

Mr. Jones was still staring at his foot, his interest in which had developed into anxiety; for he twisted it about and craned his neck to enable him to catch sight of the sole of his shoe.

"Have you asked any of the other people?" he inquired, indifferently.

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why, the — the — what-do-you-call them?—the villagers. The parson and the doctor, and the lawyer and the old ladies, don't you know? The people one only sees in church."

Miss Anastasia said, "Good gracious, no!" and laughed.

Then Bertie, still occupied with the formation of his foot, spoke more briskly than he had hitherto done.

"It is a great mistake to make enemies," he began, as though he was delivering a lecture and was a little pressed for time; "the greatest mistake in the world, Anastasia. We ought to ask everybody; we ought to make a point of asking everybody. There is no end of room in this house; a dozen more people won't crowd us out, and if I'm to stand for this side of the county at the next election it won't do to risk unpopularity and that sort of thing by not inviting everybody. People like to be asked, and it costs us no more to be done. I feel very strongly about it myself—I always have done so. I should like to know why they shouldn't be asked, and come, too! Surely there are plenty of old ladies in Noelcombe? Poor old souls!—a ball would cheer them up a bit. You needn't laugh. I don't want them to dance—I don't mean that—but the looking on and all the rest of it. I'm not chaffing, Ana; I want some more invitations sent out."

Anastasia looked perplexed, and spoke coldly—"Thanks for indulging me with your maiden speech, Bertie—not very elegant, but emphatic. So you will support women's rights, and old women's rights in particular? Most benevolent of you!"

"I want those invitations sent out," her brother repeated.

He did not often exert himself to express a wish, but when he did so his family knew that, come what might, that wish would eventually be fulfilled.

"Then you had better speak to mother. She is always eager to gather in from the hedges and highways. No doubt she will be charmed to send every tradesman in the village a card."

This last whim of Bertie's was preposterous, and the indulgence of it likely to prove a great trial to his relations. Though that magic word politics (which "surprises in himself") could be made to account for the presence of any social curiosities at the party, yet their entertainment—an uncongenial task—would devolve upon the ladies of the house.

Anastasia was annoyed, and when she was displeased she had a knack of making herself peculiarly disagreeable to her neighbors, but it was impolitic to quarrel with her brother, so she contented herself by turning down the corners of her mouth, shrugging her wide shoulders, and leaving him to occupy his window-seat alone.

He, however, did not remain where she had left him, but, crossing the room, seated himself by the side of his mother, with whom he conversed for some time. Lady Jones still possessed one joy which was unquenched by the pomp of her riches—the love of her son, her handsome, charming son, who treated her with a gentle tenderness and a courteous consideration such as had strangled the dawning shadow of a suspicion that he might be ashamed of her, and those supreme, manifest, but unsuccessful efforts of hers to be *comme il faut*.

The conversation between them, of which the young man monopolized the lion's share, and to which his mother replied with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," was of some length, and bore the following fruit.

During the ensuing afternoon, when Miss Mitford and her niece were seated in the cool, flower-scented little drawing-room at Carnation cottage, the sound of a ring at the front gate tinkled through the open window, and mingled so harmoniously with the jubilant song of the canary that Miss Elizabeth—who was dozing on an arm-chair with her cap straying, as was its wont, over her left column of curls, and her plump brown hands clasped on her rounded knees neither stirred nor sighed.

Helen, who was arranging some freshly-cut roses in a basket as she hummed her favorite, "A man who would woo a fair maid," in subdued notes, saw a shadow cross the lawn; so, roses in hand, she rose and twitched the offending cap into place in view of an emergency in the shape of visitors. She had resumed her song, and her occupation when Julia, awed by the stateliness of a powdered footman and excited by the unwonted sight of a gentleman caller, opened the door timidly, and in hushed tones announced—

"Lady Jones and Mr. Jones!"

Then followed some embarassing moments, during which Miss Elizabeth woke up in a bewildered condition; Lady Jones nervously and unintelligibly endeavored to explain the object of her call, stared Helen out of countenance and broke the foreleg of the dainty chair upon the edge of which she had placed herself on her entry.

Strangely enough the usually composed Helen had momentarily lost her self-possession, but soon regaining it, she found Lady Jones another and a firmer chair, helped her out with her disclosures, and sustained the conversation until her aunt finally emerged from the land of dreams and became her placid and tranquil self.

"It is so long since I had the pleasure of seeing you, Lady Jones, that for the first moment, I hardly knew you," she apologized. "It seemed so stupid, but unfortunately I left my spectacles on the garden seat below the magnolia, and without them I am nearly blind, I am indeed."

"My eyes fail me, too, Miss Mitford, but I'm sorry to say I don't wear spectacles, but these awkward pinch-noses which my girls prefer, though they fall from my nose as often as I place them there."

"But I notice that your—ahem—your glasses are suspended from your neck by a chain, which is very convenient; my spectacles frequently get mislaid. It is impossible," with a gentle sigh, "to attach spectacles."

Mr. Jones, to do him justice, was behaving with tact, he looked as though he was in the habit of paying afternoon calls with his mother, and appeared quite at home on the tiny chair in the corner, where he had retreated on his arrival, and from whence, for the first few moments, he watched the scene in silence.

As soon as the elder ladies were fairly engaged in conversation, Helen turned and spoke to this unassertive guest; though she was conscious that his eye rested more persistently upon her than was quite in accordance with good manners, she no longer appeared to resent it. If he had approved her, soiled, weary, and travel-stained, as she had appeared the previous day, it was not probable that his admiration would lessen on the second sight of the girl, who, for some inexplicable reason had mended her manner as much as she had improved her appearance. Yesterday he had fancied her *gauche*, constrained, shy; now she was gracious, self-possessed and smiling, and although there was something in her ceremonious civility which balked his endeavors to arrive at that easy, hail-fellow-well-met stage of intimacy, which he usually adopted with those fortunate girls to whom he took a liking, yet he was not inclined to quarrel with her demeanor; after all it was a change, and variety is refreshing.

He had come for the purpose of inviting her to the ball, and he saw no reason for concealing his purpose, so he immediately approached the subject.

"My mother's brought you a card," he said, and then urged her to accept the invitation.

Her smiling indifference to the whole question was rather astonishing to one whose desire, opinion or remark usually received the undivided attention of that honored lady to whom it was divulged.

"You don't care for dancing?" he habarded. "Perhaps you don't go to balls?"

"I was at a ball last week," she replied, "I am very fond of dancing."

"Perhaps you have had too much of it? One gets sick of anything."

She smiled at him without answering—a provoking smile because it was ambiguous.

He thought those gray eyes of hers with which she looked straight into his; were very clear and cold, but wonderfully pretty; he thought she looked like a rose herself in her pink cotton gown and her hands filled with roses; he thought he should like to own that cloth of gold bud with which she toyed half-absently while she talked. He wished she would be less unapproachable and more responsive.

"Perhaps," he began again, still searching for a cause for her refusal, "you don't care for a ball out of your own neighborhood? Do strangers bore you?"

"On the contrary—I like change, and therefore a change of face."

"Then, why," doggedly, "won't you come to us?"

"I am sorry," with that formal air of politeness that was artificial, he knew, and which annoyed him, "that I am unable to accept your kind invitation."

"I am most unlucky," he returned, with a smile, "you will accept nothing of mine—not even a lift in my dog-cart."

It was the first time he had alluded to their prior acquaintance, and she blushed a little when he did so, though she answered with that calm *sangfroid* and self-reliance which seemed to place her at a great distance off and reversed their former position, to his disadvantage.

"Yesterday you were a stranger to me," she said, demurely.

"So is a cabman a stranger, but you drive in his cab all right."

"I pay a cabman."

"You could pay me, if you like."

"I had no money."

"I would have put it down," he said, "I would have taken out the fare in dances."

"You were very kind," with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, "to propose driving me, but you could hardly expect me to trespass upon your goodness by accepting your offer."

"It was no case of trespassing," he returned, answering the twinkle with a laugh, "the cart was there and the empty seat ready for you. Upon my word, I was miserable the whole evening at the thought of your walking home; I couldn't forget it, but it was your own fault."

A very steady and expressive glance from his companion disconcerted the speaker.

"If it wasn't your own fault I don't know who was to blame," he added, with some defiance. "When I was half-way home I nearly turned back to try my luck again with you, but, remembering your face as I had last seen it, I thought it wiser not to try."

"Had you gone you would have been too late to find me for I soon met with a—a—carriage in which I drove home."

"Not really? You don't mean it, I thought all the cabs and carts were well on their way back before you left the station."

"You had forgotten the carrier's cart."

He laughed, they were sailing unpleasantly near the wind, he must change the subject.

"So you came in the guise of a parcel, what a fortunate career! I am glad you were spared the walk, though I am inclined to think you deserved to suffer for refusing my escort," then, with a sudden, happy thought, "You pass through pretty country on the way here, don't you?"

"Exceedingly," with a disappointing lack of enthusiasm.

"You do not know the Rivers Meet Vale near here?"

"No, but I heard of it."

"You must see it."

"Yes, I should like to go there."

"It's a perfect bit of scenery. It beats anything I ever saw in any country, and I have done a tiresome bit of knocking about in my life. The rivers come in contact in a narrow valley between a brace of granite tors; there is such a tumult over the meeting of the waters that you can hear the splashing and the roar half a mile off. Bowlders from the cliff have rolled down into the bed of the river, and the water lashes at them all day long and sends up clouds of spray which keep the air cool even on the hottest summer morning. The Osmunds Regalis grows eight feet high on the banks; inland you get a view over the moor, and seaward you can see right away beyond Morte Point."

"How beautiful."

"Indeed, it is beautiful!"

"Scenery was a stimulating and stirring topic, Mrs. Jones felt that hitherto he had not fully appreciated the beauties of North Devon.

"The morning after the ball we are going to drive up there for a blow," he continued. "We are all going, a largish party, we shall take lunch and make a day of it. It's rather a difficult place to get at, the roads are execrable. You will come with us, won't you? You would love the Vale and my mother would be so pleased to have you."

Helen's eyes had sunk to the roses on her knee, she hesitated and he eagerly pressed his advantage.

"I will get the carrier's cart if that is the only conveyance you fancy, and if I mayn't drive you, at least I may walk at the horse's head and crack the whip occasionally."

"May I leave it open?"

"No," he said, boldly, "that is just what you may not do. I hate uncertainty worse than misfortune. If you will come it will be very kind of you; if you won't I will make up my mind to bear the disappointment."

"It must depend upon my aunt," with an accession of dignity that the young man did not seem to remark.

"I thought it depended on you," he said frankly, "If it depends on her it is easily arranged," and, forthwith, he rose from his chair, quitted his nonplussed companion, and, turning his shoulder upon her, addressed Miss Elizabeth. He had hardly finished his petition for permission for Helen to join their Rivers Meet picnic before it was gratefully accorded.

"Whose picnic is it, Albert," asked Lady Jones, rising as she spoke preparatory to taking leave. "I hadn't heard a word of it. Dear me, I fancy you must have made a mistake for I do not think we are invited."

"It's all right, mother," he replied, calmly. "The girls are going and all the people in the house. It is our own picnic, but its rather premature to talk of it, for the weather's so uncommonly unsettled down here in the West."

When the visitors had gone the elder Miss Mitford waxed eloquent over their charms and flooded her discourse with their praises.

"Such genial and friendly people, love; the young man so handsome and so easy. If poor Lady Jones is not quite what we are accustomed to in polish, yet her deficiencies are concealed by good nature. People are sadly unkind about them. Jealousy, love, is at the root of all unkindness. Between ourselves, Helen, I think that nice young man has taken a fancy to you. You have no idea how he stared when you were bidding his mamma good-bye; it was almost uncivil; but then he has such handsome eyes."

"He is very self-satisfied and conceited," said the younger lady with cold deliberation.

"Dear, dear, you astonish me, Helen. From you manner and general air I quite thought—well, well, I really couldn't tell you what I did think—old maids are fanciful."

"I wonder if they are as fanciful as young ones," thought the girl, dipping her sweet face down in the basket of roses before her and smiling rather grimly.

(To be Continued.)

Goodheart's Sudden Change.

Returned tourist—Is Mr. Goodheart still paying attentions to your daughter?

"Indeed he isn't paying her any attention at all."

"Indeed! Did he jilt her?"

"No. He married her."

Ladies, if you are suffering from any of the ailments peculiar to your sex give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. They will not fail you. Sold by all dealers.

Few lady athletes are more energetic than the Misses Morell Mackenzie. At Wargrave regatta they showed great prowess in the double sculling race, one sister steering, the other sculling. The race was very close, but the ladies carried the day over their men competitors. Some of the sisters also raced in the Canadian canoe and gondola race.

Good News: Stranger—How do you remember the names of all these workmen? Contractor—We don't try to. We number them. Chalk the numbers on their breeches. "I should think the chalk-marks would get rubbed off." "If they lose the chalk marks they get no pay, and they all understand it." "Humph! Where do you put the mark?" "Right where it will get rubbed off if they sit down."

T. Sidney Cooper, the British royal academician, has just celebrated his 85th birthday. He is in excellent health.

"German Syrup"

Croup. We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

ED. L. WILLITS, of Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous.

MRS. JAS. W. KIRK, Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I have depended upon it in attacks of Croup with my little daughter, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs.

A SCOT REMAINS A SCOT.

The Earl of Aberdeen Cannot Deny his Nationality.

The Earl and Lady Aberdeen and party arrived in the city about 10 o'clock this morning, and were driven directly to the Auditorium Hotel. A *Press* reporter sent up a card shortly after, and was shown into the presence of one of the staff, the Earl himself having retired. The reporter was informed that the party had reached here in excellent health an twere pleased with their trip. "America," said the gentleman, "is always a source of pleasure to the British traveller."

But the Earl himself could not be seen.

A waiter, who had conveyed something good for the inner man to the noble guest, returned bearing the card which the reporter had sent up. On one side was the reporter's name—the quaint old Scottish name of Jean—on the other side were a few words scribbled by the Earl:

"Will ace you at——. Your name came up like a sprig of heather."

After all a "Scot is a Scot the world over."

For the uninitiated be it added that Jean means "sprig of heather." — *Monday's Chicago Press.*

The Panorama a Scotch Invention.

Towards the end of the last century, about 1785, a young Edinburgh painter, named Robert Baker, was thrown into prison by his creditors. His cell was underground, receiving the daylight from a hole in the ceiling. For a long time he failed to notice the manner in which the light struck the walls, when one day, receiving a letter, he proceeded to read it against the light side of the wall. The effect appeared to him so novel and extraordinary that he resolved as soon as he was free to repeat it on large-sized pictures, the light being made to fall from above. The year following he took out a patent for an entirely new contrivance called by him "La Nature a Coup d'Œil," and since called "panorama," for the purpose of displaying views of nature on a large scale. This, according to M. Germain Bapst, in a highly interesting monograph entitled "L'Historie des Panoramas," just issued by the National Printing Press in France, settles the origin of the invention, although the honor was disputed by Provost in France and Breysig in Germany. M. Bapst, however, shows beyond doubt that Barker really discovered the principle of panoramic views. His first circular panorama, representing the British fleet at anchor off Portsmouth, was exhibited in Leicester square in 1792, the first on the continent appearing in Paris and Berlin in 1800. Next year will therefore be the centenary of panoramas.

The Fastest Short Run on Rails.

It is disputed that the fastest train in Great Britain is the Scotch Express. The New York *Sun* says in answer to a correspondent: "For a short distance four English trains beat ours, and the fastest train in the world is on the Great Northern of England, between Grantham and King's Cross Station, London; the distance is only 105¼ miles, but the schedule speed is 54 miles an hour. The schedule speed on the Central's new express is 52½ miles an hour, and the Baltimore & Ohio's 51½ miles an hour."

The Man of the House.

Brooklyn *Life*: "Now that you have consented," said the happy young man, "I must see your papa."

"No," replied the radiant girl. "You mention it to mamma. What she says goes."

In the Restaurant.

New York *Herald*: "Garcon, I've waited here one mortal hour!" said Chappie.

"That's so, sir; but just think o' me. I've been waiting here for 10 years."

Children almost invariably suffer from catarrh at this season. Do not neglect it until perhaps consumption is developed, but apply Nasal Balm at once. It never fails to cure.

One Had to Go.

Grand Rapids *Democrat*: "My cigar has gone out," remarked the snake editor.

"Thank heaven," fervently said the horse editor, "then I will not have to."

One of the largest irrigating canals in California will soon be in operation near Lodi, in San Joaquin County. It will convert over 200 square miles into fruit farms.

Guest—I want a good hearty dinner—plenty of variety. What would you advise? Waiter—Order consommé soup, hash and mince pie. They'll be sure to include everything.

An Albany special says the best figures obtainable to date show eighteen Republicans and fourteen Democrats in the Senate, and 65 Democrats to 63 Republicans in the Assembly.

French electricians find that the best accumulator plates are made of an alloy composed of 945 parts of lead, 22 parts of antimony, and 13 parts of mercury.

The Pope's jubilee present to aged Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, is a fine medallion of himself, painted on ivory and in a gold frame.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Worrit, "is it really true that many people are buried alive?" "None of my patients ever are," replied Dr. Graves.

—The King of Greece speaks a dozen languages.

In Africa there are 500 missionaries and 400,000 converts. An average of 25,000 a year become converted, and in five years more than 200 martyrs have lost their lives there.

There are 1,125 characters in the twenty-four books that Charles Dickens wrote.

For the first time since the war, there is not a negro in the Virginia Legislature.

Prince Oscar, of Sweden, who married Miss Ella Munck some two years ago, leads a very serene existence with the woman of his choice, whom to wed he gave up all rights to the throne.

Chinese is spoken by 40,000,000 people.

Van Jay—We had a splendid time at the reception last night. Willing—Just my luck, always a splendid time whenever I stay away. Van Jay—So the others were remarking.

The Edinburgh Town Council has decided not to sanction the erection of an experimental trolley line.

Two-thirds of 3,000 persons employed in the Elgin Watch Works are women, and they are organizing.

The Chinese not infrequently condemn a prisoner to keep awake until he dies. A criminal in such circumstances usually lives nine or ten days.

The farmer who closely packs his load of wood is sure to strike the popular chord

David Evans, London's new lord mayor, has just turned 40, one of the youngest mayors London has had, and has been noted for the brevity and sense of his speeches.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

OH, WHAT A FALL!

He held her hand as he tried on a glove,
In the mammoth dry goods store;
And he thought of the nights he had held that
hand
As they strolled by the sea-beat shore.

He looked at her face, he smiled and bowed;
She gave him a vacant stare,
And said, in a voice as cold as ice,
"I'll take this four-button pair."

—It takes two years to make a bottle of champagne.

—Mr. Spurgeon signed the abstinence pledge in 1860.

—When a man realizes that he cannot be famous there is some hope that he will settle down and be useful.

—If you have nothing else to be thankful for, be thankful that you can't always read your best friends thoughts.

CONSISTENT TO THE END.

Young Goitfast was wont to say—
"We all have got to die;
So while I stay upon the earth
I'll live exceedingly high."

So well did he this theory
Of living high exemplify,
That when he died his feet were all
Of six feet from the ground.

— That's what you might call 'cutting a swell,'" said the surgeon as he lanced a big boil.

A piano is a moral thing,
Viewed in whatever light,
For if you find it is not square,
It's sure to be upright.

—Jimmy—Pa, I wish I could be a pirate and sail the Spanish main and scuttle ships. Mr. Scrimp—Well, you just take this scuttle and sail down cellar and pirate some coal from Smith's bin.

—A tiger in Belgrade tore his keeper to pieces. The last words of the poor man were: "It's tough on me, but it'll be the making of the show."

Very Silly.

A lady who, since the memory of the present generation, has been earning her living by writing newspaper and magazine articles and in various other ways, and is therefore quite as much of a working woman as if she scrubbed floors for a maintenance, writes a paper lamenting the degeneracy of domestic help in the United States, and remarks:

We can never have the "perfect service" in a republic.

Dear! dear! by all means this lady should migrate, bandbox and bundle, to Europe and live there, where from the superior heights of writing at a cent a word, more or less, she can look down upon the woman who sweeps up her literary litter and enjoy the "perfect service" which only a monarchy or an empire can yield. Her aristocratic sensitivities are quite too acute for her to tarry longer in her own country, where, as the old man said when speaking to the Sunday school class: "Maybe all these little boys and girls will some day be presidents."

The "perfect service" in the domestic line in America went when women who wanted to introduce foreign ways brought into their kitchen the cap and back door business, and set themselves up as persons of another race than the people who for wages performed their work. Then every self-respecting American girl fled the kitchen. Joan of Arc was a hostler. What a horrid creature she would have been to this blue-blooded magazine hack!—*Chicago Canadian-American.*

Competition.

In order to ascertain the views of chemists throughout Great Britain as to which of the remedies for outward application had the largest sale and greatest popularity, *The Chemist and Druggist* instituted a post card competition, each dealer to name on a post card the preparation which had the largest sale and was the most popular with customers, and the publisher received 635 of these cards, with the following results:

St. Jacobs Oil	384
Elliman's Embrocation	172
Holloway's Ointment	32
Allcock's Plasters	19
Bow's Liniment	7
Pain Killer	7
Vaseline	4
Cuticura	2
Scattering	8
Total	635

The Block Pavement Unhealthy.

Ottawa *Free Press*: Western physicians have come to the conclusion that cedar block pavements are prejudicial to public health in those cities where they are in use, as they harbor the germs of typhoid and other diseases. There is talk of tearing up the cedar pavements which have been put down at great expense in Toronto. All over the country the cedar block pavement is being condemned, and the general conclusion is that in those cities which cannot afford granite or solid asphalt good brick is about the best material for paving streets. Brick pavements last well, are easily repaired, and no objection can be urged to them on sanitary grounds.

Wanted a Chance.

Long Term William—What did you want to tell that kind lady you were in for a double murder, you petty larceny thief?

A. Jay Hallrack—I'm sick of tracts and kill-me-quick cigars; what I want is sweet smelling posies.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

The joke that's called "the practical"
Is born of mulish wit
And to some sad and cruel end
Come those who practice it.

Emperor William is fond of shooting, but because of his withered arm he is not an accurate marksman. It is with the greatest difficulty that he can shoulder a rifle.

Your friends may not know much, but they know what they would do if they were in your place.

But over and above all this the girl baby is a mark of intellect. It has long been noticed that the greatest men leave no male descendants. George Washington left none. Thomas Jefferson had only girls. Andrew Jackson never risked a son. The greatest Democrats of the country have steadily pursued this safe and conservative policy,