Continued from first page.

'Cannot see me?' he at last admitted. 'What can I have done to offend her? What is the meaning of this strange action of hers?' He seemed to have forgotten the dainty, pink-tinged missive which the servant had given him, but suddenly recollecting it, he tore open the envelope, and read these sarcastic lines:—

Mr Thorne—Dear Sir:—I was not aware, until quite recently, that your heart was large enough to entertain an affection for two women at the same time. Such being the case, I must decline the share of love you have been wont to lavish upon me, as, in affairs of the heart, I am very selfish, and not for a moment could I think of looking to a rival. Let all, henceforth, that has passed between us be forgotten. I leave you free to bestow the whole wealth of your elastic affection upon whomsoever you choose to honor in that way. Should we chance to meet let it be as strangers, for my vocabulary contains no word by which I can fully express the scorn in which I shall evermore regard you.

I remain, very respectfully,
MINNIE RANGDON.

'Good heavens! What is the meaning of this? Has her love for me departed since I last saw her and been bestowed on another and is this the paltry manner in which she seeks to rid herself of my company and sever the engagement? It is one series of falsehoods from beginning to end, and is plainly that of her own coinage, too!

It is strange how quickly, when suspicion is once aroused, people jump to conclusions, be they true or false; and this is especially the case when two of man's strongest passions, love and jealousy, are at all concerned in the matter.

At this juncture the cabman approached Malcolm, who was excitedly pacing up and down the verandah which surrounded the house, and said:

'I'd like to have my fare, sir, for I must be off. I can't stay here all day unless you pay me for waiting.'

'You may remain, for I'll want you to take me back to the station, and I'll pay you for your time,' replied Malcolm.

'All right, sir,' said the man going back to his vehicle, but wondering at the peculiar manner in which the gentleman was acting.

'I will tell the truth from her. The meaning of this scandalous note, in justice to myself, must be explained before I leave Malvern!'

He rang the bell, and again the servant made her appearance.

'Tell Miss Rangdon that I must have a few minutes' conversation with her.'

The servant departed to deliver the message, and quickly came back with an answer.

'Miss Rangdon desires me to inform you that it is impossible for her to grant your request, and wishes you to cease annoying her with such solicitations, and to leave this house immediately.'

'But she shall speak with her,' cried the now infuriated Malcolm.

'I was instructed not to admit you,' and with that she shut the door in his face,and locked it also.

'Who is afraid I'll force my way into the house—as if I were some cowardly ruffian and not a gentleman. I will go, for I should deprive myself if I were again to beg for that explanation which is my right to have granted me. It is hard, very hard though, not knowing the cause, to part from the woman you love. Perhaps I may judge her wrongly—perhaps some person have abandoned me in my absence and she has believed them. It is possible, and yet she has just acted like a woman who has been injured, but like one who commits an injury. Well she won't see me nor shall I try to force her again, so I'll go from here, and in time, I may learn to forget her.'

He walked slowly, the picture of a grief-stricken man, down the gravelled walk, but as he reached the gate, a lady approached it from the other side.

'By dear Malcolm,' she cried, 'what is the matter? You look as if some great misfortune had befallen you?'

'And so the has, Mrs. Rangdon. Read this and judge for yourself, and then explain it if you can,' he replied, handing her Minnie's note.

'I really can't conjecture what has caused her to write out in this fashion, said Mrs. Rangdon, when she had perused the missive. 'This morning,' she added. 'Minnie was looking joyfully forward to your coming.'

'And you don't doubt that my affection for her is as great as ever it was, Mrs. Rangdon?' he asked, interrupting her.

'I have had no cause for doubt, Malcolm, nor will I until I have full and sufficient proof. I am convinced that there is some great mistake, but what it is, I can neither say nor think.'

'I hope it may prove nothing worse,' he replied, sadly. 'I sought an explanation of her strange conduct, but she would not grant me an interview. Good-bye, Mrs. Rangdon, for I must go, else I shall miss the next train. You may tell her that I for——'

'Malcolm, you shall do nothing of the kind. I have known you since you were a child, and I'm sure you would not do anything wrong or unmanly. I have always placed so much faith in you as I have in Minnie, Malcolm; therefore as you say you cannot explain what has caused her to take this sudden dislike to you, she herself must do so, for your satisfaction and mine. Come with me into the house; we have already delayed too long. The sooner this matter is cleared up the better for all parties concerned.'

'My pride, Mrs. Rangdon, will not permit me to enter until Minnie summons me, and I doubt if she ever will. Twice to-day the door has been slammed in my face, as if I were some low character, and, ungraciously, by your daughter's orders.'

'I did not think she could act in such an unladylike manner. She shall beg your pardon for so doing,' said Mrs. Rangdon in her decided way. 'Well as you're resolved to stand upon your dignity, like all you foolish lovers—and you've all well matched in that respect, or there would be more reconciliations and fewer broken engagements—just remain where you are till I return. I'll find out the why and the wherefore of this matter and be back again in five minutes.'

The stated time had scarcely elapsed before jolly resolute Mrs. Rangdon appeared.

'Why Malcolm, she's in her room sobbing as if her heart would break. The silly creature says that she saw a woman kiss and embrace you at the depot to-day. I guess she fell asleep in the carriage and dreamed it.'

Malcolm's gravity changed quite suddenly to merriment, and it was with difficulty that he managed to say, 'The woman called me George, and, as I resembled her lover, thought I was he, but she quickly discovered her mistake.'

Mrs. Rangdon had a keen appreciation for the ludicrous, and she joined in Malcolm's laughter.

'What's all this fuss about,' said the cabman to himself. 'If I didn't know it was Mr. Rangdon's place, I should say it was a madhouse.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Rangdon, 'you'd better pay and dismiss the hackman, and then go in and forgive Minnie for acting so foolishly.'

Malcolm put his hand in his pocket, but found that his wallet was gone; and soon he had the discovery that he was also minus his watch and chain.

'Mrs. Rangdon, I've been robbed.'

'Yes, Malcolm, and it was that very loving woman who robbed you,' said Mrs. Rangdon, bursting into a hearty laugh. 'Well, don't keep Minnie waiting any longer, but go to her, and I'll pay the cabman.'

Malcolm did as he was bidden, and when Mrs. Rangdon joined the lovers they were as smiling and happy as any two affectionate mortals could be.

That day the proper officials were notified of the robbery; detectives were put on the track of the affectionate pick-pocket, and two or three days afterward she was caught in the act of embracing another man at a station above Malvern. Malcolm got his watch and chain back but not his money; but that did not bother him, nor would it you reader of the sex masculine, if you were going to marry a pretty loving girl, with a fine marriage portion.

Miscellaneous.

—A small bottle of Guinness' porter can be purchased anywhere in Great Britain for two pence. That is the retail price, and the profit to the manufacturer must be infinite small. Yet the raindrops make the river, and the ocean of profits realized by Messrs. Guinness is simply amazing. Sir Benjamin Guinness paid income tax on £56,000 pounds a year. It is stated that the profits realized by Messrs. Guinness' brewery amount to the magnificent figure of £100,000 per annum, and the partnership has been dissolved upon the terms that Sir Arthur is to receive £1,000,000 or twenty years' purchase of £50,000 a year. I have also heard, writes a correspondent, that Mr. E. Cecil Guinness, who became the sole owner of the brewery,offered to a draw a check for one million pounds, his brother's share of the concern.

We have been accustomed to think a check for £40,000 or £50,000 a wonderful document, and to look upon the drawer with curiosity and astonishment, but we are utterly lost in wonder at the idea of a fellow citizen offering to draw a check and pay down the coin to the tune of a cool million. I can imagine the amazement of the bank cashier to whom the check would be presented, and the blank consternation of the manager at the sudden demand, and his probable inability to meet it without calling securities. The population of the county is 30,000,000,and I doubt if twenty individuals out of that number could draw for a like sum with the certainty of its being honored. The citizens of Dublin ought to be proud that they possess in their midst a business of such gigantic proportions.

A WOMAN SOLD AT AUCTION.

American papers have often commented upon the fact that in some parts of England women have been sold at public auction during the last century. Yesterday the novel sight of a woman being sold under the hammer was witnessed by hundreds of people in front of Currie's auction store. When it became known that such a sale was to be made, a large crowd gathered to see the woman, and many were wondering if the authorities would allow such a disgraceful scene to go on. At 10.30 the woman was brought out. Her name was unknown, but she was recognized by some of the bystanders as a person who had worked in a millinery establishment on C street before the fire, and her character had never been questioned. She seemed perfectly composed in the presence of so large a crowd, and never moved a muscle of her face as the auctioneer called out for the first bid.

She stood in an elevated position, dressed in plain muslin, without any special attempt at display. She was a handsome brunette, with regular features, dark hair and eyes, and complexion as pure as wax. She was finally knocked down for £8, and, to the surprise of everybody, the bidder was an honest man. He says the woman is somewhat dilapidated, but he thinks he can melt down the wax and make her up into tapers for Christmas trees. She originally cost $800 in New York, the workmanship being of the best, and was for a long time, displayed in a Broadway milliner's window before she was shipped to the Comstock.—*Virginia (Nevada) Chronicle.*

A QUEER PLACE TO FIND A WALLET.—Mr. George Harvey, one of the crew of the schr. Rebecca Bartlett, of Gloucester, on her last trip to George, hauled up a codfish, which upon being dressed there was found in the paunch, a wallet in fair state of preservation. Unfortunately for the fisherman, there was no money in it; but there was an old letter, and a horse car-ticket. The writing on the letter was so badly obliterated that it could not be read, therefore no clue as to the owner of the wallet could be obtained.

—A curious experiment with the magnet was recently tried in London. A boy had broken a needle in the calf of his leg, and before resorting to surgical instruments, it was decided to try the effect of a powerful magnet in withdrawing the steel. After a number of experiments in different positions the needle was drawn near the surface on the opposite side of the leg from which it entered and was easily withdrawn.

—A minstrel-riding a pumpkin-colored sorrel perpetrated a heavy sell on a toll-keeper one day. He rode up unobserved, and turning his horse's head about, opposite the direction he wanted to go, called to the toll-keeper who had by this time come out. 'What is the toll?' 'Twenty cents,' answered the toll keeper. 'Too high,' replied the solitary horseman, 'can't pay it. I guess I will go back.' He turned his horse about and proceeded in precisely the direction he wanted to go, the toll-gatherer never dreaming of the sell.

☞ Farmers should know that a broken bone may be set and the injury come out in a dumb animal, as well, considering their different nature, as in a human being. I once saved a young horse which got well and strong after his hind leg was broken; and not long ago had a year-old heifer which got her leg broken above the knee joint. The sooner the bone is chased her over the bars, and the broken bone projected through the skin some inches. I got her into a pen well provided with litter, and set the bone as well as the circumstances would admit, and splintered and bandaged it up, and in six weeks it was apparently as well as ever, with the exception of a small callus at the place where broken. The animal may now be seen at my place.—*Cor. Maine Farmer.*

☞ An Albany County man, while milking one of his cows, hitched its tail around his leg to keep it from switching in his eyes. He had cause to regret doing so, however, after being dragged half way across a ten acre lot, and was only released by the timely arrival of his son with a jack knife. The cow is now minus half its tail.