

found women quite ready to listen to him. Kinel was a fine old place, and many a girl would gladly have been its mistress. Mr. Harford was not at all good looking; he was tall and stout—very stout he looked leaning there on the mantelpiece, as Lily ran breathless into the drawing-room at Kingsford—but what of that? If his person were substantial, his income was substantial too, and then he was a gentleman. There could be no mistake about that. His expression, bearing, whole appearance bespoke a well bred man. His features were harsh, but his manner was good. People said also that he was generous; at all events no mean action or word was ever laid to his charge.

He went forward and held out his hand with a pleasant smile as Lily ran in, with her letter in her hand.

"You see I've come to see you again," he said.

"Yes," smiled Lily.

"This is my son, Major Doyme," said Mrs. Doyme, introducing the smart little soldier who had followed his sister into the room.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance," said Mr. Harford, extending his large hand, and eyeing his proposed future brother-in-law approvingly. Here at least was a member of the family that Mr. Harford, of Kinel, thought he might like. He did not like the Colonel, and he disliked Mrs. Doyme. But there it is! If he took the fair Lily to his bosom, he could not exactly leave her mother out in the cold. He had thought it all over; he must take the bad with the good, and he had accordingly been making himself very agreeable to Mrs. Doyme, thinking all the while that she was what he designated, "a confoundedly vulgar old woman."

Happily for us all, our thoughts are still our own in spite of certain modern theories to the contrary. Mrs. Doyme could not see through the substantial covering of Mr. Harford's inward reflections. He stood there beaming at her, and Mrs. Doyme quite believed he was admiring her virtuous and matronly character and charms.

And as he saw and approved of the pleased smile with which he welcomed Lily.

"Mother, here is another letter from Annette," said Lily, and Mrs. Doyme having asked Mr. Harford to excuse her, put her glasses on her well-shaped nose, and read the few words that Annette's letter contained, and then turned to Mr. Harford.

"Very gratifying, is it not?" she said. "Sir Rupert has found out my train for me, and arranged all about my journey. One can scarcely expect so much from so young and rich a man; but then he is so devoted to my dear girl."

"When do you go?" asked Mr. Harford. "On Thursday in the mid-day train. I shall be at King's Cross about seven."

"Then what do you say, Major Doyme," said Mr. Harford with alacrity, (thinking what a blessing to get rid of her) "to coming to dine and stay all right with me at Kinel on Thursday? You and this young lady here," and he turned with a smile to Lily, "and, of course, the Colonel?"

Among Mr. Harford's good qualities was one highly appreciated by his neighbours—he gave first-rate dinners. His wines, his green Chartreuse and his cook were famous in the country. He liked good living himself, and he liked to see others enjoy themselves at his table. Mrs. Doyme knew very well her Colonel would be only too glad to accept the invitation, and she therefore accepted for him.

"How kind of you to ask them!" she said. "The Colonel, I am sure, will be charmed to dine with you—and you, my dear, too, won't you?" And she looked at Lily.

"I'll be very pleased," answered Lily. "You must put up with my bachelor ways, you know," continued Mr. Harford, in sprightly fashion. "We'll have to mend all that some day, eh, Mrs. Doyme?"

"Yes, I'm sure, and with so many nice young ladies in the neighborhood, I don't know how you've remained a bachelor so long, Mr. Harford!" said Mrs. Doyme with a little laugh.

"Time enough yet," answered the owner of Kinel hopefully. "Well, then, we'll settle it! I'll send the carriage over for you, Miss Lily, on Thursday afternoon. I hope you will come, Major Doyme, and stay till you're tired of me. I've plenty of shooting, and the hounds meet on Saturday at my place, so I hope you won't find it dull?"

Major Doyme was quite ready also to accept Mr. Harford's invitation, and when

Mrs. Doyme left Kingsford Grange on Thursday morning to start on her journey to town she had the satisfaction of thinking that her household accounts would not be much increased in her absence, as her husband and children would be from home.

And as she traveled on her way she decided that if Lily could be persuaded to marry Mr. Harford that it would be a most satisfactory arrangement. True, he was a little old, but then he was in all respects such a desirable match.

"My girls have done very well," she thought more than once on her journey, and she thought this again when she reached King's Cross and found one of Sir Rupert Miles's servants waiting for her on the platform, and Sir Rupert Miles's well appointed carriage waiting for her outside.

"This is as it ought to be," she reflected as she drove through the streets leaning back on the luxurious cushions. There had been days in Mrs. Doyme's early career when she had had no money to pay for an uneasy cab; when an omnibus had been her choicest means of conveyance. But this was all over now. She had married well; her daughter had married splendidly, and her Lily must marry well too.

It was with a proud and elated heart that she entered the stately house in the stately square, which was now her Annette's home. She perhaps expected as she crossed the brilliantly lighted hall, that a door would quickly open, and that she would feel her child's arms around her neck. But no. A footman asked her to kindly walk upstairs, and preceded her up the broad, softly-carpeted steps, and another footman took charge of her luggage, and there was everything in state, but no appearance of Annette.

Then the footman opened the outer drawing-room door, and crossed that magnificently furnished room, still followed by Mrs. Doyme, who was beginning to feel a little nervous, though she was rarely troubled by such weakness. Having traversed the large drawing-room, the footman now reached the folding-doors leading into the inner apartment, and having opened these doors, and raised a heavy velvet curtain, he announced "Mrs. Doyme" in a sonorous voice, and Mrs. Doyme found herself in the presence of her daughter and son-in-law.

She had a stout heart, a heart well regulated against sudden and foolish emotion; but she was startled—she could not help it when she looked on Annette's face.

The bright smiling beauty of yore was all gone. She saw a girl with large, frigid-looking eyes, a pallid skin, and nervous manner. Annette was sitting on a low seat by the fire as her mother entered the room, and Sir Rupert was standing behind her chair, and as Annette rose with a little cry to meet her mother, Sir Rupert spoke in a very authoritative tone.

"Don't excite yourself, Annette," he said.

"My dear girl!" said Mrs. Doyme, clasping her daughter in her arms, and with a very strange and unexpected feeling in her heart.

"You must pardon me, Mrs. Doyme," continued Sir Rupert, now advancing and offering his hand to his mother-in-law. "but the doctor left strict orders that Annette was to be kept very quiet, and I cannot allow any excitement to go on."

This was a little too much for a lady who had raised her husband for twenty-eight years. Mrs. Doyme lifted her head from her daughter's face, and looked steadily at Sir Rupert.

"I think, Sir Rupert, I am not likely to do my daughter any injury," she said. "Annette is quite safe with me."

"I can allow no excitement," he repeated, with an angry gleam in his flickering, light-blue eyes.

But Mrs. Doyme was not to be put down so easily.

"I think, my dear," she said, addressing Annette and ignoring Sir Rupert, "that you and I would like a little talk to ourselves—will you see me to the bedroom intended for me, and we will have our talk there. Sir Rupert will excuse us I am sure."

Annette gave one frightened, nervous glance at her husband, who had turned indignantly away, and then said timidly:

"I will be back directly. Rupert, I will just show mother her room."

"Your maid can surely do that," replied Sir Rupert, now glancing round at his wife.

"Come, come, Sir Rupert, you're not to have all your own way," said Mrs. Doyme, patting her arm through Annette's. "I

have not seen my girl for several months, and you've had her all to yourself and it's my turn now." And Mrs. Doyme smiled her determined smile at her son-in-law, who made no reply, and then Mrs. Doyme drew Annette away.

They went out on the broad corridor together, and up another flight of the wide staircase. It was a beautiful house, furnished with a sumptuous, lavish taste that told of great wealth and careless expenditure. The late Sir Rupert before he vanished from the world had been a great collector of pictures, and had given fabulous sums for the gems that adorned his walls. Mrs. Doyme was not a judge of art, but she was of rich carpets, of silken drapery and costly china. She was impressed with the magnificence around her, and when Annette led her into the beautiful bedroom intended for her use, she looked at it with great admiration.

"What a charming room!" she said. "Well, Annette, I am sure you have got everything."

But her young daughter made no response. She stood a moment with her back to her mother trying to suppress the bitter emotion of her heart. Then suddenly she turned round and with a choking passionate sob, flung herself on her mother's breast.

"Oh, mother, I'm so miserable, so miserable!" she said. "I wish—I wish I were dead!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A New and Valuable Oil

There are now enormous crops of peanuts grown in our Southern States, as well as in Africa and South America. The peanut is relished by many people whose digestion is strong. It makes an economical and fattening food for hogs and cattle, but its chief value now is the oil it produces. Under proper manipulation the nut yields nearly fifty per cent. of a bland, almost colorless fixed oil, not unlike olive oil, and used for similar purposes. It is a non-drying oil, and remains fluid at several degrees below the freezing point of water. Some of our finest and most valuable toilet soaps are made from this oleaginous extract from the peanut.

WHY WE SMILE.

A literary cent or—A penny paper.

One swallow doesn't make a Summer, but if it is of the right stuff it will make a fall.

She is called a grass widow, my son, because she is in the heyday of her happiness.

If you're searching for more ignorance than you have on, hand always go to an "intelligence office."

When Foggs heard the landlady below stairs pounding the beefsteak he remarked that Mrs. Brown was tendering a banquet to her boarders.

Rev. Sam Jones says he doesn't want to die for a year after making a horse-trade. He wants that length of time for solid prayer. Mr. Jones says he has been there. It would be interesting to hear from the man he swapped with.

Bagdad, with a population of 100,000, is said to have no place of public resort or amusement. The Bus Bill Association should bear this in mind when making up their schedule for next season.

An exchange remarks that when a man comes home at 3 o'clock in the morning, and after putting his umbrella to bed, goes and stands behind the door till morning, it is time that man was swearing off.

It is easier to raise a hundred dollars for the purchase of a gold watch to be presented to somebody who does not need it than it is to collect the same amount for some poor man from the same persons who owe him the money.

"Pa," asked a little boy, "when a politician goes into office does he have to take an oath?" "Yes." "And when he goes out of office does he take an oath?" "Yes; but there is nothing compulsory about it."

It is a remarkable fact that the questions asked by the man who signs himself "Constant Reader" are generally questions that any primary school scholar ought to be able to answer. Which goes to show that the more constantly read some papers are the less their readers know.



Spot in Widow

HOW MUCH BETTER ARE THAN A WIFE, OLD CLOCKER
GIVES ONE THE LESS NOISE FOR MANY