

MRS. WINTHROP'S HUSBAND.

He was the first actor Desire had ever met, and she regarded him from under her eyelashes with half-awed interest, as they sat side by side at Mrs. Royden's dinner. She had as much pretty romance about her life as a girl of 19 ought to have, and, to her, Guy Kennison wore something of the halo of Claude and Romeo and the other heroes of the good old-fashioned dramas over whose pages she had often hung entranced.

As may have been supposed, Miss Lyte was perhaps a little behind the world of the people among whom she found herself, and who were gathered round an oval table with a low centre piece of South American orchids, while the light of the rose-shaded wax candles in many-branched silver candelabra brought out the glitter of glass and plate and the sheen of silks and satins and sparkle of jewels.

It was all an enchanted world to Desire, and the crowning touch of her good fortune in being in it and of it during her visit to her rich cousin at Newport seemed this opportunity of actually talking with a representative of that still more enchanted world of genius and glamor, the stage. She almost expected Mr. Kennison to open the conversation in the style of the melancholy Dane or with the wit of Charles Surface.

Instead, he made an altogether conventional remark about the weather. This was certainly easier to reply to, which she did with an irrepressible little smile that brought sudden violet lights into her long-lashed deep-gray eyes, and set unsuspected dimples dancing about her demure mouth.

Kennison glanced questioningly yet admiringly, at the fleeting illumination; he had not thought the girl was half so pretty, he told himself.

"Did I say anything very amusing?" he quietly asked.

Desire flushed and paled with dismay.

"Oh, no, no," she said, with an earnestness amounting almost to agony. "Indeed, I do beg your pardon most sincerely. But, you see, I made a round of calls this afternoon with my cousin, and wherever we went, everybody seemed to begin by saying something about the weather, just as if they had all learned it out of a new manual of polite conversation, like Swift's with a difference, don't you know? And so when you began in the same way, I—I—"

"You naturally thought I, too, must have got hold of the manual," suggested Kennison, taking pity on her as she hesitated and stopped, and rather surprised at finding himself capable of such an unwonted interest in this new variety of "bud," this shy, quiet girl, with a face as fair and pure as the half-opened white roses on her breast, who read Swift and had unconsciously succeeded in making him feel distinctly foolish for an instant.

After that the ice was effectually broken. Desire's neighbor on the other side was too old and deaf to care to talk commonplaces, Kennison's was a stout bediamonded dame who preferred her dinner to conversation even with the fashionable young actor, and the two were thus completely thrown on each other for entertainment.

Their acquaintance rapidly advanced while the long ceremonious dinner went on through its many courses from soup to dessert. Desire mentally took some notes of Mr. Kennison's appearance, knowing that her two younger sisters would demand a full description of him, as of all the other notables she might see.

He was not at all handsome, she gravely decided; yet she could not but admit that there was something rarely attractive about

him, with his unusual grace of manner and bearing, his finely-poised dark head, brilliant half-weary dark eyes, and clear-cut olive face. That most character-revealing feature, the mouth, had an odd contradictory charm of expression, its curves being at once stern and sensitive, tender and sarcastic. He seemed like the hero of a modern analytic novel, she thought she would tell the girls, as best describing him.

But she decided that she would not tell the girls all the things they had talked about. Even sisters must have some reservations with each other, and it would be quite impossible to make anyone understand how natural it seemed to converse with this stranger on all sorts of subjects, from Shakespeare and other favorite authors to the wonderfully intelligent ways of Madam Mordecai, the Lytes' family cat, and a dear departed collie of Kennison's.

Dinner came to an end, and Desire followed the terra cotta satin train of the bediamonded dame out of the room, with a certain regret that her tete-a-tete with Mr. Kennison was over, since of course he would not care to seek her out when the men rejoined them in the drawing-room.

Yet that was just what he did, coming almost at once to her side where she sat by one of the great windows, and lingering there until Mrs. Royden asked him for some music and he went to the piano.

His voice was of a nondescript order—too deep for a tenor, too clearly sweet for a bass, but with a thrilling rememberable quality of its own, which many more perfect lack. So Desire, still mindful of her sisters' curiosity, decided with a critical ear; but soon the subtle power of the song and the singer swept her beyond the mood of criticism.

It was an old Provencal romance, and she understood not one word of it; but the vague fascination of the summer night seemed somehow in it as it came cadenced in the mellow manly voice, broken with pauses filled by the rippling notes of the softly touched piano.

"Yes," observed Cousin Maria, as she settled herself comfortably in her satin-cushioned carriage, where she had left the Royden cottage with Desire and they were on their way to one of the regular dances at the Cassino; "yes, any one could see that Kennison was born for an actor. He always reminds me of the man who could say 'Mosopotamia' in a way that brought tears into the people's eyes. I couldn't half understand what his song was about to-night, yet I was almost ready to cry over it."

In the friendly dusk of the carriage, Desire smiled a little at the oddity of her cousin's comparison, perhaps also at memories of her own. Mrs. Verplanck continued her pleasant staccato murmur of chat:—

"He is very likable, too, don't you think? I liked him from the first time I ever saw him play. It was in 'Young Mrs. Winthrop,' three years ago. He made his first great success in that. Perhaps he did so well because there was nature as well as art in his acting. He was Mrs. Winthrop's husband, and they say he was madly in love with her then. His wife was Miss Fay, you may remember—a magnificent beauty, but not much of an actress. I've heard she treated him abominably on the stage as well as off it; but, of course, one can never get at the rights of such quarrels. Anyway, they broke with each other completely. It's said they don't even speak, unless on the boards, in the way of business, you know. I suppose he'll call on us very soon, as I've known him so long. We mustn't forget to send him a card for your garden-party next week. What luck Cecilia Royden does have with her cooks! Did you notice the absolute perfection of the mayonnaise?"

Cousin Maria went contentedly rambling on in her usual fashion about the dishes, the dresses, the decorations and the small events of the evening, but Desire sat unusually silent.

She remembered having seen some notices of Kennison and Miss Fay in the play her cousin mentioned. It had been Miss Fay in the newspaper, but she knew that actresses generally keep their maiden names for public use. After all it was no affair of hers, she reflected; and it would certainly have been very presuming in Mr. Kennison to suppose that she must be so much interested in his private history that he ought to inform her, a stranger, met for the first time, that he was a married man.

But ought any married man, even one separated from his wife, have been quite so earnest in his manner to herself? There had been nothing really to complain of, nothing but what might have been altogether harmless—rather pleasant and flattering, indeed, if he had no wife; but, as it was—

(To be continued.)

PHILLIPS BROOKS' FIRST SERMON.

"The way in which Phillips Brooks began to preach the Gospel," says Julius H. Ward in the *New England Magazine*, "is so unique that the story must be told in full. Two or three miles from the hill on which the Alexandria Seminary stands is a little hamlet called Sharon, composed of poor whites and negroes, which one of his classmates undertook to work up. It was a task in which he needed help, and Brooks reluctantly consented to go. After he had been once, his heart was interested and he was ready to go again. Here he preached his first sermon and began the work of ministering to human souls. The success of the little mission stirred up opposition, which was headed by a Northern man, who had become an infidel and delighted to express his opinions to a few followers. These appeared determined to break up the meetings; and when young Brooks was fully aware of their purpose, one Sunday, he denounced the whole set in terms of scathing rebuke, which his classmate still remembers as the most searching and sarcastic speech that he ever heard. Little as he may have occasion to use it, Phillips Brooks is as effective and powerful a master of invective as ever Theodore Parker was, and the effect of his speech upon this little community was to destroy the opposition and to bring all but one of the hostile persons, and that was not the leader, to baptism and confirmation."

MR. QUICKWIT—You don't seem to like me, Miss Razortongue?

MISS RAZORTONGUE—Well, you know, calves are not to be depended on.

MR. QUICKWIT—Isn't that a delightful paradox? Now I'll venture to say that two most lovely ones are your main support.

(They became engaged within a week.)

A Texas father rebuked his son for drinking at saloons.

"Didn't you drink at the saloons when you were of my age?" asked the promising young man.

"Yes, but I saw the folly of it and gave it up."

"Well, how am I to see the folly of it, so I can give it up, unless I go there?"

Verdict for the junior member of the firm, and no appeal.

A late song is entitled, "Nobody Knows But Mother." Generally speaking nobody knows but mother what kind of a temper a daughter has, but after the honeymoon is over the young husband begins to find out something of what mother knew.