

something to say to you, will you listen to me?"

She motioned to him to go on, and the light in her eyes was softer and her whole manner more natural, so that he was emboldened in what he had undertaken.

"I want to know how you propose to live through the weeks and months to come," he said, "without the one thing which made your life seem worth living to you?"

"I shall not live, I shall only exist," she said, with intense bitterness; "and if I hope at all, it will be for the end."

"Yes, that is just what I expected!" he exclaimed earnestly, "and it will nearly kill you. I can't bear to leave you to it any more than Jack could have done. I only know of one way to help you, and that is to let me do the best I can to take Jack's place."

She looked at him with a strange wonder in her eyes.

"I don't understand," she said. "No one could ever take Jack's place."

"Not very successfully, I know, but perhaps better than nothing. If you will trust me, I will do everything a man could to make your burden lighter. Don't you see," and he pressed nearer to her, "there is but little chance for you to get away from here now, and if it was bad before, it will be infinitely worse now. But if you will trust yourself to me, we can go right away, anywhere you like, and it will not be so hard."

"How—I don't understand?" and she looked at him with bewilderment.

"I thought," he said nervously, "that if you would marry me—not now," he added quickly, as blank astonishment spread over her face, "but by-and-by.

It would give me the right to take care of you in Jack's place, and give you something to hope about and look forward to. I think perhaps Jack would have wished it."

"Marry me?" she repeated incredulously.

"Yes, why not? I know I'm only a commonplace fellow, and not half clever enough or good enough for you; but I'll leave nothing undone that could possibly make you happier and help you to forget your loss."

"But I don't love you," she said, "I never even thought of such a thing."

"No, I didn't suppose you did; but I don't think that need make so very much difference. We both loved Jack so well and that would be a firm bond between us. I don't think either of us is the sort to fall madly in love at any time. If we were both content with affection and mutual trust, it would be all right, and I am certain it would be better for you than staying on here, growing harder every day."

"I see," she said slowly, "you are prepared to make a sacrifice for Jack's sake and a little for mine."

"No—indeed no! You can't call it a sacrifice. I'm awfully fond of you, Madge. I never met a girl before that I liked half so well. I feel as if I could do anything for you."

"For Jack's sake," she put in quietly.

"No—for your own sake."

"It is very good of you," she said, looking on the ground, "but it is quite out of the question. I couldn't dream of burdening you with anyone such as I. You don't know in the least what I am. I know you are only fond of me because you are sorry for me, and what regard I have for you is chiefly because you were

Jack's friend and you have been kind since—since the accident. Either feeling might die and that would wreck your happiness. In any case my sorrow will cling about me, perhaps always, and why should I overshadow your life with it? No, no, I am not such a selfish monster as that. Please don't allude to it again. There is no room for love of that kind in my life at all and I don't want it. My heart is, and always will be there," and she looked towards the new-made mound beside the two shining gravestones.

"I know that," he said; "I have thought it all out, and I still think it would be better for you to come to me and let me take care of you. I never thought of being in love or marrying before; I was too contented as I was, but now I am sure I would rather marry you than any other woman I have met, and I feel certain I could make you happier. I will not ask you to love me passionately; only to be fond of me and let me take care of you."

But she turned away sorrowfully.

"No, no," she said, "your plan is a fearfully rash one, born of an over-generous impulse; you must forget it at once. You will feel different when you are back in town, and for me—I have told you my heart is in Jack's grave; it cannot make any difference where I am or what I do."

Then, without waiting for another word, she glided away from him, and he did not see her again.

Early the next morning he left for London, and—shall it be said?—there was something dangerously like relief in his heart, because she had refused to listen to his plan.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

SPECTACLES IN FASHION.

In Spain, during the seventeenth century, the wearing of spectacles by both sexes was a mark of social eminence. Although they were not necessary, many kept them on while eating or attending public functions—such as theatres, concerts and bull-fights—so that the owners might demand respect from those of the lower orders, with whom they might be compelled to come in contact.

The size of the spectacles was a matter of important consideration, just as carriages and men-servants are nowadays. As people's fortunes increased so did the dimensions of their spectacles. The Countess d'Aulnoy assures us that some of the spectacles she had seen worn by the grantees were as large as her head.

ABSENT-MINDED.—Some remarkable instances of absence of mind in great men have been recorded. A Dutchman seems recently to have surpassed anything of the kind yet perpetrated. He is a widower, and he presented himself one day last spring at the Registrar's in a little village near Amsterdam to give notice of his intended marriage. On being asked the name of the bride, however, he declared he could not remember it, and he had to be sent away in order that he might get the desired information.

TALES TOLD BY WRINKLES.

A careful observer informs us that one's history can be largely told by wrinkles. Horizontal lines across the forehead are found even in children who are rickety or idiots, and being out in the sun with the eyes unshaded will produce them permanently, but they are natural at forty or earlier.

Vertical lines between the eyes denote thought and study, since deep concentration contracts the eyebrows; grief and worry produce the same effect, and, frequently repeated, either leaves a permanent fold in the skin.

Arched wrinkles just above the nose indicate extreme suffering, either mental or physical.

The earliest wrinkles of all and the most unavoidable are those which run from either side of the nostril down to the mouth, and these are produced by smiling and even the motion of the jaws in masticating.

WEDDING-DAY SUPERSTITIONS.—It used to be thought by the superstitious that to try on a wedding-ring before the ceremony was unpropitious. If the shaking hand of the bridegroom dropped this symbol of love in the act of putting it on the bride's finger it was held that the ceremony had better be stopped then and there. To lose it was prophetic of evil, and to remove it after it was placed on the finger was unlucky.

A TALE OF A BANK-NOTE.

About the beginning of this century, a Bank-of-England five-pound note was paid into a Liverpool merchant's office in the ordinary course of business. On holding it up to the light to test its genuineness, the cashier saw some faint red marks upon it.

Examining them closely, he traced some half-effaced words between the printed lines and upon the margin of the note, written apparently in blood. After a long and minute scrutiny he made out the words—

"If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers."

The merchant immediately communicated with Mr. Dean, and he lost no time in bringing the matter before the Government. Inquiries were set on foot, and the unfortunate man was discovered and ransomed.

He had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers for eleven years, when the message he had traced with a splinter of wood dipped in his own blood reached the Liverpool counting-house.

Liberty, however, we regret to add, came too late; the privations and hardships of the galleys had sapped his strength, and although he was brought home to England, it was but to die.