

now, and stooping, picked a weed from her favorite bed. From earth and the flowers she had so loved he looked upward to the bright, blue, joyous sky. Why is it that, when we bury our dead deep down in the earth, we look upwards, and not downwards, when seeking them? Is it not the involuntary impulse of faith following the instinctive cry of the soul, "He is not there; he is risen?"

"Midge—little Midge!"

It was but the silent cry of the father's heart yet he heard it echoed close at hand; some madman calling it out from behind his prison bars. It was poor old Parker, who never could be made to understand that Midge was dead, and that it must pain the doctor to hear her name when she was no longer there to answer to it.

"Midge—little Midge!"

The doctor looked up, nodded, and smiled.

OH, WOULD WE TWO HAD NEVER MET.

Oh, would we two had never met,
Or, meeting, had not dared to love,
For hearts like ours can ne'er forget
This sweet delusive dream of love.

Methought ye loved me as a friend,
Or only as a sister dear;
This trusting faith did nought but tend
To make thee doubly, trebly dear.

When first he pressed your lips to mine,
In that impassioned ling'ring kiss,
Oh, then I felt this heart was thine,
Or why that thrilling sense of bliss?

Sincere esteem I felt for thee,
Of love I did not even dream;
"Ye may not love," is fate's decree,
But love will aye be lord supreme.

In lordly hall, in lowly cot,
He wields o'er all a power divine;
To feel that power is woman's lot,
Oh, can it be that lot is mine?

Oh, had we met in bygone years,
When both from other ties were free;
No reason then for sighs and tears,
No sin in love 'twixt ye and me.

'Twas not to be. 'Tis wrong, I know,
For us to even own Love's spell;
To fate's stern mandate we must bow,
May Heaven bless thee!—fare ye well.

ESTELLE.

It was a unique, Gothic structure, bristling with pinnacles, minarets and lance-like points, and profusely ornamented with elegant carvings. On the west two acres of strawberry plants were in bloom, their white petals and golden hearts uplifted to meet the caress of the sun. On the north stretched away a rich meadow, watered by a singing, sparkling brook. On the east an orchard of pear trees in full bloom. In front, facing the south, a half-acre of portulacca in bloom formed a lovelier carpet than man ere dreamt of making, and, farther down, a smooth, green field, dotted with dandelions and violets, finished the picture in nature's sweet simplicity.

"It is a paradise!" exclaimed Edith Delmar, as she alighted from the phaeton and came up the path between the variegated portulacca.

At that instant a masculine head appeared at one of the chamber windows, a pair of deep gray eyes were directed upon the lovely stranger, and then the man's finely-cut, roseate lips curled with impatient disdain.

"Another one overflowing with sentiment," he ejaculated, sinking back into his chair. "Why couldn't she have said, 'It's really a beautiful place,' and been sensible about it. A 'paradise on earth!' Bah! Harmony in a ward-room or ceremony between dogs and cats! I'm tired of such contemptible foolery!"

Pushing his hand through his wavy chestnut hair, with a restless motion, he wheeled his chair round to a desk, and began writing rapidly. An hour passed, the man remaining in the same position, absorbed in his work.

"Wallace!" sounded a pleasant, womanly voice.

No answer.

"Wallace!" this time a little louder.

"What," he answered, at last, somewhat sharply.

"I want you to come down, Miss Delmar is here."

"Oh, bother Miss Delmar. I'm busy."

"I'll torment you till you do, so you'd better come now before you get into a worse humor."

"Plague take the woman," he grumbled, throwing down his pen. "I'd like to find some Crusoe island where I could be alone a minute! I stipulated when I came here that I was to have my own way, and—I'll fix 'em though—I'll make this Miss Delmar hate me in three minutes, and then I'll have some peace."

But he was very careful to smooth his hair and whiskers, and remove every particle of dust from his elegant garments ere he left the room.

"What are you so cross about?" queried his sister, Mrs. Westcott, as he came down.

"Cross? Well, that's good! Why don't you use a little judgment? You wouldn't stir up a bear with cubs, but you make nothing of dis-

turbing a man in the middle of an essay. I wish you'd be a little more consistent."

"Oh, fudge!" laughed the pretty brunette. "A woman's answer!" muttered Wallace, with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

Miss Delmar was seated in the sumptuous drawing-room, gazing over the emerald fields, a placid smile on her noble features, a light of contentment in her lustrous blue eyes. She was not a beauty in the strict sense of the term, her face was too large for that, her form too full and commanding, but without being in the least Amazonian. There were a majesty in her presence, a winning gentleness in her manner, a reflection of heart and soul in her countenance—all of which combined rendered her indescribably attractive, and exercised a mystic charm upon nearly every one who approached her.

"Appearances deceitful again!" thought Wallace as he greeted her with a grave politeness. "She doesn't look like one of the gushing order, but she must be, else she would never have talked about 'paradise!'"

"How do you like her?" asked May, after Wallace had dragged out a proper length of time in the drawing-room, and disgusted himself with common-place remarks about traveling, scenery, summer heat, etc.

"Oh, she looks well enough, and that is all that is necessary."

"Wallace, you make yourself awfully hateful!" said May, reprovingly.

"It's a privilege of mine," he replied with a grim laugh and sliding into his chamber, locked the door.

"Anybody would think him awfully ill-natured," mused his sister, pouting her red lips. "But he isn't, he's the dearest, kindest brother that ever was, only he's so provokingly odd. I do wish he would act naturally once in a while."

For two days Wallace and Miss Delmar met only at the table. May felt somewhat mortified in consequence, and tried to explain that her brother was engaged upon a series of articles that must be finished at once, and hoped Stella would pardon his absence. Miss Delmar really hadn't missed Mr. Hartley, and this was said so coldly that all of Mrs. Westcott's dreams of making a match between them were crushed. On the forenoon of the third day another couple arrived at Strawberry Lodge—a Miss Clay, one of May's dearest schoolmates, and Herbert Appleton, a former friend of Mr. Westcott. The young lady—Kitty as she was called—was a bright, vivacious little fairy with shining hazel eyes, saucy, pouting lips, and masses of golden hair a shade or two lighter than Stella's.

"What a heavenly place!" exclaimed Kitty, clapping her hands with delight. "I shall expect to find angels at every step. I can't believe that this is the same earth I've been in."

"I'll give it up! I might as well try to work in pandemonium! I wonder why May doesn't import a whole cargo of magpies, and then set up a lunatic asylum for amusement."

He twisted his handsome features into a ridiculous look of disgust, and tossed his papers into his desk with a spiteful motion. Then clutching a straw hat, he fled from the house, never pausing until he reached a little hillock, at the foot of which the meadow brook made a detour to the south.

Throwing himself upon the luxuriant grass, he covered his face with his hat, and drew a long breath of relief.

"I'm safe for a minute now I hope. They won't find me in a hurry. Hullo! What the deuce is that?"

He raised himself upon his elbow and listened.

"'Twas down in the meadow the violets were blooming.
And the spring-time grass grew fresh and green,
And the birds by the brooklet their sweet songs were singing.
When I first met my darling Daisy Deane."

The old song was never sung more sweetly; each note seemed to quiver with sympathy, and rose upon the air in silvery strains.

"By Jove! that's a fine voice!" said Wallace, admiringly. "I wonder who owns it? I'd like to see her—upon my eye I would!"

His wish was gratified instantly. A soft, white hand put the bushes at his left aside, and Miss Delmar appeared.

"You have a fondness for ballads, Miss Delmar."

She started slightly; until he spoke she had been unconscious of his presence. Recovering her composure, she answered, quietly:

"Yes, but I was not aware I had a listener."

"I came on for a few moments' solitude."

"So did I," he answered, with a yawn.

"I trust I am pardoned for intruding upon you," she rejoined, telly. "I will repair the error, and bid you good-morning."

"You are very kind, I am sure," he said with a provoking smile.

She stopped, and, plucking a dandelion, began tearing it to pieces.

"I thought you were going," he remarked with irritating deliberation.

"I've changed mind," she replied, with her head turned from him. "I've just thought that the grounds are as free to me as they are to you."

"Perhaps my presence is distasteful to you."

"Don't move," she retorted, with a little laugh. "I shouldn't know you were near if you didn't talk."

"Very good indeed. Try again, Miss Delmar," he said, with a patronizing air.

A slight frown clouded her brow—his manner

was little less than exasperating—and then there was so much confidence in his blue eyes, so much invulnerable composure in his smile. Instantaneously the scene was presented to her mind in a new light—the ridiculousness of it was clearly portrayed in each minute particular, and obedient to the impulse, she laughed long and loudly.

"Such nonsense!" she said, as the last dulcet echo died away.

"True; there is nonsense in everything," he answered, moodily. "Sense is a beggar, and goes about in rags."

"I've a mind to speak frankly to you, Mr. Hartley," said Estelle, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Do so, by all means; candour from feminine lips would be like gold from lead—a simple impossibility!"

"There it is again! Well, then you act like an overgrown boy disappointed in love!"

His features moved not a particle—not a symptom of surprise or annoyance could be detected. He merely said with an approving nod:

"That is the best shot yet. You will really become witty if you persevere."

Her face flushed a little at this—his sarcasm had a sharp sting, but she revealed no other sign of discomposure.

"I wish to ask you a question."

"You may," he interposed, condescendingly.

"Thank you," she proceeded, calmly. "Do you think all women are fools?"

"Yes, in some respects."

"And men—what are they, pray?"

"Fools also."

"And what of marriage?"

"The very acme of folly."

"And death?"

"The end of folly."

She paused and gazed upon the man in perplexity. Sighing softly, as if almost weary with the burden of wonder that oppressed her mind, she queried again:

"What is life?"

"The analysis of folly."

"Then you cover love, devotion, sacrifice, patience, resignation, hope, faith, with the epithet, folly?"

"Oh, no."

"What are these, then?"

"The very rare exceptions to folly, my dear Miss Delmar," he answered, smiling.

She regarded him a moment in mingled curiosity and admiration.

"You call marriage the acme of folly. Now why?"

"Because eight-tenths of the people plunge into it before they are conscious of the science of single life—before they know what they marry for. One who cannot live understandingly with himself cannot expect to live decently with another person. Men know little about themselves, and less about the other sex—hence misery, bickering, jealousies, divorce, etc."

"Do you think you understand this theory of yours well enough to marry happily?"

He laughed and pushed his hand through his hair.

"No, I don't. But it is likely that folly, in one of her disguises, will deceive me into believing I do, and thus another example may be made for somebody else to preach about."

"You are consistent at all events," she said, artlessly. "I'll take back what I said about your being disappointed in love. I was wrong, but I think I have hit upon the right explanation of your peculiar manner now."

"Indeed! What is it?"

"The most shallow of follies—an affectation of eccentricity!" she responded, her blue eyes sparkling.

"You may be right," he replied, imperturbably. "I'll think of it."

"And I shall watch you, and when I see you giving way to frivolity or any kindred folly you'll know it. Now be on your guard."

"I will. Shall we walk back to the house now? It is nearly dinner-time."

Unconsciously they had dropped the manner of new acquaintances and acted towards each other like old friends. And neither thought of it until each had passed some time in solitude and reflected upon the events of the day.

Time passed rapidly now.

Without realizing it Wallace was being drawn into the vortex of society.

Kitty Clay was often with him, and her childish, careless manner, her happy, sparkling face and merry voice pleased him. He gave way to these attractions as one allows his imagination to carry him among the characters of a play when he is witnessing it. One bright moonlight evening he and Kitty were seated on the lawn gaily conversing.

"They say you are cynical, Mr. Hartley, but I couldn't believe it if I should try."

"Why not?"

"Because you are so courteous and have so high a respect for our sex," answered Kitty velling her eyes, and so flirting her white arms, that her diamond bracelets caught the light.

"I know how much this sounds like flattery, but it would be difficult to foist flattery upon you without your knowing it."

"You could accomplish the feat if any one could."

"You naughty man, you are flattering me now."

"No, I protest. There is no limit to the power of fairies you know, and—"

A carol and then a tempest of silvery laughter cut short his words.

He sprang to his feet chagrined and mortified. Estelle Delmar and Mrs. Westcott were a few paces in the rear.

"You talk too loud when you become elo-

quent, Mr. Hartley," said the former, a triumphant sparkle in her eyes.

Wallace resumed his seat, thanking the ladies for the interruption in his sarcastic way, but he could not drive from his mind the fact that Stella had caught him in a very simple folly, and that she was doubtless comparing his theory with his practice. Why had he been foolish enough to chatter with that flirt Kittle? Why was he not in his room attending to his duties? His pride was severely wounded. Presently he arose and went to his room. Sitting down by the window he lit a cigar and sought to give vent to his vexation in long draughts of smoke. Minutes passed in silence, and then he heard Stella's voice utter the words:

"Fairies! Bah! Harmony in the wardroom, or ceremony between dogs and cats!"

The sentences were familiar to him. She must have overheard him. His face flushed, he felt a tantalizing humiliation creeping over his mind. Did she think him a sophist or a ninny, which? He would leave the Lodge the next day. He could not endure her clear mirthful gaze after this. And yet the thought of parting with her was sad. Why should it be? He slept on the question and went out early the next morning for a walk. He directed his steps down the avenue, and paused suddenly upon the little bridge that spanned the brook.

"You here, Stella?" he exclaimed, using her given name for the first time in his surprise.

"I was not aware you were so near," she rejoined, with a twinkle in her eyes. "I came out for a few moments' solitude."

"So did I," he answered, regaining his coolness, and seeing the application of her words.

Stella laughed, and Wallace could do no better than join in her mirth.

"You conspired to entrap me," he said, presently.

"And succeeded!" she exclaimed, proudly.

"It was all folly, nevertheless."

"But it was very pleasant and amusing," she responded, the same arch look upon her features, that never looked so lovely as now. "I suppose you will grant now that some folly is innocent and diverting, and that even a man of your brain, your shrewdness can fall into it very easily."

"I claimed the same weakness for myself as for others, didn't I?"

"You did, pardon me," she hastened to answer. "I have gained nothing after all, and my boasting is vanity, a very insipid folly."

"You don't know what you have gained, Stella, and when you do I fear you will not accept it."

"What is it?"

"My heart, my love, my devotion." His face was pale now, his voice trembled. "Oh, my darling, will you take it?"

"Yes, Wallace, as the best blessing of my life," she murmured, her eyes full of unshed tears.

For a moment her beautiful head rested upon his breast in the rapture of love. It proved anything but folly.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

IN Peru potatoes are dried in a furnace to deprive them of their moisture; after this operation they readily keep for a whole winter.

THE combustion of one pound of coal in one minute is productive of a force equal to the work of three hundred horses during the same time.

ACID STAINS.—Sal volatile, or hartshorn, will restore colors taken out by acid, and may be dropped upon any garment without doing harm.

PUNCH was originally a Persian beverage, and drives its name from *punj*, five, because it consisted of the following five ingredients—water, spirit, acid, sugar, and spice.

A SOLUTION of pearl-ash in water, thrown upon a fire, extinguishes it instantly; the proportion is 4 ounces, dissolved in hot water, and then poured into a bucket of common water.

CARPETS may be cleaned by pounding them in soap-suds, and washing the soaps well out of them. The suds must be very strong and cold. This is done by cutting down the bar soap, and dissolving it in water.

BARLEY WATER.—A good barley water may be made by adding the juice and rind of one lemon to one table-spoonful of honey and two teacupfuls of barley. Put it into a jug, and a quart of boiling water upon it.

SOFT CORNS.—Scrape a small quantity of soap from the tablet on your washstand every morning and insert between the toes after your tub (yellow soap is best), and within a month a cure will be effected, and it will be final.

A NEW packing for stuffing boxes is made of saw-dust mixed with talc, plumbago, plumbago, black-lead, or other like substance. The saw-dust must be well sifted, and that from white wood cut with the grain is preferred.

WINE STAINS ON LINEN.—Put the tablecloth in milk, soak for twelve hours, and then wash in the usual way, taking care to dry in the open air; or filter cold spring water through the part stained as soon as possible after the stain has been made. If the above fail, try salts of lemon.

Two of the edible dogs of China are now on exhibition at the Zoological Gardens in Paris. If it be found easy to acclimatise them, it is proposed to introduce this new article of food. The