

"O, no, no, no," she faltered piteously; "but my father - you will place me right with him?"

To be continued.

DESTINY.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Three roses, wan as moonlight, and weighed down each with its loveliness as with a crown, drooped in a florist's window in a town.

FANNY WINTHROP'S TREAT.

BY MRS. E. A. WALKER.

"Well, Bertha, is Fanny all ready?" Now that is just like papa, - to have some idea distinctly clear in his own mind, and labor under the illusion that it is just as clear to everybody else.

Such profuse regret as that good, but alas! most fallible, man expressed because he was forced to leave me alone in a strange hotel in a strange city!

It is a remarkable psychological fact that, so long as the effect of my father's recent anxiety, no suspicion of his having relapsed into his normal state of forgetfulness came to lighten my gloom by kindling my filial rage.

Trembling as I was with exhaustion and terror, I could not have gone so even had I dared. Presently the knocking was transferred with increased vigor to our parlor-door, and after a time I made out my father's voice, broken as it was with fatigue and anxiety.

"But I told the Judge," said he, looking at me deprecatingly through eyes full of penitence tears. "I told him all the time that I was sure there was something that I ought to go back to my hotel for. So you see, darling, I didn't really forget you, only that wretched business was uppermost for the time."

"I am afraid, my child," said poor papa, thoughtfully, "that Judge Coates may think I left him somewhat abruptly, for of course I came away at once."

While we were breakfasting amicably together the next morning Judge Coates came in, so anxious was he to learn the fate of his eccentric guest. His version of the night scene was not unlike father's. No sooner had he uttered his inquiry after his daughter than papa, clutching his hair like a madman and rubbing his face, wet with the moisture of sudden fright and sorrow, on the borrowed night-gown, shrieked out, "What a fool I am! That is the very thing I told you I ought to go back to the hotel after!"

When father had reached the ferry and found how long he must wait for a boat to New York, he fairly raved with frantic apprehension for me, needing to his own representation; and it is one of the marvels of the policing of a great city that he was not seized and locked up as the desperado he certainly looked.

"But, to make a long story short in the ending, it all came out serenely after all. Judge Coates sent a dispatch home about me which brought over his wife and only son, the owner of the gray hat, to dine with us that night and take me to the opera. The next morning they sent the carriage for me and took me bodily to their home, where I finished my visit triumphantly. As for father, he gave me the dearest set of pink coral he could find at Tiffany's as a peace-offering, and while we remained trotted after his injured daughter wherever she went. Indeed, he was, I might say, omnipresent and devoted to a fault, since Charles Coates and several of his friends stood ready to relieve his overburdened mind of such a responsibility.

It was not an exception. It was not what my fancy had painted when papa had proposed my going to New York. Indeed, it was not New York at all; but it had been a "trout" of the first quality, and I had had work to keep the trout back when I said good-bye to the charming family who had entertained me so delightfully.

As papa had some last business to attend to in New York, it was arranged that we should meet in the waiting-room of the Twenty-seventh Street station, whither Charles Coates had promised to take me at the proper time.

On our way over from Brooklyn (Charles had a wagon of half a dozen of Jugh's two-buttoned gloves, number five and three-quarters, that father would not be there to meet me, which was very impertinent in the young man.)

Papa found me out, for a wonder, and dragged out of me my opinion that I was marvelling in secret over the fact that I was the unfortunate daughter of an unnatural father who didn't even know his own only child by sight, although there were people who thought that she wasn't just like everybody else!

The frumpy young woman had left the train long before my young station; and papa had turned over the back of her seat so that we could be comfortable, and taken out the shawls from the strap to wrap around me as I slept, for it was getting late on a cold winter's day.

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parson, but which of the young ladies do these things belong to in here?"

"What should he do but whirl upon me with the startling cry? A Princess Winthrop, where under the canopy did you borrow this baby from?"

"I pushed him aside, and there, surely enough, was a baby wrapped in a black and white plaid, somewhat like mine, and doing its best to protest against its mufflings."

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doublely whispered to me, with a piteful attempt at a sob. "Papa, don't you think your mamma will - will - will be rather pleased? She has always wanted to adopt a baby!"

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MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS, Chemist, St. John, N.B.: Dear Sir, - Having used your Compound Syrup for some time, in my practice, I have no hesitation in recommending it to my patients who are suffering from General Debility, or any Disease of the Lungs, knowing that even in cases utterly hopeless, it affords relief.