

gild procession of Middle Ages, and might cavil about the lack of quaint costume, and the blaze of color. Just go down and stand close, and there would be no lack of strong native force and character; but there! they, the five hundred, had turned out of sight up a pebbly rising street, upward through the town—upward and in sight again along a terrace below the headland, then away again.

And among all the men there was no finer man than Tom Caine—none with so clear a light of straightforwardness in his gaze.

But through the whole course of the procession Tom never once saw Lizzie Milrea; surely he had looked for her. She was not at work—no one was at work.

Then he pulled himself together and asked himself: "What was he dreaming off? Was he setting himself to doubt that lass—his lass?"

She would be at the castle in the evening.

Yes. All the world was wandering up there then—now there is nothing but ruins and grassy knolls, and vague memories about the place which once was a sort of citadel for the sovereigns of Man, and the fisher-children play where the brave Countess of Derby held her court in state.

Caine and Lizzie Milrea were at last side by side, standing by the ramparts. He could not fail to see that she was changed in some way—changed in her thought of him.

"I've angered ye, lass, and yet I'll never know the thing I've done. Speak up and then we'll be square again."

"Ye speak easy," she answered softly, but none the less decidedly.

"Eh? I do—why not?"

A string of girls passed them laughing.

Without thinking Caine turned his head.

"Ye are free to go to her," said Lizzie. "I'll not wish to keep ye if ye desire to be away."

She drew a little apart.

"Lass, are ye daft? Go to 'her'—which one will ye mean by 'her'?"

He looked so surprised that he really must have thought her senses were going.

"Tom," reproachfully, "ye ask me that?"

"Eh!—I do ask ye that, Lizzie. Ye've no cause to—"

"An' that have I," she cried hotly. "Ye can give her flowers, if ye like, but not at the same time that ye call me yer lass! No."

"Ye mean the Clucas girl?" The young man started and stood erect before Lizzie, but, if he started, it was with anger, not with shame. "And she made a lie of that?"

"I do not know."

Lizzie spoke low.

"Ye mean the bunch of those things she got from me?"

He pointed to a mound rosy with masses of sea-pinks.

"Eh, I do."

"Then I'll tell ye the truth; ye've been over-ready to believe a lie. I was bringing a handful of the flowers to ye when she, Nan, ran past me with her loud laugh, and she struck at my hand with them, and snatched them away before I knew. Would ye have had me run after her—after the like of her—to get them back for ye? Were they fit for ye when her hand had touched them?"

Lizzie gave no answer.

"Lass, ye thought I gave them to her?"

"She said so," she whispered.

"Ye should not have thought it."

When the two walked back amongst the crowd, the wild, careless Nan Clucas laughed again, but they did not heed her. Lizzie had a fresh bunch of pinks fastened in her dress, and if the other laughed, and took this as a sign that there had been a lover's quarrel of her making, Lizzie herself was taking her folly to task. Never again would she be so foolish, never again could she think a thought against her lover.

Perhaps that was the time when Tom settled how long she should go on working at the net factory; it was not long. To leave the factory meant so many things.

"How Shall We Treat Bismarck?" is the head-line of an article in the New York World. We think that, if Bis is like most of his countrymen, beer would do.

A Brooklyn bridge policeman says: "It is a curious thing that I am never asked the way by the Chinese. All other nationalities bother with their questions about the bridge, the railroad, etc., but John Chinaman, strangely enough, every time knows where he is going and the way to get there."