A GREAT MISTAKE.

Some of his old battles with dirt and ignorance and closed windows had certainly to be begun over again. But the young man did not expect miracles, and was content to oppose these powerful foes with the patient firmness which his poor friends at the North End were beginning to respect, and to put faith largely in time and perseverenc .

The one room where he could count on seeing nothing to annoy him belonged to a crippled girl, for whom good Mrs. Batters had sometimes provided employment in the shape of some simple household sewing, and who looked up to Doctor March as to a hero and demi god ever since the day when he had spoken to her in the hospital ward, where she lay recovering from the accident that had maimed her for life, and had praised he for her neatness and her cheerful face.

Lame Maria, as the poor woman was called in the crowded house where she lodged, no longer needed the Doctor's advice herself; but sometimes George employed her in nursing those other poor patients who required a woman's care; and he made a point of knocking on her door on each day of his visits to Primrose Alley, and of cheering her with a friendly nod as he passed by.

A little talk with the Doctor was Maria's greatest earthly enjoyment; and on the day of his return she had a flourishing geranium in a red pot to show him on the sill of her little window, the white blinds and narrow panes of which were absolutely dazzling in their cleanliness, and close to which a bird was singing bravely in a wooden cage. She had to tell, too, how she had been kept very busy while he was away, and had been able to put up a little money against the winter—to all of which humble confidences George March listened with cordial interest.

Maria was fond of reading as he had discovered; and, though this was his first day at home, and he had hardly settled back into his old ways, Doctor March had brought her a bundle of magazines and illustrated papers, which had traveled about all day in his brougham, and would help to beguile the weary hours which sometimes befell the cripple when there was no work to be obtained.

It was this sort of thing, no doubt that had earned the Doctor the reputation of being eccentric; and it did seem hard that, when so many pleasant drawing rooms were awaiting the young man, he should have found more pleasure in talking to a homely woman in a patched stuff gown about her flower and her bullfinch than in being adored by pretty Minnie Bryer, or listening to Laura Tulkinghorn's ballads.

It seemed preposterous, people declared, that a man of George March's talents should waste his time upon all sorts of horrible cases in low parts of the town—cases which anyone could have attended to—when there was such a brilliant future before him, if he chose to work for it. Even kind Mrs. Throgmorton sometimes took her favorite to task for these proceedings; but George used to laugh, and kiss her kind hand, and declare that he had time to spare, and was already making too much money.

What was to be done with such an unpractical fellow? He went away from Primrose Alley sometimes looking grave and worried enough; and it is possible that part of the time he devoted to that unsavoury region might have been as well employed in the needful rest to body and mind which the young doctor in his vigorous health was apt to neglect; but there were some pleasures to be found there too, and he carried Lame Maria's grateful face and voice all along the misty roads and streets that evening to his own door.

There were several letters waiting him on his study table, one of them having a foreign stamp and post mark.

"The deuce!" growled the young man half laughing, half impatient. "More elaborate compliments from madame, more glowing accounts of Emmanuel's talents and Mathilde's charms, which only require a few more English remittances to accomplish unheard of wonders in due time! Well, I suppose it is good for a fellow to have some one to work for besides myself! Anyhow, my gushing step mother affords me every opportunity of practically testing the question. Yes, madame," the Doctor apostrophised the letter with his best bow, "your angelic children shall have what you demand. They are the only children, after all, who will ever look to me for help, seeing that I shall never marry. And, being equally convinced with myself of the truthfulness of this statement, I am sure my charming step-mother will agree with her estimable, if prosaic, 'George' that it is better for a man to be born ugly than rich!"

CHAPTER VII.

The villa in King's Road was only one of a long row of solid old fashioned suburban houses, which were divided from the road by long sloping lawns shut in by high brick walls with green wooden gates. But it stood next to the old church, the square tower of which, with its gray pinnacles and leering gargoyles, cast a pleasant shadow on the garden at the rear; and from this though it was in reality only number something King's Road, it had come to be known in the neighborhood as the Tower House.

The garden was unusually large and picturesque for such a house, containing as it did, in addition to its flower beds and rose bushes, several overgrown fruit trees, which chequered its walls and alleys with leafy shade. There was a magnificent old mulberry, two or three quinces and cherry trees, and a leafy vine that covered one long gray wall with thick bunches of little purple grapes.

The villa itself was certainly small; but its rooms were pretty, having good fireplaces and bay windows, and many unexpected steps up and down. The small back drawing room especially, the windows of which opened upon the garden, with its brooding church tower where sparrows had built their nests in many a floriated niche among the ivy, and where there was an enchanting glimpse of green trees and blue sky beyond the red brick walls, was a pretty and homelike room.

So Bee Throgmorton had decided when she came with her mother to inspect the house prior to the arrival of the Ludlows; and to its decoration she had devoted most of her energies. For, in spite of the worldiness this young lady had acquired at second hand from her brother Jack, she was secretly quite as eager to see the Ludlows and quite as enthusiastic in their service as her kind old fashioned mother herself. The two indeed had spent many delightfully busy days in superintending the preparations that had been found necessary for the proper reception of the new tenants—the papering and painting and hammering that had been consented to by the easiest of landlords, the trimming and weeding of the garden, the arrangement of the scanty array of furniture which was let with the house.

Fresh chintz and muslin can do wonders in a decorative way when skilfully employed; and these, with a few pretty bits of china and pictures, had been liberally supplied by Mrs. Throgmorton.

A Turkish rug or two had been carried from the handsome old house in Upper Brunswich Street, a screen, some books and music, an ample array of house linen which could well be spared from Mary Throgmorton's stores—and a supply of china and glass, for which her Tom had cheerfully written a cheque, remembering the days when he had seen Mary Colding and Letitia Butler walking together among Miss Primmer's young ladies, and being touched by his wife's simple fidelity to her girlish attachment.

It was lucky, Mrs. Throgmorton declared, that the house had been let furnishd! Poor Letitia and her girl need never know how much or how little there had been in it. It would only make the poor things uncomfortable.

And now, on the evening when the poor widow was expected, everything was in apple pie order. A rosy cheeked Susan from Mrs. Ackroyd's village school was established in the kitchen. There was to be but one servant in the modest establishment. Every room had been thoroughly aired; orders had been given for the indispensable cup of tea on the arrival of the travelers, and Bee had brought an armful of flowers from Upper Brunswick street, with which to put the finishing touches to her mother's labor of love.

The evening was closing in when Mrs. Throgmorton's carriage drove up to the green wooden gate, and the weather had changed as the sun went down. A chill yellow mist was beginning to gather under the trees on the lawn, and to blot out the outlines of the villa itself.

"We must have fires lit, mother, all over the house," decided Bee anxiously. "First impressions are everything, you know; and fires and flowers are great beautifiers."

"They will be thinking more of a cup of tea and a good night's rest than anything else," returned her mother in comfortable accents as she established herself in an easy arm chair with her knitting—a pretty crimson and white blanket for Master Baby's perambulator—and looked round with a little pardonable complacency. "I suppose they will find the house a painful contrast to Prince's Gate, poor things! But it really does not look so bad considering."

"They ought to contrast it with their lodgings in Maida Vale, mother," said Bee, in her downright way, who was pulling off her gloves and preparing to fill a big Japanese bowl with white asters; "then they would feel less critical perhaps. You need not shake your head, darling. I believe I am a little bit sorry for the Ludlows after all."

"Do you think I did not know that all along, my dear?" returned the sweet faced woman, her dark eyes—so like her daughter's—filling with joyful tears. "And you will help me, I am sure, to make things pleasant for them. How should I feel if it was my pretty Bee who had fallen on such evil days? What would you do if you had to give up your dresses and pleasure and lovers like poor Ada, and to live in such a house as this after London?"

"Your poor Bee hasn't any lovers to give up!" cried the girl, pullin a long face. "Motuer, if you go on talking like that, I shall have to come and kiss you, and the fate of my bowl of asters is hanging by a single stalk; so please don't."

"Bless you, my dear!" said Mary Throgmorton, smiling proudly at the happy brown face above the asters. "I wish poor Letitia had as little to trouble her to-day as I have."

"Will they be very poor, mother?" asked Bee.

She had lifted her bowl of white flowers on to a dark wooden bracket which hung in an effective corner, and was standing with head thrown back and both arms raised as she altered the position of a leaf or two.

"Very poor, I am afraid," was the answer, followed by a heavy sigh. "How uneven things are in the world! I wish it was not considered insulting for a rich woman to offer money to a poor friend. Why should it be? Is not love better than money, and don't people give and take that freely?"

"Dear, dear!" cried her daughter, stooping down to lay her fresh face against hers. "Miss Primmer neglected your education shamefully, you poor darling! Or perhaps worldly wisdom was an extra at Addison House, and only Miss Butler took lessons in that science."

"Now, Bee"

"Well, I won't mother," said the girl, laughing, and going back to the flower-strewn table. "It is shabby of me, I acknowledge, to hit poor Mrs. Ludlow when she is down."

"That's my good girl again."

"And, at any rate, Ada Ludlow is not to blame for her mother's bad memory; so I am prepared to like her very much, darling, and do my best to make her and Lucy happy with us."

"Oh, Lucy!" echoed Mrs. Throgmorton impatiently. "Don't talk about Lucy! The more she keeps herself in the background the better I shall be pleased."

Bee was silent.

"It is to be hoped," continued her mother, "she will show some sense of Ada's kindness and generosity, and will try to make herself useful. But I am afraid, with her peculiar tastes, she will find Barlaston a very dull place. Our young men are not quite so easily befooled as poor Lord Meldrum."

"Now, mother," pleaded Bee, laughing and holding up her finger, "who is being cynical, and all the rest of it now, I should like to know?"

"That is very different!"—warmly. "No right minded woman can help feeling shocked at such duplicity as Lucy Thrale has been guilty of."

"No, I suppose not," admitted Bee, fastening a bit of heliotrope in her belt. "But I don't like to hear my old darling talk so bitterly—about an orphan girl too; just think, mother! You must leave all that to Jack and me. I am afraid poor Lucy Thrale cannot be a very nice girl, from all we hear. But suppose we agree not to think of her any more? After all, she is well punished for what she did. No doubt, if Ada had been Lady Meldrum now, her cousin would have had a home with her, and she might have bewitched more lords instead of coming to Barlaston Regis to live in an eight roomed house and be snubbed by everybody."

"Serves her right!" said kind Mary Throgmorton obstinately. "I have no pity for her!"

But the words were stifled with a kiss.

"Here is Jack!" Bee cried then, running to the window to peep out into the gathering mist. "Yes! He is a good boy not to have forgotten his promise. Now he can take the carriage down to the station, and you and I, mother mine, will be ready to make the travelers comfortable when they arrive."

Upon this the other young cynic came in, trying not to look eager and interested, and pronounced the ittle villa, and more especially the pleasant back drawing room, a great success.

Bee rewarded him for the comment by sticking one of her best crimson roses in his button hole.

"There, mother," she cried, curling the ends of her brother's little dark mustache with her finger tips, and then standing at a distance and looking at him with her head on one side—"Mrs. Ludlow must admit that one of the family, at least, has inherited her old schoolfellow's good looks!"

"Nonsense, my dear!" said Mary Throgmorton, with her ready girlish blush. "Jack, you will be late for the train."

"All right, mother; I'm off."

"And, Jack," added his sister gaily, putting her head out of the drawing room door and calling after him, "whatever you do, be sure and not fall in love with Lucy Thrale at first sight!"

"Bee," cried her mother, genuinely alarmed, "what a notion to put into the poor boy's head!"

Bee laughed, and disappeared to give some final instructions to smiling Susan in the kitchen, and Mrs. Throgmorton fell into a fit of musing over her knitting.

Past and present and future blended pleasantly and were woven together into the web of her fancy. Already, as the busy needles clicked and flashed in the firelight, George March and Ada Ludlow were being rapidly established in the old house in Beaudesert Gardens, where they were to give charming little dinners, and to become the most popular young couple in Barlaston. Ted Ackroyd had found words to convince her own bright Bee of his devotion and to reconcile his father to their marriage, and a fond grandmamma was being kept constantly employed upon fresh relays of crimson and white blankets for little cots and perambulators. Jack was growing as steady and sensible as his brother William, and relieving the good father of much labor and anxiety. Letitia Butler and her old friend were united after a separation of thirty years, and were growing old together gently and happily among their children and their children's children—

"Here they are, mother, at last!" exclaimed Bee rushing excitedly into the room and scattering her mother's visions with a breath. "It has turned out quite foggy. What a miserable evening for them to arrive!"

Mother and daughter were in the hall, with the door wide open and admitting the steaming yellow fog as the carriage turned in at the green wooden gate and came up the little sweep to the door.

Then Jack's young voice was heard explaining the topography of the steps and apologising for the Barlaston weather; and a moment later the two old friends—wife and widow—were in each other's arms, kissing with silent tears.

A young lady was following Mrs. Ludlow, her arms full of shawls and traveling bags; and Bee, putting her arms around the stranger in her sweet downright fashion, would have welcomed the child of her mother's friend in the same fashion. But the girl shrank away and put up a little trembling hand to stop her.

"That is Ada, coming up the steps with your brother," she said, in a fresh and melancholy young voice. "I am only Lucy."

CHAPTER VIII.

Lucy crept up stairs, feeling very forlorn, to the little room at the top of the house which Susan had pointed out, and began with trembling fingers to take off her jacket and hat.

She had not failed to understand the sudden change in Miss Throgmorton's manner, and in it she read her doom with Mrs. Ludlow's friends.

Down stairs in the warm flower scented drawing room, of which she had caught a glimpse as she stood in the hall, greetings were being exchanged and kind words spoken in which she had no share. Nobody wanted her. It seemed indeed as if they had all forgotten her as she sat, dejected and uneasy, afraid to venture down, waiting for some sign that she would not be unwelcome there.

But the sign was long in coming.

"If it were not for the fog," she thought at last, jumping up and running to the window, "I could begin to make acquaintance with the place. Oh, there is a church close by—and trees! That is all I can see until to-morrow. I must begin to explore my room instead."

There was not very much to explore, Mrs. Throgmorton having limited her preparations for Miss Thrale's reception to what was strictly necessary—a fresh gray wall paper sprinkled with daisies, white curtains, and a modest toilet table to match.

"It is rather small certainly," thought Lucy, still bravely trying to look on the bright side of her coming home: "but it is very snug and white. Aud, when I have unpacked my books and illuminated texts, it will look very pretty. It is a dear little bed—such a plump pillow! And there's a table near the window, I see, for my desk and work basket. Oh, I shall be very comfortable and very happy here, I am sure, before long!"

There was nothing else to look at, except her own pretty woe begone face in the glass but Lucy had already brushed and patted her rough bright locks into order, and she sat down again, shivering a little, half with cold, half with vague apprehension, and wondered when they would think of her down stairs.

The dim light of the bed room candle showed her to be a slim budding girl of seventeen, whose clear and colorless complexion set off her bronze-brown hair with remarkable effect. Her eyes were periwinkle blue, having very dark and delicate eyebrows and lashes; her little nose was straight, demure, full of character; her mouth looked like a brown red rose. The upper lip was as the under one, and both were prettily curled; so that there always seemed to be a kiss waiting for some one on the sweet mouth, which was as innocent as a child's of its own yet sweetness.

She was gaining health and strength now every day; the good nuns, who had no vanity of their own, having been loath to cut off her hair, few would have suspected, if it had not been for the dark shadows under her eyes and for certain wistful and pathetic lines about her mouth, how near the child had been to taking herself and her troubles and her eager loving heart out of a world where, young, sweet, fair as she was, there seemed to be no particular place for her.

"I am so hungry," she was saying to herself, as she waited. "Perhaps I had better go down."

But at last she heard a hurried knock at her door and sprang to open it.

It was Susan, very rosy with excitement and the kitchen fire, who begged to know if Miss Thrale would go down to tea, or if she would prefer having a cup brought to her in her own room,

Poor Lucy's face fell. There seemed to be no choice left her by such a message—and yet it was not without a feeling of relief that she found there was no immediate necessity to confront her aunt's friends and their disapproving looks.

"I—I think I would rather have it here," she faltered, while breathless Susan looked with round eyes at the slim shape and the charming disappointed face. "I am a little tired. please tell my aunt."

As the door closed behind the servant, Lucy sat down on the edge of her bed, clenching her hands and staring very hard at the daisies on the opposite wall.

"I will not cry!" she said, forcing her quivering lips into a smile. "Of course they must have a great deal to say to each other, and—and I will not cry!"

But, even while she was forming the resolution, the child's head dropped on the pillow in a storm of passionate sobs and tears that had been swelling in her overcharged heart ever since her arrival at the lodgings in Maida Vale.

It was long before the tempest wore itself out, and Lucy crept, feeling very tired and faint, into her strange bed, where the church clock, clanging out the hours just over her head with loud and solemn reverberations, kept her still longer from forgetting her troubles in sleep.

Lucy's tears were generally April showers however; and the sunshine of her young smile was apt to break through them before they could well dry on her lashes.

When she awoke in the morning, and saw the light streaming into her room, and heard the birds twittering in the ivy of the old church tower, the world was already beginning to seem a happier place, a place where love was to be had for the winning, where flowers grew and little children laughed and played, and where there was plenty of work to be done and rest to be enjoyed.

The coming home she had dreamed of at the dear old Sacred Heart was not to be, it was evident; but, unhappy as the discovery made her, Lucy felt that she had no right just yet to rebel against the quiet unspoken ban that was shutting her out of the common joys and sorrows of the household. It was not Ada's fault, as she frankly admitted; and poor aunt Letitia could not help being angry.

"I must only wait," she thought. And she told herself that it was better to be among her own people, living out her own natural girl life, than to dream away any more time in the drowsy refuge she had left.

A little patience—that was all that was needed; and meanwhile she would do everything that might be possible to win back the warmth and love and trust that were poor Lucy's greatest need in life.

And just then it seemed that to help in the simple morning duties of the little household was the work that lay nearest her hands, to ensure a comfortable breakfast for her aunt and cousin, in a pleasant room, with a fire, and open windows, and Miss Throgmorton's tall jar of wine colored dahlias in the middle of the table.

This was soon accomplished, and with a gay and gentle good humor that completely won Susan's heart. Then Lucy proceeded to make a little tour of inspection, opening and shutting doors, peeping into rooms and closets and corners, running down the damp leaf strewn lawn to look cautiously through the green wooden gate and see what manner of world lay outside the high walls that shut the villa in.

The gate opened on a broad clean suburban road, where tradesmen's carts were rattling, an omnibus rolling along, and many little children trotting by their nurses' side.

It was really a somewhat vulgar and bustling scene; but to Lucy, fresh from her convent, it seemed alive with interest; and she glanced with pleased curiosity at one or two well dressed young men who were hastening into town, and thought the smell of their cigars rather agreeable.

"How pretty and friendly it all looks!" she thought, drawing in a long breath of the crisp October air as she reluctantly shut the green door. "What a capital lawn for tennis! I am so glad we are not to live in a regular town house in a street. This is ever so much nicer."

There was still the shady old garden to be inspected, and with this Lucy fell in love at first sight, resolving to take it under her special care. She selected a distant corner under the church tower for her own little plot. Nothing seemed to flourish there particularly well, and the beds were covered with dead ivy leaves.

"But I will make it lovely by the spring!" she decided, frowning a little in the sun, as she looked about and planned her improvements "There is a tool house over there, and a lot of empty flower pots, and——"

Clang went the great clock overhead striking the half-hour.

"I suppose it is time to go in,' cried Lucy, smoothing her ruffled locks and unpinning her gown, which she had turned up from the damp garden borders. "Oh, I am so glad to be home again. And some day aunt Letitia will be glad too. It would be terrible if we did not learn to love each other, now that we are all three alone together."

She was still in time, when she went in, to give Susan some final hints about the breakfast table, and to stir the fire into a more cheerful glow before Mrs. Ludlow and Ada came down stairs; and then she could not help hoping, being a childish little thing and hungry for approbation, that her aunt would notice the cosy home like air of the room, and would find out who it was that had made it so.

The sweet morning face with which she ran to meet her aunt was, if Lucy had but known it, the prettiest decoration of all, outshining Bee's crimson dahlias and the breezy sunshine that was streaming in from the lawn.

But the light died in her blue eyes and the smile from her lips as she found that the same uncomplaining and gentle depression which had made such a melancholy event of their meals in the London lodgings seemed to have followed them to their new home.

Lucy was of such an irrepressibly cheerful disposition, however, that the prevailing langour and uncommunicativeness were powerless to subdue her altogether; and the young joy and life that were throbbing in her veins found vent, in spite of her, in many gay little attempts at conversation, and in little bursts of laughter that were enough to melt the heart of a stone.

"Isn't it a pretty house?" she asked of her cousin as she ate her porridge and milk with an appetite that provoked a smile of gentle amusement from Miss Ludlow. "Don't you think we shall be very happy here, Ada? There is such a dear old garden!"

"If that were all one needed!" responded Ada, sighing. "Poor Lucy! You were safe in your convent while we have been learning all manner of disagreeable lessons in the world's hard school."

"But I will learn them too, if you will let me!" cried the girl eagerly, forgetting her breakfast in a moment, and looking up with anxious eyes. "Is it about money and bills? I have been thinking of that already. And I am sure I could earn some. I often taught the little ones at the convent, and——"

"That is all that is wanting to complete our come down!" interrupted Mrs. Ludlow dreamily from her easy chair by the fire. "And you know, Ada, you promised me if I consented to—that is if we came to Barlaston, there should be no talk of such a thing."

"I hope there need be no talk of it, mamma," replied Ada very gently. "Lucy meant to be kind, I am quite sure. She did not remember how much you would dislike any such advertisement of our poverty."

Lucy hung her head, coloring up to her eyes, and a long and uncomfortable pause ensued.

When breakfast was over, she found that she was again at liberty to follow her own devices, and that she seemed to have no share in the general plans for the day.

"You don't want me, aunt Letitia?" she asked, hovering wistfully around the sofa in the little front drawing room, where Ada was establishing her mother with her book and pillows. "Is there nothing I can do for you, dear?"

The widow shook her head and lay back, wearily closing her eyes.

"Shall we go and look at the house and the garden, Ada?" Lucy suggested then—Miss Ludlow had brought a low chair to the side of her mother's sofa and was already beginning a fresh piece of work.

"I think not this morning," she answered gently. "Miss Throgmorton will probably like to explain the arrangements she has made when she calls."

"Is Miss Throgmorton very nice?" asked Lucy eagerly, as she still lingered between the sofa and the door. "She looked very nice."

"Yes, I think she is," answered Ada, smiling, and attentively comparing the shades of her embroidery silks. "Why did not you come down and meet them last night? You must not get into a way of running away from us all."

"I—I was rather tired," faltered Lucy. "Can I help you, Ada? Do make me useful I have nothing to do."

But it seemed that Ada needed no help: and Lucy, having waited a moment or two longer in the wistful indecision, stooped down and touched the invalid's forehead with her fresh lips, and then ran out of the room.

"How shall I fill up my time?" she thought dejectedly, as she went up stairs. "If it is always to be like this, the days will seem so terribly long! There is Susan singing over her work. I wish I had some work to do. I might practice, but Ada thinks aunt Letitia does not like the sound of the piano; and I have no books—except what I have read over and over again. I wonder if I might go out? The roads look so green and pretty! I wish Ada would come for a walk; but she is afraid to leave aunt Letitia alone ever since the day when she had that fainting fit"

Miss Thrale paused and looked out of the white curtained window on the landing at the tops of the omnibuses and carts, which she could see passing by on the suburban road beyond the green gate. Susan was singing again.

"I will go and ask Susan if I may help to make the beds," thought the child desperately. "It will be something to do."

Bed making is very good exercise, and Lucy's cheeks were flushing and her eyes shining by the time she had got through her work and had dusted and arranged the two pretty rooms on the second floor.

But, as she stood giving a last look round to see that everything was in its place, the sound of wheels on the little drive below recalled her to the troubles she had almost forgotten in her thumping of pillows and whisking of dusters.

"It is the Throgmortons, I suppose," she thought, turning suddenly pale. "I wonder if I shall have to go down? I should like to see that tall pretty girl again. Her face looked so kind, though she did turn away at the very sound of my name. No wonder—she does not understand!"

Lucy could not resist taking a peep behind the curtains, undignified as she knew the proceeding to be.

Bee was driving her ponies, and she looked so pretty and happy and so well cared for as she sat at her mother's side in her brown plush costume and toque, reddened by the fresh morning air, her slim strong hand skilfully holding the reins, that Lucy smiled vaguely to herself as one smiles at a pleasant sight.

"I wonder if Ada will send for me?" she thought then, sighing and turning away. "I wil go and wash my hands, so as to be ready if she should."

Mrs. Throgmorton and her daughter had driven over very early to King's Road, eager to begin their work of consolation, and full of hospitable intentions—a drive in the morning sunshine for the invalid, a ride to St. George's Park for Ada and Bee, with Jack and young Mr. Ackroyd, a quiet little dinner in the evening—a strictly family party—in Upper Brunswick street.

Mrs. Ludlow, who was lying under her soft silk quilt and looking like the ghost of pretty Letitia Butler of Addison house, brightened in a pathetic way as her friend's cheerful voice explained this programme.

"Ah, Mary," she said, "when I look at you, I could fancy we were back in the dear old schoolroom again, reading Thaddeus of Warsaw between the covers of our French grammar, and that all my troubles were nothing but an ugly dream!"

"And so they will be, Letitia, before long, please Heaven! We must make you strong again. I want to see Doctor March as soon as possible." As she spoke, Mary Throgmorton's face beamed at the thought of all her words—unconsciously to her hearers—implied. "We all think a great deal of Doctor March in Barlaston, you must know, and I want you and Ada to like him very much."

"We will try," said Ada, smiling over her work.

She was sitting by her mother's side, still busy with her lace; and Bee, who had carried away but a confused impression of her from the previous evening, when a fit of hysterics on poor Mrs. Ludlow's part had filled the small house with painful excitement, turned looked with considerable curiosity at the and young lady as she spoke.

Jack had raved about Miss Ludlow's loveliness all the way home on the night before, and had renewed his praises at the breakfast table that morning; but Bee decided that by daylight at least, Ada's colorless skin and abundant flaxen hair were too uniform in tone for prettiness, though a pair of large greenish hazel eyes redeemed her face from the charge of being commonplace. Miss Ludlow had, besides, a certain grace and repose of manner which were remarkable. Her simple lilac gown was exquisitely made, and was worn in a manner that struck Bee at once as something which no girl in Barlaston would be able to imitate, while her slow silvery accents had the effect of persuading Miss Throgmorton that she herself, and her mother, must be talking louder than usual.

"It is so good of you to come to us so early," Ada had said, meeting Bee's frankly admiring glance with a gentle smile; and she proceeded to ask prettily after Miss Throgmorton's brother, who had been so kind and saved them so much trouble at the station.

Meanwhile Mrs. Throgmorton was urging the question of the dinner in Upper Brunswick street, resolving secretly that she would dispatch a note to Doctor March on her return, and so lose no time in putting her piece on the board; and Mrs. Ludlow, looking around, appealed to her daughter, as usual, for her decision.

"I am afraid I must say 'No' for to-day, dear Mrs. Throgmorton," Ada said gently. "Remember my unpacking! And the fatigue would be too great for mamma."

"I hoped your cousin would have relieved you of all such pretty troubles, and spared you to us for an hour or two," returned Mrs. Throgmorton, her blooming face growing cold, as usual, at the bare mention of Miss Thrale's name.

"Lucy is tired, too," said Ada gently, smiling; "we must not forget that." And, at these words, even Bee felt a secret indignation stirring within her against the girl who was the object of so much underserved patience and consideration.

"I could not be so forgiving," she thought warmly. "I should hate Lucy Thrale as long as I lived; and I would let her know I hated her too!"

"If you want to be very good to mamma, dear Mrs. Throgmorton," Ada was saying, "you will sometimes take her for a little drive. That was always her greatest enjoyment; and I am afraid to think how much she misses her carriage."

"She shall never miss it now!" cried Mary Throgmorton in her hearty way. "I shall be only too glad to have some one to drive about with me. Bee dislikes it so much, though she won't say so, out of compliment to me."

"Now, mother!" put in Bee guiltily.

"Well, of course you young people will want to ride and walk together. Oh, we shall all get on very pleasantly, I am sure; and our girls will be as good friends, Letitia, as we used to be!"

"It is all that angel's doing, Mary," declared the widow, with tears in her her eyes. "I should not have had many drives if we had gone to live with old aunt Dorcas in Wales."

"Nor the pleasure of being near an old friend, mamma," added Miss Ludlow softly; and, as she bent down to kiss her mother's pale cheek, she changed the subject at once, with perfect tact, lest it should prove embarrassing to their visiter.

The two young ladies spent a busy morning together, Lucy being safe in the little room at the top of the house, where they did not invade her solitude. Some little changes had been planned in the distribution of the rooms, Miss Ludlow having feared that the noise from the road would disturb her mother's morning sleep in the pleasant and sunny front chamber which Mrs. Throgmorton had naturally alloted to the invalid.

"Mamma's morning sleep is of so much importance to her," the young lady explained, with a little pensive frown. "Yes, I think it will be wiser to establish her snugly in the back room."

"If it is not too small," suggested Bee dolefully.

"That is the one disadvantage; but there is no other room, you see"

"And you will make this your own, I suppose?"

"It is the only arrangement that seems possible. You see I must be near mamma, in case she should need me during the night; and Lucy will not mind going up another flight of stairs."

"Then she will not share your room? What a pity! I always wish I had a sister to talk to when I go to bed; and a cousin would be almost as good if she were nice."

"I suppose she would," assented Ada, smiling.

"I believe you were sent to Barlaston in answer to my prayers,' continued Bee, gaily. "There is not a single girl here that I care to make a friend of. They are all very nice I have no doubt; but somehow I have never been able to get on with them."

"And are their brothers like them? I hope there are some nice men in Barlaston? I like to talk to men when they are sensible and agreeable, and do not imagine that every girl's head is full of flirtation and marriage. Have you no men friends, Bee?"

"I don't know about friends,' said Bee, with a frank smile. "Of course I know a good good many of the girls' brothers; but they are not particularly sensible, I am afraid."

"You don't include your own in that severe little criticism, I hope?" Ada questioned, softly. "How very kind he was last night!"

"Jack is the dearest old fellow!" cried Bee, with enthusiasm. "I know you will ike him tremendously when he gets over his hyness. He was a little bit nervous last night, I could see."

Miss Ludlow smiled somewhat coldly.

"He is older than you, of course?" she asked.

"Yes—three years. Jack is twenty-three."

"You are only twenty? Oh, you will have to obey me, Beo; I am twenty one. I shall have to keep you in order."

"It must be by moral force then," declared Bee, looking down, erect and vigorous, from under her black brows at the small flaxen head and delicate form at her side, while something of her mother's kindly and protecting look came into her honest dark eyes. "But I thought," she added bluntly—"I thought mamma told me you were born about the same time as our poor little brother Thomas who died? I must have been mistaken, of course. That would make you twenty six."

"I am sure I feel quite that age." Miss Ludlow colored faintly, adding below her breath, and with a suppressed sigh, "I have had so much to make me old!"

She crossed the room as she spoke, turning her face quite out of sight.

Bee remembered Lord Meldrum, and was smitten with sudden pity; but, while she was cudgelling her brains for some means of changing the subject, Miss Ludlow came back smiling, and sat down by her side again.

"We are are forgetting the brother," she said gaily. "I should have taken Mr. Jack to be older than he is. I suppose it is the shadow of the responsibility he has to look forward to in the future. Can you fancy him, with that handsome merry face, ever being at the head of a great firm like yours?"

"But Jack won't be at the head of the firm," returned Bee, surprised. "William is the eldest."

"My dear Bee," cried Miss Ludlow, her pale face lighting up with an expression of eager interest, "I did not even know you had another brother, Mr. Fennimore, a dear old friend of ours, who knew something of your family, only spoke of one young Throgmorton; and I always understood from mamma that your elder brother had died in his infancy."

"Ah, that was poor little Thomas. But William comes next. You know all about us now; there are only we three."

"I am glad," cried Ada, with a light laugh, "that Mr. Jack's bright face is not to be sobered prematurely by the cares of business."

"Jack does not like business," answered Bee, smothering a sigh. "And, ever since he had diphtheria and so nearly died, my old darling can't bear to cross him in anything. He was three years at Cambridge, and mamma wanted him to go into the church; but poor Jack did not get his degree; and he has been at home now for some time, trying to make up his mind what he would like to be."

"Your elder brother was not so fastidious, it seems?"

"No; Will always declared he wanted to be a merchant, like papa. It is a great comfort he is so steady. He is not so clever as Jack, of course. Jack could do anything if he tried!"

"But in the meanwhile Mr. William's talent for making money is not to be despised," said Miss Ludlow, with a pretty smile. "He is quite an original eldest sen, really! It is generally they who make most trouble in a family."

"I suppose Charlotte and baby have sobered Will down," said Bee, sagely nodding her dark head. "But he was always fond of business."

"Your eldest brother is married then?" said Miss Ludlow, rising after a hardly perceptible pause. "How very nice. Shall we go down stairs now?" she added. "Mamma will soon be home, no doubt."

Bee followed Ada Ludlow's movements with ingenious admiration as the young lady went around the two drawing rooms, altering the arrangement of various trifles, draping the curtains afresh, and contriving by a few subtle touches to invest the rooms with a certain individuality of their own.

"The front one shall be sacred to dear mamma," she decided. "The bustle of the road will amuse her as she lies on her sofa."

"But she cannot see the road over the wall," objected Bee doubtfully; "we thought it would be pleasant for her to lie near the window and look out at the garden. You get all the morning sunshine at the back of the house."

"Mamma cannot bear an open window," explained Miss Ludlow; "and it would distress her to feel that we were practically deprived of the use of the garden. This back room is really quite effective when the windows are thrown open, and by closing the folding doors we shall be able to laugh and talk to our hearts' content, or to play the piano without disturbing her."

"You know best of course, but it is a pity the front drawing room is such a square ugly little box of a place."

"We will make a pretty little box of it!"—with a smile. "Come—you shall help me, if you will, to get it ready."

"You are the daintiest little creature!" cried Bee, as she watch Miss Ludlow's rapid and noiseless readjustment of the two rooms.

"Who—I?" Ada raised her eyebrows in gentle surprise. "I am only learning to make the best of things. It is such a misfortune for a woman to live in an ugly house. After all, her powers of pleasing depend so much on her surroundings. Don't you agree with me?"

"I never thought about it," admitted Bee, laughing; but her heart sank as she remembered the frequent disorder that reigned in the brown room, and how often she had been discovered there, with flushed cheeks and ruffled hair, indulging in amateur cookery with Jack. "What will Ada think of my surroundings?" she reflected.

"Don't you like to please?" asked Ada, with soft reproach.

"Oh, I suppose so!" returned Bee, doubtfully. "But I am afraid that sort of pleasing comes naturally to women when it comes at all; and I am afraid it has not come to me."

"Bee, that is mock modesty! Of course you know you are pretty!"

"I am too black!"—looking approvingly at her companion's delicate tint.

"Then you will please fair people. Which of the brothers are fair?"

Bee drew up her throat a little scornfully.

"Ada," she said, "I thought you complained just now that men were always suspecting girls of having their heads full of flirtation, and all such nonsense?"

"I am afraid they do."

"If they had heard our conversation to-day, they would be sure of it."

Miss Ludlow looked up in mild surprise from her lace work.

"Have we said one word on such subjects?"

"Not straight out perhaps," answered Bee, coloring and hesitating. "But you talked about my pleasing fair people and——"

"And I hope," said Miss Ludlow, with some appearance of quiet disdain, "that you may please a great many fair people without any arriere-pensee of lovers or love making. I am fair; so is mamma. Have you any objection to our admiring your brunette beauty?"

"I thought you meant men"—Bee's cheeks were now as red as two poppies. "You said brothers."

"I meant men and women both. May not men use their eyes as well as women? I don't shut mine when I see an agreeable man, though indeed"—with a faint sigh—"all thoughts of love or marriage are far enough from my mind just now."

Bee remembered Lord Meldrum once more, and, conscious of another remorseful pang, she sat in somewhat embarrassed silence. until Miss Ludlow, apparently shaking off her melancholy thoughts, exclaimed gaily—

"Bee, let us return once more to the brothers! We have not half exhausted that interesting topic; and, secure in my own integrity, I resume it boldly! It is settled then that you are to please the fair ones; and I suppose what you call the 'black' ones will like me. I hope so, I am sure! Are there many black brothers?"

Bee burst into a peal of girlish laughter.

"Oh, Ada," she said, "it sounds just like the Christy Minstrels!"

"So it does," assented Miss Ludlow, smiling. "Well, how many am I to have in my band—troupe is that the word? Or suppose we begin with your admirers, the fair brothers? How many are there?"

"Fair brothers?" pondered Bee, with laughing solemnity. "Do I know any fair brothers? Frank Tulkinghorn is of no particular colour, and Edgar Dryer is only a boy and—oh, I suppose I must not count poor old Teddy! He is nobody's brother—I mean except little Pamela and Dotsie, who are still in the nursery."

"Monsieur Teddy is fair however?"—"He is yellow!"

"Oh, the fair brother with the golden locks! We must call him that, Bee, of course. But in the meanwhile you have not told me his other name—besides Teddy, I mean."

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Edward Ackroyd," returned Bee ceremoniously; "celebrated for his conversational powers; six feet three high, and the best old fellow in the world. He is the only son of papa's partner, you know; and, as he will be horribly rich one of these days, his father means him to marry a fine lady and he be a fine gentleman—poor dear old Ted!"

"And is Mr. Ackroyd willing to please papa?" asked Miss Ludlow, letting her work sink into her lap and looking up with large serious eyes.

"I don't know," returned Bee, shrugging her shoulders and laughing. "When you know Ted, you will see how hard it is to arrive at any decision as to his intentions."

"But are the Barlaston young ladies resigned to the loss of such a matrimonial prize? Do they mean to abandon the rich young giant to the fine lady without a struggle?"

"Oh, I suppose they have all struggled a little!" cried Bee, laughing again. "But the struggle has evidently been in vain. I don't believe the poor boy troubles himself about girls or marrying at all. Why should he?"

Miss Ludlow went on rapidly with her lace for some moments in silence.

"I suppose you see a good deal of Mr. Ackroyd" she asked then; and Bee nodded.

"Jack and he are old chums of course."

"And he lives near you?"

"Oh, no—not very near. The Ackroyds have lately bought a lovely old place at Green Knowe—such a delicious Queen Anne house, all smothered in ivy and have given up their town house altogether. There is to be a grand house warming at Croome this winter, I believe. It is such a jolly place to stay at; and Mrs. Ackroyd is so kind."

Miss Ludlow smiled.

"Am I permitted," she asked gently, "to indulge in a little theory of my own as to this obscure young giant's intentions—a theory which concerns my pretty dark Bee?"

"Pray don't!" cried Bee gaily. "You will be so disappointed! Ted is stupid, I admit, but not quite so stupid as all that comes to."

"We shall see; and in the meanwhile we will proceed to the discussion of my brothers. Is there a black Prince, pray, as splendid as your blonde King Olaf?"

"Oh, we have no princess at all in Barlaston; and I am afraid there is nothing very splendid about Lewis Day or Alfred Brown! I think the black brothers are rather hopeless, Ada!"

"Then please think of some one who, like Mr. Ackroyd, is 'nobody's brother.' Perhaps he may prove more interesting."

"Nobody's brother? Let me see—oh, Dr. March is dark! I was forgetting him!"

"Doctor March? Your mother was commending him to our good graces, I think, this morning? I must remember the name. So Doctor March is to be on my side? I am afraid though he won't have much time for talking to girls. He is married, I suppose?"

Bee started and changed color without any apparent reason.

"No," she said abruptly, "he is not. What made you think so?"

"I don't know," returned Miss Ludlow carelessly. "Are not all doctors married? I can never imagine their having been young ones like other men; they seem to have been born middle aged and solemn!"

Bee was silent; and Miss Ludlow, raising her eyes again from her work, looked with gentle scrutiny at the girl's downcast face.

"I hope Doctor March is not very middle aged," she persisted, smiling. "Mamma thinks that old physicians are apt to have antiquated notions."

"Doctor March is not old." Bee was vexed—she did not know why—by this gentle catechism. "I never thought about his age before; I suppose he is about thirty."

"Ah, then I am afraid I cannot set him up as a rival in splendor of your King Olaf. My poor Black Prince. A doctor can hardly hope to be rich at thirty."

"Doctor March has a very large practice."

Miss Ludlow smiled somewhat wearily.

"Well," she said, "if he is only skilful, I do not think we need trouble ourselves about the amount of his income. Has he ever attended you?"

"Never!" exclaimed Bee, coloring brilliantly to the very roots of her hair. "I am never ill. Why do you ask?"

"Merely that I might know your opinion of him." Miss Ludlow seemed rather startled by her companion's abruptness. "But I am glad he is considered clever, for mamma's sake."

A long pause ensued, during which Miss Throgmorton, looking up from the carpet, the pattern of which she had been studying apparently with deep attention, found Miss Ludlow's eyes fixed on her face with the same quiet scrutiny as before. Bee blushed and laughed, starting up from her seat and beginning to turn over some books on the table.

"Was I frowning?" she asked, putting up her hand to smooth away the wrinkles. "My mother always says I frown when I am puzzled."

"And are you puzzled now?" asked Miss Ludlow gently.

"Yes—but only about myself," answered Bee, with some impatience, as though she dreaded being questioned further. "See—here comes the carriage."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GOD-FORSAKEN PEOPLE.

(From a Salt Lake City Cor. of the Lowell Mail.)

But of all the ill conditioned, God forsaken, hapless looking people I ever saw, the women here beat them all. Yesterday was supply day for the Mormon farmers living outside the city. They bring their wives to town in dead axle wagons, and fill the vacant room with children who look fully as bad as their mothers if not worse. Many of them are lame and humpbacked, and all look sickly and ill clad. Two out of every three women on the streets yesterday had nursing infants in their arms, and four out of five of the children are said to be girls. One of the saints has thirteen wives and ninety four children; another has nine wives and five nursling babies, which he exhibits with all the pride I should take in a lot of fine horses. I never realized the nature of the infernal institution nor its effects on society as I do now. The sooner our Government crushes it out the better for humanity; particularly in this beautiful valley, so green and lovely, with apple, peach, pear and plum trees in full blossom—grass waving in the wind, bees humming and birds singing, like our July weather, while just beyond all this, in the back ground are the mountain tops covered with snow. It is the prettiest sight I ever saw and one which I shall never forget.

ENGLISH SENTIMENT.

The hope of bringing the nations to free trade practices, once so strongly indulged in by English economists and statesmen, has for the present vanished. The disappointment, now so keenly felt, causes many to talk strongly in favor of a radical change of policy. That a radical change of policy is possible in England, we very much doubt; though some change is not improbable. Be this as it may, the present attitude of the English press affords a full justification of the policy of Canada in suiting her tariff to the circumstances of the country. Our increased tariff is a better revenue tariff than the one it superseded; for it brings more revenue; yet it has been the fashion of English journals to speak of it as having a prohibitive character; and, in spite of the present change of base, we fully expect to hear these utterances repeated on the first occasion that offers.—*Monetary Times.*

BRIC-A-BRAC.

More Than His Match.

Occasionally, yes, very often, a woman is more than a match for a man. A farmer living in the outskirts of New Haven was in a hurry to get his farm work along, and went out into the field with his boys and hired man entirely overlooking the fact that the last stick of wood in the woodpile had been burned to get the breakfast. Raging hungry the force came in at noon. The good wife had the table set with all the taste of which she was mistress, and it really looked inviting: but there was no dinner upon it. "Sarah, where's the dinner?" inquired the farmer somewhat anxiously. "I don't know whether it is done or not. There was no wood for a fire so I hung it in the warmest place I could find. It is on the ladder at the south side of the house." The whole force was detailed at chopping wood that afternoon.—*New Haven Register.*

Died from a Shower Bath.

Mme. Helene Petit Marais, the charming young actress who took the part of Anna, when the Danicheffs was brought out in Paris, has lately died from a cold induced by the nightly drenching received in representing Gervaise in the Assommoir. The pail of water thrown at her in the wash house scene was usually warm, but one night through some mistake it was icy cold, and the young actress was so thoroughly chilled that the was immediately seized with fever. It was while playing together as the hero and heroine of the Danicheffs that Madame Marais and her husband first met, and all Paris was interested in the courtship of the handsome young pair and in the pretty wedding which lately united them.

After Many Years.

Yesterday Mr. Benjamin C. Porter and Miss E. Copeland were married in King city Andrew county. The groom is almost 70 years of age and the bride 65. Mr. Porter has been in St. Joe for 40 years, and is a very popular and highly esteemed gentleman. The bride is one of the old man's first loves and was his early sweetheart. They were engaged forty-five years ago, but it was broken off. He married another lady, with whom he lived happily and raised a large family. She died about one year ago. The happy couple were given a reception to-night by their friends.

Wanted Pay for Being a Fool.

A well known New York architect was lately urged by a person who was interested in a certain monument project of large pretensions to make a design for it. He objected. When further urged to name a sum he replied, "Well, I'll make you a design for $1,000." "Isn't that a trifle steep?" said the inviter. "I don't charge $1,000 for merely making a design," answered the architect, adding "any man who makes a design for an American Monument committee is a fool, and when I deliberately make a tool of myself, I want at least $1,000 for it."

The Rhinoceros.

The rhinozerus lives in Ashar and you kant stick a pin in 'im 'cause his werskit is bilt ov ole stoves. When a rhinozerus is gonter be kilk you muz alwaze go up to him from before soez he'll kno somethin' of it an' try an' mak a place for a bullit to git in. His nose is got a upper teeth that's got no businez ware it iz, and if a boy should set down on it he better stay plugged up with the tooth rels he'll be all one pore. I'd rather be a polliwig if I wuz a rhinozerus, tho, I spose if wuz I wooden't.—*Little Johnnie.*

Josh Billings on Milk.

I want to say sumthing.

I want to say sumthing in reference to milk as a fertilizer.

There are various kinds ov milk. There iz sweet milk, sour milk, skim milk, and the milk of human kindness; but the mostest best milk iz the milk that hazzent the most water in it. Butter milk izzent the best for butter.

Milk iz spontaneous, and has done more to encourage the growth of human folks than enny other likwid.

Milk iz lacteal; it iz also aquatic, while under the patronage of milk venders.

Milk iz misterious. Cokernut milk has never been solved yet.

Milk iz also another name for human kindness.

Milk and bread iz a pleasant mixtur.

Sometimes if milk iz aloud to stand too long, a scum rises to the surface, which iz apt to skare folks that live in cities, but it duzzent foller that the milk iz nasty. This scum iz called kreme by fokes who inhabit the country.

Kreme iz the parent ov butter, and butter iz 70 cents a pound.

The most kommon milk in use, without doubt iz skim milk; skim milk iz made by skimming the milk, which iz considered sharp practiss.

Milk iz obtained from cows, hogs, woodchux, rats, sheep, squirrels, and all other animals that have hair. Snaix and geese don't give milk.

I forgot to state, in concluson, that cow milk, if well watered, brings ten cents a quart.

A Tree that Absorbs Malaria.

The Eucalyptus tree has made the malarious districts known as the Roman Campana inhabitable. The leaves being porus and exhaling about four times their weight in water each day have done much toward pumping the soil of its superfluous water and making it dry. The water is loaded with a volatile oil, the poisonous quantities of which is taken by the tree as food. The oil also becomes oxydized and produces enormous quantities of peroxide of hydrogen, a most powerful disinfectant and malaria destroyer.

Trunks.

One of the porters of the Fifth Avenue hotel has been talking about trunks to a reporter. He says the secret of handling a trunk safely lies in a knowledge of the fact that the corners are always dovetailed and strongly braced with iron. Let a trunk down on the corner and it's all right. Big trunks are not what porters dread. "It looks tremendous," said this practical philosopher, "to see a man take one of them and trot up to the top story, but you want to remember this all through life: Wherever a woman is concerned, things are bound to be light; so when a woman's trunk—and only women have big trunks—comes along, a porter picks it up easily. With a man, though, it's different. Old travelers are apt to carry books, and books are mighty heavy, while a drummer will pack half the stock of a dry goods store in his trunk, which is usually small, and then make funny remarks when you nearly break your back lifting it."

A Belligerent Landlady.

A very lively skirmish occurred on Pennsylvania avenue in Washington, Wednesday. A constable, with a writ of ejectment, undertook to set the furniture out of a boarding house into the street. The landlady watched her household effects dissappearing until she could not exactly restrain herself any longer. She suddenly grabbed the constable, pulled out a lot of his hair, scratched his face into stripes, banged his head against the wall, and ran him out of the house. When he recovered from his touch of Shiloh and entered the house the lady was standing on the stairs with a gun, and informed him that if he advanced she would shoot him. Being incredulous he moved forward, when she took deliberate aim, fired low, and shot a full charge of birdshot into Mr. Constable's legs. A policeman then arrested the lady. The constable was hauled off for repairs.

Hobart Pasha—A Pseudo Turk.

Hobart Pasha is the son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, and a descendant of Hampden. He was born in 1822; in 1836 he entered the English navy; as a midshipman he distinguished himself in the suppression of the slave trade; in 1845 he was made a Lieutenant of the Queen's yacht, he afterward commanded the Diver in the Baltic, and was twice mentioned in the orders of the day; in 1861 he took command of the Don, and several times forced the Federal blockade of the Confederate ports; in 1867 he entered the Ottoman naval service, and was shortly afterward created a Pasha and an Admiral, and last January he was made a Marshal of the Ottoman Empire. That Hobart Pasha should stand by the Turks in their hour of need is to his credit. He is a sailor, and not a politician. In the corrupt atmosphere of Constantinople he has remained true and honest. He is now in England, where both he and his wife, who is termed the Honorable Mrs. Hobart Hampden, have been exceedingly well received.

Cost of Living in Germany.

To those who think that living is cheap, I would refer them to the figures below as representing the actual cost, as near as it is possible to get them, of the necessities of life in this part of German—in the kingdoms of Bavaria and Wurtemburg, in the duchy of Baden, etc. In other parts of Germany the prices will not vary much from these figures, but would be higher rather than less, particularly in Northern Germany, Prussia, Saxony, etc.: Pork, 14 to 16 cents per pound; mutton, 15 to 18 cents; beefsteaks and beef for roasting, 18 to 25 cents; common beef, 10 to 16 cents; chickens, 50 to 75 cents each; butter, 24 to 35 cents; cheese, 20 to 30 cents; sausage meat, of which great quantities are consumed, 18 to 27 cents; sugar, 10 to 12 cents; rice, 6 cents; flour, 7 cents; beans, 4 and 5 cents; milk, 4 and 5 cents a quart; potatoes, 33 to 90 cents per cwt.; wood, $4.25 to $5 per cubic mete—wood and coal average by weight, 45 cents for 100 English pounds; eggs, 15 to 18 and 20 cents a dozen, etc.

The People Who go to Theatres.

They are the young couples who never fail to make the rounds, because it bores them so frightfully to stop at home together. There are the young girls who are just half way stage struck, or actor struck, and who can coax their papas, or their grandpapas, or their uncles to go with most unfailing regularity. There are the other young girls who are audience struck, and who only look obliquely at the stage with one eye. There are the young men who don't visit, because they can't afford to marry, and who drop into the theater just to pass the evening. There are the old fellows about town, who have made it a life long habit, who never under any circumstances enjoy a play, but would be hopelessly miserable unless they saw one every night of their lives. There are the unemployed actors, who go to note points and learn new business. There are the newspaper men who go because they must. There are the people who lead dull, gray lives of toil, and routine, and commonplaceness, and who strain a point just enough to give more zest to the pleasure of going, who enjoy the lights and the brightness, and the music, the dresses, and the mountings, who make notes and compare opinions, and argue gravely next day about what would have happened if some other state of affairs had come about, and who weep and smile with delightful spontaneity, just according to what is expected of them. I love to sit near such people, to watch their pleasure, and what a luxury it must be to play to them! Then there are the few who look upon acting and play writing as arts, and who enjoy them more than all the others, when they are worth it.—*The Argonaut.*

BILLY THE KID.

A Skillful User of the Pistol—How he Escaped from Captivity Recently.

(Denver Tribune.)

Major General George P. Buell, now in the city, tells an interesting story of the recent escape of Billy the Kid. The *Tribune's* readers are well acquainted with the daring exploits of this bold young desperado, who, though not twenty-one years old, has already killed nineteen men. He is a slight boyish looking fellow, and one would never suspect from his bright, youthful face that he could be murderously inclined.

Billy belongs to Silver City, New Mexico, where his mother now resides. He says that in all his murders he never yet killed a man without good cause. The story of his arrest last fall, his trial sentence to be hanged, and his removal to Lincoln, near Fort Staunton, are well known. He had warned the authorities that he would make his escape, remarking, "You know that in order to make this hanging a success you must have me there, and I don't intend to be present." He struck his guard over the head with the heavy shackles that were upon his wrists and then snatching the revolver from the belt of the guard he quickly ended the latter's life with a bullet. He then cooly walked up to the house, just across the street, where the other guard lived, and picking up a shot gun, seated himself to await the guard's return. A few moments later the latter, unconscious of any danger strolled towards the house. A voice called out "Hello, old fellow." The guard looked up and saw Billy the Kid with the gun in his hand. A second later there was a loud report and the guard staggered, dying from a wound in the side. To make sure of his work Billy sent the contents of the other barrel into the guard's body. This made the second man he had killed within ten minutes. Dropping the shot gun he entered a rear room, which was used for storing supplies, and armed himself with a half dozen six-shooters, a Winchester repeating rifle and all the ammunition he could conveniently carry. The report of the gun had caused quite a number of people to assemble around the building, and when Billy appeared on the porch every man reached for his pistol. With his Winchester rifle at his side, not raising it to his shoulder, Billy began to shoot and the men began to scatter.

"I am fighting the whole world for my life," said he, "and I mean business." He then ordered one of the men to get him a horse and a file. He mounted the former and with the latter filed off the shackles upon one of his legs, and not stopping to remove the other, tied the severed manacle with its chain to his belt so that it would not impede his movements. Not a man in the crowd dare draw a bead on him, and saying that he did not intend to steal the horse and would return it, Billy started out of town in a gallop. Before he had gone far the horse bucked and threw him. He jumped up and at the muzzel of his pistol compelled one of the men to catch his horse, which he remounted and rode away and has not since been seen or heard of. It seems almost incredible that one man could take possession of a town and make his escape in the face of a score of armed men; but such is the fact.

Billy is said to be a master of the use of the revolver. He is a dead shot and can shoot quicker than any man in New Mexico. He can use an ordinary Colt's revolver as quickly as another man can a self cocking pistol. He shoots with his left hand as accurately as he does with his right, and his aim with a revolver, shooting simultaneously, is unerring. With a Winchester rifle he can shoot as well with the gun at his side, without apparently taking any aim, as most men can shoot in the usual way. His equal for the quick and unerring use of firearms has never been known in New Mexico.

It is believed that he is now in the vicinity of Fort Sumner, he having a sweetheart in that locality.

A FRENCH HEROINE.

One of the celebrities of the Paris market is a woman who keeps a vegetable stall and who wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. This woman, Annette Drevon by name, was formerly cantiniere to the Thirty-second Regiment of Infantry and to the Second Regiment of Zouaves, which she accompanied through the campaigns of Africa and Italy and during the war with Germany. Of the seven or eight female members of the Legion of Honor she is the only one who received the distinction for an act of valor upon the field of battle; and she was decorated after the battle of Magenta for rescuing the regimental colors from two Australian soldiers who had captured them. During the war with Germany she was with the Forty-second Regiment in Metz, and upon the surrender of that fortress she was sent off to Germany with the survivors. Just outside of Metz a Bavarian soldier insulted her, and she pulled out her revolver and shot him through the heart. For this she was condemned to death, and would have been shot but for the intervention of Prince Frederick Charles, who hearing that a woman was to be executed, made inquiries into the case, the result being that Annette Drevon was set at liberty. She lived in great poverty for some time, but Marshal MacMahon happening to hear about her gave her a sum of money sufficient to enable her to set up the stall at which she now sells carrots, turnips, and other aids to digestion.

HINDOO SUPERSTITION.

A rich native recently died in Bombay whose course of life had been such that it was evidently necessary to take special pains to secure his eternal welfare. According to the custom, the widow repaired to the priest to obtain a letter of introduction to his brother Gabriel on behalf of her departed husband. The priest, seeking an excellent chance to practice a sort of celestial blackmail, informed her that owing to the acknowledged wickedness of her late husband it would be a difficult and expensive job to propitiate Gabriel, but that he would undertake it for 500 rupees. The money was paid and the widow went home with the letter of introduction, which enjoined Gabriel to take good care of the new comer and to grant him among other favors a separate bungalo and a pomegranate tree. The letter was tied around the neck of the corpse, which was thereupon confidingly buried. A son, however, a precocious youth, whose intellect had been sharpened by an English education did not approve of the loss of 500 rupees, and surreptitiously removed the letter of introduction. He then endorsed upon it in a clever imitation of the hand writing of his father, a statement that the latter, having duly presented his credentials to the Archangel Gabriel, had received instead of the separate bungalo and the pomegranate tree nothing but abuse. Armed with this letter the lad visited the priest and informed him that he should invoke the aid of the police for breach of contract unless the 500 rupees were restored forthwith. He promptly received the money.

—Country papers now read as if the editors were being fed entirely on complimentary strawberries.