

A SIMPLE MAIDEN.

father's wishes; he professed to be deeply in love with the rector's daughter. And now he was on his way to England for a short holiday, and the Rev. Dyke was urged that the marriage should take place almost immediately. "And how can I refuse to accede to his wishes?" asked Margery with simple pathos. "Papa is a very poor man, Mr. Gascoigne. He has three daughters younger than I, and his expenses are growing with every year, while my stepmother, as you are aware, is a permanent invalid. I must leave home—I must make room for the younger ones; I should be the most unfortunate girl in the world if I did not."

"Pardon the question, but you do not love this Mr. Ormsby?" "I hate him! But that matters nothing. Papa has set his heart on my marrying him, and that is enough." "Pardon me again, but it matters everything. To sacrifice you to a man you hate—not even a father's wishes can be sacred in such a case." Margery shook her head. "There is no way of escape; none." "There you are wrong. There is a way of escape."

It was a brilliant morning in late October when Mrs. Jenrick took herself by the 10 o'clock train at Warley Station, after having driven, over from Whiteapple in the latter lady's basket-carriage. Their destination was the town of Derby, some twenty-five miles away. In the course of the previous afternoon Margery had dropped in at the Jonquil Cottage, as she was in the habit of doing three or four times a week. While chatting with the widow about nothing in particular she said, as if the thought had only that moment struck her: "By the way, I am going as far as Derby tomorrow and I particularly want you to go with me."

"I hardly know how to do that, because—" "But you must manage that. I'm going to be married tomorrow forenoon and I want you to act as my mamma for this occasion only." Mrs. Jenrick flipped her ample proportions into the nearest chair and sat staring at Margery for some moments without speaking. "So you have made up your mind to become Mrs. Gascoigne," she said at last. Margery nodded and smiled. "Of course I've not kept my eyes shut all this time," went on the widow, "but as you did not think well to say anything to me it was not my place to be the first to speak. Still it seems rather sudden, doesn't it? And why are you going to the rector's at home, too?" "Papa is not to know anything about it till afterward."

"Gracious goodness, Margery Fernor, you don't mean to say that you are going to get married on the sly? The widow was not always as choice in her phraseology as she might have been. "That is just what I am going to do," responded Margery with a demure little laugh. "You expect me to aid and abet you in this insane act?" "It is not an insane act by any means, and I am quite sure you will aid and abet me in it." "You are, you are! But what will the rector say when he comes to hear of it? And what will he think of me for acting as your accomplice?" "My father is too sensible a man to knock his head against the inevitable. He will see the fact as a fact and make the best of it."

"I suppose you are quite satisfied in your own mind as to the wisdom of this, to me, most incomprehensible proceeding?" "I think you may safely trust me on that score." The widow sat gazing at her visitor for a few moments without speaking. Then she said: "Yes, Margery Fernor, I think I may trust you; I never met a girl who had taken up with a man of her rank, as she would have felt bound to do had the Rev. Dyke objected to Mr. Gascoigne's son-in-law. Now he could take his own time for making the revelation, and the longer he postpones it the better he will be pleased."

Two weeks later. It was a brilliant morning in late October when Mrs. Jenrick took herself by the 10 o'clock train at Warley Station, after having driven, over from Whiteapple in the latter lady's basket-carriage. Their destination was the town of Derby, some twenty-five miles away. In the course of the previous afternoon Margery had dropped in at the Jonquil Cottage, as she was in the habit of doing three or four times a week. While chatting with the widow about nothing in particular she said, as if the thought had only that moment struck her: "By the way, I am going as far as Derby tomorrow and I particularly want you to go with me."

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Once upon a time I missionary la shore; Where it was told In that far off To cast the mistle-grace. Now, imagine it And hilarious; When a vessel came out to the sea How they were kissing off their feet For another place. How they dance And careen about And the hopeful felt his bosom rise To come among their side. Ere his boat had Hushed for into him safe to Oh! how tender To a place of love And for him to then possess His heart was free In that new soul And many blessing upon their head But had he known This custom old He would have taught the Now, although I Yet, we will not But let you see man's escap Through a cool And now a fook once his own For it happened That a famous I Mistook the name patient lay And this lackle Who was sick I Found himself a of the sun. Just imagine hi And his hopele Life seemed to How his every Seemed bright Through his uni-geon's dream But it proved to In his sad plight For when the sun in his intent Then, pining of He could give Among the gap round about Their looks off Their parted eye Gave vent to ex- signs of fea The news went And ere the The natives all man of fan Kind reader, le And let this sin your heart That he never or the slashin May divide i our lives Lepton, July "I was ver- last summer; but all was no- ler's Wild St was like a dif Peacock, Sir How to Treat A correspond the Medical out of the substance in to rub the eying for their They may, at offending cit they roll un- hand a bind and go to be better way with the ci the other ey A few years ago. The window and me the most to rub the e that eye al (this from t) doctor this you will let other one, t minutes, p gan to rub the doctor; and made r alone and k the doctor; ment long, gave me chack. Si times and I have nev stance (un of steel, or ball and re it). Why that it is saved m the injure eye."