MISS JOLLIBERT'S PROPOSAL.

Miss Jollibert was a handsome woman. There were people who said she was cold-looking, and people who said she was passe, and people who said she had a decided will of her own; but no one who denied that she was handsome. And they generally added with a nod and a lowering of the voice: "And rich!" in a way which seemed to say that if Miss Jollibert's looks were undeniable, yet still more undeniable were her riches.

People were quite right—Miss Jollibert was cold-looking. She was a woman with an athletic, upright figure, a haughtily-cut brunette face, a rather high roman nose and a rather high color. And Miss Jollibert had a decided will of her own; her eyes were of the dark, lazy, mysterious type, which are as good as a sign-post pointing to it. As for being passe, of course, strictly speaking, she was passe, Miss Jollibert was 33, and most women are passe at 27, let alone 33. Mince matters as one likes, that is the long and the short of it.

On the other hand, many women of Miss Jollibert's type are positively handsomer at 60 than at 33. People say of them then—What a grand old woman! From the extreme dignity of Miss Jollibert's mien it seemed as if she had always in her mind, as she sailed, with her head high, past the simpering school-girls of Malchester: "Poor, poor things? as 33 people say of me that I am handsome, and at 60 they will call me a grand old woman. What will they say of you?"

There is no doubt whatever that Miss Jollibert was simply admiring the distant landscape; but it seemed to the school-girls that she was repeating this, and they resented it by saying that she was cold-looking and passe. Even they, however, never failed to add that Miss Jollibert was a handsome woman.

Malchester was a busy, populous, manufacturing town, and Miss Jollibert's father—an extremely wealthy paint manufacturer—had died mayor of it. So that it was, of course, incumbent on Miss Jollibert to inhabit a house in one of the most fashionable suburbs, and that the house, like herself, should be handsome and dignified. She kept a great many women servants and two indoor men servants, and a large carriage with a large and very vivid crest, as was only befitting the daughter of so large a paint manufacturer.

It was really quite a pretty sight to see handsome Miss Jollibert, in her handsome blue silk dress, and seated in her handsome blue barouche, and with her handsome blue-livered servants and handsome blue-gray horses, drive forth under the shadow of her azure parasol upon a smiling summer's day. She generally looked straight before her, between the horses heads; she didn't turn aside to recognize everybody. She had a little way of drawing herself up and sighing "Hum," like it genuine bee, which was enough to make the most impertinent heart quail. Nevertheless when Miss Jollibert liked she could smile out of her deep brown eyes to this pride, and to that, too, not a little sweetly. It was a marvel to all the world why she persisted in remaining Miss Jollibert. When the weather was rainy the open barouche was substituted by a dark red carriage, with scarlet wheels. When it snowed again she spun away over the sparkling surface, her sleigh, a heterogeneous but artistic confusion of sealskin, sable tail and ermine, herself a study in peacock blue.

When it snowed. It was snowing very hard one winter's night that Miss Jollibert sat alone before her drawing-room fire. It was a magnificent fire, and the drawing-room was simply a blaze of magnificence, and Miss Jollibert was indeed magnificent in diamonds and a rose-colored velvet dress—so bright that it made her perhaps too brilliant complexion look quite pale in comparison; as probably she knew. Everything, from the superb Eastern knicknacks in the brackets to the hot-house flowers on the tables, spoke of wealth. You look at all parts of the room, and you said: What expenditure! Then you looked at Miss Jollibert herself, and repeated: What expenditure, more emphatically than before. And if you were a sensitive person of quick thought, you added to yourself: "How would a poor man feel in this room?"

Miss Jollibert, at all events, appeared to feel very comfortable. Her diamonds flashed in the firelight, as she lay back in a luxurious arm-chair, and toyed with the folds of her rose-colored velvet. The people of Malchester said it was ridiculous Miss Jollibert should dress herself up in a rose-colored velvet and diamonds when she was alone, for the simple pleasure of seeing the fire-light flash on them. Miss Jollibert, however, cared little what any one said, and at all events she was looking superbly handsome.

A clock on the mantelpiece struck the hour of 8; and a minute after, eight tolled forth from a neighboring steeple, and was borne to Miss Jollibert's window with a gust of drifting snow. She shivered at the sound of the snow, leaned forward and poked the fire; then turned and settled the various pieces of the little tea service on the low table beside her. She went over them all. A cream pot, a slop bowl, a sugar basin and two teacups. She examined the two teacups particularly; little priceless trinkets they were. She put them down, and examined her own beautiful hands—they were beautiful hands. Then she removed the little toast-rack on the table down to the fire; after which she fell into a profound reverie until a quarter past 8, when she roused herself once more and rang the bell.

An instant after a servant, dressed in black appeared at the door.

"James," asked she, in a peculiarly musical contralto voice, "did you deliver my note to the bishop? You did? And waited for an answer? What was the exact message given to you?"

"His lordship sent his compliments, if you please'em, and he would be happy to be at Miss Jollibert's by five minutes to 8 precisely."

"Hum," sighed Miss Jollibert.

Just as Miss Jollibert sighed hum a tall man, some years turned 40, was stamping his feet free from snow down stairs in the hall. Seen by the flickering lamp light he looked a very pale and rather gaunt student, but when he passed on up into the brilliancy of the staircase his clear cut features lost their gauntness, and one noted the striking intellect of his large white brow and the limpid beauty of his rather dreamy eyes. When the door opened he smiled straight over at the rose-colored velvet figure, and advanced, holding out his hand and saying very sweetly:

"I'm sorry I'm late, Miss Jollibert,'

She did not speak until she had poured tea into the two teacups, and seated herself with her own, in the arm-chair which she had before occupied.

"I dare say you were rather surprised when you had my note this afternoon, bishop?"

He stirred his tea slowly, looking at her, and smiling again.

"I was curious to know what could be the important matter that was troubling Miss Jollibert's mind; and I was glad, very glad, to think perhaps I was going to be of some use to my old friend, Miss Jollibert."

She played with her diamond rings a little nervously, and turning her head looked into the fire.

"An old friend; yes, so you are. You seem to have been an old friend all my life. I cannot remember the time when I did not know you. I know that the other people call me foolish and vain behind my back. And somehow or other, I know that you never do. Would you rather that I told you now what is upon my mind—or would you rather wait a little?"

Stretching up he settled the little teacup carefully amongst the Sevres china on the mantel-piece; and crossing his legs, folded his white hands composedly on his apron.

"I should wish you to tell me all about it at once, Marion. Why delay anything you may have to say?"

She hesitated an instant longer, the firelight playing round her heavy eyelashes. "The long and the short of the thing is this," she said; "or rather this is what might be called the short of it, and the long will come after. I have made up my mind to go over to Rome."

The bishop uncrossed his legs with a sudden movement and stared at Miss Jollibert. After an instant's pause he raised himself once more and brought his teacup carefully down from the mantelpiece again. "My dear," said he, "could I trouble you for just a leetle more sugar; just the le—ast thing? Thank you, thank you. Ah!"

The Ah was more in the way of a sigh than an interjection; and with it he half closed one eye and minutely inspected with the other the morsel of currant bun he was engaged in eating. There was something in the action which appeared to irritate Miss Jollibert slightly, for she pushed her chair back from the fire and asked him very quickly: "Did your lordship not hear me?"

He finished the currant bun and folded his hands composedly again.

"So," repeated he, "you have quite made up your mind to go over to Rome?"

"Quite," said Miss Jollibert; and after an instant's pause, unbroken except for the crackling of the flames, she added "Quite," again.

"Why?" asked the bishop, quickly.

"On account of my convictions," replied Miss Jollibert, still more quickly.

"Ah!" sighed the bishop once more. His lordship passed his hand slowly all over his heavy masses of flaxen hair. Miss Jollibert fastened her large brown eyes upon him rather mournfully, and after a minute began to talk.

"Of course it has taken me a long time to make up my mind about this, and of course I am very sorry. I have studied Butler, and Jeremy Taylor, and Luther's treatises, and Manning, and Newman. I have fought against my convictions as I never fought against anything before; and yet, in spite of myself as it were, I have been converted. Of course I am very sorry that it should be so. In a case like this, however, I think that one is not perhaps entirely responsible for one's own conversion."

The bishop inspected the side of his handsome foot, and, settling himself yet a little more comfortably, nodded with much benevolence. "Quite so, quite so; very possibly not, my dear."

Miss Jollibert flushed slightly.

"No," she resumed, with some warmth, "Why of course you must know yourself, bishop, that most ancient theologians, and all prophets, foretold the foundation of one permanent and apostolic church. I don't suppose that even the Bishop of Malchester would care to assert that church to be the church of England."

Henry Hammersley, Bishop of Malchester, took a long sip of his tea, and turning his limpid blue eyes round upon Miss Jollibert, smiled. "My dear," said he, gently, "I always feel very diffident about making any assertions."

"Well—but I don't," pursued she, with a slight tremor in her voice. "Just think what it is for me to be convinced, firmly convinced in my mind, of there being no English church, no English rites, no English orders to be relied upon."

"O—h!" said he, wheeling sharp round, and snatching another little bit of currant bun from the plate. "So I'm not a bishop?"

"No," cried Miss Jollibert, half angrily and half in laughter; "at least, I don't think so. I am very sorry, but I can't make up my mind that you are. I am very sorry to say such things. Don't be angry with me, bishop."

He stretched his hand out for the little poker and gave a sharp tap to a bit of coal which sent it rattling noisily down upon the painted tiles. "I beg your pardon, my dear," said he, ruefully. "I ought never to have meddled with the fire, you see—just as you ought never to have meddled with the theologians. Hand me the tongs, Marion."

She did as he asked her, a rush of tears coming to her dark eyes. "It is of no use to talk to me in that way; no use saying anything, since I have quite made up my mind. And besides that," she added, after a slight pause, with her eyes fixed anxiously upon the back of the bishop's fair head, just then within dangerous proximity of the grate, "I have quite made up my mind that I am going to dispose of my house, and my horses, and my furniture, and everything; and immediately after I have collected the money I shall go into a convent and take the veil."

He put the tongs carefully down on the fender, and sticking two of his long white fingers into Miss Jollibert's sugar-basin brought out a little pointed lump and balanced it dreamily in the air.

"Ah," sighed he again.

Miss Jollibert pushed her chair back abruptly, and stood before him. "Why do you only answer ah, like that? I asked you here to help me, because you always used to help me with things; and now you only answer ah." Then turning suddenly away, she crossed both hands upon the mantelpiece and leaned her head down upon them. "Oh, don't you see what it is? Don't you understand? What is the use of a carriage, and horses, and furniture, and wealth like mine? What is the use of life? I want to do something. I want to live."

The bishop rose. He drew one of her hands gently from her face and closed his own over it. "I understand," he said huskily, and looked straight into the fire.

The snow rattled against the window and the wind howled around the corner of the square. He leaned one elbow on the gold-colored plush and rested his fair head on it. He was a very young man, this, to be a bishop. There was scarcely a silver thread mingled with the glistening masses. Miss Jollibert, too, as she stood in the fire-light, looked the perfection of a well-built, handsome-featured woman. It would have seemed as if the weight of her hand oppressed the bishop, for he breathed very hard as he stood there holding it. Miss Jollibert's moist eyes staring pensively the while into the distant half gloom of the ante-chamber.

After a long pause some thought appeared suddenly to strike him, for with an abrupt movement he drew his hand away, and walking across to the other side of the fire ostentatiously put up his double eye-glass to examine a little Alma Tadema upon the opposite wall.

"Don't confuse your convictions with your inclinations," he began.—(Your father had that picture in a much better light than you have, Marion.)—As you say, do something, but don't let your inclination to do something interfere with your convictions.—(If you were to shorten the string it might be better.)—Why not become a doctor?"

"A doctor!" ejaculated she, dazedly.

"Y-es," he continued, working with the string of the picture in an abstracted fashion. "Or a lawyer; there would be a great path of usefulness open to you. I have heard of lady solicitors—and you might step into your uncle Matthew's practice. I dare say there will be lady barristers and lady ministers by-and-by. Why, my dear, you might even become a bishop!—In Tadema's pictures detail, and detail alone——"

"Bishop," interrupted Miss Jollibert in a preternaturally calm tone, "my convictions interfere in no way with my desire to do something. My convictions are, of course, the seals of conversion."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Life in the Paris Sewers.

—Is possible, for a short time to the robust, but the majority of refined persons would prefer immediate death to existence in their reeking atmosphere. How much more revolting to be in one's self a *living sewer*. But this is actually the case with those in whom the inactivity of the liver drives the refuse matter of the body to escape through the lungs, breath, the pores, kidneys and bladder. It is astonishing that life remains in such a dwelling. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" restores normal purity to the system and renews the whole being.

John P. Hildreth, town treasurer of Stowe, Mass., is missing. He has left $20,000 deficiency in his accounts.

—Capt. D. Foster, of Port Burwell, Ont., writes: "I am pleased to notify you of the benefit which I have received from your Allen's Lung Balsam. Having been troubled with an occasional cough, at times very severe, during years past, I have found your Balsam to relieve my cough more readily than anything I ever tried. My wife has also used it with most satisfactory results." 36

Public Notice.

—All testimonials in favor of Hallamore's Expectorant are from well known residents of Toronto. Mr. S. J. Willcock, 128 Spadina avenue, says: "I have used Hallamore's Expectorant for coughs and colds for thirteen years, and would not be without it. It never fails to cure me." edx

A Real Nuisance—a Girl.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.

Hattie McKay is the proudest girl in Michigan just at present. Her father is sheriff of Tuscola county, and sickness overtaking him he commissioned his daughter to escort a burly prisoner to the penitentiary. Hattie is a slender miss, only eighteen years old; but she has nerve, and her prisoner is now between thick walls. The man who marries that girl will have to be on hand at roll-call or show cause.

A Great Awakening.

—There is a great awakening of the sluggish organs of the human system whenever Burdock Blood Bitters are taken. It arouses the torpid liver to action, regulates the bowels and kidneys, purifies the blood, and restores a healthy tone to the system generally. 246

Obtaining Information.

Featherly—Well, Bably, we had quite a pleasant time last night at dinner. Did your pa and ma say anything about me after I left?

Bably—Ma did.

Featherly—Yes? And what was it?

Bably—She said that Mr. Featherly must think we keep a hotel.

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The Dime Savings Bank of New Brunswick, N. J., has been closed by order of the secretary of state. Arthur Oglesby, secretary and treasurer, is said to be short in his accounts to the amount of $80,000.

—A. S. Smith, the hat manufacturer, has received the style of silk hat for spring both in American and English, in which he is prepared to fill orders either in the easy fitting wire brim or the regular solid brim. Ask your hatter for the wire brim hat in best quality. edx.

Handy to Have.

—Every household should keep some ready remedy at hand for painful diseases, sudden attacks of inflammation and accidental injuries. Such a remedy is best found in Hagyard's Yellow Oil for internal and external use. It cures rheumatism, sore throat, croup, neuralgia, lame back, sprains, bruises and burns. 246

It Acts Like a Charm.

—Ex-Ald. George Evans, 449 Queen street west, testifies to the efficacy of "Hallamore's Expectorant" as follows: "It is undoubtedly far superior to all other advertised remedies for coughs and colds, especially in the case of children, with whom it acts like a charm." edx

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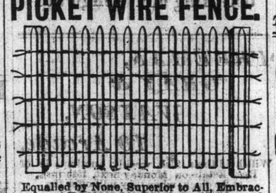

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