# MIMICO'S MODEL INSTITUTION.

**Mayor Clarke, Several Aldermen, School Trustees and Citizens Take a Look Over It.**

Victoria Industrial School, Mimico, was graced Saturday afternoon by the presence of aldermen and school trustees who, in response to the invitation of the Board of Management, spent a couple of hours in inspecting the buildings. The trip out on the suburban train was marked by lively discussions about the elections, and the new hats wagered thereon were legion. Superintendent D. J. McKinnon received the party with open arms and piloted them around the premises, the first place visited being the room where several boys were half-soleing and patching the worn-out boots of the institution.

The bakery, with its rows of fresh, delicious bread, was another object of interest and the members of the party were not satisfied until they had sampled it freely. The baking, like nearly all the work of the institution, is done by the boys themselves and the head baker, a stalwart, pleasant-faced lad, informed the visitors that between 70 and 80 loaves are turned out at every baking.

The savory-smelling kitchen, the laundry and other places were visited in quick succession, everywhere boys and all industrious.

The tailor shop was in full operation; here the boys make all their own trousers and help in the manufacture of their coats. The workmanship is fine and durable: in fact, Ald. Gibbs thought that the clothes were even good enough for His Worship. In another department half a dozen boys were knitting stockings; in the carpenter shop several burly boys were driving the plane and handling the tools like veterans.

The garden looked green and was a model of neatness. It was here that the visitors, who had hitherto shown an inordinate desire to eat everything they could lay their hands on, gorged themselves with radishes and lettuce. All were delighted with what they saw and even Frank Somers, who poked his fingers into the cracks of the baseboards and peered suspiciously into all the dark corners, acknowledged that he was satisfied.

The boys work 4½ hours a day. They go to bed at 8½ p.m. and rise at 6½ a.m. The discipline is excellent, the boys feel their honor is at stake and the result is that few attempts are made to escape. Perhaps no better example can be given of their training than the following:

Last fall 98 of the boys were taken to the exhibition in the morning and were allowed to roam at will around the grounds. After enjoying the day without the slightest restraint they all assembled and went back to Mimico in the evening, not one being missing.

At present there are 108 in the institution, but even this number is too large for the limited accommodation. Yet, notwithstanding the crowding, the plain wholesome food and out-door exercise keep them all healthy. Only one boy has died since the commencement of the school three years ago. No less than 60 applications are before the board now and before these can be considered a new schoolhouse must be erected. To provide for this expenditure the board will apply to the City Council for a grant of at least $20,000.

After inspecting the buildings the boys assembled and were addressed by Mayor Clarke; Frank Somers, chairman of the Public School Board; Ald. Gibbs, Warring, Kennedy, School Trustee Henderson and Father McCann. The others present were John Kent, Ald. Irwin and Allen; Trustees Hastings, McSpadden and Mingay; Beverley Jones, F. J. Stewart, J. H. Hendry, A. B. Lee, A. T. Lewis.

The pleasant visit came to an end after the party had partaken of a dainty lunch and had witnessed the boys playing baseball.

**Out of Sorts.**—Symptoms, headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue and general indisposition. These symptoms if neglected develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession and a cure will be effected.

**Base Hits.**

Judge: "The prisoner denies having created any disturbance as stated by you." "Indignant witness (a night watchman): "But, your honor, if he didn't raise the biggest kind of a disturbance how did I come to wake up?"

Judge: "Can you give any reason why you can't pay your debts?" "Delinquent debtor: "I have nine reasons, your honor—a wife, a mother-in-law, six children and an empty pocketbook."

New proverb—Conscience makes bluffers of us all.

"You haven't heard anything until you have heard both sides," says a writer. This may be very pretty logic, but the bass-drum refutes it.

Saucy girls makes the best typewriters, oecause it is only the saucy girls that can hope to become ex-pert.

Officer before guard mount: "What's the countersign?" Private Sootley: "Oh, there are lots of them. 'Bargains in hosiery' was the one nearest to me in the store."

It hurts less to hit the nail on the head than it does to hit it on the finger.

A bon ton is not a long ton. A great many things comprising the bon ton are very short, indeed.

"I would like to ask a question, sir?" said a student to the professor. "Well, sir?" "Are the Kaw Indians related to the Crows?"

A contemporary reports that kissing matches are popular in various parts of the country. This may be true, but it smacks of improbability.

"Look here, those eggs you sold me the other day were all bad." "Well, it ain't my fault." "Whose fault is it?" "Blamed if I know. How should I know what's inside of 'em? I'm no mind reader."

"It is no use telling you to look pleasant," said the photographer to the pretty young lady, "for you can't look anything else." And his scheme worked beautifully.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay. Get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

**City Hall Small Talk.**

Twenty-five marriages, 92 births, 80 deaths were registered last week.

The reports to the Health Department last week included 16 cases of typhoid, 9 scarlet fever, 7 diphtheria.

New mains are to be laid in Manchester avenue, Preston-avenue, Dewson-street and Bateya-avenue.

The Street Railway Franchise Sub-committee, the Waterworks Committee and the Joint Esplanade Sub-committee are called for to-day.

Building permits were issued Saturday to J. E. Thompson, five three-story brick buildings, Adelaide west, opposite the Grand Opera House, cost $85,000; W. R. Stewart, five three-story brick stores, College-street and Spadina-avenue, $10,000; G. W. Hunter, two two-story brick dwellings, Czar-street, $6000.

**How Dyspepsia is Cured.**

I suffered from dyspepsia and was weak and miserable with what the doctor said was nervous debility. Seeing Burdock Blood Bitters advertised I tried it, and after taking three bottles feel perfectly restored to health.

MRS. J. H. SNIDER, Kleinburg, Ont.

**At the Hotels.**

Dr. Spohn, Penetanguishene, is at the Rossin.

A. P. McIntyre, Ottawa, is at the Queen's.

Captain Roberts, London, Eng., is at the Walker.

E. B. Nixon, Winnipeg, is at the Queen's.

W. D. Card, Napanee, is at the Palmer.

J. F. Lester, M.P., Sarnia, was at the Rossin Saturday.

J. H. Marshall, M.P., London, was at the Walker Saturday.

D. McEwen, Cornwall, is at the Queen's.

H. Corby, M.P. Belleville, was registered at the Rossin yesterday.

James Livingston, M.P., Baden, was at the Walker Saturday.

A. Evanturel, M.L.A., Prescott, is booked at the Walker.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

## *PRESTON VERSUS LOWE.*

**Why Was Five Hundred Dollars Paid in Settlement Thereof?**

In the matter of Preston v. Lowe, in settlement of which the city has paid the sum of $500, it is necessary that the plain statement of the facts leading up to the settlement and the reasons wherefore it was made should be given to the public. Until such action was taken it was generally believed that the defence had a good case, and citizens who know of the facts are anxious for further light. It is freely stated that the compromise was forced upon the city because one of its witnesses, one directly under its control, was not in a position to give evidence. If such is really the case investigation is in order, and that can only be made at the order of the Mayor.

The story of the trouble is pretty generally known. A man named Preston during the smallpox scare was sent to the pest house as suffering from the disease and confined therein for several weeks. When he was discharged he entered an action for damages against the city as well as against Health Officer Canniff and Dr. Lowe, claiming that it was not smallpox he had been suffering from but some other illness of a nature totally different. It is not the fact that the medical men made a mistake that is to be reprobated but that through the failure of an important witness to materialise that the city after many adjournments should be placed in the humiliating position of consenting to a compromise.

There are two departments from whom explanations are in order, and these are the Health and City Solicitor's departments. Perhaps Ald. Carlyle (chairman of the Local Board of Health) could throw some light on this matter.

# THE GUILD ALMOST UNANIMOUS.

**No Mercy or Quarter Shown by the City Architects in Denouncing the Parliament Buildings Job.**

With the interviews published this morning The World has about completed the rounds of the city architects, and in talks with almost the entire guild there was hardly a dissenting voice in the protests that were hurled at Mr. Fraser and Mr. Waite for that rank job in connection with the Parliament buildings.

C. F. Wagner: "It was a dirty piece of business all round, and manifestly unfair. There is not an architect in the city who will express himself differently."

David Roberts: "Words sufficiently strong to denounce the action of the Government are not to be found in the architectonic vocabulary"

Mr. Wood: "There is not an architect in the province but should express his disapproval of such contemptible and unfair conduct by voting against the Mowat Government."

Richard Ough: "It was a most disgraceful thing on the part of the Government. They are the parties to blame, not Mr. Waite."

R. C. Windeyer has frequently expressed himself in no uncertain sound against the Government's conduct.

W. A. Langton was satisfied there was a unanimity of opinion among the architects denunciatory of the deal.

Strickland & Symons and Robert Ogilvie did not wish to express any opinion, but like the celebrated parrot that did not talk they were full of thought in connection with the shabby treatment the profession had been subjected to.

**It Was An Infamous Act.**

*Editor World:* If you will have the records of the proceedings of the Legislature searched I think you will find that at the time Mr. Fraser was asking the House to raise the appropriation for the erection of the new Parliament buildings from $500,000 to $750,000 he distinctly pledged himself to the House that he would erect and complete the buildings within the appropriation and according to one or other of Darling & Curry's or Gordon & Helliwell's plans, on which he had already received bona fide tenders. The grant was voted on these conditions. This being done Mr. Fraser then referred the two sets of plans to Mr. Waite of Buffalo to advise as to their relative merits. Instead of a report being made at a reasonably early date Mr. Waite was allowed to retain these plans till the opening of the following session of the Legislature, a period of nearly nine months, when he, along with his adverse judgment of the two sets of Toronto plans, submitted a plan of his own, being a digest (such as it was) of the thirty or so designs he had been adjudicating upon from time to time during a period of five or six years and about which he had the latest ideas of the Government matured in the same manner. No such opportunity was given any local architect and hence the extravagant monstrosity now disgracing Queen's Park.

The fact you mention of Mr. Waite's sweet sojourn at Mr. Fraser's retreat at Brockville during the summer holidays, in the interval between the submission of the plans to Mr. Waite and his adverse report already mentioned, is most significant, in spite of Mr. Waite's innocent assurance to people in town that parliament building matters were never once alluded to between the pair.

It is perfectly clear to any unprejudiced mind that this vile, dishonest and unpatriotic business was planned long before it came out in parliament. It is the meanest piece of Government infamy that has been defended by honorable ministers for many a day and they deserve to be sunk into infamy by it.

ARCHITECT.

**"This Comes Hopping."**

"This comes 'hopping' to find you well as it leaves me at this present," was the quaint finish to many a letter in days gone by. The "hopping" was odd spelling for hoping. This comes hoping to point some weary woman, the victim of functional derangements or uterine troubles, internal inflammation and ulceration or any other ailments peculiar to the sex, the way of hope, health and happiness. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers of satisfaction being given in every case or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper.

**Everything Was Made at Home.**

Superintendent Franklin was a well pleased looking man Saturday. He had just placed 12 new cars on the Yonge-street route. They were built by the company and are of original and handsome design. Instead of the eight small panes of glass on the side of the old cars there are six large plate glass lights, giving the interior a cool and cheerful appearance. The roof of the new cars is another vast improvement on that of the old, and the general appearance of the car and its finish is superb. "Everything about these cars," said Mr. Franklin with emphasis, "was manufactured in Canada, the wheels being turned out at St. Thomas." Ten new one-horse cars will be added in a day or two.

One or two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery will purify the blood, remove dyspepsia and drive away that extreme tired feeling which causes so much distress to the industrious and persons of sedentary habits. Mr. W. E. Ellis, druggist, Fenelon Falls, writes: "The Vegetable Discovery is selling well and giving good satisfaction."

**Real Estate by Auction.**

At Oliver, Coate & Co.'s Saturday G. A. Case bought a 10-roomed brick house at Yonge and Wellesley-streets, lot 70x130, for $25,000. A large number of properties were withdrawn.

At Lydon's Mart two small dwellings on Gordon-street were sold to Charles Shields for $1500.

At J. M. McFarlane's, J. M. McKay bought three lots on the south side of Kensington-avenue, 300x136, at $12 per foot; J. Foley two lots on Northlands-avenue, 200x149, at $10 per foot; J. Hall, 443 and 445 Bathurst-street, brick fronts, $4200; 452 Manning-avenue, six-roomed brick house, W. W. Travers, $2800.

**A Window Cleaner's Complaint.**

*Editor World:* The bylaw recently passed that windows must be cleaned before 8 a.m. is absurd. There are few stores that open before 8 o'clock. Take my own case for instance. I live over two miles from the store. We open at 8 a.m. It takes us nearly two hours to clean the windows. The law would necessitate me leaving home about 5½ a.m., as it takes me over half an hour to do the distance.

READER.

**Coming Events.**

Coming consumption is foreshadowed by a hacking cough, night sweats, pain in the chest, etc. Arrest its progress at once by taking Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which never fails to cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc., and even in confirmed consumption affords grateful relief.

# THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

**A TALE OF TEARS.**

*BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT*
*Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Editha's Burglar," "That Lass o'Lowrie's," "Through One Administration," Etc., Etc.*

CHAPTER I.

The rector of Coombe-Ashley raised his eyes from the manuscript over which he had been poring all the morning, and turned his face to the door with a half-wearied air of listening attention. There was a sound as of light feet in the hall below, and he listening to hear if they would pass the parlor, and come up the stair-case. Yes, they were coming, for the next instant they were springing up the old oaken stairs with a gay, soft patter, and in a minute more they stopped at the half-open door.

"May I come in, papa?" said a fresh girlish voice. "Or are you too busy? I have something to tell you."

His rugged face softened wonderfully at the musical sound, which was the sweetest in all the world to him; but his quiet nature not let his tone express more than would simple words.

"Come in, Prue," he said, and then she entered.

Such a bright young face as she brought to lighten the dim old room, with its piles of dingy papers, and shelves of dingy books; such a fresh, sweet, bonny young face! Once or twice in a life-time, perhaps, one meets with such a face as this little plainly-dressed Prue. The big, brown eyes had the innocent, untried look of a child's, the round, white chin, with the soft dimple in it, might have been a baby's; the sweet, serious mouth was as tenderly innocent as the veriest child's on earth. After all, of course, she was scarcely a woman yet, being little more than seventeen; but still there are few girls who preserve that simple tenderness of expression even through seventeen years. It is quite possible that her quaintly quiet life had made the rector's daughter less of a woman than she would otherwise have been. Making pies and broth for sick pensioners, and turning half-worn dresses, had been the greatest of her responsibilities; visiting the poor of the parish, and occasionally calling in timid state upon her father's patroness, Lady Strathspey, the greatest of her dissipations.

Accordingly, at seventeen, pretty Prue Renfrew was as fresh and ignorant of worldiness as a child of seven, and as ready to be pleased, and as anxious to please, as few children of seven are in this age of civilization.

There was a little touch of excited pleasure on her face as she came into the room, and it made her look very pretty indeed as she pulled off her well-worn little gloves, and unbuttoned her little rough coat.

"Guess who I have seen?" she said at last, coming behind her father to lean over his arm-chair. "Just guess, papa."

"Who?" he asked, looking up at her with a touch of a smile on his reticent Scottish mouth. He was a Scotchman, the Rev. David Renfrew, and, like most Scotchmen, grave almost to taciturnity; but this one ewe lamb of his lonely, hard-working life, was the light of his eyes. "Who was it, Prue?" he asked.

She shook her brown head with a little laugh.

"Guess," she said. "Somebody very important, to us at least; somebody very handsome."

"Old Donald Ross," with a dry humor in his voice.

"Now, papa! Somebody very grand. Surely you can guess now."

He shook his head.

She broke into a sweet little laugh of triumph.

"I knew you couldn't. Well, I have seen—my lord."

He started a thought nervously. In his quiet, restrained way he had a nervous, awkward dread of this long-absent patron of his.

"Not Lord Strathspey?"

"Yes, Lord Strathspey. He is very grand and handsome, papa"—stroking his grizzled hair with its third little sigh. "The grandest person I ever saw, I think."

"Where did you see him?" he asked.

"On the Brae. I had just come out of Donald's cottage, when he passed by. He stopped a moment to look at me, I think, for he was looking when I saw him first, and he bowed to me. I wish I had had my best dress on," naively. "This one is so shabby, you see."

Her father glanced down at the garment in question, and echoed the faint sigh with which she had ended her words.

It was rather shabby, if the truth was to be told. Shabby dresses were no novelty to this pretty young creature, with her innocent vanity. Even the sober browns and grays which usually made up her limited wardrobe, were always turned and furbished until their fictitious newness became more than questionable, and her quiet little brown walking-dress was as well worn as it was precise in its neatness.

It had been a long-cherished hope of this business-like little Prue, that Lord Strathspey's return would make matters better; and just now her small brown head was full of it.

"I wonder if he will come here to see you, papa," she said at last. "He ought to, you know."

She had taken a seat then, and having produced a before invisible work-basket, was stitching demurely on a new wristband.

"I think he ought to, you know," she went on sagely, "I don't think he would be doing his duty if he did not show some interest in the parish after neglecting it so long. Why, he has not been here since—dear me! since I was quite young. For ten years, I should think. Has he, papa?"

"No," with a faint smile. "He was sixteen when he left Scotland, and you were seven. I doubt if you have ever seen him before, Prue."

"Yes, I have," nodding her brown head. "I saw him in church once. That was how I knew him to-day. I remember his face. I think I remembered it because it is so beautiful. It is beautiful—ever so beautiful,"—and a soft little blush rose to her cheek.

To tell the truth, Lord Strathspey was something of a hero to his rector's daughter. She had remembered the handsome, boyish face she had seen in the grand velvet-lined, socked pew as something to be admired with a tender sort of reverential awe. She had always been afraid of Lady Strathspey, and her stately ways: but her distant, secret admiration of her young hero had something half affectionate in it, in spite of what appeared to her simplicity, his grandeur. As she had grown older, her remembrance of him had grown fainter; but it had been a remembrance still, and had helped her to recognize him when they met, even though he had become a matured man, in the prime of life—and the boyish face was lost forever. Then, again, she had heard so much about it. The few of his tenantry, who had seen him in their short visits to London, had brought back wondrous accounts of his grace, and learning, and debonair ways. "My son," in Lady Strathspey's eyes, was almost a demigod—a noble young demigod, to be bowed down to, and worshipped, at a respectful distance, by his inferiors. The tenants who had not seen him, had certainly heard of him enough, for "my son's wishes," and "his lordship's plans," ruled Coombe-Ashley as completely as any despot's iron hand, though, of course, in a milder degree. It has been a great trial to her stately ladyship, the people said, that Strathspey had cared so little for Coombe-Ashley, and had been so long a stranger to it, and a sojourner in foreign lands; and it was a great happiness to her, every one knew, that he had at last acceded to her wishes, and decided to spend at least the winter, on his long-neglected estate.

Just now innocent brown-eyed Prue was wondering if she should, at last, have a nearer view of this hero. Her thoughts were a curious mixture of romance and practicability. Perhaps he would come to the rectory, and then, of course, she would be obliged to meet him; for, long before bread and butter and short dresses were things of the past, she had been her father's helpmeet, and the childish mistress of the little brown gabled house. Then, of course, if he was as generous as people said he was, he would see how wretchedly paid for his hard labor his rector had been, and then—Well, perhaps, it would be easier to buy the quiet little dresses and hats, and possibly a time might come when her own gloves and papa's would not have to be mended so often. Having got to this turn of thought, she looked up at her father quietly. He had turned to the manuscript again, and was working as hard as ever. How grave his face was, and how gray he was getting, and how many weary hours he was obliged to spend over those dreadful books—for the poor pittance had to be worked out in more ways than one.

"Papa," she said, softly, "don't you suppose——" and then hesitated a little.

He raised his head, as he always did, at the sound of her voice.

"What is it, my bairn?" he asked. "My bairn" was the quiet pet name he had given her from the first mournful hour when he had received her from her young mother's dying arms; and there was something almost touching in the quaint sound, as it came from his grave lips.

"Don't you suppose that Lord Strathspey's coming home will make a difference?"

"In what?"

"In—well—make a difference to you. Perhaps he will give you some more money," she said wisely. "He ought to."

"Perhaps he will," returned the rector half grave, half smiling. "What do you want, Prue?"

She laid her work down, and came behind his chair, clasping her arms round his neck, and laying her soft cheek on his grizzled head, with an odd little caressing nestle, like a baby's.

"I want a hundred things," she said, half laughing. "I want a dressing-gown for you, and something nice for Jamie Macdonnel, and a grand new dress to wear on Sundays. Lord Strathspey will be at church, you know, and—Well, I believe that is all." And she ended with a face a thought more serious than it had been when she began, for she was stricken with a sudden recollection of the questionable appearance of her best attire.

"Couldn't we manage to do something about the new dress, Prue?" he asked, with an odd anxiety in his face, or an anxiety which was odd in a man of his kind; but they had held these economical consultations for years together, and to diplomatize seriously over the purchase of the hardly-earned girlish garments, was nothing new. She shook her head with a certain sweet gravity.

"Oh, dear me!" she said, seriously, "we couldn't think of it. You see there are all those people to be visited next week, and one can't go without taking them something. Oh, dear me, no!"

He touched her soft brown hair with a regretful sigh. "Poor little bairn!" he said, "you have a hard life."

She drew her arms tighter round his neck in a closer caress.

"No I haven't," she said lovingly, "It is you who have had the hard life, poor busy darling. I'm very happy. I don't care about Lord Strathspey. I daresay he won't look at me; and, besides, my dress is not so ugly, after all."

But for all that, when she ran upstairs after dinner, to her pretty white bedroom, she took the questionable garment out of the wardrobe, and reviewed it with some anxiety. It was not the dress so much, but she had a childish awe of these stately Strathspeys, and a childish desire to appear well in their eyes.

All in the meantime, Lord Strathspey had gone back to the Coombe, with a curiously pleased recollection of a tender girlish face, and a pair of big innocent brown eyes, with a curious childish sweetness in them.

He was not a very good man, this Angus Lord Strathspey, and certainly not willfully a bad man; but for all that, he was just the sort of person to commit a wrong, through the careless light-handedness which was his chief characteristic. This very carelessness it was which had made him a stranger to his mother's home so long. The foreign lands, in which he had spent so many years, had pleased him well enough to hold him rover; and, as he had no very conscientious scruples on the subject of his responsibilities, and was in nowise inclined to regard life seriously, he naturally made a point—of pleasing himself. I was going to say; but I think I can improve upon the phrase by saying, allowing himself to be pleased. The quiet little figure on the hillside had pleased him, and the innocent face, and almost childish eyes, had struck him as something refreshing. Who did the innocent face belong to? He had no distinct recollection of having seen it before, and yet it seemed almost familiar to him. He broached the subject to his mother after dinner, when he rose to light his cigar; and he held a fuse to his "weed," and puffed away enjoyably, as he described the little "apparition."

"A little creature"—he said between the puffs, "like a brownie. A pretty child, with an innocent face, and a shabby dress on. Who is she?"

"My dear Angus," expostulated her ladyship, "your child is a young lady. I think you must mean little Miss Renfrew, the rector's daughter—and she is nearly eighteen years old."

His lordship laughed. He had a musical laugh, by the way, with a clear refined ring in its tone; but this laugh was only the least of his attractions.

"Is she?" he said. "She has the face of a child of eight. I think I must go and see Renfrew."

"Angus," said Lady Strathspey.

He laughed again; but colored a little, nevertheless.

"What is her name?" he asked.

"Prudence, I believe," replied her ladyship, gravely; "and I really can't permit you to go and talk nonsense to her, Angus. She is a good contented little thing—as good as she is pretty; so the poor people say."

Strathspey knocked the ash from his cigar with a smile. "She must be good enough, then," he said, with a thrill in his voice. "Those great, innocent eyes of hers are as beautiful as an angel's."

He did not say much more on the subject; but it was not forgotten; it is certain though he did not call at the rectory that week. Perhaps his mother's evident disapproval had something to do with it, or perhaps his time was fully occupied. At any rate for a few days at least. In her awe of him, she had been staidly anxious to be in readiness, and had watched the road almost fearfully; but Saturday came, and Lord Strathspey had not made his appearance.

But on Sunday at church she saw him again. She had almost forgotten him, for the time being; but raising her head, after the first prayer, she caught a sudden glimpse of the handsome Saxon face, with its clear eyes, and the big golden mustache. He was looking at her, she discovered to her great confusion, and in her momentary embarrassment, the sensitive color mounted even to her white temples. Strathspey smiled at the blush, it was so undisguised and innocent. This little Miss Renfrew was something of a novelty, it struck him; and the timid brown eyes, with the fluttered look in them, were even prettier than he had imagined.

He saw more of the rector's daughter that morning, than he heard of the rector's sermon. The small figure, which seemed almost lost in the big square pew, struck him with an odd sense of its childishness, and half unconsciously, he found himself following the soft low voice as it sounded the response. He could not help fancying with a sort of amusement, that she felt some qualms of conscience on the subject of her first glance, she sat so quietly in one corner of the big pew, her pretty church-service in her hand, and her brown eyes upraised to her father.

When the service was concluded, it chanced they left the church almost together and on her way down the aisle, Prue saw the tall form before her; and as she passed out of the stone porch Lady Strathspey turned and bowed to her, and then, Strathspey himself, turning also, raised his hat with a fair shapely hand, and remained standing for a moment looking after her, smiling faintly.

During the last week Prue had lived in a constant state of overawed expectation; but by the middle of the next, as the visitor had not made his appearance, the feeling wore off, and she neglected to watch the road altogether. He was not coming, she told herself. Perhaps he did not care to come, and then she drew a little sigh at the thought of her castles in the air. She dis.ussed him gravely with Marjory, who was her household general and constant adviser, and next to her father, nearer to the innocent young creature's heart than any one in the world.

"He is very handsome, Marjory," she would say naively, "and very grand; but I think, if he had cared about us at all, or about the poor people either, he would have called to see papa before now."

But whether he cared for the poor people or not, he came at last, though it would have been useless watching the road for his coming, for his visit was the oddest of surprises.

It was late in the evening when he called, and Prue was in the dining-room alone. The lamps had not been brought in, for the rector was absent, and there was no light but the blaze of the fire, which revealed to Strathspey, with the opening of the door, the most natural life picture he had seen in his life.

CHAPTER II.

Prue was kneeling upon the hearth, demure, in a little dusky home-dress; her neglected work-basket stood upon the table; her soft, disordered hair fell loosely around her half-childish figure, and with the ribbon which had tied it, she was tessing a sober gray cat of Marjory's, at whose dignified discomfiture she was laughing softly.

It was rather a difficult matter to meet seriously the horrified face she turned to her visitor, as she started up with Marjory's familiar in her arms, when his name was announced. It seemed so dreadful to her staid sense of the proprieties, to be discovered in such a position. I have no doubt, that, if she might have had her own way, he would have found her ready to receive him in all the strength of timid decorousness with which she tried, poor child, to do honor to her father's calling, and so, no doubt, would have impressed him with an amused feeling of awkwardness; but now, taken by surprise as she was, she only looked wonderfully like a pretty child, and met him with the humblest little air in the world. In her reverence for his magnificence, she almost felt as if she had done him some injury, or annoyed him in some manner.

He advanced to meet her, holding his hat in his fair ungloved hand—a faint smile scarcely controllable, even by his self-possession, touching his lips.

What a grave offence the little contretemps evidently was to her, poor little thing, and how pretty her fluttered embarrassment made her.

"Miss Renfrew, I conclude?" he said, questioningly, and on receiving her timid bow of acquiescence, he extended the fair hand with good-natured unceremoniousness.

"I am Stratespey," he said. "I think we know each other a little already, Miss Renfrew, and I for one am more pleased to improve the acquaintance."

His careless gracefulness of manner set her more at ease. It was a peculiarity of his to be easy and unembarrassed on all occasions, and it was one of the peculiarities which made him always popular. Just now it helped Prue to recover her self-possession sufficiently to return his greeting with the little touch of sober dignity which was natural to her.

She was very sorry that her father was not at home, she told him. He would be disappointed. Probably, if his lordship would be seated, and allow her to ring for lights, he would not be long absent.

"He had only one or two calls to make, I believe," she added, "and is never very late."

Strathspey smiled. The touch of grave dignity pleased him as much as her innocent young face had done. Looking down at her small figure, he could not help being impressed as much as if she had been some child playing the serious, oft-repeated game, of being a woman.

"I shall be glad to avail myself of your invitation," he said. "Indeed, I don't know whether upon the whole, my visit was not intended for you, Miss Renfrew."

The brown eyes opened with a serious timidity, which was like distress. What was he going to say?

"I have been a rover so long, you see," he explained, that I dare say my tenants feel that I have neglected them a little. My mother tells me that you have neglected them a little. My mother tells me that you have been very kind to the poor people—quite a Lady Bountiful, in fact, and I am anxious to thank you for it, if my thanks are worth anything."

She blushed slightly, in her innocent surprise at his praises. She had lived her quiet life so wholly for these people, that she had never dreamed of being thanked for her labors.

"We—papa and I—try to take care of them,' she returned, simply; "but I don't think I have done anything worth thanks. What I do is so little among so many, you know," with a depreciating upraising of her eyes.

"What you have done, I cannot sufficiently thank you for," he said, something like a thrill of admiration roused by her sweet face. "Lady Strathspey says you ought to be a reproach to my self-indulgence. It is my duty to look after these people, she tells me," [illegible] out of a timidity, I thought I would refer to you. If you will only promise to tell me what they want, Miss Renfrew, and call upon me for any assistance which is required, you will relieve me wonderfully. I am not what people call an energetic person, I believe, and my responsibilities are too much for me."

"I will promise that papa will," she said, with grave naivete, "and I am sure the people will be very thankful. Some of them are very poor indeed, and—we are not very rich ourselves."

She had overcome her first awe of him by this time. She was too thoroughly simply girl-like to be conscious for any length of time; and, besides, it pleased her so much to know that her pensioners were to be well cared for at last. Though it had never occurred to her, the life she had led, since she had been old enough to assume any responsibility, had really been a hard one. The work which had fallen into her young hands had been never ending, and, in the eyes of any one less simple and tender, would have appeared the most thankless of labor. They were not all pleasantness, these long rounds of visits to poor, ailing, and sometimes not very grateful people; but poor little Prue had a staid conscientious scrupulousness on the subject of her duties, and would no more have thought of shirking one of them, than of doing anything else widely foreign to her affectionate nature. Strathspey found this out in the course of the evening, and the soft-voiced little creature's serious sense of her responsibilities, almost amused him. Her quaint affection for her father was one of these responsibilities, he discovered. It was not the common-place love of a commonplace girl; it was something more novel—something which was more the result of long companionship and trial-sharing; and it made her visitor feel that he had come upon a new phase of life.

"You see," she explained simply, "we are not like anybody else—we are more to each other; papa has nobody but me, and I have nobody but papa."

*To be continued.*

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