

and, like all small men, very pompous. He is always smoking, and generally has a cigar almost as big as himself. Gerrie made fun of him, but Mrs. Moir took his part because he was rich. She always sent him with Gerrie, and appropriated me to herself. Of course I did not like that very well, and one night when he was boasting about how much money he spent, and that his cigars alone cost him over a dollar a day, even Mrs. Moir was disgusted, and exclaimed,—

"Oh, you wretched man! How can you waste money like that? Might I ask at what age you began to smoke?"

"Oh, I wasn't more than fourteen!" he replied.

"That is probably the reason that you did not grow any more," said I.

"Oh, Thos! how could you say it?" I asked, laughing heartily.

"Well, don't you think he deserved it?" said Tom, "and you know smoking when young will stop a boy's growth."

"Yes, but what did he say?"

"What could he say? He talked about something else, but Mrs. Moir gave him up after that. She was ashamed to encourage such a conceited little fool; so I had both Gerrie and her to escort afterwards."

"Then Mrs. Moir has given you her blessing, I suppose," said Len.

"No, indeed; she was all the time talking about people who were foolish enough to marry on small salaries; and saying that a girl ought to marry a man much older than herself. Gerrie very coolly told her one day that she would not marry a man older than Mr. Graham."

"That looks well for you, Thos," said Len.

"Oh, no; she only said it to tease her aunt."

"I saw her yesterday," said I, "and she did not know you were coming down."

"No, I did not know myself until last week." Then turning to Mama, he said quietly.

"I had a letter from Uncle Thomas the other day."

"It isn't possible!" cried Mama. "I sent your address last summer, but he never answered my letter."

"He writes very kindly," said Tom. "His wife is dead, and both her daughters are married,—one of them to an English nobleman, the other to a French count. I guess Aunt played her cards well with Uncle's money. Took the girls to Dublin every winter, and all the fashionable watering places in summer."

"But has he given them the property and all?" I asked anxiously.

"No," replied Tom. "He says he did not give them anything except costly wedding presents. He let them spend as much as they pleased flying about, and took them to Paris himself; where he says they very much resembled the 'Dodd Family Abroad,' and finally the two girls, who were really very handsome, married last summer; and their mother, as though she thought her mission in life accomplished, laid her down and died."

"Then perhaps Uncle will leave you his money after all, now that that wretched woman is dead," I exclaimed.

"Hush, Georgia!" cried Tom. "Don't say a word against the poor woman. Uncle tells me she felt very bad about the way she had treated me, and soon after I left told him all about it, and begged that I might be brought back; but Uncle thought it might do me good to be left to my own resources for a while, and so time passed on; and of late years his wife being delicate all his thoughts were given to her. He says she was really a fine, good-hearted woman, although she confessed she had married him in hopes of getting all his wealth for her children; but she had soon grown really to care for him, and, seeing how badly he felt when I left, she had become ashamed of her mercenary designs, and relinquished them entirely. Her frank acknowledgment of her faults only made Uncle think more of her, and they lived very happily together. Uncle says that he never changed his will, and that we might have known that he would keep the promises he made when I was sent to him, no matter what he had said when angry."

"I wish you joy, old fellow!" exclaimed Len, but a lump of something—it must have been happiness—rose up in my throat, and prevented me from saying anything.

Mama sat quietly crying tears of pure joy. After all, her unselfish sacrifice in parting with Tom was to be repaid, and the dear mother's heart was filled with gratitude.

"Come, don't be lachrymose, Mama," said Tom. "Shall I take you home with me?"

Mama was kissing Tom, and before she had time to answer, Charlie cried,—

"I'll go, Uncle Tom! take me!"

"Me too, me do wif'ou, Onkey!" shouted Tommy.

"Not much! I think I see myself travelling with a couple of imps like you. Come till we see what Santa Claus has sent."

"Bless me, what a lot of luggage!" I cried, finding the hall crowded with trunks.

"Don't be frightened, Georgia, I am not going back at all. I've cut the letter trade. Uncle sent me a cheque for five hundred pounds, and of course I shall go home next summer."

"Will you take any one with you, Tom?" asked Len, slyly.

"Yes, if she'll come," replied Tom, in a soft, wistful tone.

I kissed Tom lovingly, whispering, "I know she will," then added aloud—

"You will come to church with us, and return thanks for your good fortune."

"Oh, yes; if you don't take the children with you."

"No, indeed; I don't believe in church nurseries. It would be cruel to make children of their age sit still, and if they don't they must distract other people."

As we walked home from church I said to Tom—"I am glad the sun shines, I always think it is a good omen."

But Tom smiled as though he thought that, whatever the sun might do, Gerrie would be sure to smile upon him.

After the children's dinner, Tom went off to his wooing: Len and I called "good luck," after him from the door, and the boys taking up the chorus, shouted—"good luck!" "good luck!" till he was out of sight.

*To be Continued.*

**INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.**—Must it be deferred to, as heralding a permanent innovation, or should it be resisted as the froth of a temporary craze? The innovation is predestined. It will come, and it will remain; for it is a great social want which is clamoring for it so lustily,—a want out of the heart of the power which created and sustains the schools themselves. You cannot argue it away,—you cannot ridicule it away. Even were it a something utterly inconsistent with the recognized purpose of a school, it would not avert the consummation. It is pleasant to believe that no such inconsistency prevails.—*Supt. H. B. Harrington, New Bedford, Mass.*

Dorothy Dene is the name of a new London beauty who promises to become a rival of Mary Anderson and Mrs. Langtry. She is said to be very beautiful, though still quite young.

Helen Taylor is making an unexpectedly strong canvass in Camberwell, Eng., where she is running for Parliament, and the prospect of another awkward election case is very good.

Princess Beatrice has received from the Isle of Wight Bee-keepers' Association, of which she is the President, a wedding present in the form of a silver bee, whose back and wings are studded with diamonds.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, a lady "still young and of attractive presence, is among the delegates of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, at Washington. She is the head of the law firm of Foster & Foster, of Dubuque, the "& Foster" being her husband.

At the private view in the Grosvenor Gallery this year Mrs. Langtry was the observed of all observers. She enjoyed the distinction of being mobbed. It has been remarked with satisfaction that her dress was ahead of the fashions, and that her bonnet was adorned with a brilliant Chartreuse velvet bow.

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