what the landlord delighted to term panion scrutinized her face anxiously. On the strength of a promise he made Yes, she had something to give thanks grateful eyes to the stars that shone that the liberty of for Out of her sea of sorrow she had so brightly above her. "They are a sitting-room giving directly on to the principal street, and boasting on its walls one of the portraits of defunct Hell-Fires - none other, indeed, than Topham Trimbull, known to his friends as "Hell" Trimbull, who afterwards became Lord Bulcote through a convenient succession of deaths. The venient succession of deaths. The room was occupied rather by a distinguished stranger; for at the particular moment to which we refer the Chastosfield, as the sitting room in fancy, and added, "Do you know,"

question was called in honor of the Edward, that one of them was a Lord most popular of Irish viceroys, was tenanted by a single occupant.

A man no longer young, if not precisely elderly; a man whose hair had grizzled, and whose shaven cheeks had on them that grey pallor which is the product of the laboring years; your friend—a great-grandfather, or something of that sort—and be was a man whose slightly stooped shoulders and grave, thoughtful face proclaimed him to be a scholar. He sat at a table near the windows intent upon the pages of a book whose vellum leaves displayed line upon line of a curiously cramped and fantastic character, the study of which appeared to afford the solitary a great dead of gratification, for ever and anon he leaned back and and then wrote something himself in a fine, delicate handwriting in the note-book by his side.

So intent was the man upon his task that he did not notice that the door behind him opened to admit a rare and gracious presence. A young girl, nineteen years old at the most, stood for a moment in the open doorway, resting a hand on either lintel as she surveyed with a loving smile the quiet

She waited for an instant, framed in the open space, lightly poised, with a pretty flush of interest warming her pale young cheeks, and lending keener lustre to her grey eyes. A painter who could have beheld her just then might have likened her, with her slight girlish figure, her fair young face, and the twisted braids of her brown hair, to one of Angelico's angels. Indeed, the master of the saintly school never found a fairer model than the brown-haired maiden who paused for a moment upon the threshold of the "Chesterfield," looking tenderly upon the bowed, silent figure before her. Then, with a light, noiseless step, the vision from Angelico slipped from its frame, and, crossing the room softly, stood by the unwary scholar, and laid her light hand very lightly upon his shoulder.

"Edward," the vision said, with that kindly quality of voice which loving lips have the secret of lending to the most familiar name or the most commonplace and conventional phrases. The reader lifted his hand from the book, and, raising it, caught the girl's fingers, as they rested on his shoulder, in a fond pressure. At the same time threw his sedate, worn face back, and looked up at the bright eyes above him with an expression of intense

Well, Lily Lass, what is it?" The girl whom the student addressed

as Lily Lass leaned down and pressed warm young cheek against the thin face of her interrogator.
"Edward," said the girl, "the land-

lord has quite taken a fancy to me" 'I do not wonder at that," the scholar interrupted, smiling up in the girl's fair face.

She shook her head at her elder with a pretty little air of menace, and slightly frowned, as she always did when people made any illusion to her appearance. Don't be foolish, dear, I didn't he first entered the room.

mean that; I only mean that he has quite taken me into his confidence. He sees in me a young woman with an illimitable thirst for knowledge, but who is, however, educated to a suffi ciently high standard of mental intelligence to appreciate the charms of his beloved old inn. He has been guiding me all over it, and introducing me to all sorts of people. 'Indeed," the man's evebrows lifted

The girl laughed mischievously.

"Don't be frightened, dear; the gentlemen who have been presented to me to-day would make but the most shadowy of suitors. Not a warm hand or a beating heart amongst them. They were ghosts, my dear.'

Ghosts? "Yes, and only the ghosts of ghosts. They were pictures. The old inn has quite a gallery. All sorts of strange fellows in old-fashioned dresses. had a wild club here with a dreadful name, something quite satanic, dear, ever so long ago, and this was the scene of their revels, and they all had their portraits painted and presented to the inn in memory of their merriment. It was ever so long ago, long before you were born, Edward, though you do pretend to such a venerable

antiquity The girl rested her hand fondly on the man's grizzling hair. Her touch was as light as the fall of an autumn leaf, and yet the man winced under it as if it had been a blow. But the girl did not notice, and went on gaily. 'Do you know, I feel quite spectral myself coming from the company of those spectres. They were so wild and so wicked, and laughed and drank here so loud and so deep, and now where are their quips and cranks which used to set the table in a roar, and wrinkle

"You seem to take these dead and me long ago that I took the liberty of buried wassailers very seriously, Lily writing to you."

"I don't know," she answered; "it eems to me as if I had seen some of Chesterfield," as the sitting-room in fancy, and added, "Do you know, Mountmarvel?"

"Indeed! The scholar seemed interested, for

he turned slightly and looked at the

your friend—a great-grandfather, or something of that sort—and he was killed in a duel by another member of the Club, whose portrait is here, too, opposite to Lord Mountmarvel's. It was an older Irish name; I cannot re-

"The family history of the Mountmarvels," said the scholar, "is tempestuous and brawling record. They are one of those families whose

marvel family was like he was not permitted to say, for his narrative was at this moment interrupted in the most peculiar and appropriate manner. There was a knock at the door, and before either of the occupants of the room could speak, the portal promptly opened and admitted mine host sideways, very respectfully heralding a young man, a stranger. The stranger paused for a moment on the threshold, while the scholar rose to meet him, and the girl drew back with something like a cry of dismay on her lips. The landlord opened his mouth in a

kind of unctuous enthusiasm. "My Lord Mountmarvel to see you, f you please," he announced, and then promptly disappeared, leaving the visitor and his hosts face to face.

It had not even occurred to the landord to inform his guests of the arrival of their visitor. Any one whom the young lord from the Castle wanted to see could but be only too glad to receive him at once without further ceremony.

CHAPTER III.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR. The newcomer broke the constrained silence that seemed to have fallen on

"I hope I have not visited you at an unopportune moment,"he said, advancing towards the elder man; "but I came back to Mountmarvel last night, and found your letter there. I thought it would be best, therefore, for me to ride over this morning "-it was ong past noon, but it was still morning to Lord Mountmarvel-"and pay you my respects in person. I have only to ask you to excuse me, Mr. Geraldine, for the unavoidable absence which allowed your letter to remain

even so long unanswered.' Lord Mountmarvel looked a decidedly handsome young man as he stood there in his close-fitting riding-coat, lightly striking his boot leg with his ridingwhip while he spoke. His fair face was slightly flushed with his morning ride, his voice was easy and pleasant, his manner self-contentedly courteous. The girl, as she looked at him closer began to miss more and more the resemblance to the dead and gone ancestor of his downstairs which had so

He whom Lord Mountmarvel addressed as Mr. Geraldine bowed gravely his acknowledgment of the young lord's speech.

'I am your debtor, Lord Mountmarvel," he said, "for this prompt and personal reply to my letter. Pray be seated. But pray let me introduce you to my "—he paused for a moment, and then went on—" to Miss Geraldine."

The young lord bowed gracefully to the girl. His quick eyes had noticed her embarrassment as he entered; had noticed also with infinite satisfaction how young she was and how graceful. He sat down with his eyes fixed admiringly on her face, and she in her turn looked frankly back at him. She had now quite recovered from her first surprise at the resemblance of the portrait of the slain great grandsire, and looked at the young man with interest, trying to catch again in the fine lines of his face the likeness which had seemed se surprising a minute before, and which now seemed to have faded away almost

as completely as if it had never been.

The young man spoke to the elder, glancing at him as he spoke, but his eyes turned half unconsciously to the girl again, and rested admiringly upon

her. "So you knew my father, Mr. Ger aldine

This was what he said; what he was thinking of was that Miss Geraldine was most attractive. He could not make up his mind, however, whether she was or was not really pretty. Mr Geraldine's reply interrupted the work

ing out of this problem.
"I knew your father very well in
London," Mr. Geraldine answered. He and I had some thoughts and some tastes in common—and we became omething more than acquaintances if something less than friends. It was

In The Morning.

those red faces and brighten those sodden eyes into smiling? Ah, portraits are the worst of phantoms, and I feel like a ghost myself—the ghost of some poor girl whom those wild gentlemen had toasted here over their bottle and loved in their savage way, and, perhaps, fought for and died for."

The girl gave a little frightened, shudder, and was silent. Her com-

them before, or should see them again in talking, but who wishes out of very love of language that all he says should be as well said as possible. Lord Mountmarvel mentally wondered what thoughts and tastes there had been in

> man opposite to him and his father. TO BE CONTINUED.

A GLAD THANKSGIVING.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

She was a pretty woman. In fact she had just stopped short of being beautiful. Looking at her in her shabby gown and unbeautiful surroundings one could not help wondering how she would look dressed as handsomely as the woman who lived across the way from her-the woman who never succeeded in looking any way but ordin ary and common-place, in spite of all the helpful accessories of the toilet.

She remembered; she could call up very bright pictures of herself in the days when pretty gowns and dainty laces were her portion.

Now she was only a dressmaker.

Only, I say, as if in these days of high art in dress that were not enough; but, then, she had not grown up in it, and she lived in a country town, far from the centres of art and fashion.

It was only after her unhappy mar riage that she had taken a stitch for anybody. Then, being driven to do some thing to provide bread and butter for herself and her one child, dear little Ned, she turned to this. She had taste, a good eye for form and color, and what the Yankees call faculty. She was resolute and strong and patient, as well as kindly and sweet of temper, so with the help of "ladies' book" and cut paper patterns, and her own "knack" she succeeded in attaining a proficiency that answered all the demands of the dwellers of Kingsley.

She had just finished a gown, and it was to be sent home that night-the night before Thanksgiving. The room seemed more than usually disordered, and as she tied the package, which she was to take home in the evening, it seemed to her, so tired was she, as though she could never bring order out of the confusion. She fel sure for a moment that she really could not make any attempt at Thanksgiv

ing. She had promised Ned that there should at least be a chicken pie. He did not insist upon turkey or oysters, but he had very decided opinions as t the qualities of the chicken pies that his mother made.

All this afternoon he had been teas ing her with childish, unthinking persistence to leave the window where she sat and come over to his window. These two windows were in different ends of the room and represented two different states and conditions of being One looked out on a little yard green with grass and gay with a climbing rose in summer weather. By this window stood a rocking chair, and near by a table with a big photograph album, a few books and a pretty shaped lamp. There was a well worn but clean, cheerful looking ingrain carpet on this end of the long room, a com-fortable lounge with a number of gaily covered pillows upon it. There were Ned's little chair, the bird cage and two or three pictures-not very choice ones, but they gave pleasure and that startled her out of her composure when is more than choice ones do. There are fans tacked up against the wall and said: of swinging shelves also filled with Not much time had she for books. reading, but there was an odd minute now and then, and Ruth Gray was a woman who made use of the odd minutes.

The other end of the room, and the one wherein Ruth spent most of her time, was the business end. were the sewing machine, the kitcher table, the few common chairs, the rag carpet and the wonderful brand new coal stove that was both parlor and cooking stove in one—a recent acquisi tion and one they had not yet ceased dmiring. It would do most remark able things in the way of cooking. It possessed hidden and marvelous re ources, and above its adaptation to the needs of housekeeping it had a most dignified and at the same tim cheerful exterior. It was a great de light. So one end of the humble room meant work-steady, hard, nerve try ing work ; the other meant rest and relaxation, or, as Ned said, "a good No wonder that he liked to his mother over the line that divided

these two sections. On this special day he had been par ticularly "trying." He seemed to develop a new and alarming faculty He seemed to in devising cunning mischiefs, but he had finally exhausted himself. When Ruth turned from one kind of work to begin the process of picking up and arranging the fragment-strewn room, she found the restless little fellow curled up in a little heap on the braided rug before the stove, where, with the long-suffering kitty in a close embrace, he had fallen asleep. Ten-derly she raised him and kissed the

rosy cheek and sunny, curly hair. A HAPPY HINT—We don't believe in keeping a good thing when we hear of it, and for this reason take special pleasure in recommending those suffering with Piles in any form, blind, bleeding, protruding, etc., to Betton's Pile Salve, the best and safest remedy in the world, the use of which cuts short a vast deal of suffering and inconvenience. Send 50 cts to the Winkelmann & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order for you.

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saved this pearl.

Mr. Geraldine's voice was very soft and quiet—a scholar's voice—the voice of a man who has little time to waste to Thanksgiving day. Not from ingratitude, for she was a devout and orrowful woman : but because the Lord chief sorrows of her life had happened -if anything ever really happe the day set apart by the authority o common between the reserved, studious

the land for good cheer and gratitude She thought about it as she pro ceeded to make prepartions for serving the day in a fashion that should meet Ned's approval. She had followed father and mother to their graves on a long past Thanksgiving she had quarreled with and parted from the only man she had ever truly loved on that gala day of the year; she had married James Gray, when, the next year, the songs of thanksgiving and praise came from grateful hearts. She dreaded each re turn of the day, fearing lest it should bring her some new sorrow. She looked at the flushed cheeks of her little boy with a sharp pain. What if she were to lose her only delight and joy on her fateful day? But when he opened his eyes and declared himself hungry as a bear her fears van-

"I say, mamma," he cried, "let's begin Thanksgiving to night. Let's have a nice supper. I'm so hungry. Then let's have some popcorn and he paused as if trying to originate some new dissipation—"let's make some candy. You know, mamma, we haven't made any on the new stove yet, and maybe we can't do that. I'm so tired of not doing anything nice ain't you?"

"Yes, dear, I'm more tired than I can tell," and sudden tears dimmed her

eyes.
"Don't cry; oh, don't cry, mamma
"Don't cry; oh, don't cry, mamma Please don't. I really think," added the wise little fellow, "that you need a little more fun-don't you? "I think I do. You are wiser than

you know, my dear." "Then let's have some molasses

Ruth laughed at the child's logic. She needed "fun," therefore, she needed molasses candy. Then she resolved that the dear child who found his sunshine or shade in her eyes should have his "fun," though memor ies heavy and dark were thronging upon her. So they made a jolly supper. The wonderful stove baked the sweet potatoes to a turn; they made no demand upon it to which it did not respond.

Then the lamp shone with unusual brilliance; mamma had brushed her pretty hair till the little sunny rings lay all around the fair, white forehead. and she had, just to please Ned, put on the pretty cardinal wrapper, and Ned declared there wasn't a prettier lady in the land.

Then came the candy-making and corn-popping. Again the little stove proved itself a success. "How jolly it is, isn't it, mamma?

cried the child. Very jolly, dear," said the brave little mother, remembering an evening ten years agone, as gay as heart ould wish, followed by a day the dark est she had ever known. She had never seen John Sherman since the hour when she had sent away from her the strong arm and the strong, true

heart. But in spite of the heartache, she told over and over and over the stories she had told a thousand times before, and sang the little songs Ned liked to hear, until, as the clock struck, she "Do you know, my dear, that t is 8 o'clock, and I must run down to Mrs. Green's with her dress. She couldn't keep Thanksgiving without t; half her praises would be left out if she could not sing them in a velvet gown.

"So you just sit right here in this chair. I will not be gone more than twenty minutes; you can stay alone that little bit of a while, can't you?"

It was a brave little voice that answered, "Of course I can. I'll just hink about the farm and the horses,

Ruth threw a long black cloak over her bright gown. It covered up her shabbiness, did this friendly wrap, when from her work she had to run to market, and now it covered her un vonted gay attire. She had a passion for color; rich, warm hues thrilled her like music. She said she felt like another woman when dressed in the glowing, rich, warm cardinal wrapper with its flowing folds. Always Ned wished some indulgence which she felt obliged to deny him, he would say, "I know you'd say yes, mamma, f you had on a pretty dress or a pretty ribbon at your throat.'

As she hastened down the street with ner bundle, in the face of the keen November wind, she thought of all her broken dreams, of the weary years passed by the side of the man who

so brightly above her. "They are always there," she said, reverently however dark it seems. God is good His tender mercies are over all His works, and what is best for me He will not withhold."

She went up the walk saying softly to herself that restful poem of Bur roughs:

The stars come nightly to the sky, The dews fall on the thirsty lea; Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high, Can keep my own away from me.

What matter if I stand alone? I wait with joy the coming years; My heart shall reap where it has sown, And gathered up the fruits of tears. The room looked very pleasant to he as she opened the door-the brigh light, the brighter fire, and sweetest, fairest sight of all, her boy curied up in the rocker fast asleep. He roused at her coming. She had just loosened the fleecy crimson cloud around he head and unclasped the cloak, when there came a rap at the door. Quick as a flash came the thought, "There's something wrong with the dressbutton to move or a seam to take in the

She opened the door. No package was thrust into her hands, no small boy was there with a disagreeable errand on his lips. Instead, a tall man, bronzed and bearded, stood with-

hundredth part of an inch.

'Come in," she said in reply to hi

inquiry if Mrs. Gray lived there. In he stepped, tall, strong and broad shouldered; the room seemed smaller for his entrance. Even Ruth, who was a tall woman, looked slight and girlish beside him. How lovely she looked as she stood there, waiting wondering. The fresh wind had brought a beautiful color to her cheek and blown the rings of sunny hai into charming disarray around her forehead. The bright light shone or the warm-hued dress, and the man who stood gazing at her thought that for many a year he had not seen so fair sight. It was only a moment, but thought is not measured by time. In that instant's space they both went back to that night just ten years past -the saddest they had ever known for it held all the pain the after years brought.

"You know me, Ruth?" he said holding out his hands to her. "Surely you have not forgotten."
"Not for a moment have I foregot

ten," she said, and then little Ned, who had been looking on in silent wonder, seemed to feel that the occasion de

manded his attention.
"Stop," he cried, "you shan't kiss my mamma! You shan't, I say. You bad man !"

It took some coaxing on the part of the tall stranger to appease the child's wrath, and not till his mamma told him that she was not the least angry with the bad man did his anger abate. But it was not long before he sat or

the stranger's knees, and told him confidentially that his mother was the nicest, sweetest, prettiest woman in the world. When the stranger agreed to this he further confided his plans for the future, stating his uncertainty is regard to the black and gray horses. He also, in the excess of his confidence, told him they were to have chicken pie for dinner the next day After which piece of information he wa

carried off to his dreams. Opening his sleepy eyes for his good night kiss, he murmured, "To-morrow will be Thanksgiving day sure, won't it, mamma?'

Yes, darling ; to-morrow will be Thanksgiving day sure," she said. Then those two so long parted sat by the fire, and above their mutual forplanned a future that should hold in it omething of the joy and sweet content they had missed.

"Isn't it too late, John?" she asked. "I have had so much sorrow. I am se different from the gay girl you loved ten years ago. My eyes have shed s many hurts in my heart. Why, see, she said "there are gray hairs here and she bowed her pretty head before his eyes.

For answer, he kissed the bright hair, saying: "You are different from the girl who sent me away ten years ago, but you are changed only in being sweeter and tenderer and more levely. You shall shed no more tears if I can help it, and the hurts in your heart, love, shall heal. going to be happier than the day i

long, my darling. "I am so glad," she said, "that I am going to have one glad Thanks-giving day. They have always been such sad days to me. We will begin to sing our songs of joy and gratitude to-night, John." Yes, and we will sing them the

glad year round, won't we dear?" he asked.

"Yes, the glad year round!" said she. - New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Cold Waves

broken dreams, of the weary years passed by the side of the man who made every hour a torture, of his wretched life and more wretched death, of the one who, somewhere in the world—in a world widely different from her own—lived forgetful of her. She thought of the years to come—weary, lonely years she thought they must be, yet she wanted to live them. For the sake of the child she prayed to live. She prayed, too, that her trials might not make her hard or bitter.

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