Nothing to Wear.

Nothing to wear, my darling, nothing at all with despair, which despair, When he goes out to toil each day and earn their daily bread, She hangs around his weary neck until these , words are said. And when he comes home late at night she sits upon the stair, And wables out, "You know, dear Charles, I haven't a thing to wear. The polonaise I had last year, I tell you is a sight;

Sight: My old black grenadine is worse; it makes me look a fright; My black slik is so shiny, and I feel so morti-

fied; And then, for summer, I must have something in white beside." And so she sings her little song throughout the livelong day— "nothing to wear, my darling, nothing to wear, I say."

"nothing to wear, my daring, nothing to wear, is a starting to wear, and this office, and his face is blanched with fear, Because he cannot pay for all the things she got last year.

TWICE MARRIED

Poor Mrs. Smith wished it might

Mrs. Smith, who recognized the necessity of an infusion of the stronger element to impart to social joys body and flavor. "Yes, I guess so," replied her husband, indifferently, masculinity from over associa-tion having palled on him ; "there's always men about overywhere, except back in the home villages in Maine—they're scarce enough there, the Lord knows! I saw a good many about in the little village near Shirley—Wintergreen, they call it. One young fellow attracted my attention partic-ularly ; he was sitting on a tobacco hogs-head, down on the wharf, superintending some negroes load a waggon, and I couldn't get it out of my head that I'd seen his face before. He was tall, and fair, and had lost an arm. I must have met him during the war, I think, although I'll be hanged if I can place him." HEN the idea of a remova

to Virginia was first mooted in the family of General Percival Smith, ex-brigadier WWW In the naminy of General Percival Smith, ex-brigadier in the United States service, it was received with con-sternation and a perfect storm of disapproval. The young ladies, Norma and Blanche, rose as one woman—loud in denunciation, vehement in protest—fell upon the scheme, and verbally sought to annihilate it. The country ! A farm !! The South !!! The idea was untenable, monstrous. Before their outraged vision floated pictures whereof the foreground was hideous with cows, and snakes, and beetles ; the middle distance lurid with discomfort, corn-bread, and tri-weekly mails ; the background lowering with solitude, ennui, and colored servants.

But all this was trifling and unimportant in comparison with the main issue, Warner's health. To secure the shadow of hope for her boy, Mrs. Smith decided that any thing short of cannibalism in her future surround-ings would be endurable. The information gleaned from her husband was faithfully repeated by Mrs. Smith to her daughters, with some innocent exaggera-tion and unconscious embellishment. She always wanted to make things pleasant for the children. Blanche looked up from her crewel sun-flowers with reviving interest, but Norma

Poor Mrs. Smith wished it might be the end, or anywhere near the end; for the soul within her was "vexed with strife and broken in pieces with words." The general could— and did—escape the rhetorical consequences of his unpopular measure, but his wife could not; no club afforded her its welcome refuge, no "down town" offered her a sanctuary. She was obliged to stay at home and endure it all.

Bianche looked up from her crewel sun-flowers with reviving interest, but Norma walked over to the window, and stood drumming on the panes, and regarding the passers with a lowering brow. "I wonder what Nesbit Thorne will think of it all?" she remarked, after an interval of silence, giving voice to the inwardness of her discontent. her dise

her discontent. "He'll hate it !" spoke Blanche, with conviction; "he'll abhor it, just as we do. I know he will." Blanche always followed her sister's lead, and when Norma was cross considered it her duty to be tearful. She was only disagreeable now because Norma was.

She was only disagreeable now occause Norma was. Percival, the youngest of the family, a spoiled and lively lad of 12, to whom the prospect of change was rapture, took up the last remark indignantly. "Nesbit won't do anything of the kind," quothhe. "Nesbitian't aspoiled, airified idiot of a girl. He's got sense enough to appre-

a sanctuary. She was obliged to stay at home and endure it all. After the indulgent American custom, she earnestly desired to please all of her children. In her own thoughts she existed only for them, to minister to their happi-ness; even her husband was, unconsciously to her, quite of secondary importance, his strongest present claim to consideration lying in his paternity. And this preference must be indulged, the more particularly that Warner—the elder of her two boys, her idol and her grief—was slowly, well-nigh im-perceptibly, but none the less surely, drift-ing away from her. A boyish imprudence, a cold, over-exertion, the old story which is so familiar, so hopeless, so endless in its repetition and its pathos. When interests were diverse, the healthy, blooming daugh-ters could hope to make little headway against the invalid son. They had all the sunny hours, of many long years before them; he perhaps only the hurrying moments of one. For Warner a change was imperative—so imperative that even the rebellious girls were fain to admit its necessity. His con-dition required a gentler, kindlier atmos-phere than that of New York. The poor diseased lungs craved the elixir of pure air; panted for the invigoration of breezes i freshly oxygenized by field and forest, and labored exhaustedly in the languid devitalized breath of a "Neshit worf do anything of the kind," imperative that even the rebellious given this worf do anything of the kind, were fain to admit its necessity. His con-ditor required a gentler, kindlier atmos-phere than that of New York. The pool diseased lungs craved the elixir of pureair; panted for the invigoration of brezes freshly oxygenized by field and forest, and labored exhaustedly in the languid devitalized breath of a city. Ceneral Smith was a man trained by military discipline to be instant in decision and prompt in action. As soon as the doo-tors informed him that his son's case reguired—not wandering—but a steady reguired—not wandering—but a steady supplement the healing of nature, he set fits heat. The doctors recommended for its heat. The doctors recommended Florida, or South Carolina, as in duty and and to the suggestion of Virginia, bed, or South Carolina, as in duty and he was extint it would do.

Mrs. Smith, who recognized the necessity of an infusion of the stronger element to indifferently, mascalinity from over-associa-indifferently, mascalinity from over-associa-men about everywhere, except back in the home villages in Maine—they're scare good many about in the little village near good many about a the data the stronger of the water, good many about in the little village near some negroes load a waggon, and I could'n get it out of my head that I'd seen his does an arm. I must have methim during the may so formerly knew him, "she remarked cheerfully ; " it's a pity your memory is so bad. Why didn't you inquire his name place him " " " " My memory is excellent," retorted the socom, " I've always been remarkable for a unusually strong and retentive memory is you know very well—but is in't super place him ? " " My sees I've seen about a million men's faces to keed in my mind like a picture catalogue. " We were y is very fine." " The diverce which seemed the the outpace to have about a million men's faces to thee course of my life, and i't's ridiculate to the course of which

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tion as his wife. When his domestic affairs had reached a crisis, Thorne had quietly disappeared for a year, during which time people only knew that he was enjoying his recovered free-dom in distant and little frequented places. There were rumors of him in Tartary, on the Niger, in Siberia. At the expiration of the year he returned to New York, and resumed his old place in society as though nothing untoward had occurred. He lived at his club, and no man or woman ever saw him set foot within the precincts of his own house. Occasionally he was seen to stop the nurse in the park, and caress and speak to his little son. His life was that of a single man. In the society they both frequented, he often encountered his wife, and always behaved to her with scrupulous politeness, even with marked courtesy. If he ever missed his home, or experienced regret for his matrimonial failure, he kept the feeling hidden, and presented to the world an unmoved front. In default of nearer ties, he made him-self at home in his aunt's house, frequenting it as familiarly as he had done in the days before his marriage. In his strong, almost passionate nature, there was one great weakness; the love and admiration of women was a necessity to him. He could no more help trying to make women love

a passionate nature, there was one great weakness; the love and admiration of women was a necessity to him. He could no more help trying to make women love ", him, than the kingfisher can help thrusting down his beak when the bright speckled e-sides of his prey flash through the water. As he entered the room, after an absence so for weeks, with a smile and a pleasant word of greeting, the younger members of the circle fell upon him clamorously; full of themselves and their individual concerns. Even Warner, in whose mind lurked a tig for the nonce, and was as eager to talk as the rest. Nesbit found himself listening to a demand for advice, an appeal for sympathy, and a pæan of congratulation, before he had tim to a chair.

family plans. Thorne, with good-humored family plans. Thorne, with good-humored enthusiasm, threw himself into the scheme, pronounced it delightful, and proceeded to indulge in all manner of cheerful prognos-tications. Percival was enchanted, and, establishing himself close beside the arm of establishing himself close beside the arm of his cousin's chair, commenced a series of vehement whispers, which lasted as long as the visit. Norma's brow cleared more and more, and when Thorne declared his inten-tion of paying them a long visit during the hunting season, she allowed a smile to wreathe her full crimson lips, and snubbed poor little Blanche unmercifully for still daring to he lackymose.

der the windows stood an ottoman covered with drab cloth, on which the fingers of some dead and gone Mason had embroidered a dingy wreath of roess and pansies. Poca-hontas knelt on it, resting her arms on the lofty window-sill, and gazed out over the lawn, and enjoyed the dewy buoyance of the air. The September sunshine touched with golden glory the bronze abundance of her hair, which a joyous, rollicking breeze, intoxicated the broaze abundance of her hair, which a joyous, rollicking breeze, intoxicated with dew and the breath of roses, tangled and tumbled into a myriad witcheries of curl and crinkle. The face, glorified by this bright aureole, was pure and handsome, patrician in every line and curve, from the noble forchead, with its delicate brown brows, to the well-cut chin, which spoke eloquently of breadth of character and strength of will. The eyes were gray, and in them lay the chief charm of the face, for their outlook was as honest and fearless as that of a child—true eyes they were, fit windows for a brave, true soul. The branch of the Mason family still resi-

The branch of the Mason family still resi-dent at the old homestead of Lanarth had dwindled to four living representatives... Mrs. Mason, who had not changed her Mrs. Mason, who had not changed her name in espousing her cousin Temple Ma-son, of Lanarth, and her son Berkeley, and daughters Grace and Pocahontas. There son, of Lanarth, and her son Berkeley, and daughters Grace and Pocahontas. There had been another son, Temple, the younger, whose story formed one of those sad mem-ories which are the grim after-taste of war. All three of the Masons had worn gray uni-forms; the father had been killed in a charge at Malvern Hill, the elder son had lost his good right arm, and the younger had died in prison. Of the two daughters, Grace had early fulfilled her destiny in true Virginian

Of the two daughters, Grace had early fulfilled her destiny in true Virginian fashion, by marrying a distant connection, of her family, a Mr. Royall Garnett, who had been a playmate of her brothers, and whose plantation lay in an adjoining county. With praiseworthy conservatism, Mrs. Wrise plantation layin an adjoining county. With praiseworthy conservatism, Mrs. Garnett was duplicating the uneventful placidity of her parents' early years, con-tent to rule her household wisely, to love and minister to her husband, and to devote her energies to the rearing of her children according to time-honored precedent. Pocahontas, the youngest of the family, was still unmarried, nay, more—still unen-gaged.

gaged. They had called her "Pocahontas" in

They had called her "Pocahontas" in obedience to the unwritten law of southern families, which decrees that an ancestor's sin of distinction shall be visited on genera-tions of descendants, in the perpetuation of a name no matter what its hideousness. It seems a peculiarity of distinguished persons to possess names singularly devoid of beauty; therefore, among the burdens en-tailed by pride upon posterity, this is a grievous one. Some families, with the forest taint in their blood, at an early date took refuge in the softer, prettier "Ma-

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power of generosity and self-sacrific Poor child ! with Jim I could have trust her; but she couldn't love him, so there's nothing to be done." "Why couldn't she ?" demanded Berkely;

argumentatively. "She'll never do any better; Jim's a handsome fellow, as men go, brave, honorable and sweet-tempered. What more does she want? It looks to me like shear nevrosity."

brave, honorable and sweet-tempered. What more does she want ? It looks to me like sheer perversity." "It isn't perversity, Berkely," she said ; "I hardly realize, myself, why the thing should have seemed so impossible. I suppose, having always regarded Jim as a kindly old playmate, and big, brotherly friend, the idea of associating sentiment with him appeared absurd. Had they ever been separated the affair might have had a differ-ent termination ; but there has never been a break in their intercourse—Jim has always been here, always the same. That won't do with a girl like Princess. In the afternoon Pocahontas, providing providing herself with a book and a gayly colored fan, established herself comfortably in the old spilt-bottom rocking-chair in the deep shadow of the porch. She was thinking of Jim, and feeling pitiful and sad over her old friend who must break away from every home association, and far from kindred and family, among strange faces and unfamiliar surroundings, make for himself a new life. She was sorry for Jim-grieved for his pain in parting, for his disappointment in regard to herself, for her own inability to give him the love he longed for. She would have loved him had it been in her power ; she homestly regretted that the calm, true, sisterly affection she felt for him could not be converted into something warmer. Her friends wished it ; his friends wished be converted into something warmer. Her friends wished it; his friends wished it. It was the natural and pro-

y be converted into something warmer. Her friends wished it; his friends wished it. It was the natural and pro-per thing to have happened, and yet with her it had not happened. Pocahantas, rising, advanced out of the shadow to meet them—Jim Byrd, and a tall, broad-shouldered man with a great silky red beard, her brother-in-law, Mr. Boyall Garnett. Pocahontas mocked at Grace's idea, but it pleased her all the same, and unconsci-ously it influenced her more than s...e knew, She loved the legends of her house, delighted in the fact of descent from brave men and true women, The past held her more than is common with the young people of the present day, and she sought out and treasured all the records of the six women. who had borne her name, from the swarthy-Indian princess down to the gentle gray-haired lady who held the place of honor at the Lanarth breakfast table.

Indian princess down to the gentle gray-haired lady who held the place of honor at the Lanarth breakfast table. "Princess," said Mrs, Mason as she distri-buted the sugarand cream, "I wish you'd ring the bell. Rachel must have breakfast ready by this time, and I hear Berkeley's step outside." Princess rang the bell quite meekly. Aunt Rachael was an old family servant, faithful, fat and important, and Aunt Rachel hated to be hurried. She said "it pestered her, an' made her spile the vittles." She answered promptly this time, however, entering with the great waiter of hot and tasty dishes before the bell had ceased its faint tintinnabulation. Berkeley, a tall, fair man, whose right sleeve was fastened

To the general, it seemed very far south, and he was certain it would do.

In those old campaigning days, the fancy had been born in him that some time in the future he would like to return and make his future he would like to return and make his home here, where "amorous ocean wooed a gracious land"—that when his fighting days were over, and the retired list lengthened by his name, it would be a pleasant thing to have his final bivouac among the gallant foes who had won his admiration by their daunt-less manner of giving and taking blows. The idea that any portion of his family would be displeased by the realization of his fancy, or feel themselves aggrieved by his arrangements, never entered into the veter-an's calculations; he returned from the

arrangements, never entered into the veter-an's calculations; he returned from the South with his purchase made, and his mind filled with anticipations of the joy the un-lading of his precious honey would occasion in the domestic hive, and when he was met by the angry buzz of discontent instead of the gentle hum of applause, his surprise was

in the domestic and of discontent instead of by the angry buzz of discontent instead of the gentle hum of applause, his surprise was great, and his indignation unbounded. "What the devil are they grumbling about?" he demanded of his wife. "Shir-ley's a fine plantation. The water is good, the air superb; there are excellent gardens and first-rate oyster beds. The house is old-and first-rate oyster beds. The house is dd-

part of the sentence was muttered in an un-heeded undertone. Norma tapped sharply on the glass, and beckoned to a gentleman on the opposite pavement, her brow clearing. He nodded gayly in response, and crossing, in obedience to her summons, entered the house familiarly without ringing the bell.

## CHAPTER II.

All turned expectantly toward the door, All turned expectantly toward the door, pausing in their several occupations; even Warner's eyes were raised from his book, although his attention was involuntary and grudging. The attitude of the little circle attested the influence which the coming man wielded over every member of it; an influence which extended insensibly to every one with whom Nesbit Thorne's association was in timate. He was Mrs. Smith's nephew, and much in the habit, whenever he was in New York, of making her house his home—having now none of his own.

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poor little Blanche un daring to be lachrymose.

## CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III. Backward and forward, from pantry to sideboard, from sideboard to china closet, fitted Pocahontas Mason setting the table for breakfast. Deftly she laid out the pretty mats on the shining mahogany, ar-ranged the old-fashioned blue cups and saucers, and placed the plates and napkins. She sang at her work in a low, clear voice, more sweet than powerful, and all that her hands found to do was done rapidly and skillfully, with firm, accustomed touches, and an absence of jar and clatter. In the centre of the table stood a corpulent Wedg-wood pitcher, filled with geraniums and roses, to which the girl's fingers wandered lovingly from time to time, in the effort to coax each blossom into the position in which it would make the bravest show. On one corner, near the waiter, stood a housewifely

corner, near the waiter, stood a housewifely little basket of keys, through the handle of which was thrust a fresh handkerchief newly haken out.

which was thrust a resh handkerchief newly shaken out. When all the arrangements about the table had been completed, Pocahontas turned her attention to the room, giving it those manifold touches which, from a lady's fingers, can make even a plain apartment look gracious and homelike. Times had changed with the Masons, and many duties formerly delegated to servants now fell naturally to the daughter of the house. Per-haps the change was an improvement; Berkeley Mason, the young lady's brother, maintained that it was. Having finished her work, Pocahontas crossed the room to one of the tall, old-fashioned windows, and pushed open the half-shut blinds, letting a flood of sunshine and morning freshness into the room. Un-