

though she had thought the thought that part from Blyth, the romantic of comrades, before being mind, was only of his having twenty years of never rightly

at her with a mighty rush of purpose within a great world, been wooing

le. r—surely there better, he re-

I have seen so shed the school- , seeing, by the a round his mo- dividing too, w- , much it cost her, away across the or n asunder bet- of pride and

ce, that Blyth's y no one till yo have seen vol-

why— h- ing, she did n- r all she had- and to agree- r seemed quita- ht, in a child- r lover rawbo- r romantic. ur hand in m- r urged Blyth, her.

Il palm in his,

me now?" said

ied Joy, who eve- into accustomed- and the young girl, who was still a

ld in heart. Blyth Berrington, therefore, sailed for Australia, but Joy went back to her school- for another year, only broken by holi- at the Pleasant Red House, that seem- d lonely now by contrast.

Still the red light of the lantern glim- ered nightly across the ford of the Chad; still the "whist" sisters lived their se- g- ed, silent lives in the little cottage at the mouth of the lonely glen; or, if some- es as a by the peasants wandering over a moorland, were shunned as witches, in te of their deeds of mercy.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Mere is in the time of
When the fowls sing in the lay;
Flowers on apple-trees and perje,
Small fowls sing merye.
Ladies strowe here bonas
With red roses and lilye flowers."
Romanse of "Richart Cœur de Lion."

Nearly three years after Blyth Berrington sailed to Australia, Joy stood one eve- at the Red House Farm gate.

The fields were deserted, the farm noises dead; but overhead, in the plain of the first faint lights of the watchers of the west were trembling in the east, and down the course by the river the nightingales were singing rarely. Above her drooped the plumes of golden loblennum, white lilac either side of the gate scented the air, a wild-rose on a bush trained up the post leaned over to touch Joy's cheek.

Behind, even in the gloaming, the Red House looked glowing and trim. It had been painted fresh, against Joy's return, the old farmer, and the brick walls and the steep roof, with the dark red wood- work of doors and windows and carved gables, made the fine old farmstead Blyth, crossing it, quite a proper home for gay young people, he said.

So he said! Joy, turning her head as she entered the fatherly glance at herself which good old Berrington had accom- plished the words, thought it did truly look aslant home. She had herself dressed the windows with red blinds, to carry a fancy that the color of such things coming to the house should help to bear its name. The now shadowed garden was full of tall white lilies and pinkes, amibes, monk's-hood, and all such sweet

and long-lived flowers; with rosemary and southernwood, and such-like pot-herbs, more for savor than sightliness. But the borders round the house wall gleamed even in the twilight with the warmer hues of gaudy favorites which Joy had planted there to carry out her freak—apothecary roses, with their crimson leaves and yellow hearts, red sweet pea, taunting peonies, and an army, not yet blown, of such gorgeous great poppies, emperors of their kind, that all the farm-house neighbors near and far envied the show and begged for some seed. Farmer Berrington had laughed at her; she might do as she pleased, being "the joy of the house," he said.

No wonder Joy thought of his words, for she knew what he meant. They had had no letter from Blyth for some ten months, and yet in his last he had said his uncle was failing.

"I am not the man I was, either; so I hope my son can be spared to come home," old Berrington had opened his lips to remark. He was hearty still, but had grown so heavy that it was a trouble to him now to walk much about the farm. His broad, ruddy face had become grayer and heavier, either with time or perhaps his son's absence, for such silent men do not take to other folks' company lightly, or at all, maybe, when those they most care for are gone from them. But still his glance would always light up at Joy's presence, at the flash of her splendid black eyes and her sunny laugh; and she knew what a warm, still quick heart housed in that mountain of flesh, where careless or dull eyes only saw a stolid and ponderous old man, oft-times afflicted with gout or shortness of breath, and such-like ills.

Joy had grown taller, fuller in form, fairer to look on in the last three years. Now, as she stood there in a pale cotton dress, with a white muslin kerchief folded over her bosom, she was beautiful! She laughed in her heart, being young and glad, as she thought of Farmer Berrington's sayings, and half hid her face, blushing at its own fancy, in her arms folded on the rail. But then she sighed soon, and raising her head looked down the lane, as if her thought would fain see into the dark future as her eyes sought to pierce the shadows. For Blyth had not come home; and—ho might have changed his mind. He was only a boy in heart, though a man in years when he left, she believed.

And when he had asked her to plight her troth down by the great holed stone she herself was a mere child, and knew nothing of life or the world, and had seen so few besides himself. But now—Well, now, not a young farmer for sixteen miles round the moors but would gladly ride far on the darkest night on the chance of meet- ing her at any merry-making. For she was reckoned the greatest beauty in all the country, so they told her. But she thought, alas! so many of them mere yokels, however well-grown of body and well-housed at home. Perhaps it was her schooling had done it, or some inbred greater gentleness of race; but she felt there was something in herself they lacked each and all, and longed for more signs of gentility in her lovers.

Stephen Hawkshaw, indeed, was beyond the rest. But then he had been to college (though he could not pass his examinations, it was rumored), and he aspired to be considered an equal by the younger sort of gentry, as his father loved to be called "squire" by all the meaner sort of folk who wished to scrape favor with him. Yes, he was handsome and merry, and admired herself, without doubt. Did she like him? Joy asked her heart. Why, yes; she did. Better than all others, even old friends? she must see them again to know. Neigh- ho?—not would Old Hawkshaw say, though, should his son ask leave to bring home a dowdless maiden to the Barton? And Joy began singing to herself, careless and happy whatever might betide.

Meanwhile, at this same hour, on this same evening, a young man was walking to- wards the Red House Farm, along the lane that led from Moortown. He was very tall and broad-shouldered; he wore a large soft hat of fashion unknown in those parts, and a short, yellow-gold beard that was likewise a rarity in those days. Even by the make of his clothes he was a stranger for certain; so that the maidens by the bridges over the hill-streams, and the men jogging homewards on their rough ponies while they called out "Good-evening" in the friendly fashion that was usual, wonder-

ed who he might be, and gazed curiously after him.

"Good-evening," he always cried, but strode on with the help of his big stick, never stopping to have a chat, never think- ing how, behind him, all the girls said how handsome he was, and the men how big and strong. And yet he felt as if he loved them all. He loved the soft-faced maidens, and the men with their kindly, lazy speech, the nestling villages in the wooded combs, the tumbling brooks and mossy millwheels. Then the sight of the wide moors and the free hills and craggy tors up yonder, the flocks of sheep, the soft-eyed red cattle kneedeep in the fords, and in the brooks the beds of tall, yellow-lilied iris, and the sweet, breezy air—he had drunk into his lungs since boyhood—he loved them all. For he was Blyth Berrington.

As Blyth neared his home with swinging pace, leaving mile after mile more and more gladly behind him, he did not heed that he was becoming footsore—he did not waste thought in grumbling that he had not found man and cart, or any vehicle or beast even, to bring him from Moortown.

He thought, instead, how purely white the lane glistened here and there in the twilight, with the granite dust ground down from the rocks; and again, how deeply rich and red was the earth where ploughed, the land his forefathers had lived on so long. Then never had any other country such hedgerows, such banks and lanes, so great and deep, so massed with holly and bloom, and wildly luxuriant with all twining, twist- ing plants, that curl their tendrils with the sun or contrariwise; such a paradise of ferns, or such an English wild garden of flowers, from the Lent-lilies opening the season, with their yellow bills shaking music soundless to our grosser ears in the mad March wind, to the great summer army that followed, and the last of the laggards of autumn.

Blyth's heart gave a leap in his body for pure gladness when first he saw the Chad again; and then he hurried on faster than before, while it came foaming and singing and tumbling along the road beside him. As each well-known landmark came in sight, his eyes grew dim often enough, and his heart felt very soft, while his throat foolishly swelled. And, as among much we love, one object is still singled out specially, so even while Blyth watched for the first sight of the Red House chimneys above the oak- trees, and often wondered how his old father might be and whether he was yet hale and well, still truly the most secret fires and deepest tenderness of his feelings were reserved for the image of one other well beloved—were urging his well-nigh jaded body on with fresh effort to see her dear self face to face again.

He remembered a young, slight girl, half-child still, with flying feet and lissom, still unformed figure, whose dark eyes were flashing with merry mischief, or opened wide in pure deep innocence. What would Joy be like? how would she meet him? and where—

He was near home now. He came up the lane with beating heart, and surely, surely there was a shadowy figure gleaming pale at the gate. Who was it? Was it—could it be she?

Meanwhile Joy, straining her eyesight at the handsome stranger in the darkened light, watched and wondered too.

Blyth approached, then stopped short, and, taking off his broad, hat while he lent forward to see the maiden closer, asked—

"Will you have the kindness to tell me does Farmer Berrington live here now at the Red House Farm?"

"Blyth!" screamed Joy the instant he had spoken, and held out her two hands to him across the gate.

He caught and pressed them hard, and so, approaching close, they looked at each other, quite near a few moments, in utterly astonished breathless silence.

Joy saw before her no raw, fair-haired lad such as he who had gone from them, but a finely-made man, with a handsome, open face, and who carried himself with an up- right, steadfast air, as one who knows he is of some worth in the world, but assumes neither more or less.

And he? He had never thought Joy could have grown so beautiful! Her eyes, full of dark liquid light, flashed a welcome in which surprise was lost in great gladness. They were the same eyes he remembered well ever since Dick had first lifted her as a little child out of the wagon at their gate; but otherwise all features seemed to him

not changed but glorified. He had loved her over since she was a little rose-bud child; when he left she had been like the young flower only beginning to unfold its beauty; but now she was

"A rose in June's most honeyed heat,
A red-mouthed rose, that woman of the flowers."

More by token she wore a full blown red rose in her bosom, which she rivalled in glorious beauty and sweetness.

So he looked at her a few moments with- out speaking. The hush of the hour was around them, the night scents of the flowers in the garden was fragrant on the air; and from the long lush-grass of the meadows, still standing in their summer pride, came the hoarse cr-a-ik, cr-a-ik of the landrails, the night watchmen of birds.

Then, with all these sights and sounds and scents around him he had known since boyhood, Blyth found his voice again. He cried, hardly knowing what he said, only conscious of glad surprise.

"Why, Joy, you are a woman!"
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old Friends.

It was the saying of Abbe Morellet that "if the gods were to permit him to return again to earth in whatever form he might choose, he should make, perhaps, the whimsi- cal choice of returning to this world as an old man." Whimsical as this may seem, there are some reasons that would justify such a choice. It does not necessarily follow because a man is old, he is, therefore, incap- acitated for enjoyment or improvement. There is the steady vitality of ripeness to his youth, which is strength and reliability. His experience is a storehouse of knowledge. As the explorer actually enjoys more, because he knows more, after his return than while in active and anxious pursuit, since he can gather it all up and think it over calmly, yet with a vividness as great as at the first sight, and again and again with increasing enjoyment, so an old man has a full storehouse in his experience, and can be continually using it to the profit of others and his own enjoyment. Things that were matters of uncertainty and perplexity in his youth are now settled, and afford a solid satisfaction beyond the most dazzling anti- cipations of youth. There is no want of material for comfort and joy even in the sorrows that often overshadow his path.

And when we come to friends, we can in- dorse the experience of Maria Edgeworth. "In the world in which I have lived nearly three-quarters of a century, I have found nothing one-quarter so well worth living for as old friends." Youthful friendships have their charms, and often their disappoint- ments, but old tried friends are a permanent joy. It is the oldest cask that has the sweet- est wine. It is the ripe fruit that is the most luscious. It is the old violin, whose practiced strings have seasoned the in- strument, and filled every pore with melody, that the gentlest touch awakens to a rap- turous harmony. And that immortal harp of a thousand strings in the souls of men gives sweeter strains by the mellowing touch of age. Old friends are prized for their worth, through many trials. Their love is tempered to an even firmness that does not change. You can lean upon it without doubt or suspicion. It has lost none of its power. Coals contain the strongest heat with their covering of ashes, and there is a beauty in their glow superior to flame. God bless our old friends. We wish they could know how much we prize them. The very remembrance of them is the charm of our past life, and the hope of meeting them in the endless future fills the soul with joy.

—C. W. Watchman.

Skin tight sleeves are things of the past— thanks to the Goddess of Fashion.

To take dust out of steel rub the steel with sweet oil; in a day or two rub with finely powdered unslaked lime until the rust all disappears, then oil again, roll in woolen and put in a dry place, especially if it be table cutlery.

A Georgia paper tells of a farmer who had a calf break its leg last February. The owner tried his surgical skill upon the broken limb and succeeded in cutting off the broken leg and curing it. He then attached a wooden leg to the stub, and reports that the calf has as good use of itself as it had before the injury.