A GREAT MISTAKE.

"Yes," she said gratefully.

"You must not be afraid of me when anything goes wrong. Come to me and let us see if I cannot set it right. Don't keep all your little miseries to yourself, child. No one shall hurt my sister Lucy if I can help it."

"Thank you, George."

She spoke the name very quietly; but the young man remembered that it was the first time she had spoken it; and for a moment he was terribly upset again.

Then he paused in the shady woodland path and took her two cold hands in his. He gave a long, long look at her pretty pale face; it was his good-bye to youth and hope and love for her.

"Be happy, child!" he said at last, stooping to press his lips to her brow, her hair, her hands. "For Heaven's sake, let me see you looking happy and strong and well; then I shall feel that things are not so hopeless after all!"

Lucy stood and looked after him; and her throat was aching with a bitter pain.

"Good-bye!" her pale lips said, though no sound came from them; and she watched his retreating figure until it was out of sight.

Chapter XLIV.

People in Barlaston still fell ill, and needed Doctor March's attention and skill, although he was in the midst of his courtship; and the young man had never devoted more time and thought to his patients.

He was very absent and sober love-making; but Ada, who was blooming with quite new grace and vivacity, seemed entirely content. She was not herself very demonstrative, and George certainly found nothing alarming in the little talks they had together about the house and the improvements and the honeymoon trip to Killarney.

He was permitted to smoke his cigarette of an evening while Ada worked and chatted. It did not seem as if any greater change than this had taken place in their mutual relations.

Yes—one perhaps. He had been accustomed to shake hands with Miss Ludlow when they met and parted a week before; now he laid his hands on her waist and kissed her cheek at similar times.

"Good night, dear George," Ada would say, smiling gently; "I shall see you to-morrow."

And then he would walk back to the dark old house in Beaudesert Gardens and to the lonely study where Lucy's empty chair still stood beside the hearth.

"It might be a great deal worse," he used to say to himself, with a dreary attempt at cheerfulness. "Ada will not expect raptures; and I will do my best to make her happy, poor little woman!"

Lucy began very soon to feel the results o the protection the poor fellow had promised her.

When her pleasant visit to Croome came to an end, and she returned to the little villa, looking almost like the Lucy Thrale whom Doctor March used to meet with such disapproving glances on the roads about Green Knowe, she found a very different state of things awaiting her.

Her old loneliness and bondage were at an end. George insisted on plenty of fresh air and exercise for her; she was once more free to visit her little scholars in Primrose Alley, where the sight of her sweet face was hailed with great delight by Maria and the babies, and, as new gowns and new clothes in general appeared to be bourgeoning in spring like abundance throughout Tower House, Lucy too came in for her share, and began to look like all the other girls she met.

So she thought herself at least. To George March's eyes no girl had ever looked just like her.

But he did not see her very often during the pleasant May days that were bringing his wedding nearer and nearer. She was a great deal more with Bee. No confidences had passed between the two girls. Closely as their friendship was knitting itself with time, and much as they had suffered, each in her own way, there was one subject on which they never had talked—never could talk. Bee respected Lucy's secret trouble, not very well understanding how it had come about. Lucy loved Bee all the more dearly for her reverential silence. And, in spite of much that was puzzling and depressing in the atmosphere of their homes just then, their youth asserted itself, and they were, after a fashion, happy.

They were certainly very busy. Besides the time they devoted to the school, they had set apart one afternoon in the week now for visiting the children's ward in one of Doctor March's hospitals, and for carrying flowers and picture-books and bright talk to the little convalescents there.

They were planning a class too of older girls in Primrose Alley, whom they intended to instruct in the art of cutting and making their own clothes, and of cooking the family dinner with skill and economy.

Bee felt that her own ignorance on these points was not creditable to her; and she determined, without hurting her mother's feelings, who was certainly responsible for the deficiency, to mend her own education in these respects without delay, and then to impart her newly-acquired knowledge, with Lucy's help, to girls with fewer opportunities for being taught.

Lucy was already a capital little dressmaker and seamstress; but she would have been puzzled if she had had to set about boiling a potato. She hailed Bee's proposal with satisfaction. Accordingly permission having been gained from Mrs. Throgmorton—who suspected nothing worse than some childish hankering after toffee—the young ladies devoted their mornings to simple cookery from good Mrs. Jorum. Dressed in neat purple cotton gown and big aprons and trim mob-caps—made by themselves in Lucy's small garret—they sat at the feet of the worthy housekeeper, who thought the whole matter a splendid joke, and nearly split her fat sides with laughing over Lucy's first attempt at an Irish stew.

Lucy laughed too, but she conquered in the end.

Very early in the course of lessons it became evident that Bee had a natural genius for the work, while Lucy, it was clear, would have to acquire the barest rudiments by dint of exceeding patience and self-control.

"My dear, you are too fine-strung," Bee decided gravely. "The pots and kettles are too much for your nerves. But never mind. You know, when it comes to goring a skirt or contriving an old sleeve ont of nothing, I am nowhere."

Lucy, nothing daunted by repeated failures, returned again and again to the attack; and the girls did not rest satisfied until, without the slighest assistance from Mrs. Jorum, they sent up a most creditable luncheon one morning when the unconscious mistress of the house had been inspecing carpets and curtains for number nine and had left Bee and Lucy to their own devices.

The two pretty faces were a good deal flushed with triumph and the kitchen fire when Miss Throgmorton and Miss Thrale, clothed now in their ordinary garments, followed the dishes into the dining-room. And they grew none the cooler when they found quite a little party assembled there—Miss Ludlow, in a charming summer toilette, all cool transparent grays; Doctor March, looking a little fagged and dusty, who had met her there by appointment; young Ackroyd and Rip; and poor Jack with a face as black as thunder.

"Thank goodness, there is enough!" whispered Bee to her collaborateur; and she added with considerable aplomb, "Don't let us confess until we see how they like the things."

Lucy nodded. She went and sat down in a corner and talked to Ted. Mrs. Throgmorton, who was passing by, paused to touch the girl's cheek kindly with her plump hand and to say a few words that made Lucy's blue eyes brighten with pleasure. Since the announcement of Ada's engagement, Lucy had been quite reinstated in Mary Throgmorton's good graces. And as the good natured match maker looked across the room and saw Doctor March sitting by his betrothed, and apparently listening with devoted attention to the young lady's smiling talk, her satisfaction overflowed and gladdened poor Lucy's little heart, always thirsty for approbation.

In reality George was not even listening to Miss Ludlow's account of her morning's shopping with Mrs. Throgmorton. He sometimes wondered whether marriage need always entail such a weary amount of buying and bargaining and discussing as had fallen to his lot during the past few weeks. In spite of the declaration Ada had made as to the sacredness of the dingy old house in Beaudesert Gardens, she had succeeded in effecting many changes in its internal economy, to which changes indeed the master of the house would have been entirely indifferent if they could only have been brought about without such perpetual reference to his opinion.

He sometimes found himself thinking that the wife he had dreamed of, the wife who was to have sat in that little empty chair by his study fire, would have been too happy at such a time to trouble her pretty head about tables and sofas. He could imagine their quiet wedding, with not a soul present but their closet friends—their delightful quiet honeymoon in some out of the way corner where the bride could walk by his side all day long in her little thick boots and tweed traveling dress, and not be afraid of his crushing her hat when they sat down to rest and a little head stole close to his shoulder. He could imagine their coming home to the friendly old rooms where he had so often lain and longed for her and for the hour when they should begin their life together; he could imagine their being so glad of each other, so eager to make new duties for themselves, to be active in good works, that they would hardly know what color the curtains were in the drawing room, or be aware that the stair carpets were beginning to look a little shabby.

But all this was only what might have been and it was quite natural of course that Ada should desire to have a pleasant home and pretty new gowns to wear in it. Did not all women look forward to such things when they married? All, save the one sweet, impossible, unattainable woman about whom George was always making up his mind to think no more.

"We have chosen the loveliest ebony cabinet!" Miss Ludlow was saying as luncheon was brought in.

Lucy could not help nervously straining her ears to catch Doctor March's reply. She hardly ever saw the lovers together, and she was conscious of a painful curiosity about their manner to each other.

Doctor March said nothing; but then he was placing Ada comfortably at the table, and every one was sitting down and making a little fuss.

"My dear Lucy," cried Ada, with pretty concern, bending forward to look down the long table, "what have you been doing to your cheeks? Just look at her, George!"

George turned his eyes obediently from his lady-love's calm face, in its little gray straw bonnet to Lucy's, which, as she met Bee's glance, broke into an irresistible smile. The poor fellow sighed.

"Bee looks a little pale too," observed Jack sardonically. "Been having a set-to with the gloves, Miss Thrale?"

Lucy shook her head and pretended to go on with her luncheon, for which she had not the faintest appetite. Bee, in an agony, was watching the consumption of dishes. Mrs. Throgmorton had been somewhat surprised at the aldermanic proportions of the feast and at the unusual homeliness of the menu, which was hardly well adapted for a warm June morning; but she of course reserved all remark on this subject for Mrs. Jorum's private ear. And at last a request from young Ackroyd for a little more of "that awfully jolly beefsteak-pudding" was the signal for a burst of laughter and clapping of hands from both girls, which excited general curiosity and provoked a confession.

"The pudding is Lucy's!" Bee hastened to add, when the murmurs of surprise and approbation had partly subsided. "Lucy does the prose of the kitchen. I"—with proud humility—"I made the omelet, ladies and gentlemen!"

Then, encouraged by Doctor March's presence, she went on to explain the plan they had thought of and to ask her mother's consent to their carrying it out.

Poor Mrs. Throgmorton looked a little distressed at this fresh eccentricity on her daughter's part. Why any girl, who might have spent the morning in looking at nice things for a house and talking about a wedding, should prefer to stand over the fire and make omelets on a warm summer day was more than the kind woman could comprehend.

"The omelet was meant as a delicate attention to you, darling!" Bee cried. "We won't teach omelets in Prince Alley. They are not filling enough at the price!"

Mrs. Throgmorton was far too happy and too busy just then to make any serious objection. And, to Ada's amusement, the Doctor cordially approved of the proposed class.

"I hope you won't ask me to join it, George," she said, drawing on her pale gray gloves and making a pretty little mouth.

"Oh, no!" he answered quietly; and he went over to talk further with Bee.

"We know enough already to begin," the girl said eagerly. "You know we have not been long learning; and the luncheon was very good, wasn't it? And of course we mean to go on studying. George, I wish you would come down and see how beautiful we have left the kitchen—and you too, Ted! Not a thing out of its place—everything as clean as a new pin! Come and see!"

"My love!" remonstrated Mrs. Throgmorton.

Ada laughed softly, and sank into a chair near the open window.

"George," she said. "you have not told me what you think about the drawing room paper?"

"In a moment," answered the Doctor, nodding; and he followed Bee from the room. Ted Ackroyd went too with Lucy.

"Dear me, did any one ever see such a pack of babies!" cried Mary Throgmorton cheerfully. "I must go and speak to Mrs. Jorum for a moment, my love; and then, when you are rested, we will drive over to number nine."

As the door closed behind his mother, Jack, who had been sitting moodily in his place at the table and leaning his head on his hand, stood up and went over to Miss Ludlow's side in the window. With a sudden smile Ada looked up at the boy.

Doctor March heard a glowing account of her pupils from Mrs. Jorum; after which he and Ted, having received the freedom of the kitchen in a match box from Miss Thrale, were solemnly knighted by Miss Throgmorton with the tongs.

The pretty homely scene was very pleasant to George March. He did not know when he had been in a kitchen before; he thought that he could never enter one again without thinking of that hour and of the two girls with their eager young faces and unconsciousness of self.

"Don't try to do too much, Lucy, that is all," he said, with grave kindliness, as they all went up stairs again. "You are in my care now, remember!'

He was her brother almost. He was trying to learn to call her Lucy and to speak naturally to her when they were alone. It was comparatively easy when others were by.

As they reentered the dining room, Jack was leaning over Miss Ludlow's chair and talking to her in a rapid undertone. She looked up smiling at George, and beckoned to him. But George was looking for his hat and fell into Mary Throgmorton's clutches. He got out of them again, though, with laughing impatience.

"I know nothing whatever about drawing room papers," he declared; "and I must be off about my business."

He went to say good-bye to Ada, and Jack, rather stiffly, drew back to make way for him.

"You can trust me—about the paper, I mean," Miss Ludlow said, giving him her hand and a pretty smile.

George was about to reply, when a sudden feeling of repulsion seized him. The faint scent which breathed from all the young lady's belongings had reached his nostrils. It brought back with a curious vividness the picture of Lucy Thrale in the kitchen, with her bright coiled hair and clean linen collar and simple gown, smelling of nothing but soap and water and fresh air; and without a word the young man dropped Miss Ludlow's hand and went away.

Chapter XLV.

Lucy had very little time for thinking before the day fixed for the wedding; and thought could only have been fruitless. It was well that she had found work to do.

It had been settled that during the absence of Doctor March and his bride from Barlaston the villa in King's Road was to be given up and the widow and her niece to remove to Beaudesert Gardens, so as to be in readiness to receive the newly-married couple on their return.

"Isn't it all delightful, Letitia?" Mary Throgmorton often said to her friend. "Hasn't it all fallen out just as we thought it would? I am so happy!"

Miss Ludlow was the only one who seemed to regret their approaching desertion of the dull little villa where she had learnt, she said, to know and to love George.

"I confess that I cannot bear to think of any one else living here," she declared one evening to her lover. It was sultry weather, and they were sitting together in the open bay-window of the back drawing-room, which was framed now in roses—"or walking in dear Lucy's garden. She has been so proud of her flowers; she will miss them very much."

"There is a very decent bit of ground at the back of number nine," George answered indifferently. "Your cousin can potter about there as much as she likes."

"That will be charming!" Ada said, smiling.

"I don't know about charming," declared the Doctor, with a half laugh; "but it will be better than nothing."

"Of course it will, dear George; and, in Lucy's hands, it will soon be charming. You will see! As for this dear little house, I suppose"—sighing—"I must only become accustomed by degrees to the idea of strange faces and voices about it. When I thought that dear mamma and dear Lucy were to remain in the little home we had made for ourselves, I used to fancy how pleasant it would be for us to come back sometimes to the old rooms and to the dear little garden bench where I was crying so that evening because I did not know what was going to happen."

She laid a modest little hand on her lover's shoulder as she spoke. He had his elbow on the window sill and his knees crossed, and was staring moodily out at the dark and star strewn sky. He started as Ada touched him and turned round.

"You would prefer that your mother stayed here?" he asked abruptly, trying to read his companion's face in the summer darkness. "Is that what you mean, Ada?"

"Oh, George—a pretty reproach trembled in her voice—"how could you ask me that? I thought you would have understood my feelings; but"—pouting—"I won't trouble you with any more of my foolish fancies."

"Oh, why not?" the young man said good naturedly. "I am always very willing to listen to them, Ada; only, as to your mother's keeping on the villa when we have such a great empty house all to ourselves, it seems to me that would be rather hard on her and an unnecessary expense into the bargain."

"Certainly it would," assented Ada softly. "I was only saying what I used to think, dear, before you decided so generously that dear mamma and dear Lucy were to live with us. How could I be happy, after all, away from my poor suffering darling, even with you, George?"

"Of course you would be anxious about her I should have you running over at all hours of the day to King's Road."

"Oh, no—no indeed!" she protested gently. "Do you expect me to be such a careless wife as that? But, if the villa is let again, I believe I shall come and beg the people to allow me to walk in the garden now and then and to take a few flowers."

"They will think you are cracked," declared her lover, laughing, and smothering a yawn as he stood up. "Shall we go and see how Mrs. Ludlow is getting on?"

Mrs. Ludlow was too much flushed with triumph and expectation to have time for complaining. The match her daughter was about to make was not one perhaps on which she would have greatly congratulated herself a year or two before; but there was no denying that in the circumstances it was highly desirable.

The fact that Doctor March was so popular and that her Ada would be much envied was in itself a gratification to the poor thing, who had felt the sting of poverty and mortifying slight and insult more for the girl's sake than her own. And now they would be lifted securely above all such unhappiness. The women who had grudged Ada her success would have to behave very nicely indeed if they wished to be taken any notice of; for, having Mrs. Throgmorton at her back, who was in turn so friendly with Mrs. Ackroyd, the exultant mother pleased herself by thinking that Doctor March's wife could afford to be very exclusive indeed, and would before long lead the fashion in her particular set.

Being so busy, Mrs. Ludlow naturally had no time to do more than shape these ideas vaguely in her head, and did not stop to ask herself whether they had any meaning as applied to the simple society of a little provincial town like Barlaston. Her daughter—a stranger in the land—had achieved a triumph over the native beauties; that was enough for her, she thought. And it was really a comfort to know that the Doctor was so well off. It was very hard on a girl brought up as Ada had been to be reduced to contriving and pinching and wearing turned gowns.

Altogether, in their sadly altered circumstances, the widow decided her daughter could hardly have done better. The one bitter drop in her cup was the fact that Doctor March had insisted on keeping Lucy to live with them. It was not Lucy's fault, her aunt considered, if Ada, and not she herself, was to take the first place in the Doctor's household, and, complete as Ada's victory had proved, the mother grudged Lucy even so slight a hold on her daughter's husband.

Lucy contrived to show a very bright face till the last. George's passionate behest that she would let him see her happy had banished all traces apparently of regret or remorse, or whatever the feeling might have been that had weighed her down so terribly. She worked indefatigably for her cousin during the few days that were left of Ada's maiden life; she had never seemed more cheerful or more hopeful and unselfish.

Bee wondered and admired the girl's courage in silence. George did not dare to think of her at all, or to appear conscious of the daily proofs she was giving him of her gratitude. Up to the very eve of his wedding he too worked night and day like a horse or a slave, trying to tire himself out with hard riding and walking, and with long hours of determined reading when his daily labor was at an end. He succeeded, at last, in looking a very haggard and stony bridegroom when the bright midsummer day dawned that was to make Ada Ludlow his wife.

It was a charming wedding, as every one allowed. The bride's dress had been made in London, it was known; and certainly Miss Ludlow had never looked better, pale as she was naturally and trying as white satin is admitted to be by daylight to the most perfect complexion.

Four prettier bridesmaids could not have been found than Bee Throgmorton, Lucy Thrale, and the two little girls from Croome, or a more becoming costume to set off their youthful faces than the white muslin gowns and quaint straw bonnets tied with white ribbons which everyone at first declared so very odd, but ended by resolving to imitate.

Ted Ackroyd made an imposing "best man." Jack Throgmorton, who was to have undertaken that position, had, at the last moment, gone off to London, much to his mother's surprise and distress; and all George March's sleepless nights and furious riding did not prevent him from being considered a very "interesting" bridegroom by most of the young ladies present.

Janet Bryer, to be sure said something about his being led like a lamb to the sacrafice; but her green bonnet was so very unbecoming that it was not surprising the sight of her own face in the glass should have soured her temper for the whole day; so no one took any notice of her witticism.

Altogether the ceremony went off very well. The church was crowded with bright toilettes and smiling faces. Mr. Reyloff played the Wedding March magnificently. Maria and her children from Primrose Alley looked on admiringly from a remote pew, and were conscious of being greatly disappointed in the bride's appearance.

It was not easy to see Lucy's face under the broad brim of her cottage bonnet, as she stood behind her cousin with her hands tightly clasped before her and her eyes fixed on the hem of the bride's gown. But for one short mad moment George March looked at her and wondered what was passing in her mind.

Did she remember at what a mockery—what a sin—she was looking on? Did she believe that, with the lying vows he was about to utter, the barren faith he was about to pledge to another woman, all memory would die out of his heart of the day he had held her in his arms by the fire in the library at Croome—of the passionate words there spoken that brought the red blood into her cheeks—of the brief sharp ecstasy in which their eyes had met?

Had she forgotten all this? Would she never look back to the hour with vain and guilty yearning, and say to herself that her rejection of his love had been a crime against herself and truth and nature—that it was she who should have stood where Ada Ludlow was standing now—the wife she had given him, and whom—Heaven help her!—he could never love?

All this George March thought as he looked at Lucy's downcast face—it was whiter than her dress—and then he found everything was over, that he was married, and that some one was telling him to give his arm to his wife and lead her into the vestry room for the signing of names.

He retained to his dying day but a confused recollection of what followed—of his driving back to the little villa with his wife, and not being able to say a word to her on the way to the breakfast, where Lucy, as she sat among the bridesmaids, seemed to have recovered her color and animation, and looked so wonderfully pretty that the whole room seemed to be taken by surprise as it were, at sight of such fresh young loveliness.

The bride was nervous of course and dressed in a very trying manner; but people said afterwards that her cousin Miss Thrale had made her look quite old and faded as they sat side by side at the flower bedecked table.

Lucy did not know what people were thinking. Her only immediate desire was to see the hard set look on the bridegroom's face break up or melt into some semblance of a smile. The absent stare of the young man's eyes when he stood up to make the conventional speech sent a sharp pain through her breast that did not leave her all day—or many days.

But he asked her to be happy, and people who were happy naturally laughed a good deal and made little jokes; and so Miss Thrale talked more and looked more charming than the other three bridesmaids put together, and was even accused afterwards by Minnie Bryer of having flirted shamefully with young Ackroyd.

Ted astonished his best friends by making a capital speech on behalf of the bridesmaids and Mary Throgmorton—the handsomest woman, after all, in the room—devoted herself to poor nervous Mrs. Ludlow, who, in a flutter of tears and violet silk and smelling-bottles, was a dozen times on the point of giving way.

Then came the good-byes, the kisses, the shower of rice and satin slippers, amidst which Doctor and Mrs. March drove away from the green wooden gate of the little villa in King's Road and set out on their life together.

"It will be Bee's turn next!" sobbed poor Mrs. Ludlow in her friend Mary's arms when the last guest had departed.

"Or Lucy's," suggested gentle Mrs. William.

Lucy's delight in her fat baby boy—with whom the girl was always ready for a romp—had completely won little Charlotte's heart. She had confided to her husband her surprise at Doctor March's choice between the two cousins. "Miss Ludlow is very clever and fashionable, I suppose, Will," she had said, shaking her simple pretty head; "but Lucy is so sweet and kind, and children take to her so wonderfully." And now nodding at the chief bridesmaid, whose excited color and gaiety were fast ebbing away and leaving her very white and quiet indeed, Mrs. William repeated—

"Perhaps it will be Lucy's, Mrs. Ludlow; who knows?"

Lucy burst into a shrill peal of hysterical laughter, and ran out of the room.

"Oh, Bee," she said piteously to her friend who followed her to little her garret, "let us take off our finery and go to the hospital. This is the day; and I don't see why the sick children should be disappointed of their flowers because we have been at a wedding."

She was undressing nervously as she spoke. She untied the white ribbon from her hair and flung it from her with a kind of shudder

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Mrs. Throgmorton had decided upon taking her friend Letitia away for a week or two after the wedding. The poor thing suffered such cruel depression in the half dismantled villa, where the business of packing up was being carried on under Miss Thrale's directions, that Mary felt it would be a kindness to give her a little change of scene before her daughter's return. There was sea bathing to be had within a few miles of Barlaston at an unpretending watering place; and thither the invalid was tenderly carried by her friend and Bee.

Lucy begged earnestly to be left behind. She had Susan to protect her until she went to Barlaston Gardens; and she would be too busy, she declared, to feel at all lonely.

Long afterwards the girl remembered with what a beating heart she found herself, a week later, standing on the threshold of George March's house—the house which another woman had the right to call home for all her life.

It was Lucy's first visit to the old square, and she stood for a few moments at the door without knocking, and looked about her in the slanting afternoon light, making friends quietly with the scene that had been so familiar with the Doctor's eyes all these tranquil years—the lilac bushes in the old railed-in garden, whose flowering time had long been over, and whose leaves were dropping after the heat of the day, the flags on which George had tramped to and fro, the lamp posts under which he had passed, the windows of the roomy old house opposite, which looked quite deserted.

It was a perfectly still, sweet, sultry evening. Far away in some distant street an organ was grinding out a vulgar tune that sounded sad somehow in the distance. A groom was pumping water in the yard; a milkman came clinking across the square with his pails.

It was the same prosaic every day scene at which Bee Throgmorton had looked once with so much emotion. Something swelled in Lucy's throat too and ached in her heart, as she saw it for the first time. But she turned with a little gesture of determination, and knocked at the door.

It was opened by Edwards, the Doctor's servant, who immediately went in search of the housekeeper. Lucy was trembling from head to foot, in spite of all her good resolutions, as she found herself in the great empty house full of silence and shadows and evening sunshine.

The windows of the pretty old oak-panelled hall were wide open, and long motionless rays were streaming in on the faded Turkey carpet, and on the Doctor's hats on the pegs and the dark carved staircase. A pleasant rose-scented draught was blowing down the stairs. An old clock was ticking in one corner. The door of George's study was open. Lucy caught a peep of his books ranged along the wall, of his writing-table and his big solid chair.

Her heart began to throb again at the sight; it was almost as if he had himself come forward to meet her. She sat down trembling in a great hall chair and turned her back on the study.

Then she heard a rustle of stiff silk and the sound of slow old feet on the oaken stairs, and controlled herself with a brave effort.

Mrs. Batters curtseyed, smiling in spite of herself at the young lady's pale pretty face, and perhaps she too wondered a little what the Doctor could have seen in "Miss Ludlow that was" by the side of her beautiful young cousin.

"Please to walk in, Miss Lucy," the old lady said, with a respectful kindliness that touched the girl to the quick. "The master's orders were that I was to make you very welcome when you came. Everything is ready for you, my dear.

Lucy smiled back, though her blue eyes were full of tears, and put out her hand with simple sweetness to the old servant.

"Thank you," was all she said; but Mrs. Batters was in tremor of gratification and pride.

It was a great pleasure to Lucy, and a great pain, to be met at every step she took in a new life that was beginning for her by some fresh evidence of George's protection. It was good of him, she felt, to have spoken of her kindly to his old servant, and so made her coming into his house less formal and less strange.

How sacred the girl promised herself that no word, or thought, or look of hers should ever bring happiness upon that house or on its master!

"Heaven bless him," she thought quickly, while she was still standing in the sunshiny old hall, and while Mrs. Batters was still looking at her with motherly admiration, "and help me to be very good to him and to his wife!"

She declined Mrs. Batters's offer of tea for the present.

"I would rather see the house first, please," she said, with her sudden sweet smile that so quickly won people who had not been prejudiced against her; and the old woman, very well pleased, led the way through the familiar rooms and up stairs and along passages, pointing out the improvements that had been made, though not without a little air of protest against them.

After all, it was chiefly the drawing-room that had been altererd. The house was too large, the rooms was too big and lofty, to have been thoroughly renovated without incurring a serious expense. Lucy felt glad of this. It seemed to her that the faded tints and quaint ugly furniture of old Doctor Featherstone's regime were more suitable to it than Ada's modern gilding and ebony and embroidery.

"You will tell me all Doctor March's ways, won't you Mrs. Batters?" the girl said eagerly, as they turned to leave his study, and she stood at the door looking back wistfully.

"Do you think he would let me dust this room every day? I would not disturb his papers or his books."

"Indeed, Miss Lucy, I think he will," answered the old housekeeper comfortably.

Lucy followed her about in a kind of dream. Upstairs the bedroom doors were all open. The rooms were waiting silent and sunny, for those who were to occupy them. It seemed so strange that she should be peeping into them all, and that good Mrs. Batters should pass in and out so carelessly, closing a window here, lowering a blind there, on which the afternoon sun was beating.

Mrs. Ludlow was to have a comfortable apartment of two rooms on the second floor and next to these was a large and pleasant chamber overlooking the garden, which struck Lucy as being a delightful combination of bedroom and sitting room. It had a writing table, a sofa, birds, bookcases, even a cottage piano, in addition to its low white bed and long glass and capacious wardrobe. The furniture and curtains were of blue and white chintz and some pretty light wool, and the windows were full of flowers and western sunshine as Mrs. Batters opened the door. Lucy heard the cooing of pigeons from the yard below.

"This is the spare room, I suppose, Mrs. Batters?" Lucy said, venturing in. "It is very pretty. What dear little dwarf bookcases, and how sweet that mignonnette smells. Why, there is a sewing machine too; and the writing table has such convenient drawers and pigeon holes. I think it is the prettiest room I ever saw."

"I am glad you are pleased with your bed room, Miss Lucy," said Batters, curtseying; "the master desired me to give you the key of it as soon as you came home."

Lucy took it in silence. Her lips quivered so that she did not dare to speak. From her little attic in King's Road to this big bright comfortable room, over which she was to have absolute control—it was typical of the change that had been wrought in her whole existence by the kind man whose love she had rejected.

"I will leave you now, Miss Lucy, and see about your tea, my dear," said old Batters kindly.

Lucy heard her slow old feet going down stairs. The birds were singing in their pretty cages, the sunshine streamed in, the flowers smelt sweet and strong in the evening air.

She looked about her again. The bookcases were filled with her favorite books; the room was hung with her favorite pale blue; there was a large photograph of Bee in a velvet frame over the fireplace.

George had thought of her in the midst of all his misery, had remembered her smallest fancies, even after she had spoken so cruelly and so scornfully and had thrown his love back in his face. He had given her the home she had been craving for all her life, and lifted her to the level of the fortunate girls of the world—girls who had fathers and mothers, and a safe unchanging refuge against lonliness and want.

Lucy fell upon her knees by her pretty strange bed, bursting into a passion of sobbing and tears.

"Forgive me," she whispered over and over again, as if to some one standing above her prostrate hand. "Oh, forgive me—forgive me!"

Chapter XLVI.

By the time Mrs. Ludlow came back from Saltess, Lucy had learnt to feel quite at home in the old house in the square, and to be contented, hopeful, and almost happy there.

She had a feeling of security now in making friends with the silent old rooms through which she flitted—a pretty summer shape in her muslin gowns—and in which she sat for long thoughtful hours when the day was over.

In her garden at King's Road she had been afraid to grow too fond of the walks and beds and the familiar peeps of sky through the old fruit trees, under whose hanging branches she had walked in all weathers—in sunshine and wind and on cloudy days alike—for fear she should suffer all the more in leaving them.

She had felt then that she was only a bird of passage, as her cousin had said, and had contented herself with perching chilly and unsecurely where she had alighted, without any thought of making herself a nest among her beloved flowers.

Aut now she was at home at last; the rest of her life. she hoped, would be spent in this tranquil old-fashioned place; and already Lucy was gathering a store of sweet and sad associations with which to weave her sore little heart a resting-place which should always be dearer to her than any other spot on earth.

Every little word that old Batters spoke about "the master," every new light she received as to the young man's ways in his own house, the proofs Lucy was daily coming across of his goodness to other people as well as to her undeserving self—all these were made to help in lining the newly-found nest and in making it warm with grateful and loyal feeling against the winter of coming years.

All day long she busied herself in studying George's likes and dislikes, his hours and habits, from his old housekeeper. She went about with Mrs. Batters to market, to the tradespeople; she studied the good woman's method of keeping her books and regulating the accounts and the servants. Perhaps there would not be any need of such knowledge; but Lucy thought it did her no harm to learn, and it made her happy to be doing something, no matter how little, for the friend and benefactor to whom she owed more then she could ever hope to pay even with a life of devotion and cheerful self sacrifice.

"We must make him very happy in his home," the girl would say to herself wistfully as she crossed the square of an afternoon and saw the dark old windows blinking a drowsy welcome after her warm day's work among her children or in the hospital. "He must never be sorry that we came to him."

She got David Perry to come and help her, and between them they made the neglected strip of garden at the back look quite pretty. It was only a town garden, grass-grown, with a few laurels and rose bushes, and a great blackened cistern in one corner, with gooseberry bushes and parsley and straggling box borders at the farthest end; but, when it was clipped and rolled and watered, it made a very pleasant look-out from George's study windows; and Lucy was especially grateful for the ivy-grown walls, which reminded her a little of her beloved old church-tower in King's Road.

She used to walk there in the evenings while she was alone in the great dusky echoing house. The stars and the lights from neighboring windows shone through the elm trees. Sometimes the sound of a piano reached her, or of voices talking in the pleasant darkness.

Two or three lonely, not unhappy, weeks she spent thus. She had learnt to come and go about the house freely and without emotion, had grown used to the look of the Doctor's hats and sticks in the hall, and to dusting and airing his study every morning. At first she used to tremble when she went into his room, where in spite of all old Batter's open windows and the cool winds from the garden, the faint scent of George's pipes still lingered. She had been angry with herself because she could not help blushing as she touched his writing table, his smoking cap, his chair—objects which seemed to recall him with startling vividness to her recollection; but she was not long in conquering this weakness.

And it soon became comparatively easy to speak of him to his old servant.

"Will the Doctor like this? At what hour does Doctor March want his breakfast?"

Lucy used to stumble over it at first; now she could speak his name calmly enough.

"He must be happy." That was her one great thought. "What would become of her if he were not to be happy?"

There was only one thing now to be dreaded, and that would soon be over.

Already Mrs. Ludlow was established in her cheerful rooms, and looking ten years younger and better for her trip to the Salt sea. Mrs. Throgmorton called every day to take her out for a drive; the two old friends were as happy as school girls now that the shadow of parting no longer threatened to cloud their reunion. Bee was back again to share Lucy's labors out of doors; time was flying with the old swiftness and regularity once more.

At last the day when Doctor March and his wife were expected home, Lucy began to look a little pale as it wore on to evening. She had been busy all day making the house look its very best and brightest for the travelers. She had established Mrs. Ludlow in a becoming shawl and cap in the drawing room with her work; and then, having put on her own clean white gown and gathered the last of her roses for the dinner table, she had taken as much time as possible in the arranging of her flowers.

All the windows were open and filled with blooming plants. The silver and glass and damask of the dining room shone hospitably in the eyes of the passers by. Lucy piled up her roses and fruit, and tried to keep her hands from trembling and her heart from beating as she listened breathlessly for the first sound of wheels.

And at last it came, low as they turned the corner, loud on the pavement before the house. There was a little bustle in the hall, a noise of hurrying feet, of opening doors, and then Ada's voice was heard speaking gaily as she ran up the steps, followed by her husband's heavier tread.

Lucy did not know how she got into the hall. This was the moment she had been dreading; and, after all, there was nothing to be afraid of.

Her cousin, in a pretty traveling dress, kissed her, and exclaimed delightedly at seeing her again, and ran up stairs at once to her mother. George, with a strap over his shoulder and a shawl on his arm, took the little unsteady hand Lucy held out and said a few words, and then turned away to direct Edwards about paying the cabman.

Lucy drew a long breath. It was over. They had met again; and it had been mercifully given to George to meet her without pain or emotion of any sort. There was nothing more to dread.

She followed her cousin. Ada had hurried away to change her dress for dinner, Mrs. Ludlow said, who was sitting alone and looking very eager. Her daughter was looking very well, she added, and the travelers were very hungry.

"I will see if dinner cannot be hastened a little," Lucy cried.

As she ran down stairs, holding her white skirts to one side, she met the Doctor coming up.

"You must make haste," she said, smiling and nodding up into his face. "You have only a few minutes before dinner will be ready."

The tender white shape flashed past him in a moment. The young man turned, leaning heavily upon the balusters, and looked after her with a very set gray face.

He did not see Lucy again alone. But Mrs. Batters got hold of the master as he went into his study for a moment before dinner, and began to talk with great enthusiasm about her young lady, as she always called Miss Thrale.

George listened very quietly. How was the good old soul to know what pain she was causing him? He turned over his letters and nodded as she spoke; he agreed with every word his old servant said. He understood how sweet it would be to have Lucy in the house.

He thought, as they sat at dinner—Mrs. March kept them all waiting ten minutes after all, for which she made a pretty apology when she came down in an airy blue toilette that was very becoming—George thought, as they sat down among the great overblown roses that Lucy had gathered with such a tremor and his wife—his wife!—kept up an animated gossip about their honeymoon travels, that it was worth the price he had paid for it to have Lucy there.

The sweet face, the girlish shape in its white gown, the young voice, the pretty indescribable influence that seemed to radiate from her—these were to be near him always now, and he would be worthy of them. He would not lose his right to be happy in them by indulgence in any vain regret.

He spoke kindly to her across the table. Lucy was queerly stirred with pleasure and pain as she watched him carving so cleverly and carefully for them all; it touched her more than the longest speech could have done. He was charming with Mrs. Ludlow, and responded to all his wife's little jokes. It was a very happy little party indeed. Perhaps the young man looked rather worn and pale, as Lucy could not help seeing; but he had been traveling all day, and the weather was still very warm.

There was music after dinner while George smoked his cigarette on the grass under the elm trees. Then Lucy came to the windows of the back drawing-room and called him in to tea.

The lamp was burning with a soft and pleasant light among the flowers on the table; cool twilight breezes were blowing in from the gray old square; and the two graceful young women in their light dresses looked up, brightening as he came in.

Ada wheeled a big easy-chair to the open window which looked out on the old fashioned balcony and the darkening trees outside. Lucy brought him a cup of tea in both hands, so carefully that not a drop overflowed into the saucer.

Poor George, as he sank into his chair, felt indescribably at rest, comfortable, relieved, after his weeks of silent suffering, when he had walked about with a secret in his breast which his wife must never know.

He looked round him. Lucy was sewing near the lamp, the light shining on her bronze hair and white throat. Ada went on singing softly at the piano. This was home, George thought—this fragrant, refined, harmonious room, where kind voices and eyes would greet him after the day's labor, where there would be sympathetic companionship and approbation and encouragement awaiting him.

Why should not he be very happy here in time? Would it have been better to have spoken the truth, to have sent Lucy away among strangers, to have gone on living alone in his big house, where regrets and vain desires would have haunted evermore?

George looked up and smiled at Lucy as she came presently to take his cup away.

"It is very nice to be at home, child," he said in a brotherly manner, at which speech Lucy colored with frank and innocent delight.

George would be happy. They would all make him happy. Was that not what she lived for now?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FLESH GRAFTING.

How the Operation Was Performed on Engineer Leavitt.

(San Francisco Call.)

Frank Leavitt, of Oakland, was severely scalded by the overturning of a locomotive, of which he was engineer, near Leadville, Col., on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad. It became necessary to cut out a piece of flesh of the under side of his thigh some ten inches in length and four or five in breadth. In order to repair this loss three of Mr. Leavitt's friends offered themselves to the surgeon's knife and pieces of their flesh were cut off and grafted on the wound. Mr. Leavitt was found seated in an easy chair by the window "After the accident," he said, "I was taken to South Pueblo, which is about ten miles from Leadville. For about four days I felt little or no pain. Then the scalded places began to hurt frightfully and the doctors found it necessary to cut out a large piece of my thigh. Yes, the wound in places went clear into the bone, leaving a large hole. Dr. Craven and Dr. Christie, who were attending me, said that it was necessary to graft the open wound with new flesh and skin in order to build it up. You see, a small hole will naturally fill up and skim over without help, but this was too large to get along without some help. The doctors would have taken some of the flesh of my arm and used it but that I was in a feverish condition at the time, and three of my friends who worked with me offered to allow the doctors to use them to help me out. The surgeons took hold of the man's arm with a pinchers and pinched up a little piece of skin and flesh not much bigger than a dime, as you may say, and then just slit it off with a knife. They cut off from those three men twenty-seven pieces altogether, but of course not at the same time. No, it didn't hurt the men particularly. These small pieces of skin and flesh were taken and laid on separately on the wound—each one to act as a kind of centre, for the new skin and flesh to build up around. Of course they wouldn't begin to fill up the wound, but each piece acted like a graft and began to grow out towards the others until the intervening spaces were filled up. It took quite a long time to get all the grafts on. Some five or six were put on at one time and it took them about three days to unite. Some of them did not unite at all, but fell off at the first dressing. No, I couldn't tell exactly when the pieces became a part of me. for I couldn't touch them because of the dressing and bandage. The pieces were just laid on the wound and bound firmly on with a bandage smeared with some healing mixture or salve. When they didn't fall off on the third day, when they came to dress the wound there they were and there they stayed, and that was all I knew about it. The place will never be filled up quite level, but it is perfectly sound and whole now, although a little raw and sore, of course, and I am able to walk about with a crutch, and I expect to be able to go to work in about three months as well as ever. I was seventy-eight days in bed."

MARINE BICYCLE.

A passenger on the steamer Appledore thus relates the meeting of that vessel with a strange craft on the high seas: On Saturday afternoon, Aug. 20th, soon after leaving the Isles of Shoals, and when about eight miles south southeast of the New Hampshire coast, some of the passengers espied and pointed out a tiny speck on the ocean which had somewhat the appearance of a short spar body, though it was evidently moving swiftly through the water. On approaching nearer we discovered it to be a man, having every appearance of walking rapidly over the heaving seas. Great interest was manifested by all on board at this strange meeting with so novel a means of marine navigation. No smoke, no steam, no sail, no oars or paddles—in fact, nothing that has hitherto been known as a means of marine propulsion was visible on or about this new water craft. Nor did the aid of the glass throw any light on the subject. The sea was by no means smooth; indeed, when the strange machine was first discovered it was visible only when it rose to the top of each succeeding wave. We passed it about an eighth of a mile to leeward, the lone navigator waving his hat while our passengers generally returned the salute. We continued to watch with interest this animated speck upon the ocean until it faded entirely from our view in the distance. The solution of this mystery is that Major Urch made his first visit to the Schoals with the marine bicycle on Saturday afternoon, passing the steamer Appledore both going and returning. He left the mouth of the harbor at 2:45 o'clock and arrived at the Appledore landing at 4:07, making the run out in one hour and twenty-two minutes. After leaving the Appledore House the major made a run to the Oceanic, at both hotels being heartily welcomed by the assembled guests, who had espied him coming some time before he reached their shores. Much interest was manifested by all at this visit to their islands of so small and odd a craft. Quite a number of gentlemen at the Appledore obtained permission and tried the machine, manifesting much pleasure with it and its novel construction. The major left the Oceanic for this city at 5:1-, but, owing to a brisk northeaster, which kicked up a heavy sea for a craft so small, did not arrive at the aquarium until 7 o'clock.

—The peculiarities of a new medical college at Baltimore are that dentistry will be taught, women will be admitted as students, and only Christians can become members of the faculty.

EXCERPTA.

The Modern Hat—An American Citizen—Happy Hours—Scenes in a Hospital—The Poor Rich Man—Byronic Jokes.

THE MODERN HAT.

We know of nothing that can be said in favor of the article which we are forced to wear on our heads. It is hot in summer; it is not warm in winter; it does not shade us from the sun; it does not shelter us from the rain; it is ugly and expensive; you cannot wear it in a railway carriage; it is always in your way in a drawing room; if you sit upon it you crush it, yet it will not save your skull in a fall from a horse; it will not go into a portmanteau; you are sure to forget it when suspended from the straps of a carriage roof; it is too hard to roll up, too soft to stand upon; it rusts with the sea air, and spots with the rain; if it is good, you are sure to have it taken by mistake at a soiree; if it is bad, you are set down for a swindler.—Mark Lemon.

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

This "wooden country" of ours is really beginning to be thought something of "on the other side!" America!—let us think how many this moment are on the seas approaching our shores! Every hour on the coasts of the Old World, representatives from the different nations of the earth are departing for this Republic; every hour some vessel crowded with exiles from tempestuous kingdoms and principalities is nearing our shores, or, while the shouting seaman climbs and furls the sail in our harbor, is landing its human freight upon the piers. Come along, future "fellow-citizens!" We have thousands of square miles where the epidermis of the earth has never been scratched. There is room enough and work enough for all; nor on this side of the big brook shall any of you "come nigh to perish with hunger." What a proud thing it will be deemed, by and-by, to be able to say: "I am an American citizen."

HAPPY HOURS.

An accurate observer says: Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that, if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure; and, in extreme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life for having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure, which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them, and carries them back to a world that is past, and to scenes never to be renewed again.

SCENES IN A HOSPITAL.

We often pause beneath the half closed blinds of some public hospital, and picture to ourself the gloomy and mournful scenes that are passing within. The sudden movement of a taper, as its feeble ray shoots through the windows, until its light gradually disappears, as if it were carried farther back into the room, to the bedside of some suffering patient, is enough to awaken a whole crowd of reflections; the mere glimmering of the low burning lamp, which, when all other habitations are wrapped in darkness and slumber, denotes the chamber where so many forms are writhing with pain or wasting with disease, is sufficient to check the most boisterous merriment. Who can tell the anguish of those weary hours, when the only sound the sick man hears is the disjointed wanderings of some feverish slumberer near him, the low moan of pain, or perhaps the muttered, long forgotten prayer of a dying man! Who but those who have felt it can imagine the sense of loneliness and desolation which must be the portion of those who, in the hour of dangerous illness, are left to be tended by strangers; for what hands, be they ever so gentle, can wipe the clammy brow or smooth the restless bed, like those of mother, wife or child?—Lewis Gaylord Clark.

THE POOR RICH MAN.

There are some people who have no reverence except for prosperity, and no eye for anything beyond success. These are the men who fasten on rich folks so naturally, and whom the richer folks than themselves, for that very reason, always despise. These are the men who, when told that the young man next them at dinner, or whom they encountered at their club, has recently become the heir to half a million, regard him with an interest that he sees through with half an eye and speaks of elsewhere with an appropriate sneer. These men who know their own fortuitous gains to be vastly overrated; whose affections rush out to meet and welcome money; whose sentiments awaken spontaneously toward the interesting possessors of it; these men don't consider themselves at liberty to indulge in friendship for any individual who is not richer than themselves; in consequence of which, it is difficult to say whether they are most despised by those who are above or those who are below them in a pecuniary point of view; while the irrepressible self-consciousness that they are mere Dombeys make them even more distasteful to themselves than to others.

BYRONIC JOKES.

Notwithstanding Byron's assumed contempt of death, nothing could exceed his abject terror when laboring under even the slightest illness. He was dining at Pisa, with Hunt, Trelawney and Shelley one day, when he was suddenly seized with a violent attack of colic. He hastily arose from the table, threw himself upon the sofa, and began to say, "O, my God! I am dying, I am dying!" Trelawney, who was a very peculiar man, went up to the terrified bard, and said, "Come, come, Byron, if you are dying, you needn't make such a confounded fuss about it." The tone in which he said this was so irresistible that the sick man could not help joining in the laughter which Trelawney's nonchalance caused. Byron, who really at heart was a very kind man, and whose nature rose at every oppression, was very fond of making himself out a very bad one, and when he had indulged himself with a little more gin and water than usual he would frequently grow almost maudlin over his imaginary wickedness. One night he was particularly dismal over his own iniquities, and expressed great repentance. He was very much put out by Mrs. Hunt, saying in a tone of affected consolation, "Come, my lord, you are not half so wicked as you flatter yourself you are." He gave his publisher, John Murray, as a birthday present, a Bible very nicely bound. On the outside, stamped in golden letters, was the inscription, From Lord Byron, to his friend, John Murray, Esq. This was ostentatiously laid on the center table of this great publisher's drawing room, and Murray was very proud of his gift. At a large party at his house one evening, a friend was turning over the leaves of the magnificent Bible, when he suddenly cried: "Why, Murray come here. Byron has been altering the Bible." Saying this, he pointed out to the astonished and indignant publisher, that Byron had altered a verse, by drawing his pen through the word robber and substituting another word, so that the verse ran thus: "Now Barabbas was a publisher." After that unlucky discovery the book disappeared.—Thomas Powell.

A NIAGARA MYSTERY.

Murder Reported to have been Perpetrated on a Pleasure Boat.

A horrible tragedy is reported to have been enacted during Sunday afternoon on board a pleasure barge on Niagara river. The story told to the Buffalo Courier was that a party of excursionists were returning from a trip down the river to Sour Spring grove, where they had spent the day. Among others who accompanied the party were a young man and his affianced. While at the grove the young man had drank some, and the young woman had gone walking with another young man. This led on the return trip to a lover's quarrel, arising from jealousy, during which the love sick swain accused his sweetheart of improper conduct. This the girl stoutly denied. Shortly after the boat passed the International bridge, and while it was hugging closely to the Canadian shore, the young man walked to the place where his betrothed was standing and again made the cruel accusation. She again asserted her innocence, when the maddened young ruffian is said to have deliberately drawn a revolver and shot her through the head, killing her instantly. She fell dead at his feet, as the story goes, and the life blood oozed from a terrible wound in her temple. The male members of the party instantly surrounded the murderer, and he was quickly disarmed and bound hand and foot with a strong cord. It was also detailed that the party landed at Black Rock, where the police had taken the avenging lover in charge and locked him up in the dungeon of the fifth precinct station house.

—A chromo to the man who will discover what the St. Catharines News means by the following: "An extensive grower of grapes in the Niagara district says that the crop will be much larger this year than usual. The cold, backward weather of spring had injurious effect; and this, followed by the continued dry weather, has prevented a full development of the fruit."

CHRISTIANCY AGAIN.

Curious Allegations in Regard to Stolen Jewels.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—There is still much comment here regarding ex-Senator Christiancy's troubles. The theft of the $6,000 worth of jewels, diamonds and precious stones has brought a new element into the divorce case. Whether justly or not Mrs. Christiancy and her friends have to-day made serious allegations, based on the fact that Mr. Christiancy has in his possession that remarkable collection of ornaments. In an interview on the subject Mr. Christiancy says:

"I had them in trust for another party. They belonged to a widow, formerly the wife of an ex-Consul to Peru. She was a Spaniard, I believe, but married an American. I have had them in the safe at the Legation at Lima for more than a year. When the troubles betwen Chili and Peru broke out the lady came to me and said that it was known that she possessed a great deal of valuable jewelry, diamonds and other precious stones, and she was afraid that if Lima succumbed to the assault of the Chilians they would rob indiscriminately and plunder every body, but she was satisfied that they would not molest the American Legation, and therefore I was asked to take care of them, which I did by locking them in my safe. When I was coming away, Peru was far from quiet, and her relations with Chili for the future very uncertain. The lady came to me and said that as the country was in an unsettled state, and likely to remain so for some time, would I take the jewels with me to this country and keep them until she should send for them, or, as she had relatives in New York City and Wisconsin, she might visit this country next spring, and then they could be returned to her." "Is she a wealthy lady?" "Yes, she is a lady of considerable wealth, and probably will not miss the loss of them in a financial point of view, but I would like to get them back, if it is possible. Still, the prospects are not very good just now. I have offered a reward of $1,000 for their recovery."

Referring to the story of the jewels, Mrs. Christiancy has said: "I know to whom those jewels belonged. They were the property of a woman who lived with Mr. Christiancy at the Legation. Their intimacy became the common talk in Lima. She is the woman that caused me to leave the Legation and go to the hotel to live. I do not doubt that he possessed both the jewels and their owner. Why, he was only waiting for this divorce that he might marry this woman.

LONGEVITY.

M. de Solaville contributes to the Revue Scientifique a valuable article on this subject, in which he brings together some of the most recent data on the subject. He analyzes the results of recent European censuses by ages, and the register of deaths also by ages. If we strike a mean of the census from 1869 to 1872 we find that Europe (exclusive of Russia, Turkey, and some small Southern States) possessed in 1870 a mean population of 242,940,376, classed as follows from the point of view of advanced ages: 17,313,715 of more than 60 years, 79,859 of more than 90, and 3,108 of more than 100 years: i. e., 1 inhabitant in 12 of more than 60, 1 in 2,669 of more than 90, and 1 in 62,503 of more than 100. Women, M. Solaville finds, are more numerous in extreme old age than men, and the difference increases with the age. Thus at 60 years the advantage is with the women in the proportion of 7 per cent., at 90 and above it rises to 45, and with centenarians to 60 per 100. It is in France that we find the greatest relative number of inhabitants at the age of 60 and upwards; but it is not so for centenarians, of which France has less than all the other states of Europe except Belgium, Denmark, and Switzerland. From a calculation of deaths by ages the result is reached that, to the total deaths, those at the age of 90 and upward bore the following proportions to the countries named, and arranged according to the decreasing order of importance: Great Britain, 9.73; Sweden, 7.39; France, 6.58; Belgium, 6.07; Switzerland, 6.00; Holland, 4.47; Italy, 3.76; Bavaria, 3.42; Prussia, 3.06; Austria, 2.61. The result is in accordance with that we know of the mean age of the deceased in the same countries.

Is great longevity increasing or diminishing for the same number of inhabitants? We have information on the subject only for France. If we take two periods sufficiently distant from each other to allow a change of any importance be produced, we find in the 14 years of the period 1824-37, a mean annual number of deaths among centenarians of 152, or 1 to 217,105 inhabitants. In the eight years of the period 1853-60, we only find a mean annual number of 11 centenarian deaths in a population which has increased 20 per cent. But if great ages appear to have diminished the mean life has very sensibly increased, a result much more favorable. A certain number of centenarians have made known their regimen. Notwithstanding some very rare examples to the contrary we must place in the first rank temperance, sobriety and regular habits; then comes hereditary, relative comfort, the absence of strong and pregnant emotion, as far as possible a country life, and finally a healthy and quite calling.—Glasgow Herald.

THE WESTERN BANDITS.

Information Leading to the Apprehension of Some of the Outlaws Furnished by a Woman.

CHICAGO, Sept. 17.—A. S. Trude, who went from here as special counsel for the Chicago and Alton railroad, in ferreting out facts regarding the recent train robbery, states that his trip was brought about by a short visit to the headquarters of the Chicago and Alton railroad in this city of a middle-aged woman who, ten days ago, gave the company some valuable pointers leading to the apprehension of the outlaws. She revealed the fact that certain dark and mysterious conferences had been held in the house of Si. Chapman, near the scene of the robbery and gave the names of the participants. As a result of her talk and subsequent investigation, Trude believes the robbery was planned by a man named Clark, an expert professional train robbers, formerly associated with the notorious "Hoosier Bill" and the Reno gang. Clark is ostensibly a cattle dealer in Missouri. Trude thinks his assistants were hoodlums, green at the business, who believed their leader was Jesse James. The day following the robbery Clark lost a large sum of money in Kansas City keno dives, and raised more by spouting jewelry. The mysterious woman has been ruined and deserted by two of the outlaws, and has long been waiting for revenge. The gang were informed of her mission so early that some of them escaped, but more important arrests are expected. In this connection an officer of the Chicago and Alton railroad company stated that the road had served a notice on the Missouri authorities that they will be held responsible for damages precisely as the authorities of Pittsburgh were in 1876.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 17.—A special from Kansas City to the Post-Dispatch says: Last night an armed posse under Deputy Marshal Holland left Independence for the scene of the late robbery of the Chicago and Alton train, having received information that J. W. Brassfield, an escaped convict from the Missouri penitentiary, was one of the robbers. The home of his father-in-law, Milt. Daltman, was surrounded and Brassfield called out, when he was placed under arrest and sent to Independence, where he is now lodged in jail. He claims he can prove an alibi. About eight years ago Brassfield was sentenced to the penitentiary for forgery, and, after serving eighteen months, escaped, since which time he has been at large. If innocent of the robbery, he will be returned to out his unexpired term.

—The opinion entertained by the blue-blooded German nobility that it is degrading to one of their high lineage to busy himself with any of the learned professions is occasionally defied by some of the younger and more sensible noblemen. Duke Theodore of Bavaria has won an enviable reputation as a physician, and particularly as one who devotes himself with noble compassion and sympathy to the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor. We now hear also of Prince Ernest of Meiningen, who has studied in Strasburg, as about to undergo the usual Government examinations for admission to the practice of the legal profession. This is a rare proceeding in Germany.

—Notwithstanding the deplorable condition of the finances of Nevada, there is nothing mean about the salaries drawn by the State officials. Three judges receive $7,000 a year each, which is as much as the judges of the Court of Appeals receive in the State of New York, and more than is paid to the judges of the highest court in California. The Governor is paid $6,000 a year, and the Lieut.-Governor and five other officers $3,600 a year each. The Lieut.-Governor of Connecticut receives only $500. The salaries of subordinate officials in Nevada are in proportion to those of the higher officers. Considering the meager income of the State and its comparatively heavy debt, upon which 9½ per cent interest is said, the office holders seem pretty well taken care of.