

## TWO LETTERS.

"I think he liked me," mused Victoria Grant. "Was it bold or unwomanly in me to walk down to the gate with him to-night? Ought I to have hidden my face in the shadows of the porch? Yet I don't think he will remember my conduct, for I think he likes me."

And what did Calcott Brown think as he was whisked through the sleeping moonlight landscape by the swift impetus of steam?

And when the dimly bearded conductor broke in the delicious thread of his musings with "Boysville!" Calcott wondered what had become of the boys.

His carriage was ready with the swift, slender limbs ready, and all the way home he still pondered on Victoria Grant's blue eyes.

"If she were only waiting to welcome me!" he exclaimed half aloud as the carriage stopped before the front porch of the stately old stone mansion on the hill.

"Somehow the place never seemed so utterly homelike to me before."

"Why didn't I ask her tonight when I stood there with my little apple blossom of a hand in mine? Because I was afraid I could no more have spoken out the question nearest to my heart than I could have burst into an original Greek tragedy."

He sat a few minutes in dreamy, thoughtful silence, then drew the desk closer to him.

"I believe he is," said Mrs. Tennant.

"Tell him to carry these two letters to the post immediately."

"Yes, sir."

Mrs. Tennant paused in the hall below to decipher their directions with all the curiosity of her charming sex.

"Isaac Plummer! That's the man that was the master to buy his house. Mr. Victor Grant! Who's Miss Victoria Grant? Well, I should like to know!"

And musing deeply with many shakes of her head, Mrs. Tennant delivered the letters to Bryan.

"A letter?"

Victoria Grant examined the superscription and postmark, and then she went away to her own room to read it all by herself.

"He has written to me," she murmured softly. "Oh, I wonder what he says!"

She broke open the note and read it while her cheek first grew pale and then flared into blushing, burning scarlet.

I wish you to understand once for all that there is no use in my furthering the love between us. Your deceiving art and specious smoothness are of no avail as far as I am concerned, and it may save us both some unpleasantness if you understand it at once. What could induce you to suppose I care for a creature whose age and appearance are equally repulsive? I trust you will not do again with the necessity of any seeing you again. Yours sincerely and frankly,

CALCOTT BROWN.

Victoria dropped the note as if it had been a thing of fire, and she did not shed a tear; she did not relapse, womanlike, into hysterics; she only felt, poor creature! as if a hand of red-hot iron were pressing on her forehead and her heart were turned to ice.

The clear morning air was blue as sapphires, the grass was silvered over with hoar-frost, as Calcott Brown walked into the depot, his overcoat brushed with the dust of almost running against an elderly individual in rusty garments.

"Hello, square. Going to Brookfield?"

Mr. Brown nodded stiffly.

"Why, I was just going to your house. You say 'dial' and get the answer, but I know my place a heap sight too well for that. And if you've really got such a dreadful place to the mare, why?"

The color rushed to Calcott Brown's temples as he noticed the note from Isaac Plummer's by no means illi white hand and hurriedly glanced at its contents.

Alas! the horrible surmise that had shot across his mind while the old man was proving over it was but too correct.

"Fire and furies!" murmured Calcott, as he thought of the other horn of the dilemma, "was ever man such a blind, idiotic fool as I have been? Here—a ticket for Brookfield, quick!"

The whistle of the advancing train was almost audible, and as he hurried to the platform he could hear Isaac Plummer bawling after him.

"Say 'dial,' square."

The brilliant chrysanthemums in the garden nodded their glowering heads as Calcott lay on the doorsteps serenely as he knooked on the old oak's heavy door.

"Miss Grant is she at home?"

"Miss Victoria is at home, sir, but she bade me say she would receive no company today," said old Hannah, crying the gentleman distrustfully.

"I must see her!" exclaimed Calcott, pushing past the old woman.

"Miss Victoria bade me say," began the servant, but Calcott waited to hear no more. The next moment he was face to face with Victoria Grant herself.

She had risen and stood with one hand on the table, her face very pale, but composed.

"Victoria! you will at least hear me in my own defense!"

"I have heard, from Mr. Brown," she said frigidly, extending toward him the fatal letter.

He caught it from her hands and tore it into a score of pieces.

"This note was never intended for you, Victoria. It was written on business to a man who has long been firm against me. It was put into the wrong envelope. What must you have thought of me, Victoria?"

The color returned to Calcott's cheeks, and sitting down beside her, with her hand not withdrawn from his, Calcott Brown told her all—K. R. in Buffalo News.

Quarrying a Monolith.

A fragment of bas-relief discovered in Egypt has shown that the gods and other large monoliths were transported from the quarry to their site. The stone is depicted upright on a great, green, iron sled, which is being towed by a number of small boats alongside. The method of detaching a monolith from the mother rock is also explained by a semicircular block in one of the quarries. The block, which has been seen clear on three sides, a deep groove was cut into the side still attached to the rock, and the sled was drawn, the sleds which wooden pegs were driven. The pegs were then wet, and the wood in swelling broke off the monolith from the quarry. St. Louis Republic.

A Good Plan.

Visitor (at Chicago restaurant)—This bill of fare is in French.

Waiter—Yes, sir, but the prices are in English, sir. Meo' folks goes by dem—New York Weekly.

A PIANO PIECEMEAL.

From Pearl street to the river there was not a more attractive girl than Meg O'Brien. Her hair might have been termed red, but it was the red of a highly polished brick, and the sunbeams became extended in the locks. Meg was the belle of Cherry street, the social leader of the district, and when she said "Naw" it went. The boys' gang made up her hand of local knights and were ever in attendance, but Patsy Dugan, the leader, was her own special favorite. Patsy never let her heart open to any one else, but she carried a chip upon her shoulder for Meg's sweet sake. And Patsy was a terror when he got going.

One hot August evening they sat upon a strip of a wharf and watched the bobbing lights in the distance, a piano being passed, and sweet strains of "Comrades" floated across the tide, whereat Meg sighed as one who longed for the unattainable.

"Say, Meg, what's do matter?" asked Patsy in a sullen whisper.

"Meg only looked across at the dark shadows of Brookfield and sighed again."

"What's wrong?" asked Patsy.

"I want a piano!" sighed Meg, as though she feared to breathe the word. The silence that followed was broken only by the ripple of the water, and the glow of the night seemed to gather like a frown which

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