"You must know," continued George gravely, "that I have a triend in London who is the editor of a magazine."

"Oh, Doctor March!"—eagerly clasping her hands under the table.
"And it occurred to me the other evenng, after I had behaved so very radely and so very studyldy at Pegley—"

"It was I who was rude"—Lucy's blue eyes were fastened on the young man's dark face. "Oh, go on, please!"
"It cocurred to me that my friend might be a man of more discrimination than the editor who declined "Ethel Delamere's

would do anything—yes, anything in the world to make them both happy."

OHAPTER XXXII.

"My darling!"

That was what sober George March was asying to himself over and over again on the day following Ms. Ackryd's ball.

The young man felt as if his new born happiness was too great for his bursting heart. He web's about his work in a dazed kind of a way, impatient for his hour of rest, when he would be free to think of Lucy, and of her alone. He smiled to himself as he spoke her name; he went five miles out of his way to call in Princrea Alley, that he may have the start of the hour of the start of the start of the hour of the start of the hour of the start of the start of the hour of the start of the start of the hour of the start of the start of the hour of the start of the start of the hour of the start o

now, poor girl; so he must like her for her own sake. Ada says he does, and she was never one to boast about such things—never. Oh, New Year, I hope you will be a happy one to them both! He deserves to be very happy, he is so good. And Ada too; only for I should be away now among strangers—I should never have come to Barlaston or known Bee. How kindly he spoke to me to night! I will be grateful to him all my life for his goodnees—to him and to Ada. I would do anything—yee, anything in the world to make them both happy."

Chapter XXXII.

"My darling!"

That was what sober George March was asaying to himself over and over again on the day following Ms. Ackroyd's ball.

The young man felt as if his new born happiness was too great for his bursting heart. He went about his work in a dase kind of a way, impatient for his hour of rest,

Low March had an excellent excuss for his first and lour life. By Jove, it is too good to think that my wife will have Bee for her best friend all our life. By Jove, it is too good to think that my wife will have Bee for her best friend all our life. By Jove, it is too good to think that my wife will have Bee for her best friend all our life. By Jove, it is too good to be true almost. It is all falling out just like a fairy tale."

Dotor March had an excellent excuss for life was a supply hereaft. It is all falling out just like a fairy tale."

"It is not that," admitted Ada with a pretty laugh. "It is, if the truth must be told, that I am horribly lazy!"
George did not answer. "Shall I have to ask for her boldly r" he was thinking.
Mrs. Ludlow was watching his absorbed face as she fidgeted among her pillows. Ada want on composedly with her lace work.
"By the way," the young man began at last abruptly, "I promised Miss Thrale that I would interceds with you, my dear Miss a Ludlow, on behalf of her little people in 1 Primrise Alley. I am sorry to find that you ridsapprove of the work your niece and Miss Bee having been doing there. It seems to me to be sorely needed."

Mrs. Ludlow looked nervously ather daughter.

signated whey should divide for the drive to church.

But, before George had time to recognize any one, he was hailed with delight from the gallery above by Panela and Dotsie, who rushed down the grast staircase, regardless of Sunday bonnets and velvet mmig, to fling it themselves into his strong arms.

"We are going to church, too!" said Pamela, making a precise little mouth.

"Me don't to church, chooed Dotsie. "Me walk wiff Oppity."

George tossed the little thing up in a cloud of amber hair and white frills and sear-let stockings; and then Mrs. Ackroyd carrelet stockings; and the Mrs. Ackroyd carrelet stockings; a

"It is not that," winnited Ada with protty last," It is, if the truth must be light, that are northly last," "George did not answer." "Shall I Lave "The Composition of the composition

all the time I am thinking how the children will love me for being good to them. Do you think that is wrong "

"It is very natural," answered George, smiling. "Why should you torment yourself with such questions? Let me see how bravely you can work hepaceforth without any reward."

"Then it would be to please you," the girl said simply, and with a wistful shake of the head. "You see I always want a reward for being good, like Dotsie?"

George did not misunderstand the childish confession; but, for all that, it set his heart beating.
"I am swfully hard to please," he declared, laughing—"at least so Miss Ludlow is always telling me."

angry suspicion, injuriously supposing that she his frank and innocent darling, could look with favor on that young ass Bryer! And now he, George, was standing close to her, holding the same book, looking down at the dark fringe casts by her drooping eye-lids on her faintly fushed cheeks, and feeling unspeakably happy in the conviction that Lucy in spite of her demure little air, was not altogether untroubled by his presence shall his touch. During the sermon too, which was not have the conviction to the conviction of the convic The state of the s

"I never said a word about you in my life, sir."

"Let me shake off this dust and then you can slash and "ather my memory. Nice cld stretcher of the truth."

"Do you mean that I have lied, sir?"

"I do."
The old man hopped across the room and grappled the insulter. The fight was earnest and terrible, and when the editor got back that top of the old man's head was smeared with ink, and the unsulter was lying in the hall.

"Sort of a monkey and parrot, time as the feller says," remarked the old man. "I say, I believe George will chauge his mind. You needn't call that sabinet meeting. Talk about a religious department—you ought to have a sacktial of horse pistols."

who applied for an editorial position the other day. "Haven't Inough!" he replied as he shoved one foot under his chair to hide the unskilful patching of a back wood cobbler. "I should say I had some experience. Haven't I corresponded with the Pumpkinville Screamer for six weeks? Hain't that enough experience?" "That will do very well," we replied, "but when we take a young man on our editorial staff we generally put him through an examination. How much is twelve times one?" "Twelve. Why any little boy ought to an—" "Hold on, please. Don't be too fast. How many bones are there in the human body?" "Well, I forget now, but I did know wuntz." "What! Don't you know that? Why, there are 7,482,645,291,444 bones in an ordinary man. A man who snores has one more bone than any other." "What bone is that?" "The Trombone. It is situated somewhere in he nose. You won't forget that will you?" I said he wouldn't. "Have you got a good constitution?" "Pulty tolerable good." "How long do you suppose you could live on raw oction and faith, and do the work of a dones it isseed elephant?" "Eaws, I Zon't believe it could live mor'n a week." "Well that's about as a long as you would want to live if you got an editorial position on this paper. You appear to be presty well posted. We shall ask you one more question, and if you prove equal to it, you can take off your cost and sail in." "Let me have 'er squire. I dien't correspond with the Pumpkinville Screamer six weeks for nuthin'. Let her come! I'm on deek, I am?" "Well, it, if two diametrical circles, with diagonal peripheries, should collide with a centrifugal rilosyncrasy—or, to put it plainer, we say a disentranchised non-entity—what effect would the catastrophe exert on a crystallized codiesh suspended by a the staff of the waves: "Eso, O, michty, for gracious because the staff of the waves "Yes, O, michty, for gracious work. I may an any one of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Texas. A few unmarried men, fond of hard work on slite and the sharing a statted from the knongous

be as long agin afore I'll ask anither."

—Highlanders don't read this: A Milwarkee street ear driver ordered a Scotlish pibrocher. off the car because, as he said: He didn't think a man should ride what had no breeches on." The act gave rise to mach indignation among the Scots.

—Will the coming man drink beer? No; he will drink glucose, citric acid, rosin and other like dainties.—New York Graphic.

The trouble with Oser is total to be common and early of the common and early of t

FOR THE LADIES.

The Countess de Greffuhle (?Greatfool) arries a long cane thrust through a basket sonned, the handle being tied with colored fabands.

Says "Atlas" in the London World:
There are some olderly neasons through

The great comet of the present summer has done its full share in exposing popular to great puzzle to may people how the same to comet could, in the evening, be in the north-light way that the same to come to could, in the evening, be in the north-light way the test all pointing upward, but leaning to the same to the

ball.

Sort of a monkey and parrot, time as the feller says," remarked the old man. "I say, I believe George will change his mind. You need a teal that cabinet meeting. Talk about a religious department—you ought to have a sackful of horse pistols."

HE WANTED TO BE AN EDITOR:

"Have you had any experience in the business?" we asked of a verdant looking youth who applied for an editorial position the other day. "Havee'' i Hough i''h replied as he shoved one foot under his chair to hide the unskilful patching of a back wood onebles."

ing in the same orbit. The obvious fact that most and even all of these planets are sometimes together on the other side of the aun, and would, therefore, assist the sun in drawing the sarris into isself, seemed never to have suggested itself to him.

Almost worse was the reply of another widely read Philadelphis daily to a correspondent, a few months ago. An observant reader had asked why the sun and moon always seem largest when rising or setting, and was gravely informed, through the columns of the paper, that "the phenomena was due to refraction." This is a simple optical illusion, which is explained in all the school books upon natural philosophy; but it is one with which refraction had nothing to do at all. Four years ago, Professor Hall, by the most careful observation with the best telescope in the world, made his remarkable discovery of the two minute satellites of Mars. Very soon after, the newspapers and the people had cultivated their powers of vision so successfully, that they were seeing the moons by looking at the image of the planet in a common looking glass. Had they turned their powerful instruments upon the fixed stars, or upon the moon itself, they would have immortalized themselves by discovering satellites of these bodies. As a matter of fact, the moons of Mars can only be seen by the best telescopes, and by them only for the few months that Mars is nearest to the earth. Not a telescope in the world would show them now. The moons in the looking glass were really faint reflections of the planet itself from the surfaces of the glass, the main image being reflected from the quicksilver behind the glass. A metallic mirror would have ee ipsed the satellites permanently.—The American.

—Oscar Wilde, the mesthete and new if a fine part of the polate is a season of the carth.

WAGES IN CHINA.

The Collection of Collection o

ADVENTURES OF A WIFE HUNTER.

The other day the main street of the usually quiet village of Frodsham presented a lively seene, in which a certain Liverpool clerk formed a prominent figure. It appears that a lady saw an advertisement in a certain paper stating that a gentleman, about 30 years of age, was in want of a wife. She decided to carry on a correspondence with him for the sake of the fun which migat result. The advertiser fell into the same, and, on Saturday afternoon the hero of the tale made an appointment to meet the brother of his charming correspondent at Frodsham railway station. He duly arrived, and was received by a gentleman occupying a somewhat prominent position in the district, who deluded his unfortunate victim into entering the well-known hostelry known as the Bear's Faw. Here they found a company of joial spirits, who at once began to chaff the lover. The fun waxed fast and furious, and a large crowd assembled outside, many of whom had provided themselves with a plentiful supply of flour and shot for the purpose of punishing the adventurer if he did not accode to their wishes that he should stand treat. Some of the young men in the hotel assaulted him in a way which caused him to become very violent, and, pulling out a pistol, he predicted that if he were molested there would soon be another tragedy to record in the newspapers, as he would put a bullet into the first fellow who touched him. However, during a moment when the gentleman was off his guard, the weapon was snatched from him, and a roar of laughter went up from his tormentors upon their finding that it was not loaded. The company agreed to make terms if their victum would stand a case of champage, but he absolutely refused to do this, and was ultimately allowed to make his escape on putting down a sovereign.—Glasgow Mail.

THEM DO TORS, "

I had just unfolded the daily and settled back in my seat for a pull at the news, when she reached over and poked me in the neck with her yellow parasol and called out:

"Has them tarnal doctors killed the President yet?"

She was an old-fashioned, motherly woman, never traveling without a phial of peppermint and having a hawk's eye for every patch of smartweed and bunch of catinj along the line.

"The President is able to sit up."

"I don't believe it—don't believe one end of no such story!" she said as she left her bundles and boxes and parcels, and came over to share my seat.

"But the papers say so."

"I don't keet two conts for the papers! I tell you the President hasn't been doctored right any of the time, and nobody kin make me believe that he's gettin' better. Young man, are you a doctor?"

"No ma'am."

"You needn't mam' me, because I'm a plain woman. It's a pity you sin't a doctor, for I could prove ye a humbug in about two minits De you know what is killing off so many in this country?"

"I's death, isn't it?"

"Of course its death—death and the doctors! And them doctors have done their very best to kill the President! Do you remember what they done the day that he was shot?"

tors! And them doctors have done their very best to kill the President! Do you remember what they done the day that he was short? "Um. Let's see! Probed for the ball and gave him merphine, didn't they?" "They did," she replied, as she jammed the parasol into my ribs. "Itha's just what killed my nephew in the army. He was shot by a cannon ball, and them doctors probed and probed and probed, and when they had got around to decide that the ball had gone clean through him and knocked off the roof of a barn half a mile away, the poor boy was dead. Morfeen! I have saved over a hundred nayburs from the grave and I never even cot eyes on morfeen! How manch I.

a barn half a mile away, the poor boy was dead. Morfeen! I have saved over a hundred payburs from the grave and I never even cot eyes on morfeen! How much. I have pitted the poor President, and how I have wished I was there!"

"What for?"

"What for?"

"What for?"

"What for?"

"What would you have done?"

"Well, have you read that they have soaked his feet one single time since the day he was shot?"

"No."

"Of course you haven't! Did they put horseradish drafts on his feet?"

"No."

"Have they gin him a smartweed sweat?"

"No."

"Tried mustard poultices?"

" Has he had one single drink of catnip tea nee the day he was shot?"

'No."
'Have they used any flax seed about

"Have they used any flax seed about him?"

"No."

"Haven't heard of their digging any gingsen, sarsaparilla, wild turnip, sweet flag, burdock or sweet sicily?"

"No."

"No you haven't!" she exclaimed as she just missed my nose with that amiable parasol. "All they've done is to talk about his perspiration being up to 103, his normal pulse and his temperature from 90 to 98. If it was me my temperature would be up to 300 and I'd make things hum. It's the shame-facedest case I ever heard of, and you just mark what I tell ye—that them tarnal doctors will suiff at lobelia and number six and turn up their noses at mustard plasters till all of a sudden the President will begin to sink and sink, and even cold sage tea and mutton tallow won't save him."—M. Quad.

—In 1526 roses were placed over confessionals as symbols of secrecy.