

A GREAT MISTAKE.

Mrs. Throgmorton had a little plot of her own on foot, as Bee was very well aware, and was doing her best to obtain from Mr. Ackroyd that invitation to Croome which Ada had once so unthinkingly expressed a wish to secure. Lady Sarah Yarnock and her aunt were Mr. Ackroyd's party, but the placid little lady of the house had enough of her own to insist on having her party composed of the friends of her old husband, and with whom she felt much more at ease than with the alarming London ladies who had already arrived at Croome, and who, well bred and full of tact as they were, always seemed to possess some unaccountable another language than hers, and to have brought with them the manners and customs and mores of some unknown world.

"Of course George March will be a good deal at Croome," thought Mrs. Throgmorton; "and, if Ada could only break out of her shell, and be a little less anxious about her mother, I dare say the matter would soon be settled. I know George, and I know Mrs. Throgmorton, and I know that she is not a little of a snob, but she is hardly aware of it himself. Mrs. Ackroyd was willing enough to oblige her good friend Mary, but it appeared that, for the first week or two at least, the handsome old housewife, who had been so overpowered—Captain Sugden, Lady Sarah's cousin was bringing so many young men down with him, and she was so sure that the snob oppressed little hostess could do so to promise that Mrs. Ludlow should be asked to the ball on New Year's eve, and with Mrs. Throgmorton was fain to be satisfied.

But no sooner heard of this matter stroke than she determined not to be outdone by her kindly and eager mother in the faction that was secretly springing up between them.

"Lucy shall go to the ball, too," she decided valiantly; "and she will be the prettiest girl there." "I shall make her take it," she said, "and I shall make her take it."

"I told you I should have a new gown," Lucy said, with a little air of triumph. "And I am sure you will like it." "I am sure you will like it," said Mrs. Throgmorton, "but I am not sure that I have any right to be so sure. There are so many children who have not even shoes to their feet."

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These ladies knew each other perfectly well, a little mistake was made the excuse for a good deal of friendly and harmless gossip on Wednesday afternoon.

Certainly there was quite a formidable group assembled at the gates as Doctor March and Miss Ludlow, followed by a half-dressed lady in a blue gown, came quietly down the path together. And it appeared that Laura Tulkington was asking a great many questions of Bee Throgmorton, and she was talking about the great event at Croome.

"Where! When—oh, at the ball!" "I hope it is not too late," said Mrs. Throgmorton, "but I am not sure that I have any right to be so sure. There are so many children who have not even shoes to their feet."

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And, following the young lady at a careful distance, he saw, as he expected, that her visit here, as it had been in Green Gables, to the post office, was not a very successful one.

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BRIC-A-BRAC.

Why Buildings Burn. The cause of the fire in New York during the last thirteen years was carelessness in some form, as appears from the reports of the Fire Commissioners.

Ante Sensitive to Light and Color. On Thursday last, Mr. John L. ...

Remarkable Scenes at a Funeral. During the funeral services at the Greenview, N. J., Evangelical church, over the remains of Wolfgang Stoeber, a member of the order of Knights of Pythias, a thunderbolt struck the building descending to the ground at the side of the church by the lightening rod.

THE BOER WAR. A South African Dutchman Explains How His Brother Patriots Fought the British Troops. (Buffalo River Country, of London Morning News.)

Two Hundreds of Sperm Whales. Seven Whales of Them Going on a Picnic. The bark Bina, of Pensacola, Fla., last week at the foot of Seventeenth street, North river, New York. A sun reporter boarded her on the 10th of the month, and was told that she had brought him to a number of sperm whales of the Lincoln Sound on his way up the coast last Saturday.

AN ANCIENT AQUEDUCT REOPENED. After a breach of 1,600 years the aqueduct built by the Emperor Augustus to supply Bologna with water was restored to use June 23, Nineteen Centuries ago the imperial engineers tapped the Setia aqueduct, and the water of the Reno, tunneling the hills, sinking their work beneath the beds of the mountains into the river, and bringing the waters to the gates of the city where they were used for the public baths, and the other probably destined for the fountains of streets and public squares.

LOBBERS OF MONAY. Pardon me for troubling you, sir, but did you drop a \$20 gold piece? asked a man who was passing me. I had not, I replied. He then asked me if I had seen a man in a blue coat and a top hat, who was carrying a bag of money. I had not, I replied. He then asked me if I had seen a man in a blue coat and a top hat, who was carrying a bag of money. I had not, I replied.

YOUTHFUL HEROISM. A year ago, in the summer of 1880, a deed of heroism was performed by a young lad of Alexandria, in Piedmont, for which he has just been rewarded in a characteristically Italian and Latin manner. Some children were playing upon the bank of the River ...

Some writer would gladly reduce to a few lines the account of the work of the restoration of the Reno, and in 1864 published the results of the investigation in an elaborate monograph. Since then the work of restoration has been going on with a thoroughness and skill calculated to make the new work as enduring as the old. The aqueduct was originally made of brick and stone masonry, but the work of restoration was done in concrete and masonry.