A GREAT MISTAKE.

"But I dare say, like Mary Garth's Miss Morgan, you are interesting to yourselves? And no doubt Bee finds King Olaf agreeable enough. Its only because poor little I am too small to catch his eye, I suppose he never knows whether I am in the room or not."

There was another sentimental murmur and another laughing protest.

"Don't be personal, Mr. Throgmorton. We were talking about your sister and Mr. Ackroyd, not about me."

"Well, of course Ted and Bee have always been chums."

"And are likely to remain so all their life?"

"I suppose so."

"Bee ought to be very proud of such devotion."

"Oh, I don't know about devotion! I don't suppose Ted has ever thought about anything serious. They get on very well together."

"But Bee tells me he is to marry a 'fine lady.' Are his family so ambitious?"

"His father is. Mrs. Ackroyd cares for nothing but her model school and her poultry."

"I was so sorry we were out when Mrs. Ackroyd called on mamma. I like all that Bee has told me about her so much. I am sure she must be quite charming."

"She is very nice, of course." Jack's voice did not express much interest in the subject in hand.

"And I dare say she will be wanting to carry your sister off some of these days for King Olaf. I feel sure she does not care about the ladies!"

"But you see it is not what she likes at all that counts."

"Oh! it is Mr. Ackroyd who reigns?"

"Absolutely."

"Is he such a domestic ogre? Tell me what spells to use that he may not quite eat me up when we meet."

"It will only be necessary for him to look at you," declared the eager baritone voice, breaking out again.

"Many thanks! After all, I am harmless. I shall not interfere with Mr. Ackroyd's views. I am beginning to think that an obscure lot is not without its alleviations. I can talk freely now to men of all ages and conditions, because in my *dot*-less state no one can suspect me of having designs upon their liberty. You are not afraid of me, are you, Mr. Throgmorton? Neither am I of you. But when I was an heiress I should have suspected some lurking hint of a mercenary nature in every pleasant word you said to me. After all, it is nicest to be poor."

"By Jove, you are an angel!" burst forth the boy, with so much energy that Mrs Ludlow, who had been dozing, opened her eyes with a sleepy exclamation and sat up on the sofa.

"It is only Mr. Throgmorton talking to Ada, auntie," said Lucy, getting up from the hearthrug, where she had been sitting with a book on her lap. "I think he is going now. He is coming to say 'Good-bye.'"

* * *

The dinner-bell was ringing when Jack reached Upper Brunswick Street; and Bee, who was coming down stairs, was struck by the eager excited look in his face as he let himself into the hall with his latch key. He had a crimson rose in his coat, and was whistling a bar or two of a vocal waltz which Miss Ludlow sometimes sang.

"Have you been to King's Road, Jack?" his sister asked abruptly. "Make haste and dress; this is the second time you have been late this week."

"Well, are you accountable for my misdeeds?"—ignoring the question.

"Did Ada Ludlow give you that rose, or did you take it?" Bee said, with some return of his rudeness.

Jack colored up to the roots of his hair.

"Look here, Bee," he cried hotly—"I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer! I am not a child to be questioned like that! Don't let your jealousy carry you too far!"

Bee shrugged her shoulders wearily and passed by.

"Can she not even leave me my brother?" she thought, with bitterness. "What does she want of Jack. Poor foolish boy."

CHAPTER XV.

It was too bad, Mrs. Throgmorton declared, that, just as Ada had been induced to emerge from her seclusion, Doctor March's patients should all fall ill together, as if they were in a conspiracy to keep him away from Upper Brunswick street.

He was hardly ever seen in the brown room now; and on the rare occasions when he did show up he looked fagged and worried enough to render his plea of over work easily credible. The young man was, however, acting up to a resolution he had formed after many days of harassed and anxious consideration. He had always been on such brotherly terms with Mrs. Throgmorton's children that the discovery he believed himself to have made as to the state of Bee's feelings came upon him with a very disagreeable shock. It was tacitly understood by all the family, as it had been by him, that, when the young lady had duly enjoyed her girlish pleasure of tormenting a lover—whose abject condition might fairly have pleaded for her compassion—she would be ready to admit that Ted Ackroyd, who had called her his little wife when they were little children together, and who had remained true to that innocent troth ever since, ought one day to be rewarded for his fidelity. But now to think, George pondered vexedly, that the poor girl had been unconsciously drifting into some sweet provoking folly about him, an old fellow who was fitter to be her father than her husband. It was really distressing.

He did not feel in the least ashamed to admit the evident facts of the situation.

"Perhaps I am a conceited ass," he told himself; "but I don't care whether I am or not, and I shall not mend matters by pretending I don't know that the girl has given me her love, warm and palpitating out of that kind heart of hers, which I am sure has never throbbed for any one else since the days when she loved her doll, as she ought to have loved her neighbor, better than herself. And there is only one thing to be done—I can see that very plainly. I must keep away from the house and give her time to forget this—this nonsense. I must learn by degrees to give up those pleasant half hours in the old school room—and I am sorry for it! That jolly old barn is the nearest approach to a home that I have known since I was a little lad and my mother was alive. It is always the way," George concluded, shrugging his broad shoulders. "A fellow can never make an agreeable friendship for himself but some infernal love nonsense or other must creep in and spoil it all. My dear old Bee! I shall be hearing next that Jack is in love, or Mrs. Batters—nothing can surprise me after this."

A sigh followed hard on these reflections.

"Poor old Bee!" the young man added kindly. "Poor dear child!"

But, though he tried to laugh about it, George could not bear to think of Bee's trouble, or to look at the poor girl when they met. He felt guilty in the possession of her fond little secret, and would gladly have spared her the pain of his presence altogether but that it was necessary, for the sake of avoiding comment, that they should still meet from time to time, and on the old friendly footing.

But Doctor March began to dread his visits to Upper Brunswick street as much as, a very short time before, he had enjoyed them. And it was natural that Bee should feel the change and should be forced to admit, with many secret and humiliating tears, that the feeling she had unconsciously been cherishing for George March, and which had been made clear to her so suddenly and so painfully on the day of her walk with Ada Ludlow, was not returned.

She tried bravely enough to hide the trouble which this conviction caused her; but how was it possible for the old, happy, careless life to go on, in which George had been as a brother to her, and how was she to joke and dispute with him any longer, now that the very sound of his step on the stairs or of his voice in the hall set her heart beating fit to choke her, and made her turn pale and red in a breath?

Then fell long intervals between his visits—intervals during which Bee was always listening with strained and feverish attention for the steps which so seldom came.

"He is wise and good," she thought often, as she tossed through the long sleepless November nights. "He knows what is best, and he is right to stop away. I will not complain."

But Mrs. Throgmorton, that arch match maker, in her kindly zeal for Miss Ludlow's establishment in life, unconsciously rendered Doctor March's plan of action towards her daughter very hard to carry out. She was never satisfied unless she was bringing the Doctor and her protegee together; and George, who felt a genuine pleasure in Miss Ludlow's society, would doubtless have yielded with unconscious alacrity, had it not been for his determination to spare from all unnecessary suffering the girl he had known and liked so long.

For Miss Ludlow's perfect repose and the entire absence of feminine coquetry in her manner were very reassuring to a man who was beginning to suspect a dangerous subacid of sentiment in the most commonplace phrase or glance.

"If I have been deluded in my dear old Bee's case," he used to think, with a doleful laugh at his own expense, "who knows but I may be so in others? And how can I be sure that the fair Janet Bryer herself may not mean something horribly tender by her prickliest remarks?'

So George held manfully to his colors, and displayed considerable ingenuity in parrying kind Mrs. Throgmorton's repeated invitations.

Mrs. Throgmorton naturally had not the faintest suspicion as to the cause of the languor and irritability and fitful gaiety which for some little time she had noticed with anxiety in her tall bright girl. Bee was a child still in her mother's fond eyes; and Mary Throgmorton believed, as tender mothers are apt to believe, that she knew every thought in her daughter's mind. And, affectionately as the kind woman regarded the young Doctor, whom she had come to consider in a manner as one of her own family, it had never occurred to her that there might be danger for Bee in such a close intimacy as had existed between the young people. George had always so steadily declared that he did not mean to marry; and Bee was so young; and it was certainly very easy to see that Ted Ackroyd was over head and ears in love.

But there was time enough for all that, as Mrs. Throgmorton sometimes said in confidential chats with her Tom, who knew well enough that his wife was in no hurry to part with her one daughter, though she was so eager to promote the marriages of other girls. It was to be feared indeed that Bee's first suitor would have a hard time of it with both her parents, whose blooming daughter was to them more precious than gold and good establishments, and that they would consider the luckless fellow who should demand their treasure of them as an enemy bent on their discomfiture.

Ted Ackroyd himself would fare no better; though, as this match was in every way so desirable—it would hardly be parting from her girl to give her to Ted—Mrs. Throgmorton unconsciously looked upon it as settled in some remote future, in spite of the acknowledged opposition of Ted's father, who, though very fond in his crochety fashion of bright Bee Throgmorton, had more ambitious views for his only son.

Meanwhile, however, poor Bee had found out in a very unexpected fashion that she was no longer the child her mother fancied her; and the trouble that had crowned her a woman was weighing very heavily on her brow. The change in her bright face and ways was daily becoming more marked; and Mrs. Throgmorton was sorely puzzled to find a cause for her girl's low spirits. Bee seemed to be gradually losing all interest in her music and her horse and hardly cared to try on a new dress, or to accept an invitation to any of the simple Barlaston gaieties. She was never heard singing up and down the stairs, and would sit moping by herself, her mother declared anxiously, for hours together.

"Perhaps she is fretting a little for Ted," suggested gentle Mrs. William, with a pretty blush.

The days were not long gone by when Charlotte had been used to fret herself if business called Wm. Throgmorton away for a week, or even a day; and young Ackroyd happened to be out of town just then, paying a reluctant visit at a country house, where he was to meet the somewhat *passee* fine lady for whom his father intended him—a certain languid Lady Sarah, who, after eight seasons of hope deferred was coming to the conclusion that it would be better to marry "that rich Mr. Ackroyd," though his people were in trade, than to spend the rest of her life inside the dreary park palings of Wastelands, her father's place in Lincolnshire, with nothing but a heap of soiled finery and the consciousness of defeat left to her from her London campaign.

Could Ted's absence really be the cause of Bee's pale cheeks? Mrs Throgmorton remembered that Ted had often been away before without causing any such havoc in the girl's peace of mind; and the young lady did not show any of the usual symptoms when sounded on the subject by her artful little sister-in-law. There were no blushes when Ted was mentioned; there was no reading of his letters in secret places, no counting of the days till his return. Bee showed poor Teddy's abrupt scrawls with the utmost liberality to the assembled family, and laughed at the queer spelling, and went on growing paler and more languid every day. She lost her temper however so terribly when Mrs. Throgmorton proposed consulting Doctor March on the state of her health that no more was said on the subject just then. But the fond mother redoubled her loving care for her girl, and seemed never weary of contriving new pleasures and indulgences for her.

"We must manage a little change for you, my love," she said, trying not to appear uneasy. "Perhaps, if Ada could be spared, she might come and stop with us for a week or two; and we could get a dance, or some tableaux like those they had last year at the Bryers'. How would you like that?"

Bee shook her head. She had been hanging listlessly over the fire in the brown room when her mother came in; but she rose with an effort, and sat down before a half-finished plaque which she was painting, and made an attempt to seem busy and interested.

"Bee!" said her mother reproachfully. "And I thought Ada and you were going to be such friends!"

"I don't think I make friends easily, mother," said Bee, trying to smile. "I promised you to be kind to Ada Ludlow, and I do my best to keep my word. But you know I don't profess to like her quite as heartily as you do. I am not jealous, you dear old mother!" the girl added, laying her head for an instant against her mother's arm. "You can't help being good to every one you meet."

"Ada deserves all the goodness I can show her, believe me, my dear."

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Bee a little wearily. "She is certainly very gentle and good to her mother. I think that is all we know of her just yet, though they have been here now some time."

"Bee!"

Bee smiled again into her mother's appealing face.

"I really do think she is a good girl, darling," she said, nodding—"not very frank or strong perhaps, but sweet tempered and thoughtful certainly, and—and industrious."

There was a little pause after this loyal effort to find some good in the girl whose gentle companionship only oppressed and stifled her. Mrs. Throgmorton sat down to look over some bills, and Bee went on listlessly with her bunch of marigolds. But the brush fell from her hand as she sat looking absently out into the bare brown garden, and a wistful expression came into her face.

"Mother," she said suddenly, "do you know I am beginning to think that we are all behaving very cruelly to Lucy Thrale?"

Mrs. Throgmorton looked up, startled, from her accounts.

"Bee," she cried, "don't speak of that girl!"

"Why not, mother?" persisted Bee, turning round in her chair. "Is it fair to ignore her, as we have all been doing? I dare say she has faults; but am I—for one—so perfect that I can afford to despise her for what may have been only a piece of thoughtlessness after all?"

"Thoughtlessness!" echoed Mary Throgmorton warmly. "A girl does not lead an engaged man into proposing for her out of thoughtlessness, Bee."

"Well, perhaps"—a slow dusky red was rising now in Bee's pale cheeks, and she looked down and played nervously with the buttons of her gown—"perhaps she could not help liking Lord Meldrum, mother. I suppose people can't always help such things, dear?"

"People who respect themselves can, of course, my love," returned her mother; while the blood ebbed slowly out of Bee's face, leaving her even paler than usual. "There is no excuse at all for Miss Thrale."

"No, I suppose not. But I have been thinking a good deal about her lately somehow; and I am sure it cannot be pleasant to live as she is living with the Ludlows—under a perpetual cloud, and avoided by all their friends. It is enough to break any girl's spirit, mother. I could not stand it, I am quite sure!"

"Pray don't compare yourself with Lucy Thrale, Bee! She has no right to expect people to notice her—a girl who has ruined her cousin's prospects, perhaps for life! The least she can do is to keep out of the way as much as possible and show that she is sorry for her fault."

"Mother, we have heard only one side of the question," pleaded Bee. "I do think we ought to see her and judge for ourselves."

"I will not hear of such a thing!" declared Mrs. Throgmorton, energetically. "I do not wish my girl to associate with such a person as Miss Thrale. Bee you will hurt me very much if you speak of this again."

So Bee was silent. But, as her mother rose presently and left the room, and all necessity for acting was over, she sank back dejectedly in her chair, pushing her half-finished plaque and her colors away from her with a sigh of utter weariness.

"People who respect themselves can always help liking the wrong people," she repeated, with a faint and bitter smile. "If my dearest only knew, would she have said that to me? And perhaps Lucy Thrale could not help it any more than—than I can. I don't know why, but I can't get her out of my head lately. I wonder what sort of a girl she really is!"

It seemed, indeed, as if out of the new strange loneliness that was growing up around Bee's life, shutting out her nearest and dearest, and making for her a sad little world of her own to live in, a vague and yearning sympathy was being born for the still lonelier child in King's Road.

"Ada did not behave with perfect candor on that day of the walk," she went on musing sadly—"at least I thought she did not. And it is possible that we may not have heard all the truth about Lucy Thrale. I know that Ada always acquits her of all blame in that unfortunate business; but—I don't know how it is—I would rather hear her express mere annoyance with her cousin. I always feel inclined, like Sir Peter Teazle, to beg Ada not to take Lucy's part. And yet"—Bee's breath came a little faster—"he likes Ada—and he is very clear sighted and just. Oh, I am afraid"—the poor girl lifted her languid arms and clasped them behind her head—"I am a little bit hard on Ada Ludlow. I should be ashamed of myself if I allowed such a feeling to grow upon me, especially if he should ever——"

Miss Ludlow, who was now a frequent visitor in Upper Brunswick street, had gone on steadily winning regard from all the family. Jack, above all, was a staunch champion of the pale little woman, who had fascinated him from the hour of their first meeting in the foggy little station; and he received with scorn the various feminine innuendoes which were from time to time levelled at her. For Miss Ludlow had not been fortunate enough to please all Mrs. Throgmorton's friends. Little as she had gone out, opportunities had not been lacking to the young ladyhood of Barlaston of passing judgment on the fair stranger, and the judgment had not been entirely favorable.

It was possible certainly to accept this fact in a complimentary sense, and Ada herself always appeared calmly unconscious that opinions were at all divided.

"The women are all jealous of her," Jack used to declare to Bee, who somehow felt that her lips were sealed about Ada Ludlow, and that, if she dared to be honest—a strange "if" to find its way into Bee Throgmorton's fearless young soul!—and to admit her own distrust of a girl who had been so warmly adopted by her own people, it would seem as if there must be some unworthy motive for a feeling which she herself could not define or defend.

Once only she had replied to this unregenerate taunt of Jack's—Jack who used to be so good-natured and so fond of his pretty sister—which she had felt was directed against her as well as her friends.

"I don't see that we 'women,' as you call us all, Jack, have any particular cause to be jealous of Ada."

And Jack had laughed in a sneering disagreeable way, and had answered—"Not even where George is concerned? He seems to admire Miss Ludlow, at any rate."

After that, Bee would never speak of it any more. But it often filled her with wonder to see what changes had been wrought in her home by the arrival of one gentle little stranger in the town.

"I am always thinking now how happy we used to be," thought the girl, as she still sat staring idly into the leafless garden boughs beyond the window. "And yet nothing is really different, except that he comes here so seldom; and I suppose that is my fault."

CHAPTER XVI.

"Bee, my love," cried Mrs Throgmorton, coming back into the room with a housewifely jingle of keys, and noting with renewed uneasiness the listless air and attitude that Bee had fallen into, put on your hat and go across to King's Road for me, there's a good girl! I want Ada to come over this evening; and the walk will do you good. You are looking quite pale."

The fond mother stooped and kissed her tall girl with a tenderness that brought the tears into Bee's black eyes.

"I will come back rosy, darling," she said, springing up with assumed cheerfulness. "It is that horrible turpentine which has given me a headache."

"George March may look in too, tell Ada," added Mrs. Throgmorton, with elaborate carelessness. "So it won't be so stupid for her as it was last time."

"Mamma, what a character to give us all!" said Bee, smiling. "And isn't there always Jack to fall back on, or William, or even papa? So long as there are 'men to govern' in Miss Ludlow's 'wood,' she won't find it stupid, never fear."

Mrs. Throgmorton did not quite understand her daughter's little quotation; but she kissed her and bade her wrap herself up warmly, and to be sure to take no excuse from Ada.

Mrs. Ludlow was asleep, Susan informed Miss Throgmorton when she got to the Tower House, and Miss Ludlow was out; but Miss Lucy was at home, the rosy little servant added, if the young lady would be pleased to walk into the front dining room. Bee hesitated.

"I will wait for a few moments, thank you," she said, remembering her mother's prohibition. "Do not disturb Miss Thrale; I will go into the back drawing room."

Whereupon Susan showed the visitor into the pretty garden room, as Ada had begun to call it, in playful imitation of the brown room in Upper Brunswick street.

Bee was surprised, as she entered to see a very pretty girl, in a very shabby gown, rise in a confused way, with her lap full of some coarse work, and looking as if she wanted to escape from the room.

"I beg your pardon, really," said Bee, touched by a certain pathetic and hunted look in the girl's face and action. "Your maid did not think there was any one here."

"Aunt Letitia is asleep, and so I came in here to work," faltered Lucy, blushing. "Ada is out, but—will you sit down? I—I will go now."

With an irresistible impulse Bee stretched out her hand, saying abruptly:

"Don't go, Lucy. Stay and shake hands with me, and let us be friends."

Lucy paused, looked again into her visitor's face, and then, letting her work fall in a heap upon the ground, she put her two arms round Bee's tall neck and kissed her simply on the mouth.

So that was Lucy Thrale, Bee thought, unconsciously echoing Doctor March—that charming chestnut haired girl, with her perfect figure and big blue eyes? No wonder Lord Meldrum fell in love with her! What man would look at Ada Ludlow by the side of that radiant young creature in the threadbare gown?

"So you are Lucy?" she repeated aloud, putting her arms, with a pretty instinct of protection, round the child's slim waist. "Are you as sweet, I wonder, as you look?"

Lucy blushed and brightened and nestled closer.

"I think you would like me if you knew me," she said simply, never taking her eyes from the kind face that was bending over her. "Oh, Miss Throgmorton, if we might be friends! But"—with a sigh—"I have no right to expect it."

"Why not?" asked Bee, smiling sadly. "I should like to have a friend. I am beginning to feel very lonely of late, Lucy."

"Then what must I be?" returned Lucy, her blue eyes growing misty with a sudden April rain. "At least, I mean I am very happy here, of course; but it is all so strange at first, and there were so many of us to love each other at the convent."

"Well, I will be one to love you here if you will have me," said Bee in her sincere voice. "I am not generally romantic or given to making hasty friendships; but I like your face, Lucy. I want you to like me."

"I couldn't help it if I tried!" cried Lucy gladly; and the girlish compact was sealed on the spot with another kiss.

Mrs. Ludlow was dozing on her sofa in the front room; so their conversation was carried on in an undertone; and while they talked Lucy was still stitching away busily at her work. Bee looked at it presently with frank curiosity.

"Why, you are making a child's frock!" she said, surprised. "Who is that for?"

"For one of my little scholars; only don't speak of it, please, to Ada or to aunt Letitia. I never work at it except in my own idle time, you know; but——"

"Who are your little scholars!" asked Bee, her dark face softening as she met Lucy's innocent eyes.

"They live in Primrose Alley. I have six. If you would like to see them some day—Oh, but I forgot. It is not a very nice place, and perhaps you would not care to go."

"Are you going there to day?"

"Yes—I hope so, at least, as soon as the buttons are all on my frock. I must make haste and be ready by the time Ada comes back; the days are getting so short. Ada is shopping. Did not Susan tell you she was out?"

"Yes. But I suppose she thought I wanted to see you as well; and I am so glad I came in. Lucy, will you take me with you to Primrose Alley?"

"You don't mind really? It is not very clean——"

"I want to go very much. What made you think of going there?"

And then Lucy told the story of poor Mrs. Allen and her little Joe, and how it had haunted her for many days.

"I asked her to let me go and see her at last," she continued; and I found that she had three more little things, almost barefooted, and that there were ever so many more children running about Primrose Alley and swarming up and down the stairs of the houses all day long. Fancy, Miss Throgmorton, what a name—Primrose Alley!—for a dreadful back street where the sun hardly ever shines, and where the faces you see are like some of Dore's in his books, they are so gaunt and hopeless! But the children's are worst of all. And, do you know, I could not sleep at night after I had been there for thinking of them."

Without a word Bee stooped down and kissed her.

"Of course I know," she continued, still plying her needle busily, "that there are hungry neglected little children everywhere, and I dare say I have often slept soundly enough and not troubled my head about them. But, when you are reminded of it, when they are brought so close to you, it seems almost wicked to go on eating and drinking and laughing just the same; and I began to wonder whether I could not do something for even one little one out of the numbers I had seen."

"Well?" said Bee eagerly.

"It is not very easy," Lucy went on, "because, you see, I am wanted at home, and of course it would not be right to neglect poor aunt Letitia even for the sake of doing good to the children; but I think, when you are really in earnest about a thing, a way always opens sooner or later."

"And you found a way?"

"Yes. There is a poor crippled girl living in the same house with Mrs. Allen—'Lame Maria' they call her; and I found out that she sat at home all day, making button holes for tailors, but that she was often out of work, and would be glad to earn ever so little at such times—just to pay her rent."

"But how could she help you, Lucy?"

"Well, she had her room, you know; and the children are too little to go to school. All they wanted was some place to play in, and some one to look after them while their mothers were out to work, and poor Maria was very glad to have them with her while she sewed. It kept her from being lonely; and, though the poor little things were rude and troublesome at first—what else could you expect, Miss Throgmorton?—you should see their homes!—they are very fond of her now, and do what she tells them."

"And who pays Maria?" asked Bee, sincerely interested, more perhaps in Lucy's pretty and eager simplicity than in the scheme itself.

"The mothers!" returned the other, with a little air of triumph. "I do not want to make it a charity—poor people are so often offended by that sort of thing. They pay me sixpence a week for each child, and it makes a very nice little addition to Maria's earnings. Sometimes they can't pay it quite all at once, and then I lend it to them and put it down on a little book. I will show you some day if you care to see it."

"Indeed I should," declared Bee sincerely. "You dear little thing!"—Lucy was very nearly as tall as Miss Throgmorton herself. "To think of your inventing and carrying out such a good work all by yourself! Weren't you afraid to go into such streets and houses?"

"Horribly, at first," admitted Lucy, blushing with pleasure at these words of approbation. "But no one seemed to mind me, or say a word to hurt me."

"I should think not!" cried Bee warmly. "But go on; tell me some more about your tiny kindergarten."

"Oh, there is nothing more to tell!" Lucy declared, laughing and coloring again. "If am afraid I have talked too much already; but it is so pleasant to be able to speak about it."

"And I like to hear it. I see that you can help to clothe the children too."

"I make little things for them sometimes; but the mothers pay me for those too, and that money helps to pay for their dinner?"

"You give your little scholars their dinner?"

"Oh, they are such babies, it doesn't cost much—only bread and milk, or sometimes a little soup or porridge! And of course they are too young to learn lessons, though we do administer the alphabet in small doses by means of the brightest picture books we can paste together."

"We?"

"Yes. Maria and I," laughed Lucy, as she finished sewing on her last button. "She does the work, and I buy the pictures."

"But where do you get the money?" said Miss Throgmorton bluntly. She had been noting with pained and kindly eyes the shabbiness of Lucy's stuff gown, and comparing it mentally with Miss Ludlow's invariable and dainty neatness of attire. "All this must cost more money than the mothers are able to subscribe. Where does it come from, Lucy?"

"That is a secret," answered Lucy, with a face like a rose. "You must not ask that, Miss Throgmorton."

"Well, I won't then," said Bee gently. "But you must promise to take me to Primrose Alley, and you must let me learn to help you with your work. It can't be very hard to make a frock, and I will give up part of the time that I spend in daubing pottery and spoiling crewels."

"Oh, will you really help us?" cried Lucy, the quick tears rushing to her blue eyes. "Thank you so much, Miss Throgmorton. I can give you plenty of sewing. I have one or two old gowns of Ada's, and I know how to cut out very well. Mother Hardy taught me; and we often made clothes for the poor at the convent."

"Very well," returned the visitor rising; and there was a bright and eager look in her face that made her almost her old self of a few weeks before. "I am afraid I must not stay any longer now, because mamma expects me back to luncheon; but I will come again soon—to-morrow, may I?—and we will go to Primrose Alley together."

"To morrow?" reflected Lucy, with a finger on her pretty chin. "Yes," she began to fold her completed garment into a neat parcel, "if aunt Letitia goes out for a drive, or if Ada is able to stay at home with her, I shall be able to take you, Miss Throgmorton."

"Call me 'Bee.' Are not we going to be friends?" said Miss Throgmorton, smiling kindly. "Mamma shall come with the carriage; I will arrange that. Good bye, Lucy!"

"Good bye!" cried Lucy, flushing with joy. "Oh, I am so happy! I did so long to have some one to speak to! You are very good to me, Bee."

Bee paused at the door, and then came back, taking Lucy's two hands in her own, and looking down into her quivering uplifted face.

"Lucy," she said, abruptly, "did you entice your cousin's lover, Lord Meldrum, away? Don't try to explain," she added, as the hot color rushed in torrents to Lucy's sweet downcast cheeks and throat, "only answer 'Yes' or 'No.' I will take your word for it until we have time to talk fully about it some day."

"No," whispered Lucy, in strong agitation, but meeting Bee's anxious eyes with a steadfast look.

"I believe you," answered Bee.

CHAPTER XVII.

Miss Throgmorton had forgotten all about her mother's message to Ada, as she admitted, with laughing dismay, when she reached home. But the walk had evidently done her so much good, and the pretty old carnation was blooming so redly in her cheeks as she sat down to luncheon, that her mother had not the heart to scold her, but ordered the carriage and herself set off to King's Road to repair Bee's error.

Fate was so kind as to bring her face to face with Doctor March on the way; and the young man immediately received his friend's commands to dine that evening in Upper Brunswick Street.

"If I am not detained at Croome," he stipulated. "I am just off to see what is the matter there."

"Oh, it is nothing! It is only that Dotsie has a little cold. So Mr. Ackroyd told Tom this morning." And with a "Remember!" and an imperious nod of her handsome head the blooming matron drove off.

The Doctor had no answering smile.

It had been impossible on this occasion to evade Mrs. Throgmorton's hospitable intentions; but the thought of his meeting with Bee in the evening worried him beyond measure all day, and wove itself into his work in a persistent and irritating fashion.

He would have been glad of anything which could have demanded his absence and served as an excuse for disobeying his friend's command; and when he was free at last to set off for Croome, which was situated in a charming suburb of the town, he seemed determined to make the little journey in the longest possible manner, avoiding the train which would have taken him to the village of Green Knowe in fifteen minutes, and choosing to ride instead, in a leisurely way, between the bare brown hedges of the uninteresting country road.

There was no possible chance of escape however to be found at Croome, except that Dotsie, in her little hoarse voice, seconded by sedate Pamela, aged six, would gladly have persuaded Oppity—by which name, for some reason best known to themselves, the children had christened their idol—to remain with them in their cheerful nursery, with Muff the terrier, and the dolls Angelina Dagmar Lavinia and Alexandra Victoria Grace.

"I wish you could persuade the Doctor to stay, I'm sure,' sighed gentle Mrs. Ackroyd. "But I am afraid we a very dull party just just now. Ted is still away, you know, Doctor March."

Then George had to explain how he was exported in Upper Brunswick street, and must lose no time in getting back to town.

So he set off homewards again, aware that, ride as slowly as he would—not a seductive prospect in such a wind as was rising—he had still quite time enough to reach Beaudesert Gardens and dress, and be in Mrs. Throgmorton's drawing room before the clock struck seven.

The lamps were being lit as he rode along the little High street of the village, which was nearly deserted, and the clock above the post office told him that it was already half past five.

At the lit up window of the baker's shop, with which the post office was combined, a young fellow, smartly dressed and wearing a flower in his coat, was standing and displaying extreme interest in the loaves of bread and trays of buns therein set forth.

"What the deuce brings Edgar Bryer to Green Knowe?" thought Doctor March, amused. "Does he still cherish a weakness for buns, and come out here to indulge it in secret?"

He was about to hail the lad, when his horse, startled by the whistle of a train, suddenly quickened his pace, and in so doing came near causing a disaster which would certainly have made the Doctor late for dinner. For a young lady, who had just come out of the bakery, and who was already half way across the street, stopped short, uttering a little scream of terror, and dropped the letter she was carrying under Jerry's feet.

Doctor March held Jerry in, begging the young lady not to be alarmed; and then, plucking up courage, she ventured to stoop down and pick her letter out of the muddy road, which was already hardening with a touch of frost, and ran off with it as fast as she could, her garments fluttering away into the windy darkness of the village road.

"What a pretty girl!" thought George, half smiling at the recollection of her great startled eyes and appealing gestures. "Too late for her to be out alone, whoever she may be; so I hope it will teach her a lesson."

Then he turned round to look for Edgar Bryer; but the lad was gone.

"I thought it could not be the buns he was looking at so intently," reflected the Doctor sagely. "However, it is none of my business."

And he rode on, past the lights of the village and into the dark lamp dotted Barlaston road.

But suddenly he pulled up Jerry again, to the surprise of that old friend, who was not used to such capricious treatment from his rider.

"Yes, but it is my business!" he exclaimed aloud. "That girl was Miss Thrale—Miss Ludlow's cousin. I thought I had seen her somewhere before. And what on earth was she doing so far from home, and at such an hour as this?"

Then there flashed across him Edgar's openly expressed admiration for Miss Thrale; and it occurred to him that this meeting at the post office was not quite accidental.

"It is clearly my duty to speak of this," he thought, vexed. "I am always getting into some infernal scrape or other of late. Perhaps the best way would be to see Miss Thrale herself, and frighten her a little. I am afraid they leave her too much to herself in King's Road; and Satan finds some mischief still —— Get on, Jerry, old boy! There is nothing to be gained now by this delay."

Doctor March thought he had calculated his arrival in Upper Brunswick street to such a nicety that he had provided against all possibility of a tete-a-tete with Bee: but it happened that through some unexpected delay in the office dinner had been delayed for half an hour; and, his host driving up to the door just as he himself was mounting the steps, George was dispatched as usual to the brown room in search of Jack and his sister.

He found only Bee.

She was already dressed for dinner, and was sitting on the hearthrug with Othello and Desdemona in her lap, reading by the light of the fire.

"Is that you?" she said, looking up as the door opened. "You will find mamma in the drawing room, I think. There is no one else here but me."

"And what is 'me' doing?" inquired George, standing uneasily with his hand on the door. "Reading by that light. Imprudent young person! When you are as old as I am, you will be reduced to using spectacles."

"I shall be dead long before that," Bee retorted, speaking with more than her usual impertinence in her endeavor to hide the delight which his now rare presence caused her, "if you keep me in such a gale of wind. Do come in or go out—whichever you like."

"I make it a rule to face disagreeables boldly," declared George, shutting the door and advancing. He too spoke in his usual jesting way; but there was an uncomfortable ring in his voice, and he kept aloof in the way that had lately become habitual with him.

Bee was miserably conscious of it; and, as she woke up the cats and rose from her undignified position on the rug, her heart swelled within her with a bitter pain.

"Don't let Miss Ludlow banish me altogether from the brown room," he had pleaded one evening not so long before. "It was I who should have asked that of him," she thought sadly; and, as George, still silent, drew near the fire, she moved away, and went over to the piano, plunging haphazard into the intricacies of the Rhapsodie Hongroise.

Bee had often and often played to Doctor March at such a time before; but now it was a difference. She chose the gayest and least sentimental pieces she could remember, and rattled through them in a very effective manner; but they sounded to the young man sadder than the most romantic of her reveries and nocturnes.

His heart thrilled with pity and gratitude and liking as he watched her, sitting so pale and cold in the dusk, and bravely playing out the misery that she could never speak in words. But pity and gratitude and liking were but a paltry return for the first tremulous passion of a young girl's life; and George, little as he knew of love, knew at least that he had nothing better to give.

"What is this new fancy for noise, pray?" he asked, turning his head lazily in his easy chair, when a pause in the music had lasted uncomfortably long.

"Noise?" said Bee coldly, still vainly striving after the old happy squabbling manner. "I am very sorry that I have deafened you so long." And she stood up abruptly and went back to the fire.

"I would rather be deafened than snubbed," replied the Doctor meekly; and, rising too, he offered Miss Throgmorton the chair which he had been sharing with Desdemona, walking across in his turn to the vacated piano stool, and begining to turn over the leaves of a music book.

"I should not presume to do either," the girl retorted, tossing her head; but her lips quivered in spite of her as she noticed his continued avoidance of her.

George groaned.

"What have I done now?" he demanded, as he wheeled round and faced the enemy.

There was no answer. The enemy was leaning her white muslin elbow listlessly on the tall mantlepiece, and looking into the fire. The crimson knot at her throat was trembling visibly in the low light of the smouldering logs on the hearth.

"What have I done?" persisted George. He was every moment expecting deliverance from his torture at the hands of some member of the family.

"Done? Nothing!"—impatiently and laughing in a by no means natural manner. "Am I never to be rude now without having an excellent reason cut and dried to present you with on demand?"

"Heaven forbid! It is not your rudeness I complain of, madam; I am used to that. On the contrary, I don't see why you have turned so deadly polite to me all of a sudden."

"It is a shame!" admitted Bee, clasping her hands very tightly to keep them from trembling. "Suppose we call a truce; I can't think of anything else disagreeable enough to say."

"Agreed!" George was admiring the girl's courage, and loving her, and feeling angered against her, all at once, in some inexplicable way. "What have you been about all day?"

Bee smiled.

"I have been making discoveries," she said, without turning her eyes away from the fire."

"Making discoveries! What—in Barlaston?"

"In Barlaston, Doctor March," she repeated slowly nodding her head.

"And they were—" He was still perched on the piano stool, with his hands in his pockets.

"A buried treasure for one thing."

"I hope it is not to remain buried any longer, Miss Throgmorton?" The young man felt as if a reprieve had somehow been granted him, and he were once more able to breathe.

"Not if I can help it, certainly," she answered, still smiling to herself. "You shall assist me to unearth it some of these days."

"I won't; I believe it is something uncanny. Where in the world have you been to-day, my dear child?"

"I have been to see Lucy Thrale," Bee answered, flashing round upon him. "And Lucy Thrale is——"

But just at that moment Jack opened the door and looked in.

"Oh, here you are, Bee!" he said eagerly. "How are you, George? Miss Ludlow is come. Shall I bring her in here?"

"No," cried Bee abruptly; "I am going into the drawing room myself!"

"All right; I'm off. I'm late as it is. Don't leave her there all by herself. Mother is not down yet.

The lad was gone in a flash.

"Miss Thrale is—what!" suggested George, reminded of the little scene at the post office. "I think the less you have to say to Miss Thrale, Bee, the better."

Bee did not answer. Her face had grown pale and cold again. George fell to turning round and round on the piano stool, and wondering what he should say next.

There was a horrible, uneasy pause, broken only by the light fall of the ashes on the hearth, and by Desdemona's plaintive petition for a little attention, as she trotted on her dainty white paws across the dark floor to her mistress's feet.

"You seem to have forgotten that Ada Ludlow is in the drawing room," Bee began at last, without looking round.

George sprang up with an unmistakable air of relief.

"So I had," he declared cheerfully. "I was thinking of old friends, and not of new. Shall we join her?"

"Yes," Bee smothered a sigh, and prepared to go. "I will take you to her, Doctor March."

The poor girl's voice said a great deal more than her words—"I will take my one love to her; I will give her up my hope and my delight, since it seems they are to be given to her, a stranger, and not to me, who have held them dear this many a day."

This was what the hopeless accents said; and, if George March was not vain enough or romantic enough to hear all this in Bee's speech and sigh, he heard enough to make him very unhappy. And he felt more clearly than ever that he had no remedy for the girl's pain, except a very harsh one.

"Bee," he cried abruptly, catching at her hands as she passed, and drawing her to him, "what is the matter? Why don't you like Ada Ludlow?"

Bee protested, flushing, that she did like Ada Ludlow. The poor girl was trembling from head to foot; but she was looking at George steadily, and trying her hardest to keep out of her face the joy that his touch awoke within her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WIGGIFS TORNADO.

Remarkable Fulfilment of a Weather Prophecy.

On the 21st of June, Dr. Stone Wiggins, of St. John, New Brunswick, now of the Finance Department, published a letter signed "Astronomer," announcing the approach of a terrible tornado that would in a few days visit this continent. A portion of his letter reads as follows, most of the journals who copied it heading it with the words, "An Astronomer's Warning":

"As the moon will be at her inferior conjunction on the 25th, and as the planets will be but a few degrees out of conjunction, I would advise seamen to get their vessels into safe harbors till that date be passed. Terrific gales, accompanied by hail, will blow from the southeast along the Atlantic coasts. Brilliant showers of meteors will occur, especially within the tropics. The tides will be unusually high in the West Indies, and hurricanes will prevail on the east side of the Rocky Mountains. The month of July will be excessively hot, owing to the heated atmosphere returning from the equatorial regions."

Knowing that this gentleman had twenty years ago written a work on Astronomy these words were considered of such importance that they were wired to every part of the continent by the Associated Press agent, and the following morning appeared in all the leading journals in Canada and the United States. This gale, here so accurately foretold, and which for its wide area, its violence and destructiveness, has had no equal since the settlement of the country, first showed itself in the Southern States, its fury, if possible, increasing as it proceeded northward, where many lives have been lost and millions worth of property destroyed. On Saturday, the 25th of June, it swept over Georgia and Virginia, uprooting trees, throwing down chimneys and prostrating buildings—burying many persons in the ruins—and carrying timbers through the air as if made of straw. Thousands of bushels of wheat were literally pounded into the earth, and for twenty four hours the hailstones lay six inches deep upon the ground. On Sunday the 26th it appeared so far east as the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and at Momramcook, N. B., the hail could have been collected in bushels. On Monday it appeared at Washington, doing immense damage to the city and its vicinity. At the same moment it struck into New Hampshire. A Franklin dispatch (N.H.) of the 28th says: "During a tornado here yesterday (Monday), hail stones more than an inch in diameter fell. Half the houses in the town had the windows shattered, multitudes of chimneys were swept down, trees uprooted and gardens are everywhere in ruins. Many buildings are severely damaged, and freight cars at the depot of the Northern railway were blown off the track." A similar event took place at the same moment at Wabash, Ind., where a whole train of freight cars were lifted from the track and thrown down an embankment. So neatly were they lifted that not a link was broken. The States of Iowa, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, appear to have been the principal sufferers, owing to the loss of life, the immense destruction of private property churches, and public buildings. Western Ontario had a share in this wide-stretching tornado. From Muirkirk, Millbrook, Wattord, Erie, Welland and St. Catharines came dispatches announcing the destruction of property in the form of ruined wheat fields, or rooted forests and fruit trees, and the destruction of buildings to an extent never before known in these latitudes. At Welland the hurricane was accompanied by hailstones as large as walnuts. In the township of Erin it swept everything before it. A dispatch says: "It was terrific to behold trees, rails, timbers of buildings and shingles flying in the air and tossed in every direction." On the farm of Mr. McClure, the barn was swept off its foundation and torn to shreds. Strange to say that a valuable span of horses which were left standing in the stable tied to the manger escaped unhurt. Mr. Neer, a neighbor, says a thousand dollars will not cover the loss to his buildings and crops. A St. Catharines dispatch says: 'Such a storm never before visited this locality within the recollection of any person living." The people of some sections of Canada and the United States have cause to long remember this tornado.

PLACED IN A PLIGHT.

Incident of the Trip of the Duke of Athol to St. Paul.

The through express train from Sioux City which arrived here yesterday morning bore a goodly number of passengers, and it was evident from the pleasant expression of many of them that something had occurred to excite their mirth. It transpired that what might have been an accident was transformed into a laughable incident. The train was by some oversight overtaken by a freight train at Bingham lake, and a gentle collision, which affected most seriously the sleeping car at the end of the train, quite alarmed the inmates of the slumber coach and caused a consternation among the passengers. Among those most excited was the Duke of Athol, who, in a snowy robe de nuit, with drawers and slippers, and a Scotch cap on his royal brow, rushed forth from the train and leaped to the prairie on which the train had stopped. Finding that no serious damage had been done, the express train proceeded, leaving his grace at sea on the vast trackless plain, in a costume scarcely suited to his climate, and rather more thinly clad than the red Indians his countrymen believe roam this emphatically civilized region.

The porter of the sleeping car discovered that the duke was missing, but his clothes were left, and as it was too late to return, the conductor notified the last station by wire that the nobleman's clothes would be sent by return train and it is presumed that they reached him in good order, for he arrived at the Merchant's hotel last evening, thoroughly tired but in the best of humors, and determined to extend his investigations through a country which impressed him most favorably.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

—The Toronto *World* has "taken another step forward" by dropping one of its two editions. It will take still anther step forward when it drops the other one.

ANOTHER WONDER.

Something New in Steamboating—Propelling a Vessel Without an Engine.

(From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

This is truly an age of invention and improvements on inventions. The steam engine electrified the world when it first made its appearance. Since then it has been wonderfully improved upon, and new improvements are being made almost every day. The latest thing out is the propulsion of a steamboat without an engine or shaft at all—simply by steam; and even without steam.

One of the most beautifully modeled yacht hulls it has been the writer's pleasure to look upon for many a day was launched Thursday from the boat yard of Paul Pauliot, near Lake Street bridge. The dimensions are as follows: Length of hull, 50 feet; breadth of beam, 9 feet; depth of hold, 4½ feet.

It is of oak to the water line, upper works planked with pine, inside apparently lined, decked over forward for coal bunker, hard wood rail and hard wood streak under rail. Mr. Pauliot's contract calls for an open boat, with floor for machinery. This hull is now completed, and the builder gets $500 for his mastership of skill and workmanship. Several of our nautical experts looked at the craft and examined it critically, and all pronounced it the very pink of perfection. It will certainly prove a floating advertisement for Mr. Pauliot, whether the plan of propulsion proves a success or a failure. The owners of the new yacht are Mr. Wheeler of the firm of Munger, Wheeler & Co., the well known elevator proprietors, and K. R. Olmstead, the chief engineer of the Galena elevator, the latter a thorough, practical machinist.

The new and model mode of propulsion to be applied to the new yacht is the invention of Mr. Olmstead. There will be no engine on board, simply a boiler and pump, and the inventor says the craft will be propelled by either steam or cold water pressure—either can be used at pleasure. Through pipes connecting the boiler with tubes and chambers about, on and in the wheel, the wheel is turned by whichever pressure it pleases those running the craft to employ. The buckets of the wheel are about the same shape and appearance as those of any ordinary wheel, but they are hollow and the steam escapes through apertures on the ends. In a word, the plan of the invention brings the power employed to bear directly on the wheel without any engine or shaft, or if there is anything like an engine about it the wheel itself is the engine. Inquiries were made as to whether Mr. Olmstead had ever seen the principle employed before—whether he was really the inventor—and the answer was that the principle was wholly original with him. He had been working on it for a long time, had fully tested it, and there was no doubt at all of its success. More than this, he expected to get a speed out of the new yacht of eighteen miles an hour. After the boiler, etc., are put in place, and the craft fully tested, she is to be handsomely housed and given an upper deck. The boiler is of steel, an upright one, six feet high, and three feet eight inches in diameter, and the rudder, also of iron, is two feet wide and two feet six inches in length.

The trial trip of the new yacht will be made in the course of a week or ten days, and there will doubtless be a great deal of interest and curiosity to see whether the new mode of propulsion turns out a success or a failure. If successful, there is no reason why it cannot be applied to larger craft. Who knows but what Mr. Olmstead has improved the steam engine out of existence. The entire cost of the new yacht will be about $2,500. Her name has not yet been decided upon.

A WOMAN'S VICTORY.

Near Springfield, Mass., there lives a woman who has been twice married, but is now a widow. She has one child of her first husband, and two of her second husband to support. When the latter gentleman died he was in debt by an indorsement for $1,000, and among his assets was a second mortgage on a small farm which it would not pay to take, owing to the size of the first mortgage. How the wife managed to work things when thrown on her own resources makes quite a story of feminine New England enterprise. Take, for example, the case of the worthless second mortgage. The owner of the farm had abandoned the property, and the holder of the first mortgage, realizing that some day he would get it, thought it wise to begin early, and so planted a crop on the land in the spring. The plucky widow, however, finding it would take him several months to foreclose, got from the owner a deed of the land. Then she went and plowed under the first mortage man's crop, and set the fields herself to tobacco. The other party was powerless until the machinery of the law foreclosed his bond, and, before that time the widow had cut and removed the tobacco, and was just so much in. By pluck and activity, working hard herself, she got along, supported herself and family, and, little by little, reduced the face of the $1,000 debt, which was in the form of a mortgage on her farm, and was held by a trustee, and so could not morally be compromised by him. Finally by her own labors she cleared the farm of debt, and wiped the mortgage all off. To finish the story, it may be added that the husband left no will, and consequently the farm, now that she has paid for it, does not belong to her, but his children, and for all her labor she has no ownership. The law is rather queer in its working sometimes.

THE SKELETON OF A STORY.

A skeleton always forms an excellent outline for a sensation, and so it proved the other day when one of Janesville's young valiants was fooling with a pair of embryonic doctors. One of them engaged the attention of the young man, while the other stepped to a cupboard, and taking an articulated skeleton by the nape of the neck, or where the nape ought to be, brought it out, and started with it in front of him, right toward that young man. There was a yell like the war cry of a cat convention on the wood shed, and that young man rushed out of that office like a dog running a race with an oyster can. It was a rush for life. He struck the stairs and the stairs struck him. The bottom was reached before he got half way down, and as he gathered himself up he swore vengeance, and sleep rested not upon his eyelids until he had planned his campaign of wrath against that young doctor.

It was not many nights after before his plan was carried into exection. Calling to his aid in confidence the young doctor's chum, he secured possession of that skeleton, daubed its eyes with phosphorus that they might send forth ghastly glances, and snugly tucked it in the young doctor's bed, covering it carefully with the quilts, and hiding it from sight until the young doctor should turn back the clothes to get into bed. The plan worked well. The young doctor came to his room, and as was his wont, sat by the window for a time, enjoying a smoke and meditating in the dim light thrown into the room by a friendly lamp post across the street. His smoke ended, his meditation over, he started for that bed. The young man, with a group of friends, was waiting and listening in the adjoining room for developments, and as they heard him step across the room they held their breath and stretched their ears to catch the first sound of fright. They had not long to wait. A loud shriek was heard—"Holy Moses!"—together with the sound of a man falling. A dead silence followed, and for a minute or two the listeners waited for some sound of life, while the remembrance of cases where fright had caused death or insanity, flashed before their eyes. At last one exclaimed, "he's fainted," another cried, "he's dead," and a grand rush was made through the door. As they entered they found the victim of the joke not swooned, or dead, but sitting doubled up on the floor, holding one foot in both hands, and thus trying to give some consolation to the injured feelings of a pet corn, which had in the dark come suddenly in rude contact with the leg of a chair. He hadn't seen the skeleton at all. He hadn't got that far. The avenger and his friends had come in a little too soon, and were themselves more frightened than the owner of the tender corn, and had to explain their prompt appearance on the scene by putting the skeleton quietly back in its cupboard, and asking the young man to stay up a while longer, and smoke.—*Janesville Recorder.*

A FACTION FIGHT IN MID-OCEAN.

Terrible Riot on a Coolie Ship—Carbolic Acid as a Deterrent.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 8.—The ship Ann Boynton has arrived at Portland 34 days from Hong Kong, with 350 Chinese. On June 15th a riot broke out because the Chinese cooks favored one gang of coolies more than another. The parties were about equally divided, and were armed with cordwood sticks, capstan bars, and belaying pins, with which they fought desperately up and down the ship, receiving terrible wounds about the head and body. Fearing for the safety of the ship, and finding pistol threats of no avail, Captain Nason, and the crew began throwing carbolic acid among the infuriated Chinese, which soon brought them to their senses. Captain Nason justifies this course from the fact that it was impossible to quiet the terrible riot in mid ocean and save the ship and the lives of himself and his crew in any other way. Had he killed the ringleaders the Chinese would have been enraged beyond all hope of control. Marks of the severity of the struggle between the two gangs, one hundred and fifty on each side, are plainly visible all over the ship, as are the marks made by the carbolic acid.

THE BLOODY BROTHERHOOD.

By Wyoming Kit.

There were five of them—all small boys.
In the stable loft—
In sunny corners of the garden fence, where aged Solomon's glorious rays dispelled the dark shadows—
In the back kitchen, by the dim religious light of of a tallow candle, and—
Around the gable end of the village school house they had read—
They had devoured—
They had gloated over the superbly illustrated ten cent edition of—
BUCKSKIN BILL—
The Bloody Butcher of the Bad Land Range!
Until their youthful hearts burned like a tar barrel at a precinct caucus!
And the blood coursed their veins as courseth the fiery lava adown Vesuvius' rugged face—
And then their smothered ambition burst forth, and their future path was spread before them—
Bathed in the crimson go-o-o-r-re of the red man!
They formed the "Brotherhood!"
The *Bloody* Brotherhood!!!
To arms!
Then fled they to their several homes, with the speed of the affrighted hen as she sails over the garden fence in her mad endeavors to escape the gleaming talons of the carnivorous hawk—
(Or other bird of prey of equal carnivorousness!)
They turned their backs upon the hated school, never to see it more!
The finger of destiny pointed them to the West!
To the rugged mountains—
To the dark, gloomy canons—
The arid valleys of the be-oundless West!
Each reckless ranger hied him to his home, and wrested from its peaceful resting place the family hatchet!
The hatchet so often wielded by paternal hands in fierce onslaught upon the inoffensive kindling wood!
And tried its gleaming edge!
And muttered:
"Ha! 'tis well!"
In a deserted stable the Brotherhood again assembled!
And took the oath!
The fearful oath of the Bloody Brotherhood!
And sealed it with five passionate kisses upon five gleaming hatchet blades!
And then they sallied forth upon their career of
Blood!
AYE! BE LOOD!
Adown the village street they moved, with cautious tread and bated breath.
With eagle eyes they peered into the cracks between the dry goods boxes, in search of the hated foeman.
The leader halts!
"Hist!"
"Sh-h-h h!"
"The foe!"
"Forward, Brothers, to the combat!"

* * * * *

In front of the cigar store stood the Indian chieftain, holding in one hand a bunch of wooden Havanas.
In the other a bass wood Thomashawk!
He stood gazing with fixed eye toward the West!
Was he reflecting of his native village away out toward the setting sun?
We give it up!
Little recked he of the fearful fate which, like a storm cloud, hovered o'er his chiefly head!
Little dreamed he that the avenger was about to swoop down upon him, as swoopeth the famished cur upon the unsuspecting sausage at the butcher's door!
They come with steady tread!
And yes he reflects!
Will he see them in time to escape?
Nearer they come! Nearer and nearer!
And some more nearer!
Will he get on the racket in time to flee?
Their suppressed breathing can almost be heard!
And their avenging eyes gleam like the buttons on a railway mail clerks Sunday coat!
Yet he reflecteth!
Will he never tumble?
Oh, Havens! Too late! Too late!
The leader springs forward! His hatchet whistles through the air with lightning speed, and the noble chieftain's larboard ear is cleaved from his head!
And as he strikes he screams:
"Thus am I avenged!"
"At thee, vile catiff?" yells Callison's hopeful heir, as with one fell swoop of the deadly hatchet the bundle of cigars are shivered and sent showering upon the sidewalk in toothpickable shape!
"Ah h-h ha-ha-ha ha-a-a-a-a-a! R r-r-r-e-venged at last!" hissed Murray's third boy, by his second wife, as the aboriginal nose flew off and fell at the moccasined feet, a shapeless mass!
"Mine be the hand that smites thee to death, proud chieftain!" squawked the widow Munson's Jasper, as he sank his hatchet to the eye in the plumed, imperial head.
"And mine be the foot that will smite every dash blamed mother's son of you under the coat tails!" howled the infuriated cigar dealer as he sprang into their midst and kicked!
And kicked!
And swore!
And kicked again!
And reswore!
And kicked, and kicked, and kicked!!
And then there was skedaddling in hot haste!
And cries of anguish!
An rubbing the kicker's objective point!
As the Bloody Brotherhood disappeared adown the alley and were lost to sight!
Leaving their weapons upon the field of carnage!
Nor halted they in their mad flight until they reached the school house!
And entered in.
And told the teacher they didn't hear the bell!
And got licked!

THE END.

JUSTICE A LA TURK.

The Turks have a most effective mode of trying offenders whom it has been decided to find guilty. The sultan calls the President of the Court before him and lectures him on the duty which the members of the court owe to him, and the proper spirit in which it should discharge that duty in the case in hand—very much as Charles I. lectured the members of the Court of Star Chamber. As the Sultan is master of the bow string, his intimations are certain to be strictly followed. In the trial of the alleged assassins of the late Sultan this course was followed with the result of the conviction of the accused. The accused were not permitted to call witnesses in their favor. They desired to have the Court hear the testimony of the Embassy physicians, who certified that the late Sultan committed suicide. But the reasonable request was refused. The privilege of cross-examining the witnesses for the prosecution was denied on the ground that if they committed perjury they would be properly punished, which provoked from Midhat Pasha the bitter comment that it would be a poor consolation to him when he was in his grave. The accused Pashas and their alleged assailants may be guilty of the murdering of the late Sultan, but the trial they have had is a mere mockery and incapable of convincing anyone that they have been rightly convicted. Speedy justice may be obtained in Turkey under the benign rule of the Sultan, but persons accustomed to our mode of procedure in criminal, and more particularly in capital cases will be slow in recommending the imitation of Turkish criminal procedure, with its supression of truth and evidence in order to convict persons obnoxious to executive power. It would appear as if the prosecution of Midhat Pasha and his associates was the result of a court intrigue. Certainly, his trial does not belie such a view of the case. If that is the fact his fate is sealed. After his death it may be the turn of his pursuers to feel the weight of the displeasure of the Sultan, or of the Sultan's favorite for the time being.—*Graphic.*

WHEN YOU GO OUT A HUCKLEBERRYING.

Next time you see a friend set off on a huckleberrying excursion with a pint bottle in one hand to hold the berries and a gallon jug in the other to hold whiskey for snake bits, please inform him that another remedy has been discovered. It is to place gunpowder on the bitten spot and let 'er flash. Enough powder can be carried in the vest pocket to cure all the bites a whole Sunday school is likely to receive, and the man who carries it will not be subject to guys nor suspicion.

—Vienna has a plague of sparrows. A chasseur has specially been engaged to shoot them down with an air gun.