GOVERNESS THE VICAR'S

CHAPTER IV.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights, Whatever stirs this mortal frame, "All are but ministers of Love, And feed his sacred flame." —Coleridge.

All round the drawing-room windows at Scrope a wide balony had been built up, over which the creepers climb and trail. Stone steps lead to it from the scented garden beneath, and up these

runs Clarissa gayly, when Thursday morning had dawned, and deepened, and given place to noon.

Witin the drawing-room, before a low table, sits Miss Scrope, tatting indus-triously. Tatting is Miss Scrope's triously. Tatting is miss contained forte. She never does anything else. Multitudinous antimacassars, of all shapes, patterns and dimensions, grow beneath her untiring touch with the most alarming rapidity. When finished, nobody knows what becomes of them, as they instantly disappear from view and are never heard of afterward. They are as good as a ghost in Pullingham, and obstinately refuse to be laid. It was charitably, if weakly, suggested, at one time, by a member of the stronger sex, that probably she sent them out in bales as coverings for the benighted heathen; but when it was explained to this misguided being that tatted antimacassars, as a rule, run to holes, and can be seen through, even he desisted from further attempts to solve the mystery.

Miss Peyton, throwing up one of the windowsashes, steps boldly into the drawing-room and confronts this eminent tatter.

Good-morning," she says, sweetly

advancing with smiling lips. Miss Sorope, who had not heard her enter, turns slowly round: to say she started would be a gross calumny. Miss Scrope never starts. She merely raises her head with a sudden accession of dignity. Her dignity, as a rule, is not fascinating, and might go by another name

"Good afternoon, Clarissa," she says austerely. "I am sorry you should have been forced to make an entrance like a burglar. Has the hall door been removed? It used to stand in front of the house.'

'I think it is there still," Miss Pey

front of the house." "I think it is there still," Miss Pey-ton ventures, meekly. "But "--prettily --" coming, in through the window en-abled me to see you at least one mo-ment sooner. Shall I close it again?" "I beg you will not distress yourself about it," says Miss Scrope, rising to ring the bell. "When Collins comes in he will see to it." It is a wild day, though warm and sweet, and the wind outside is tearing madly over the lawn and shrubberies into the wood beyond. "But in the meantime you will per-haps catch cold, or rheumatism, or something," says Clarissa, hesitating. "Rheumatism! pugh! nonsense!" says Miss Scrope, disdainfully. "I simply don't believe in rheumatism. It is nothing but nerves. I don't have those ridiculous pains and aches people have either; it employs their idle time trying to invent them." "Is Jim in ?" asks Clarissa, present-ly, having seated herself in a horribly comfortless but probably artistic chair. "Don't you like the name Jim ?" asks Clarissa, innocently, leaning slightly forward, and taking up the edge of Miss Scrope's last antimacassar to ex-amine it with tender interest. "I think it such a dear little name, and so happily wanting in formality. I have never called him anything else since I can remember, so it comes most natural to me." "I think it a most unmaidenly way of addressing any contlements whose

since I can rememoer, so it comes most matural to me." "I think it a most unmaidenly way of addressing any gentleman whose priest ehristened him James." says Miss Scrope, unflinchingly. "What would you think of him were he to call you by some hideous pet name, or, more properly speaking, nickname?" "I shouldn't mind it in the least:

"I shouldn't mind it in the least; indeed, I think I should rather like it," returns Clarissa, mildly. "I believe that to be highly prob-able," retorts Miss Jemima, with con-siderable scorn. Clarissa laughs,-not an irritating

ing that child in her folly," remarks Miss Scrope severely. At which the child makes a saucy little grimace un-seen, and rises to her feet. "What a solemn warning!" says Scrope, with a shrug. "I hope," turn-ing to Clarissa, "you have taken it to heart, and that it will keep you out of imaginary mischief. It ought, you know. It would be a shabby thing to bring down public censure on the head of one who has so nobly espoused your cause."

"My conduct from this day forth shall be above suspicion," says Clarissa. "Good-by, Miss Scrope," stooping to press her fresh warm lips to the with-ered cross old cheek beneath her. "I am going to tread old ground with-James."

lered cross old check beneath her. 1 am going to tread old ground with— James." She follows him across hall and cor-ridor, through two modern rooms, and past a portiere, into another and larger hall beyond. Here, standing before a-heavy oaken door, he turns the handle of it, and, as it swings back slowly and sleepily, they pass into another room, so unexpectedly and so strangely different from any they have yet en-tered, as almost to make one start. It is a huge old-fashioned apartment, stone-floored and oak-paneled, that once in olden days, must have been a re-fectory. Chairs, carved in oak, and built like bishops' thrones, line the walls, looking as though no man for many a hundred years has drawn them from their present position. Massive cabinets and culpoards, cunningly de-vised by crafty hands in by-gone days, look out from dusky corners, the hide-ous faces carved upon them wreathed in their eternal glastly smiles. From narrow, painted windows great gleams of sunset from the gay world without pour in, only to look sadly out of place in the solemn gloomy room. But one small door divides it from the halls out-side; yet centuries seem to roll between it and them. In one corner a door lies half open, and behind it, a narrow flight of stairs

it and them. In one corner a door lies half open, and behind it a narrow flight of stairs runs upward to a turret chamber above, —a tiny stairway, heavily balustraded and uncarpeted, that creates in one a mad desire to ascend and learn the se-crets that may lie at its top. Miss Peyton, scarce noticing the monkish refectory, runs to the stairs and mounts them eagerly, Sir James following her in a more leisurely fash-ion.

and mounts them eagerly, she same following her in a more leisurely fash-ion. "Now for my own room," she says, with some degree of quickness in her tone. She reaches the unret chamber as she speaks, and looks around her. It is quite a circle, and apparently of the same date as the one they have just quitted. Even the furniture, though of lighter make and size, is of a similar age and pattern. Ugly little chairs and unpleasantly solid tables are dotted here and there, a perfect wealth of Old-World work cut into them. Everything is carved, and to an un-sympathetic observer it might occur that the carver must have been a per-son subject to fiendish visions and un-holy nightmares. But no doubt the beauty of his designs lies in their ugli-ness, and his heads are a marvel of art, and his winged creatures priceless! The high chimney-picce is en rapport

beauty of his designs lies in their ugliness, and his heads are a marvel of art, and his winged creatures priceless!
The high chimney-piece is en rapport with all the rest, and soowls unceasingly; and the very windows-long and deep-have little faces carved on either side of them, of the most diabolical.
Miss Peyton is plainly entranced with the whole scene, and for a full minute says nothing.
"I feel as though I were a child again," she says presently, as though half regretful. "Everything comes back to me with such a strange yet tender vividness. This, I remember, was my favorite table, this my favorite chair. And that little winged monster over there, he used to whisper in my ears more thrilling tales than either Grimm or Andersen. Have you never moved anything in all these years?" "Never. It is your own room by adoption, and no one shall meddle with it. When I went abroad I locked it, and carried the key of it with me wherever I went; I hardly know why myself." He glanced at her curiously, but her face is averted, and she is plainly thinking less of him than of the many odd trifles scattered around. "When I returned, dust reigned, and span to-day for its mistress. Does it still please you? or will you care to alter anything?" I shall pay a complipiment to my childish taste by letting everything stay just as it is. I must have been rather a nice child, Jim, don't you think I ever saw a tear in your frocks," says Sir James, simply, " and if your tongue was shrewish I invever found it out." "On was some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as others see us!"

But Sir James, though un ously,

But Sir James, though unconsciously, resents the question. "Oh. no!" he says hastily. "He does not come within the category at all. Why," with a faint smile, "he is even older than I am! There is no tender, baby-nonsense about him." "No, he is so clever—so far above us all, where intellect is concerned," she says, absently. A slight smile plays about her lips, and a light, that was not there a moment since, comes to life within her eyes. With an effort she arouses herse'lf from what were plainly happy day-dreams, and comes back to the present, which, just now, is happy too.

happy day-dreams, and comes back to the present, which, just now, is happy too. "I think nature meant me to be a nun," she says, smiling. "This place subdues and touches me so. The som-ber lights and shadows are so impress-ive! If it were indeed mine (in real-ity), I should live a great part of my time in it. Here I should write my pleasangest letters, and read my choic-est books, take my afternoon tea, and make welcome my dearest friends,-you among them. In fact, if it were prac-ticable," nodding her pretty head em-phatically, "I should steal this room. There is hardly anything I would not do to make it my own." Scrope regards her earnestly, with a certain amount of calm inquiry. Is she a coquette, or merely unthinking? If indeed, the face be the index of the mind, one must account her free of all unworthy thought or frivolous design. Hers is "A countenance in which do meet"

'A countenance in which do meet Sweet records, promises as sweet

Sweet records, promises as sweet." Her eyes are still smiling up at him; her whole expression is full of a gentle friendliness; and in his heart, at this moment, arises a sensation that is not hope, or gladness, or despair, but yet is a faint wild mingling of all three. As for Clarissa, she stands a little apart, unconscious of all that is passing in his heart, and gazes lovingly upon the objects that surround her, as ope will gaze now and then on things that have been fondly remembered through the haze of many years. She is happy, wrapped in memories of a past all sun-shine and no shade, and ignorant of the meaning he would gladly attach to her last words.

meaning he would gladly attach to her last words. "While I stay here I sin,—that is I covet," she says, at length, surprised by his silence, "and it grows late. Come, walk with me a little way through the park: I have not yet seen the old path we used to call the 'short cut' to Gow-ran, long ago." So, down the dark stairs he follows her, across the stone flooring, and into the hall outside, that seems so brilliant by contrast, and so like another world, all is so changed, so different. Behind, lie silence, unbroken, perfect, a sad and dreamy light, Old-World grandeur; here, all is restless life, full of uncertain sounds, and distant footsteps, and voices faint but positive.

sounds, and instant footsteps, and voices faint but positive. "Is it not like a dream?" says Clar-issa, stopping to point backward to the turret they have just quitted. "The past is always full of dreams," replies he, thoughtfully.

CHAPTER V

"A violet by a mossy stone Half hidden from the eye ! Fair as a star, when only one Is shining in the sky." Wordsworth.

Wordsworth. The baby morn has flung aside its robes, and grown to perfect strength. The day is well advanced. Already it is making rapid strides toward rest and evening; yet still no cooling breeze has come to refresh the heart of man. Below, in the quet fields, the cattle are standing, knee-deep in water, be-neath the spreading branches of the kindly alder. They have no energy to eat, but munch, sleepily, the all-satis-fying cud, and, with gentle if expres-sionless eyes, look out afar for evening and the milkmaid.

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SHOOTING FROM AN ELEPH ir Edward Bradden Says it is an Coward.

Sir Edward Braddon, who shot many igers during twelve years of hunting in India, does not like the elephant as sportsman's riding animal. He calls the huge beast a "needle-witted" animal, "intelligent in a diabolical way at times, but rarely up to the mark when its intelligence would be useful." It is, he insists, a revengeful, treacherous beast, and, with few exceptions, an arrant coward. A line of forty elephants, engaged in beating a jungle, will turn and fly before a tiger that has been seen by barely half a dozen of the fugitives. In his "Thirty Years of Shikar" Sir Edward tells of an elephant which bolted at a gunshot.

phant which bolted at a gunshot. Sir Edward went out on a padded ele-phant to hunt jungle-fowl, accompanied by a native shikari (hunter) and a pet dog. The mahout (elephant-driver), on being asked if the elephant would stand fire should a gun be fired from its back, intimated that the hunter's posi-tion on the pad would be firmer if he refrained from shooting. "You must make him stand fire," said Sir Edward. "Whatever you order, sahib," an-swered the Mahout: and on they went

RAIDED THE POST-OFFICE.

and the milkmaid.
"Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
"You lie," said Jacobs.
The very and earth, far as the rang-ing eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns;
From pole to pole, is undistinguished blaze.
Distressful Nature pants!
The very streams look languid from afar,
Or, through th' unsheltered glade, im-patient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove."
A tender stillness reigns over every-thing. The very birds are mute. Even the busy mill-wheel has ceased to move.
Bright flashes of light, that come and go ere one can catch-them, dart across the gray walls of the old mill, -that holds its gaunt and stately head erect, as though defying age, -mad,slanting to the right, fall on the cottage, quain
The very birds are mute to the state to the fall throwing him toward the shaft.
Bright flashes of light, that come and the fall, throwing him toward the shaft.
In some way or other Jacobs grabbed the tright, fall on the cottage, quain
The very birds are note, Even the busy mill-wheel has ceased to move.
Bright flashes of light, that come and the right, fall on the cottage, quain
The very birds are mute to the shaft.
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Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as others see us!"

Clarissa laughs,—not an irritating laugh, by any means, but a little soft, low, girlish laugh, very good to hear. "If you scold me any more I shall cry," she says, lightly. "I always give way to tears when driven into a cor-ner. It saves time and trouble. Be-sides," returning with some slight per-versity to the charge, "shall I tell you a secret ? Your brother likes that lit-tle name. He does, indeed. He has told me so a thousand times in the days gone by. Very frivolous of him, isn't it ? But-ah! here he is," as the door opens and Sir James comes in. "You are a little late, are you not ?" leaning back in her chair with a certain amount of languid, but pleasing, grace, and To see ourselves as others see us!" To see ourselves as others see us!" she quotes, gayly. "Those lines, meant by poor Burns as a censure on frail humanity, rather fall short at this mo-ment. Were I to see myself as you see me, Jim, I should be a dreadfully conceited person, and utterly unbear-able. What a good friend you make!" "A bad one, you mean. A real friend, according to my lights, is a fellow who says unpleasant things all round and expects you to respect his candor. By and by, when I tell you a few home truths, perhaps you will not like me as you do now." "Yes, I shall always like you," says Clarissa. "Long ago, when you used to scold me, I never bore malice. I suppose you are one of those rare peo-ple who can say the unfracious thing in such a manner that it doesn't grate. But then you are old, you know, Jim, very old,—though, in appearance, won-derfully young for your years. I do hope papa, at your age, will look as fresh." She has risen, and has slipped her hand through his arm, and is smiling up at him gayly and with a sweetness irresistible. Sir James looks as pleased as though he had received a florid com-plimet. "What a baby you are!" he says, of languid, but pleasing, grace, and holding out to him a slender, ungloved hand, on which some rings sparkle bril-

hand, on which some rings sparkle bril-liantly. "Have I kept you waiting?" asks he, eagerly, foolishly glad because of her last words, that seem to imply so much and really mean so little. Has she been anxious for his coming? Have the minutes appeared tedious because of his absence? "I hurried all I knew," he says; "but stewards will be stewards." "Thave been quite happy with Miss Scrope; you need not look so penitent," ays Clarissa. "And who am I, that I should compete with a steward? We have been having quite a good time, and tell your sister that you think Jim the prettiest name in the world." "Did anyone throw a doubt on the subject? Lives there a soul so dead to euphony as not to recognize the mu-sic in those three letters ?-Jim! Why, it is poetry itself," says Sir James, who is not so absent that he cannot scent battle on the breeze. As he speaks he smiles; and when James Scrope smiles he is almost handsome. "Some day you will regret encourag-

as though he had received a florid com-pliment. "What a baby you are!" he says, after a pause, looking down at her ad-miringly. Judging by his tone, babies, in his eyes, must possess very superior attractions. "There are a good many babies in the world, don't you think?" he goes on, presently. "You are one, and Geoffrey Branscombe is another. I don't suppose he will ever quite grow up." up.

"And Horace," said Clarissa, idly, " is he another?"

Marris Alternet

 The first instance of number of number of the state of th tike a shot, turning over and over. Be-tween the seventh and eighth floors the elevator rope has a loop.
In some way or other Jacobs grabbed it. With a last effort he threw his leg into the loophole and hung. He was ataken down, faint and sick from the fall, and removed to the hospital, where it was found that he had suffered a bad contusion on the leg and a bad cut on the hand.
FASHION'S ARMY OF WORKERS.
Paris Has 65,000 Dressmakers, and in Frace There Are Over 700,000 Persons Making Articles of Women's Dress.
Paris is the city where the dressmak-ing trade flourishes as it does in no oth-er city in the world. In 1850 the num-ber of couturieres, as given in the An-nuaire du Commerce, the commercial directory of those days, was only 158.
There were none, as there are to-day, which sold lingerie or certain articles of ready-made feminine apparel, but the series of the sale of ready-ments which manufacture and self "jupons de dessous", or under-petticoats alone. The number of working dress-makers in Paris is estimated as 25,000.