## THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

chapter iv
 And feed his sacred flamei. -Coieridge.
 scented garden beneath, and up these
runs clarisad gayly, when Thursay morning had dawned, and deepened, and
given place to noon. Witin the drawing-room, before a 1 ow
table, sits Miss Scorope, tatting indus-
triously.
Tatting is triously. She never does anything else.
forte.
Multitudinous antimacassars, of
and shapes, patterns and dimensions, grow
beneath her untiring touch with the most alarming rapidity. When finins-
ed, nobody knows what becones of
them as they instantly disapoear from view and are never heard of afterward.
They are as good as a ghost in Pullingham, and obstinately refuse to te laid.
It was charitably, if wealkly, suggested, at one time, by a member of the strong-
er sex, that probably she sent them or sex, that probas coverings for the be
out in bed
nighted heathen ; but when it was exnighted heathen; but when it was ex-
plained to this misguided being that holes, and can be seen through, even
he desisted
from further attempts to Miss Peyton, throwing up one of the windowsashes, stops boldy into the
drawign-rom and contronts this em-
dran inent tatter.
"Good-mornin advancing with smiling lips.
Miss Sorope, who had not heard her
enter, turns slowly round to say she
started would be a gross calumny. 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 an-
other name. Good afternoon, Clarissa," she says
"I am sorry you should
haverely.
have been forced to make an entrance been removed Ht used to stand in
front of the house, "I think it is there still," Miss Pey-
ton ventures, meekly. " But "






















 Good-by, Miss Scrope, stooping
press her fresh warm ine to the with-
ered coross old cheok benath her.
amo going to tread old ground with-
James."
She follows him across hall James.".
Sillows him across hall and cor-
ridorot through two modern rooms. and
pasta portiere, into another and larger pasta a portiere, into anot her and larger
hall beyond. Here, standing before a.
heavy oakon door, he turns the handle
of it ond, as it swings back slowly
ond, 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. tered, as almost to make one start.
It is a huge old-fashioned apartment,
stonefloored and oak-paneled, that once
in olden days
 Walls, looking as though no man hor
many a hundred years has drawr them
from their present position. Massive
catinets and cupboards. cunningly do-
vised by crafty hands in by-gone days

 pour in, only to 1 glomy room. But one one
in the solemn gloomy rom dian divides it trom the halls out-
small dor
side ; yet centuries seem to roll between In one corner a door lies half open,
and behind it a narrow flicht of stairs
runs apward a turret chamber above,

- a tiny stairway heavely balusted


 though of lighter make and size, is
a similar age and patern. Ugl| littl
chairs and unpleasantly solid tables are
dotted here and there, a perfect wealt
dot Old dotted here and here, a perfect weale
of Old-World work cut into them
Everything is oarved, and to an un
sympathetio ooserver it might ocu
that the carver must have been a per











"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us !

see me, Jimere I should be a dreaffully
sonceite person, and utterly unter
able. What a good friend you make!
iA bad one you mean a real

 very old,-though, in appearance, won,
derfuli young for your years.
hope pat
fresh."


 Ind Geoffrey branscombe is ane one her
I dont suppose he will ever quite grow
up.:" up.". And Horace," said Clarissa, idly, "is
he another 8 "."




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| :---: |

 and








## sis

 Sir Edward Braddon, who shot manytigers during twelve years of hunting gers during twelve years of huntin a sportsman's riding animal. He oalls
whe
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erou
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an

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { phants, engaged in beating a jungle } \\
& \text { will turn and fly before a tiger that } \\
& \text { has been seen by barely hall a donen } \\
& \text { of the fugitives. In his "Thirty Yeara }
\end{aligned}
$$phan

phil
was

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { of the fugitives. In his "Thirty Years } \\
& \text { of Shikar Sir Edward tells of an elo- } \\
& \text { phant which bolted at a gunshot. }
\end{aligned}
$$

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { refrained from shooting. } \\
& \text { said Sir mast make make him stand fire," }
\end{aligned}
$$the animar's head. Sir Ediward leaned

over the howdah, placed the muzle
of his smooth bore to the tiger's neck,and pulled the trigger.
Junst then the elephant upset every-
thing. In drawing back its game leg
gave way, and over it went sidelogwith w crash that spread the mahenout,
shikari. Sir Edward and all the para-
shernalia broadcast upon the ground.and thrown from the elephant'sounded head,
it disappeared in the jungle, and was
lost to that hunting party.

[^0]To illustrate some of the disagreeable
things which the soldiers suffered in the Soudan, Mr. Nourre tellis the toll-
lowing anecdote of the postal service, was Lord - Wolseleyow, the commandant.
Nourse went into the post-oficent. Nourse went into the post-office at
Korti to look for some letters. The
postmaster was a native and not there was nothing for him after a superficial glance at a big pile of papers
and letters. Nourse asked to see the
pile of letters, and while
 upon they jumped over the coune- Wher
and bundled the postmaster out neer
and heels.
amination of then they tegan the
and the office and the excongested of the office and found it
They searched every for nor the arm army.
and tranny,
anto the letters for one regiment and threw the letters for one regiment
into one corner. those for another in-
to another, with all the newsapers in
the center of the floor. Then they
went through eech pile and separated
it in inthrogn nies pate and it into companies, and before night
every letter was in camp and dis-
trinte and the next day the papers
were out Nourse at the time tip not
trow who his
tompanion ine in the good

 Pencil Point Pierced His Heart. John Dripps, a nine-year-old boy re-
siding in Mt. Washington, a suburb
of Pittsburgh, Penn., was almost in-





[^0]:    RAIDED THE POST-OFFICE

