

"I tell you it's been a dreadful shock to Miss Redwood, Caleb. Did you see how strange her eyes looked? so full of pain, like? and white? White as a ghost!"

In the lush freshness of the following June the country house of Conrad Hammond stood bolted, barred and unfinished. He had been away nearly a year and work thereupon had been suspended indefinitely. To the letters of his lawyer and agents he had replied, "Leave everything as it is, I don't know when I shall return." There were rumors that he had gone to Europe. For the rest, the sleepy old historic village ceased to wonder and settled again into its somnolent indifference.

The silence of the weed-grown grounds was now so rarely broken by human voice or foot fall that the sudden call, "Don! Don! Down, sir!" reverberated strangely under the shade of the pathway. At its turning a man had suddenly appeared and Conrad Hammond and Virginia Redwood looked wordlessly, breathlessly into each other's faces.

"I thought you were in Europe," stammered the girl. How should she account for her presence here—under the very shadow of the tower in which such words had been spoken the last time she had ever seen him? and what would he think of the hot blood crimsoning her cheek and the trembling of the hand that held Don in leash?

"And I thought you had gone to India," he said.

"I go next week."

"And you came here—here—once again before leaving?" He had drawn closer to her and his hungry eyes read her timid ones. "Virginia, are you sure you did not make a mistake that night ten months ago? If I should tell you now what I told you then would you answer as you did? Would you still go to India?"

She had covered her face with her hands. Her words came broken and slow.

"No I mistook my heart that night. I have known it since. I know it now."

Her First Trip On The Railway.

I witnessed the following not many months since when travelling in the south of Scotland:—On the train entering a station in East Lothian my attention was attracted by a buxom dame on the platform who was frantically nourishing a huge "Gamp" and shouting "stop." As luck would have it, she made for the compartment I was in, which was already comfortably filled, and after much vociferation on her part and considerable assistance from behind from an irate official, she was got on board. There she stood, gasping for breath and ejaculating about the unnecessary haste of the officials, when suddenly the train started, and she was thrown, Gamp and all, into the arms of a heavy swell, knocking out his eye-glass and altogether taking the starch out of him. Amid the titters of the whole company he got rid of his fair burden by depositing her on the pet corn of the stout old gentleman opposite, who immediately executed a kind of Indian war dance, meanwhile calling on Moses—who, by the way, I cannot remember having read was ever in similar circumstances, but of course I may be wrong. After considerable confusion our heroine sat down between two ladies, and for greater safety seized a sleeve of each, still holding on to her umbrella. A quiet, inoffensive-looking gentleman in the corner, fearing it would be her next source of grief, mildly suggested that she should allow him to put it in the rack for her, whereupon she flourished it in his face, saying that, although she had never travelled by rail before, she had heard of the dodges of thieves, and he would need to turn his attention to somebody else's gear, as she would not let her good antibody of her hands. The unfortunate gentleman utterly collapsed, and sought to hide his confusion behind his pocket handkerchief. Quietness now prevailed, broken only by an occasional groan from the old gentleman nursing his foot, and a grunt from the heroine as she surveyed her victims. On emerging from a long tunnel she looked round in consternation, exclaiming, "Eh, sirs, but the nights are short in Berwickshire."

An Engagement.

I heard a story some time ago of a man who is well known both in this country and Europe as a profound scholar and linguist. It related to his care of his children. In the first years of his married life he formed the resolution to give his children one hour each day. During that time his whole thoughts and attention were given to understanding their characters and influencing them in the right direction. Business, invitations, visitors—anything that threatened to interfere with that hour—were all put aside. "I have an engagement," was an inexorable answer. All the little school trials of the children, their pleasures, their plans; they brought to him eagerly. They were always sure of his sympathy. His boys became, men they, as all other men had their ambitions, their successes, their failures, and, most of all—their temptations. They never feared, but went to him as to an elder brother. In the hour of danger and temptation the child is blest who can go to either parent and confide all. How many a man—and, alas! woman also—would be saved from doing things on which God's blessing dare not be asked if they could only go to their parents in such confidence.

Stanley's Bride.

Tall, robust, handsome, rather embonpoint, with fair hair, deep blue eyes, a straight nose, a lovely complexion, white teeth, full mouth, small dimply hands, and pretty feet is about the description of the lady who has just become Mrs. Henry M. Stanley. Mrs. Stanley is nearly 34 years of age, and first came into prominent literary notice by her clever illustrations of Mrs. W. K. Clifford's popular book, "Anyhow Stories," which appeared some years ago, and still enjoys an enormous sale. Then she began to exhibit a series of delightful pictures of naked children, her style showing clearly the teachings of her celebrated master, Hennel of Paris. Her "The Baby" was one of the sensations of the year. With her sister, now Mrs. Frederick Myers, a pronounced brunette, she sat for Milais's twin pictures, now called "Yes" and "No." At the time they were exhibited in the Royal Academy they were referred to as "The Blue Girl" and "The Red Girl," Mrs. Stanley being "The Blue." Mr. Frederick Myers, the husband of Mrs. Stanley's sister, is the author of "St. Paul," and one of the leaders in the æsthetic poetical set which now rules in English poetry. He was a great friend of the late Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, who was godfather to Mrs. Myers' first baby. From a society point of view few young ladies in London are better known than Mr. Stanley's bride. Not a festival of the year, from a flower show or a first night at the opera to a garden-party at Malborough House but Miss Dorothy Tennant's name appeared in the list of guests. She has acquired a distinct fame in London for the quiet elegance of her, gowns and the number and variety of her parasols which is apparently a hobby with her, and she never appears in the park, either riding or driving, without a cavalcade of admirers ensue, which has not been lessened by the announcement of her engagement to the famous explorer. A clever article, generally illustrated in one of the magazines, or a striking picture in one of the galleries, keeps her always in front in literary and art circles; in fact, as the Princess of Wales remarked, when congratulating Mr. Stanley: "You marry not only a very pretty and very charming girl, but a woman brimful of genius."

Mrs. Stanley is no relation to Sir Charles Tennant, whose daughter is supposed to be engaged to Mr. Balfour, the Irish Secretary of State. The families are in no way connected. Mr. Stanley's mother-in-law is a handsome widow, enjoying the large fortune left her by her late husband, a parliamentary lawyer. Mr. Gladstone and other personages of the Liberal party are frequent guests at her table, and more than one coronet has been offered and refused by her two beautiful daughters. Her only other child, a son, is a mild young man, who shows none of the intellect of his sisters. He is engaged to be married to the daughter of a country squire, and will probably appear at the altar of Hymen at the same time as his sister.

The story of Stanley's wooing is gradually being disclosed. He first met Miss Tennant when last in England, and for awhile was received with the same coolness which has usually characterized the lady's reception of attentions from gentlemen. But the indomitable courage, energy, and wonderful powers of description possessed by the explorer gradually won the heart of one who possessed similar traits in so marked a degree, and when Stanley managed to pluck up sufficient courage to propose she fainted with mingled delight and excitement. She promised to wait until he returned from his next African trip, and insisted that their engagement should be kept secret.

The letters which have passed between Stanley Africanus and his fiancée, if they ever see light of publication—love letters of eminent persons are now included in the printer's prey—will be truly curious stories, for no doubt the explorer told more to his lady love than he will confess elsewhere of the awful tribulations of his march through the African swamps and forests. His brother explorers were aware of their commander's love story, and many a tree in the strange lands visited has "Dolly" deeply cut into the bark. The natives used to think it the sign of the white chief's fetish, and often prostrated themselves before it. In one of his letters Stanley wrote such a harrowing account of the sufferings of his band and gave such a vivid picture of the death of a gigantic negro slowly swallowed by a huge serpent that Miss Tennant swooned after reading it.

Stanley has brought a most extraordinary collection of curiosities home for his bride, many of them being now on exhibition at the African Society's show. He declares that he will never permit his wife to share the dangers of exploration, and that if he goes again to Africa she must remain at home or in Egypt until he returns. He is not anxious to have his wedding celebrated in Westminster Abbey, but would like a quiet ceremony in the little village church near the country seat of the Tennant family. This wish, however, is not likely to be fulfilled, as the Princess of Wales and other exalted ladies have intimated a desire to be present. Among his many congratulations Mr. Stanley received autograph letters from the Emperor of Germany, King Leopold of Belgium, and other sovereigns. Queen Isabella of Spain not only gave him her hand to kiss at Lord Salisbury's reception the other night, but in-

Coughing

IS Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure."

—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

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sisted on shaking hands with him, and wishing him not only wedded happiness but a large family.

Two weeks before their nuptials Stanley and his bride appeared together everywhere, and of course were always asked to meet each other at dinners and receptions. The explorer is almost worked to death, despite the fact that he has three secretaries laboring day and night answering letters from all parts of the world. Samples of every conceivable article of apparel and color are sent to him with the notification that they have been named "Stanley," and even Stanley pies, Stanley sausages, and Stanley toothpaste are among the presents pouring in upon him from anxious advertisers.

Confidences.

Many men, fathers of children, devote nearly all their time to business. They provide for their children's wants, but never think of devoting any of their time to the little ones. How do they expect to truly know their children or have their children know them with such a state of affairs as this? Many mothers, too, do what is equally as bad. They see that their children's physical wants are attended to; they plan and work to have their little brood look quite fashionable and proper when they appear on the street or in public, but that is about all. They do nothing toward learning, forming or training the characters of their children. They say they haven't time. Perhaps they haven't, but then if that be so they should let something else go, not the children. It might be well to set apart a certain portion of each day to devote to the children. Let nothing interrupt you during that period. Let the little ones have at least one hour of your time.

The Indian Shawls Have Run Out.

Good news for brides! The Queen's stock of Indian shawls, which she receives for wedding presents purposes, has run out. Doubtless a new supply will be forthcoming as soon as possible, but there is just a chance that her Majesty may be forced, for a while at least, to hit upon an alternative form of gift. These shawls do not cost her Majesty anything, as she every year receives a consignment of them from one of the feudatory Indian Princes. They are exquisite fabrics, made of the very finest silk, and of such delicate structure that they can be drawn bodily through a wedding ring. I am told that the selling value of each of them is something between seventy and eighty guineas. The recipients of the Royal shawls treasure them up, of course, never profaning the gifts by devoting them to the normal purposes of shawls.—London Correspondent.

Max O'Rell's Views of Englishwomen.

The ladies of the English-aristocracy are perfect queens; but the Englishwoman who was not born a lady will seldom become a lady, and I believe this is why *mesalliances* are more scarce in England than in America and especially France. I could name many Englishmen, standing at the head of their professions, who cannot produce their wives in society because these women have not been able to raise themselves to the level of their husband's station in life. The Englishwoman has no faculty for fitting herself for a higher position than the one she was born in: like the rabbit, she will always taste of the cabbage she fed on. I am bound to add that this is perhaps a quality, and proves the truthfulness of her character.