A FAIR BARBARIAN. Frances Hodgson Burnett CHAPTER XXUII.

" MAY 1 60 ?"

The very day after this, Octavia opaned of ourth trank. She had had it brough wn from the garret, when there came a mmons on the door, and Lucia Gaston ap

d. cis was verypale, and her large soft eyes a decidedly frightened look. She seemed re walked fast, and was out of breath-nuly omething had happened. Detavia," ahe said, "Mr. Dugald Binnie Oddelough :

"Octavia," she said, "Mr. Dugald Binnie as to Oldolough." "Who is be ?" "Ho is my grand nucle," explained Lucia, remuloualy. "He has a great deal of monay. Arandmanuma — "She stopped short, und colored, and drew her alight figure up. 'I do not quite understand grandmanuma, Detavia," she said. "Lazet night she canne to ny room to talk to me; and this morning she ame again, and -oh !" she broke out, indig-santly." How could she speak to me in such imanner !" "What did she say ?" inquired Octavia. "Bhe said a great many things," with preaf spirit. "It took her a long time to say hem, and I do not wonder at it. It would we taken me a hundred years, if I had been aher place. I—I was wrong to say I did not inderstand her — I did — before she had inshed."

in her place. I.-I was wrong to say I dia noi understand her --I did - before she had finished." "What did you understand ?" "Bhe was straid to tell me in plain words -I never saw her afraid before, but she was straid. She has been arranqing my future for me, and it does not occur to her that I dare object. That is because she knows I am a coward, and despises me for it-and it is what I deserve. II I make the marriage she chooses, she thinks Mr. Binnie will leave me his money. I am to run after a man who does not ease for me, and make mysolf at-tractive, nith harp that he will condescend to marry me, Decause Mr. Binnie my tractive, nith harp that he will condescend to warry me, Decause Mr. Binnie my it to even Lady Theobald a long time to say that?" " Well," remarked Octavia, "you won't do it if suppose. I wouldn't worry. She wants you to marry Mr. Barold, I suppose." Lucia started. " Oh, I always know it. I didn't guess." And she smiled ever so faintly. "That is one of the reasons why she loathes me so," she added. Lucia thought deeply for a moment ; she

And more minical every so lamity. Links the solution of the resons why she loathes me so," she added. Lucis thought deeply for a moment ; she recognized, all at once, several things she had been mystified by before. "Oh, it is 1 It is 1" she said. " And she has thought of it all the time, whon I never "suppeted her." "Otavia smiled a little again. Lucia sat thinking, her hands elasped tightly. "I am glad I came here," who said, at length, "I am angry now, and I see things more clearly. If she had only thought of it is the nore conset, be added, the set of the solution of the solu

There does explore a triling incident which courted before she reached her had been soid of the results of Mins Boltavia between the solution of the very fast after she left the house. She wanted to reach Oldcough before one whit of her anger cooled down, though borned to her soil of the reacting of the fort. Before breakfast, Miss Belinda was in the fat, Bit beind are solution to the sore that and the fort. Before breakfast, Miss Belinda was introl to day per Russia. He with you to the fort. Before breakfast, Miss Belinda was introl to day per Russia. He with you to the fort. Before breakfast, Miss Belinda was introl to day per Russia. He with you to the fort. Before breakfast, Miss Belinda was introl to day per Russia. He with you to the fort. Before breakfast, Miss Belinda was introl to day per Russia. He with you to the fort. Before breakfast, Miss Belinda was introl to day per Russia. He with you to the fort. Before breakfast, Miss Belinda was introl to day per Russia. He with you to the fort. Before the solution is the solution at the solution is the solution is the solution of the weak on the way? I may not the solution is the solutis the solution is the solution

"I shas said, as she turned the "Never I never !" And at that very moment a stepped out of the wood at her stepped out of th

spite of her happiness, or perhaps because of it, she suddenly began to ary softly, and for-got she had been angry at all, as he took her into his strong, hind arms. ans sound. Will they despise me at Bloody had not suspected fulch, Miss Bassett ? I never killed a man to her. my life CHAPTER XXIV. THE GARDER XXIV. THE GARDER PART. The marning of the garden-party aroas bright and clear, and Slowbridge swakened in a great state of excitement. Miss Chickis marger of the second state of the second provered by her labors as to have to take ber-ted the second state of the second state of the marger of the second state of the second proversed by her labors as to have to take ber-ted the second state of the second state of the marger of the second state of the second state and the second state of the second state the second state of the second state of the second marger of the second state of the second state marger of the second state of the second state the second state of the second state of the second state the second state of the second state of the second state marger of the second state of the second state of the second state second state of the second CHAPTER XXIV. "It is time I went back to to put it. "The place rancis Barold seems rather out o id Mrs. Burnham to Lady Theobald re." "I had not observed it," answered her adyahip. "And is is scarcely likely that Mr. Francis Barold would permit his pleasure to o interfered with, even by the son of the Marquis of Landerdale." But she glared at Barold, as he passed, and beckond to him. "Where is Lucia ?" she demanded. "I new her with Mr. Burnistone, half an

beckmed to him. "Where is Lucis ?" she demanded. "I saw her with Mr. Burmistone, half an hour ago." he answered, coldly. "Have you any message for my mother? I shall return to London to merrow-leaving here early." She turned quite pale. She had not count-ed upon this at all, and it was extremely in-opportune. "What has happened ?" she asked rigid

y. He looked slightly surprised. "Nothing whatever," he replied. "I have remained here longer than I intended." She began to move the manacles on her right wrist. He made not the smallest pro-feesion of reluctance to go. She said, at last: "If you will find Lucis, you will oblige me."

" If you will find Lucia, you will oblige me." Bhe was almost uneivil to Miss Pileher, who chanced to join her after he was gone. She had not the alightest intention of allow-ing her plans to be frustrated, and was only roused to fresh obstinacy by encountering indifference on one side and rebellion on the other. She had not brsught Lucia up under her own eye for nothing. Bhe had been disturbed of late, but by no means considered herselt haffield. With the assist ance of Mr. Dugald Binnic, she could cer-tainly subdue Lucis, though Mr. Dugald Binnie had been of no great help, so far. She would do her duty unfiltenbingly. In fact, she chose to pirsuade herself that, if Lucia was brought to a proper frame of mind there could be no real trouble with Francis Barold.

CHAPTER XXV.

num to seen and...
When Lady Theobold descended to break.
fast, she found him growing over his news.
In gaper, and he glanced at her with a politie sowil.
"Going to a funeral ?" he demanded.
"I accompany my granddaughter to this --this entrainment," her ladyabip respond.
"I accompany my granddaughter to this --this entrainment," her ladyabip respond.
"No need to dress yourself like that, if it in it," ejeculated Mr. Binnie. "Why don't you siny at home, if you don't want to go? Man's all right, inn't he? Once knew was man of the name of Burmistone, myself.
One of the fow decent follows Tve ment. If I was sure this was the same man, I'd go my-result. When I find a fellow who's meither it knave nor fool. I stick to him. Believe Til send to find out. Where's Laccis?"
What his opinion of Lucia was, it was dit found to discover. He had an agreeable habit to discover. He had a sid co fir. On Octative it was."
" Nice gown that," he blatted out. "Didn't ig is the or II wager."
" H is an old dress I remodeled, "answer-id Lucia, somewhat alarmed. "I made it my aclif."
" Doen't call on grandmanna until after Wednesday," abh ada aid to Mr. Burmiston. "Wednesday," abh ada aid to Mr. Burmiston. "And you are not afraid 2"." No, "ha sanwerd a "I and the stating point the prospect of weating it at by garden party.
" Ho a had partfort to evade it ; under her most secting comments. Be have composed and unmoved. On the first occasion of my lady's referring to the ralad spain." In fact abh ad perferedy confounded her future an

"BOTERODY ELSE." But Bareld did not make any very ardent search for Lucia. Ho stopped to watch a game of lawn tennis, in which Octavis.and Lord Lansdowne had joined, and finally for-got Lady Theobald's errand altogether. For some time, Octavis did not see him. She was playing with great spirit, and Lord Lanedowne was following her delightedly. Tinally, a chance of the game bringing her to him, she turnei suddenly and found Bar-old's gest fixed upon her. "How long have you been there ?" she asked. "Some time," he answered. "When you

"How long have you been there ?" she asked. "Bome time," ho answered. "When you are at liberty. I wish to speak to you." "Do you?" ahe said. Bhe seemed a little unprepared for the re-pressed energy of hir manner, which he strove to cover by a greater amount of coldness than usual. "Well," she said, after thinking a moment, "the game will soon be ended. I am going through the conservatories with Lord Lans-downs, in course of time; but I dare say he can waik." Bhe went back, and finished her game, apparently enjoying it as much as ever. When it was over, Barold made his way to her.

" SOMEBODY ELSE."

confront. "I beg you will not speak to me of that sgain," alse said. "I will not liston." And turning about, she walked out of the room. "This," her ladyship had said in sepulch-ral tones, when she recovered her breath,-"this is one of the results of Miss Octavia Bassett." And nothing more had been said on the which since

When it was over, Barold made his way to her. He had resented her remaining oblivious of his presence when he stood near her, and he had resented her enjoyment of her surround ings, and now, as he led her away, leaving Lord, Landowne rather disconsolate, he re-sented the fact that she did not seem nervous, or at all impressed by his silence. "What do you want to say to me?" she asked. "Let us go and sit down in one of the arbors. I believe I am a little tired-not that f mud it, though. Twe been having a lovely time." There, she began to talk about Lord Lans-downe. Basest:" And nothing more had been said on the subject since. No one in Slowbridge was in more builliant sprits than Octavia herself on the morning of the fete. Before breakfast, Miss Belinda was startled by the arrival of another telegram, which ran as follows : Descriptions to the start of the start o

downe. "I like him ever so much," she said. "Do you think he will really go to America ? I wish he would—but if he dees, I hope it wou't be for a year or so—I mean, until we go back from Europe. Still, i's rather uncertain when we shall go back. Did I tell you I had permuded. Annt Belinds to travel with us. New horrible frightment but I mean to make

when we shall go back. Did I tell you I had perunded. Annt Beilinds to travel with ma. She's horibly frightened, but I mean to make her go. She'll get over being frightened after a little while." Suddenly she turned and looked at him. "Why don't you say something?" she saked. "What's the matter?" "I is not necessary for me to say any-thing." Bhe laughed. "Do you mean because I am saying overy-thing myself? Weil, I suppose I am. I am -awilly happy to day, and cau't help talk-ing. It seems to make the time go." Her face had lighted up cariously. There was a delighted excitement in ker eyes, pur-

whose tastes had not been consulted acous-her own. "It is she who is becoming," said her sister. "It is not the dress so much, though her clothes always have a look, some way She's pretifer than ever to day, and is enjoy-ing herself." She was enjoying herself. Mr. Francis Barold cheered it rather gloomily as he stood chart. She, was enjoying herself so much was a delighted excitement in ker eyes, puz-zling him. "Are you so ford of your father as all that?"

"D.n't be too set

she draw it back, smiling intly. " Do you think I don't know what the ob-celes are ?" she said. " I will tell you." " My affection was strong enough to sweep em away," he said, " or I should not be

She smiled slightly again. "I know all about them, as well as you o," she said. "I rather laughed at them, first, but 1 don't now. I suppose I'm in-reased by their serionsness, as Aunt Belinda aid. It was the Rev. Alfred Poppleton who as-isted the rector of St. James to marry Jack Felasys and Octavia Bassett ; and it was ob-erved that he was almost as pale as his sur-

you." "Nothing would be so serious to me as hat you should let them interfere with my happiness," he answered, thrown back upon immedi, and bewildered by her logical man-ner. "Let us forget them. I was a fool to upeak as I did. Wor't you answer my ques-ion ?"

She paused a second, and then answered : "You didn't expect to ask me to marry you," she said. "And I didn't expect you

"But now ——" he broke in, impatiently.
"Now-I wish you hadn't done it."
"You wish ——"
"You don't want me," she said. "You want somebody meeker—somebody we would not respect no very much, and obey you. I'm not used to obeying people."
"Do you mean also that you would not respect me?" he inquired, bitterly.
"Oh," she roplied, "you haven't respected me much!"
" Excuse me ——" he began, in his loftiest manner.

And he stre

namer. "You didn't respect me enough to think ne worth marrying," she said. "I was not the kind of girl you would have chosen of your

the kind of girl you wohn nave encount of your " You are treating me unfairly !" he eried. " You were going to: give me a great deal, I suppose-looking at it in your way," she went on: " but if I want's exactly what you wanted, I had something to give, too. Fm young enough to have a good many years to live, and I should have to live them with you, if I married you. That's something, you know."

now." He rose from his seat, pale with wrath and ounded feeling.

He rose from his seat, pale with wrath and wonded feeling. "Does this mean that you refuse me," ho demanded —" that your answer is no?" Bhe rose, too--not estillant, not confused, neither pale nor fitahed. He had never seen her pretier, more charming, or more nustral. "It would have been no, even if there han't been no obstale?" she answerd. " Then," he said ," I need asy no more. I see that I have-humilistated myself in vain, and it is rather bitter, I must confess." " It wan't my fault, "the remarked. Ho stepped back, with a haughty wave of the hand, signifying that she should pass out of the arbor before him. She did no, but just as she reached the entrance, she iurned, and stood for a second, framed in by the svinging vines and their blossons.

"There is another reason why it should be no," she said. I suppose I may as well tell you of it. I'm engaged to somebody else."

CHAPTER XXVI.

" JACE."

The first person they saw, when they reached the lawn, was Mr. Dogald Bionie, who had deigned to present himself, and was talking to Mr. Burmistone, Lucia, and Miss Belinda.

who had deigned to present himself, and wai Belinia.
"I'll go to them," said Octavia, and Miss Belinds will wonder where I have been."
But, before thyr," said Octavia. "Annt Belinds will wonder where I have been."
But, before thyr," said Octavia. "Annt Belinds will wonder where I have been."
But, before thyr, cached the group, they were intersepted by Lord Lansdowne; and Barold had the pleasure of surrendering his observations. "What is the matter with Mr. Barold?" exclaimed Miss Picher. "Pray look at him."
"He has been talking to Miss Octavia Basectt, uo eo d the asthey were is boarched this they did not see us. There is no knowing what has happend."
"But: the next moment, she Grahnged a giance with Miss Picher."
"Do you think ---- " also suggested. "I is i possible."
"Threatly looks very lits it," said, they how though its matched to be context."
"How furious.," as neared to be said the they did not see to ward him, and then a slight smille illumisted her countenance.
"How furious.," as neared to be said. "Is they function is a strenge to be said they did to the countenance.
"How furious." as neared to be said. "Is the same the said th

a, "I think I should have been a colt's ear, or a pint of sunflower seeds in a been kinder bar.

I have done my duty by you." said my lically. I have been ashamed to keep things from ," ab heathated. "And I have of a told saif that-that it was said, and a n-but ould not help it." " I trust," said my hady, " that you will be ore candid with Mr. Burmistone."

ucia blushed guittily. I-think I shall, grandmamme," she

The Kind of Converts Sect Missionaries.

Slowbridge had bever seen such a wedding proved that he was almost as palo as his sur-plice. Slowbridge had never seen such a wedding promeh a bride as Octavia. It was oven ad-mandaome fellow, and had a dash-ing, adventurous air, which carried all before is. There was a rumor frame done something in diamonds, in Brath, where he had spent the two last years. At all events, it was ascertained beyond doub, that being at last a married woman, and en-tiled to spleadors of the kind, Octavia would not lask them. Her present to Luncia, who had been ber bridesmutik, dazled all be-bolders. When she was borne away by the train, with her father and huband, and Miss Bo-linds, whose bounds strings were bedered with lears, the Rev. Altred Poppletou was the last man who shook hands with her. He donaria herself had given him out of her spundaria. Have thought that, prehas I should ite to go to America." And as the train puffed out of the station and disagread, be food motionless for sev-eral ascendes and hanges and brillingt dop which formed the center-piece of his bou-que.

Missionaries. Missionaries. N. Y. Star. A German who came over with the last party of Mormons was interviewed by a reporter. He puffed immense volumes of smoke from an old fashioned Schlewig Hol-stein pipe, and gased at the reporter mooilly. The interview is thus given : "Have you an idea you'll like Mormonism, eh?" saked the laster. "Yell," replied the honest Teuton, remov-ing the pipe from his month and wiping off his chin with great deliberation, "I guess I vill found me oud pooty gweek cof I don t like "m." m." "Married?" "Nein." "What, nine wives, and you only an hou: the country?" "I told you dot I don's was marris to some ody at all" "How many wives do you think you wil

e sugaring off is done in a small kettle. an tell when it will war by dropping on the back of your hand. A elet n picco n bark, or a big white chip makes a platter, and a smaller chip makes a nice

m bars, of a bar and a smaller chip makes a nice m platter, and a smaller chip makes a nice m and peke and stir and blow and est. mags of it hang down from your jaws, and re strings wind themselves along your vest f clutch your cost. Overhead are the bad-g trees. Behind you is the hillside. Off the left is a pearly creake, and off to the ht is a farmer trying to pull a ow along the horms. The romance of the situation is a person right between the eyes. There a she ticks and bags around the old log.

are also there are vote work walk two miles in the mud, climb air fences, jump three creeks and tumble over a dozen roots to est three cent's worth of warm sugar on a maple ohip in a sugar bush can't have the instruction of my children. She'd wear their noses right down sharp on the grindstone of reality. M. Quan.

TORMONS

"NE PLUS ULSTER."

red by the

THE END.

ABE LINCOLN'S FIRST LOVE.

"I told you doi I don't vas marrit to some-poly at all?" "How many wives do you think you will take when you get out west?" "Doi vas my beezness! Oof I felt like it I vill took fordy towaan !" As he said this the German convert re-placed his pipe, scowled as terribly as the lymphatic condition of his system would permit, and strutted away. Further on an Englishman was encountered. When asked how long he had been a member of the Mor-mon church, he replied, "Five months." "Do you beliave in polygamy ?" "O w ?" " W wi?" "Hit all dependa," replied the careful Britisher, "hupon th' hexigences of the hoceasion, hand th' hextent of me 'ouse-'d."

 NAME NAME

 DATE LINCOLNY FIRST LOVE.

 And How the Match Came to be in the second of the

biotession, h'and th' h'extent of me ouse-told." "Have you ever been married j" "Hive been jined wonce-in 'eaven by Helder Dabar, but hi kain't hersprienced matrimony h'on h'earth has yet." This man and the German whom the re-porter had first spoken to, and, in fact, all the members of the band, were stalwart fellows, and looked as though they might have been well to do mechanics and farmers in the old countries. The women were particularly nest, and not be of them were exceedingly comely. The yre modest in demeanor and shrank from Ar naze of the spectators, with whom the garden was erweide. They were mostly under twenty-five years of sge, and had been maids of all work in London, Glas-gow and Berlin. A pair of very preity, plump beer bars and attracted ecross the Atlantic by the elequence of the missionaries. <text><text><text><text>

" 'It s something I've done, I suppose,' said Lincoln. ** No, 'replied Mary, tartly, ** it's nothing you've done. It's what you hain't done, and that's just what's the master. ** Well, what is it 's and Lincoln. ** Well, what is it 's and Lincoln. ** You don't know, of sourse,' responded Mary, disdainfully. ** No; I'll be hanged if I do,' said Lin-soln.

oln. " ' Wall, I'll tell you,' said Mary. ' You've

". Wall, if tell you," said Mary. 'You'vo walked here for more's a mile with us-a great, strong foller like you-and let that woman carry a baby that weighs nigh on to forty gounds, and never so much as lifted yes.finger to help her. That's what alls me.' ". Why, she nover asked me,' said Lin-coln.

<text><text><text><text><text>

they pinned their silly faith ? cautious steps did he gradually

inition, were dear to him. To use power for the good of his followmen never occurred to him. As a writer he was singularly unequal. There are passages in his novels descriptive of men and women, and there are happy ex-pressions, that will live. But his style was extremely incorrect, and it is difficult to read many pages of his works without throwing down the book in digust, that a man should be at once so clever and so targibly bombas-tic. His speeches had the same faults as his novels. They were all conceived on the same model as that famous first one, which astounded the House of Commons. All were listened to with interest, for they often sparkled with wit, screams and fedicitous meers ; but the taste for them, like that for caviare, was one that had to be acquired. Of argument there was not a shadow; the passages that were intended to be dignified wore so overdone that sunally the line which separated me sublish praise counded stilled and insincere. As an orator Lord Beaconsfield's chief strength was in his adjectives, which ware earefully selected in order to point a smeer or to belitit an on opponent, while their apparent incongruity and real appositeness made them all the more tolling.

FASHION SPRAYS

-Watered silks are worn.

-Stell appears on the strap

-Little golden cats are susp -Velvet is sparingly us -Pink and ruby shades -Spanish lace is stead of fringe. -Bonnet string

-Overskirts are not worn, the ing fastened to the skirt.

-The coral pink roses, lately damage any complexion but ene ly fine.

-Buckles will be very fash with sashes, and they match the on the dress.

-Folded stocks of illusions are worn with highnecked white gowns. --Young ladies still wear the plain round skirt and waist, with sash at the side.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

PETITIONS.

The petitions on the Secretary's num-bered thirty-one and the rush of elders and deacons was simply immense. The membership of the club is now 2,000 strong, and the petitions average about 100 per month.

and the petitions average about 100 per month. <u>BAP GATASTROPHS.</u> Roundabout Johnson, Chairman of the Com-mittee on petitions, arose with tears in his eyes to make a statement of facts to show why there could be no election. The committee reported favorably on seven or eight names, and he had the list in his pocket whou he left his heuse to buy four pounds of nails and a bar of seap for a widow woman living next door. When he pulled out the list with it and hot it. He had bunted up and down in vain, consulted a fortune teller without relief, and had been quite ill from loss of sleep and mental worty. "Bradder Johnson, we am all liable to needents," said the President in reply. "What's past can't be mended, but let me say to you far your future guidence, dat de interest of dia Lime Kiin Club mus' not be made dependant on neither soap, nails nor widders."

widders." CAN'T BE DONE. The following letter was first on the order of communications : Arther Gardner : Bran Sin - We wish to form a white man's branch of the Lime-Kin Club here at Attle-boro. We are all jevelers and can furnish the club with brans jevelr at cost. Should our wish meet with your favor please tend mo copy of your by laws, etc., Yours traly, P. B. Burrow, jr., Esq. " I believe all de members of dis club am not only "film" but rather anxahas to please de white folks," replied the President, " but in dis cass is can't be dan. De Lime-Kin Club wouldn't lib two weeks wid whito men occupy in dese tools an' benches. White folks have deir orders an' lodges an' societies m' clubs in which to coul'd man kin show his head, an' doy kin woll afford to let it be ex-cumers.

Insive in dis. THE DRUNKS. The Secret 177 then read the following -: PRORIA, Ill., April 27, 1881.

CAN'T BE DONE.

interests of made dep widders."