

The Professor and the White Violet.

The Professor: Tell me, little violet white, if you will be so polite. Tell me how it came that you lost your pretty purple hue? Were you blanching with sudden fears? Or were you bleached with fairies' tears? Or was Dame Nature out of blue, Violet, when she came to you?

The Violet: Tell me, silly mortal, first, Ere I satisfy your thirst For the truth concerning me— Why are you not like a tree? Tell me why you move around, Trying different kinds of ground, With your funny legs and boots, In the place of proper roots?

Tell me, mortal, why your head, Where green branches ought to spread, Is as shiny smooth as glass, With just a fringe of frosty grass? Tell me—why he's gone away? Wonder why he wouldn't stay! Can he be—well, I declare! Sensitive about his hair?

—Oliver Herford, in St. Nicholas for May.

A Fish Story. Young Dobson, with a mind to fish, As quite too fond of playing hooky; So off he set to go and scale the fence, and down beside the brook he will sit, and sit, and sit, and sit, His patience not at all a-bat-ed, Though not a bit he gets to show For all the wasted time he's wait-ed.

Once perched upon the bank he sat, In hopes to catch enough for one fish, His father stole upon the scene, And saw his ineffable son-fish, And when his son came at him, He took a rod from out of the cupboard: "We'd have a fish-bawl now," said he, And whaled the youngster till he blubbered.

THE DOCTOR.

Letty thought it was strange the cool way in which she was stared at every time she glanced to look away from them, and her cheeks began to grow under the inspection. She did not know the difference, and supposed it was the way in high life so to regard ladies, but it seemed a very unpleasant way in her eyes, and for one moment, before she remembered that she was angry with him, she was thankful that Paul Lennard had escaped this finish.

Ernest Devereux and Charles Temple had acquired this habit in an atmosphere where the women were not so averse to being stared at as Letty Leigh. The greater number of them, being far better looking, took such observation as a natural tribute to their charms; and what the rest lacked in good looks, they made up in impudence. These young men were gentlemen, if being educated at Oxford and belonging to a good family made them so. But they were needy gentlemen.

"A fellow must live, you know," Devereux was wont to say, when the consciousness of his more sensitive friend cried out at some pet scheme; "and, bang it, in these days it is so deuced hard we can't afford to let luck slip." And, unlike many preachers, he worked out his own words.

Luck seldom did slip from between the fingers of the Honorable Ernest. If that luck was sometimes detained by what commoner men would call "dodges," what matter? He continued to live in the style, and to dress in the style; and his valet had little more than his perquisites in return for services none of the lightest.

The same habit of "dodging" gradually but surely brings down those who practise it, and it had done so with this young man. Through all his polish a little of the brazen effrontery his hand-to-mouth life had engendered cropped out; and it was a specimen of this that was embarrassing Letty.

Ernest's father had been a friend of Mr. Leigh's in the good old days when "George the Third was king." The son was invited to Fenimore in the hope of something warmer than friendship springing up between him and Letty. That he was poor for his position Mr. Leigh knew; he knew, too, that if he had not been poor, his project would not have been feasible. He was a gentleman of ancient family and good connections, and if the money of his daughter might win him for a husband, he would be well content; for, as we have said before, he was no miser; it was a gentleman, and not a rich man, he wanted for Letty.

So the old man plotted and talked; the young one smiled and crawled; and Letty, sitting at the end of the table in her chair as lady of the feast felt utterly weary.

The dinner was ended, and Dr. Lennard had not come, and Letty sat wondering why he had stayed away, till, meeting Mrs. Atherton's eye, and learning it was time to go, she rose in a tremble of nervousness, and with many blushes and some little awkwardness, managed to get out of the room.

Charles Temple held open the door for Letty, and she thought, as she made her little bow, that she had never seen a sweeter mouth or more sorrowful eyes in her life. She did not know (how should she?) that the curves of the delicate scarlet lips were carefully studied, and that the deep blue eyes were well drilled into their expression of eloquent melancholy.

Ernest Devereux used sometimes to say to him, when in one of his patronizing humors: "I wonder at you, my dear boy; I really do. With your eyes and teeth, not to say a word, you might go in for a round sum any day, and have your pick as to the complexion of the incumbent to boot."

Letty, foreseeing some sarcastic speeches as to her awkwardness from Mrs. Atherton, wisely escaped them by going out in the garden, and there she unwisely began to think about Dr. Lennard.

"He knows that I love him, and he as much as told me I need not," she thought, as she leaned against the cold wall of the garden, and busied herself in plucking the leaves off the rose bush that grew close to it. Not a very pleasant thought for a proud girl; and Letty was proud, and, worse still, loving; so it was not much wonder that the big, bright tears should roll down her cheeks, or that the roses, as well as the leaves, should be ruthlessly scattered by her cruel fingers.

The sea-breeze came in chill, and Ernest Devereux, smoking his cigar in the porch, thought that this headdress must be little better than a simpleton to stand out there in her low-necked dress; but then he knew nothing of the inward fret and fever that was making the keen air welcome to her.

Presently, when the cigar was smoked, he strolled toward her, not forgetting to make a timely rustling among the branches,

to give warning of his approach. It was well he did so—well at least for Letty; for just at that moment the pain at her heart was the sorest, and the large tears were standing in her deep gray eyes. She turned at the noise, and, seeing who the intruder was, she smiled. A miserably forced smile she felt it was, but Ernest Devereux did not think so. It was no more forced than some smiles that greeted him daily.

The young man began to talk, and Letty listened, gradually losing the sense of sharp pain that had just been racking her, until at length her free, girlish nature asserted itself, and she laughed out merrily at his sallies. Dr. Lennard, walking slowly up the lane in the gloaming, heard the laugh, and turning short round walked home again.

"I am a fool," he said to himself, as he went, "to build hopes on a sick girl's delirious fancies. She is as happy with the stranger—a mere top I dare say—as she knows how to be."

Letty, going back with Ernest Devereux into the lighted drawing-room, felt the smile fading from her stiff face as she looked round and saw that Dr. Lennard was not there. All the evening she was quiet, and Ernest Devereux said to himself that this country girl was wayward as a spoiled town beauty. Perhaps there was a charm for him in these wayward humors; certainly he had not been so attentive to any lady for some years—no since he was "young and silly," as his friend would have expressed.

Charles Temple, for all his sweet smiles and eloquent glances, began to feel out of humor; the game was so evidently marked down by his friend. This dark-faced girl, with her shy eyes, and low, ringing voice, was not to his taste, it is true; but her fortune would have been very much so indeed; and that very night, when the two friends sat up together, smoking their cigars by the open window, he expressed his surprise at the open way Ernest Devereux was commencing an attack.

"You talk and talk," he said, with more animation than was usual to him, "but for all, it seems to me you are not only struck with the fortune, but with the girl herself."

"What if I am?" asked Ernest Devereux, languidly, faintly brushing the ashes of his cigar from off his coat-sleeve with his white jeweled fingers.

"Nothing, of course," was the answer; "only it would appear rather strange if Ernest Devereux should have to come down to this fishing village in search of a bona fide attachment."

"Strange, would it?" said Devereux. "Well, what is strange is sometimes true in this world; but as you do not happen to fancy the girl yourself, you need not get rusty over my doing so."

"Fancy her!" said Charles Temple. "No, thank you; I have not come quite so low as to fancy a half-tawdry rustic."

A flush rose to Ernest Devereux's low, square brow.

"You have not risen so high, you mean," he retorted, with an insolent half smile.

Charles Temple raised his eyes sharply, and, for an instant, the two men measured each other through the swazy clouds of the cigar smoke. Mentally and physically Ernest Devereux was the stronger, as the eyes of the younger man fell before him.

"You have strange ideas of rising," he said; "but you are a strange fellow altogether, and I can't half make you out."

"Thank you," returned Ernest Devereux, sarcastically, as he rose, and flung his cigar out of the window, regardless of the sleeping flowers in the garden below. "Thank you, Charley, my dear boy. If you cannot make me out, I must be deep indeed."

CHAPTER IV. "MAY DIE LOVING EACH OTHER AND NEVER TELLING OUR LOVE."

The two weeks the young men had been invited to stay by Mr. Leigh passed into three, and then into four, and during that time Dr. Lennard had called only once at the cottage. Mr. Leigh was annoyed. He had counted on Dr. Lennard's amusing his guests, and here he had never come near them. Fenimore was, without a doubt, a dull stop. Mr. Leigh felt it so himself, in contrast to his taste of town life. How much worse then, would it seem in the eyes of his friends—if men, as young and dashing as were Charles Temple and Ernest Devereux could be truly called his friends. Under any circumstances, Dr. Lennard could be, if he chose, a most entertaining companion; in a quiet little place like Fenimore he was invaluable.

"What can have vexed the doctor?" Mr. Leigh would sometimes say to Mrs. Atherton; "he is certainly annoyed about something, or he would look in sometimes."

And poor Letty would inwardly echo the question.

Letty was in a deep and dangerous game, one that she had much better have left unplayed; but she was in love, a little piqued, and very much dazzled by the novelty of her position. In plain English, Miss Letty was flirting. Charles had long since flung jealously to the winds and commenced his attack openly as his friend had.

"before I go there is something I should like to tell you—if I might, that is." Letty looked up gravely, just enough curiosity in her face and no more.

"Certainly you may tell it to me," she said, "if it is anything necessary for me to hear."

"I don't know that it is necessary that you should hear it," he replied; "but I should like you to listen, if you will, if you care to."

The self-possessed man was getting a little embarrassed, his firm voice had grown tremulous, and no school-boy could have uttered the next words more hurriedly, more falteringly than he did.

"Miss Leigh, I have grown to love you." It was the first time she had ever heard it; the words had a sweet tingle in her ears, though they had not the power to reach her heart, and for a little while she stood silent, her face dropped, watching the water that was dashing against her feet and wetting the trailing folds of her dress.

Ernest Devereux, one hand resting on a bowlder near, the other playing restlessly with the charms that dangled from his watch chain, stood silent also, and watched her.

The sweet, tingling sound of the words just spoken was fading away before the dream of words she had hoped to hear one day spoken by another, and, with a vivid blush, she raised her head and met the eager look bent upon her.

"You surprise me," she said, speaking fast in her confusion. "I never thought of such a thing. You—you—I am very sorry," and then speech failed her altogether, and she looked down on the seething waters with a crimson face and tremulous lips that would not perform their office.

Ernest Devereux roused himself, and his face, that had softened into real emotion, grew hard. It was only another disappointment, and there was Boulogne, if the worst came.

"Nay, it is I who am sorry, Miss Leigh," said he—"sorry that I should be so rash and presumptuous. Pray forgive me and forget it."

He gave her the hand as he spoke, to lead her out of the reach of the waves, and, looking at him, she wondered if she had just seen those old blue eyes alight that passionless face with earnestness. Had she seen it, or was it only a fancy? Perhaps it was only a fancy, for lately she had grown to fancy such things that were impossible; and a sigh rose and was crushed back again in the second's time that she was retreating from the incoming water.

The following morning Ernest Devereux went back to London. Charles Temple did not return with him.

"I shall run over to Ponsoby's, now that I'm no near," said he; "but I shall meet you at Layburns' in November."

"Possibly," said Ernest Devereux, though he knew very well that it was not possible that he should be met at this side of the Channel for some indefinite space of time.

The same day Dr. Lennard called, a mere formal visit, and he had not been near for three weeks and more. Letty and Mrs. Atherton were in the drawing room, playing with some fancy work. As the doctor entered Templeton laid the book down, sat toying idly with his leaves as they fluttered to and fro in the breeze, his shapely hands as white as a woman's, his eyes half-closed, his scarlet lips curved wearily.

The doctor looked at him and frowned. Undeniably handsome, a perfect gentleman, he yet inwardly stigmatized him as a puppy, and felt vexed, perhaps, that so good a looking puppy should be so much at home in that room.

Poor Letty, sitting pale and silent in the corner of the lounge, felt miserably conscious of the visitor's ill-humor. He seldom spoke to her, or glanced toward her, and addressed himself chiefly to Mrs. Atherton. That lady answered his brief inquiries volubly and pressed him to stay to luncheon, but he declined. He had a great number of visits to make that morning," he said, "and he could not postpone any of them, as he was shortly leaving Fenimore."

Mrs. Atherton looked surprised; and he explained that he was going to the south of England for some time, and might perhaps eventually settle there.

"But your patients, Dr. Lennard—what- ever will they do without you?" cried Mrs. Atherton, her blue eyes opening wide at the news.

"Very well, I hope," he replied, smiling. "Doctor Green will take charge of my practice for a couple of months. At the end of that time I shall come back here and either continue it, or dispose of it altogether—I cannot, as yet, decide which."

He glanced at Letty as he spoke. Indeed, the words seemed meant for her more than Mrs. Atherton, and the evident pain stamped on her face somewhat startled him. She kept her eyes bent on her work, but the lips were growing purple with the weight of tears which dare not flow, and her needle made uneven stitches in the delicate cambric she was flowering.

"I should think Fenimore must be very bleak and wild in the winter time," said Charles Temple, looking out on the quiet lane and the sunny sea.

"It is not for any reason of that kind that I think of leaving it," said Dr. Lennard, curtly.

"Mr. Leigh will be so sorry," said Mrs. Atherton. "Do stay a little while and see him. Letty, my dear, where did your papa say he was going this morning?"

The tears were nearly gushed out on this unlooked for necessity of speaking, but she managed to keep them back and answer calmly that she thought her father had said he was going to call on Captain Wrigley.

"Yes, to be sure he did," said Mrs. Atherton. "Well, that is not very far off, doctor. He will be here shortly. Do stay!"

"Very likely I shall call at the captain's as I pass," said he, "and if so I may see Mr. Leigh, but cannot stay longer now."

He took up his hat, and bowing stiffly to Charles Temple took leave of the ladies and went out.

"A curious man," said Mrs. Atherton, with her soft laugh; "a very curious man—and he appears to be out of sorts this morning."

"He seems to be none too courteous," said the young man, smiling.

"Doctor Lennard is always a gentleman," said Letty, her face flushing holily. "He could not be otherwise."

"You must take care what you say, Mr. Temple," said Mrs. Atherton, laughing again. "Letty is a pet of the doctor's, and you may see he is one of her favorites. When she was ill some time ago, he actually parted with his old servant, and sent her up to mind Letty. Not very complimentary to me but I took it in good part. So you must be careful in what you say against Doctor Lennard."

"I have nothing to say against him," he said, with a covert glance at Letty's hot face. "I only thought him a little brusque that was all."

Letty said no more, and Mrs. Atherton, taking up her work, asked him to go on with his reading. He at once complied, but the piece seemed to have lost its flavor, and his musical voice had a weary tone in it. Letty, too, appeared out of humor; it seemed as if the doctor's brief visit had marred the monotony of their morning.

Presently other visitors were announced, and Charles Temple closed the book altogether, and went out into the garden. The young ladies of Fenimore were not very much to his taste; and, fastidious to a fault, he had no scruple in avoiding them. He strode up to the low stone wall, and, lighting a cigar, leaned lazily against it. He stood on the very spot where Letty had stood talking to Ernest Devereux on the first evening of their visit. He was thinking of him now, and wondering whether he had really asked for the hand of the rustic heiress. If he had, had he been accepted or rejected? He would have given much to know, but Ernest Devereux had shown no inclination to satisfy his curiosity; and no one else saw Letty could do it. Then he thought of Dr. Lennard, and the effect the news of his leaving Fenimore had on Letty; for, sad and dreamy as Charles Temple's eyes seemed, they were keen to observe, and no quiver of Letty's pale face had escaped them.

"Can it be that she cares for him?" he thought, as he knocked the white ash off his cigar; "it is plain that he cares for her. E. Jove, if a country doctor cuts me out I shall feel loath. Devereux would have been different, but I couldn't stand that."

The young man turned the costly rings round and round his white fingers, and admired their flickering gleams in various colors as he meditated on Miss Leigh, her fortune, and the prospect of one day becoming master of both.

It is not always the cold, cynical man of the world, who gets called such very bad names sometimes, that has the hardest heart or the clearest head in such matters as this. Dreamy-eyed, poetical, sentimental Charles Temple made his calculations with a cool attitude and far-sightedness that would have astonished Ernest Devereux, could he have seen into the perfumed, shining, unburnt curls of his friend. Just then Letty came down the garden, talking to two of her young lady visitors. So gay she seemed, so content, that Charles Temple's thoughts took a change.

"She does not care for him," was his inward comment. "She would not laugh like that if she did, for she is one of those deep-in-earnest kind of girls who, when they are in love, cannot help showing it."

He turned and walked along the path to meet them, his pale, clear, cool face softening into a smile as he got nearer. Evidently he looked upon himself as the happy man who had yet to awaken love in the heart of this charming, gray-eyed demoiselle.

When, after some time spent in talking and laughing, the young ladies turned to go in-doors on a signal from their mamma, Charles Temple followed with Letty, and looking down on her sweet, dark face, grave enough, now that she thought herself unnoticed, he made an inward vow that when she was his wife he would carry herself and her money-bags far out of the reach of such dull torments as had just been afflicting him.

That same evening Charles Temple tried his fate, and was rejected, as his friend had been; and when, a few days later Mr. Leigh's new trap carried him to the station, on his way to Ponsoby's, Mr. Leigh showed symptoms of being decidedly cross, and Letty of being decidedly miserable.

gessed about whom she was fretting, but the next instant saw it was impossible, and she answered, half smiling, "No, only a little tired, that is all."

"Tired of this place, I suppose," said her father, "and no wonder; but don't despair. You may fly from it sooner than you expect."

He went out of the room as he spoke, and Letty looked after him wonderingly. Then she rose, and kneeling in the window seat pressed her face against the low glass, and looked out wearily. It was November now, and the sea had hanging over it a dull, gray mist that would thicken, most likely into a fog later in the day; the lane looked bare and dreary, and there was not a person to be seen in its whole length.

Presently, however, while Letty knelt there some one appeared—a woman carrying a basket, and followed by a large black-and-tan greyhound.

Letty's face flushed and her heart gave a great bound. The dog was Dr. Lennard's. Many a time it walked along the sands with its nose in the palm of her hand, while she and Mrs. Lennard took their afternoon ramble. It must be some one from the brown house on the hill—perhaps a messenger. A few seconds, and, the woman coming a nearer, she saw it was Judith.

There had always been a friendship between Letty and the old woman, and it had been strengthened considerably since the time she had nursed Letty so carefully through her long illness; so tapping on the glass to attract her attention, Letty went to the door to speak to her.

Always pleasant was Letty; a kind word for everybody, and kinder than usual for Judith.

As soon as the dog saw Letty, it bounded forward to be noticed, and in a sudden access of fondness, as it seemed, she bent down and kissed with her soft red lips its old, pointed nose. Judith, almost too tired to laugh, smiled at her.

(To be Continued.)

THE CENTRAL BANK.

The Directors Sued for Two Million Dollars. The first move in what promises to be one of the greatest civil suits in Canadian law annals was made yesterday at Osgoode Hall when Mr. Charles Miller, acting for J. B. Henderson and other shareholders of the Central Bank, sued Messrs. David Blain, C. Blackett Robinson, A. McLean Howard, Samuel Trees, H. P. Dwight and Kenneth Chisholm, M. P. P., for \$1,954,603. This enormous sum represents the loss sustained through the failure of the Central Bank, of which the defendants were directors when the failure occurred. The only other director, Mr. D. Mitchell Macdonald, is now residing in California and beyond the jurisdiction of Canadian civil law. The claim made on behalf of the shareholders is for the above amount, together with damages for the wrong done the shareholders by reason of the issuing of false reports of the standing and condition of the bank. Another count charges the directors with injuring the shareholders by furnishing to the public and Government these false returns and paying dividends when the bank was in effect insolvent. In addition to this malfeasance in office, gross negligence is charged, the result of which was the failure of the bank and the payment of double liability by the shareholders. It is said that according to recent English decisions the directors are liable.

Competition.

In order to ascertain the views of chemists throughout Great Britain as to which of the remedies for outward application had the largest sale and greatest popularity "The Chemist and Druggist," instituted a post card competition, each dealer to name on a post card the preparation which had the largest sale and was the most popular with customers, and the publisher received 635 of the cards with the following results:

Table with 2 columns: Preparation Name and Sales Count. Includes St. Jacobs Oil (384), Elluman's Embrocation (172), Holloway's Ointment (139), Alcock's Plasters (32), Bow's Liniment (7), Pain Killer (7), Vaeline (4), Ointours (2), Scautering (8).

A Word for the Sissors.

Frank Harrison's Shortland Magazine: Some people, ignorant of what good editing is, imagine the getting up of selected matter the easiest work in the world to do, whereas it is the nicest work done on a newspaper. If they see the editor with scissors in his hand they are sure to say: "Eh, that's the way you are getting up original matter, eh?" accompanying their new, witty question with an idiotic wink or smile. The facts are that the interest, the variety and the usefulness of a paper depend in no small degree upon the selected matter, and few men are capable for the position who would not themselves be able to write many of the articles they select. A sensible editor desires considerable selected matter, because he knows that one mind cannot make so good a paper as five or six.

A Great Success.

Buffalo News: Husband—How did you get along with your shopping to-day? Wife—Splendidly! I called at 15 places and didn't buy a thing.

Never Saw Mickey Jones.

New York World: President Beach, of the Hudson County Methodist Alliance, says publicly that he never saw a professional baseball player who was a gentleman.

He Could Stand It.

Harper's Bazar: Ethel—Is Jack wealthy? Maud—He must be. We have been engaged two months, and he seems still to have plenty of money.

—It was getting toward midnight. She covers her yawns with her hands. He said: "Sing 'Home Again,' it always carries me away." She answers sweetly, "O certainly, if that's the case." In five minutes she had him out and the door locked.

—The Wrathful Mamma—He is a shameful flirt. The Tempting Girl—Oh, mamma, be just to him. Any one would flirt with me.