ROYALTY.

Out from the dust of age. Out from the dust of ages,
Out from the wreck of years,
Fronting the work of sages,
Fronting the waste of tears,
Radiant, swift, immortal,
Earth flings the soul of man,
And shuts the radiant portal
That hides creation's plan. That hides creation's plan.

Here, with the gate behind him, Here, with the gase benut min,
Here in the narrow path,
Fronting the suns that blind him,
Fronting the winds of wrath,
Man, with his head uplifted,
Man, with his hair out blown,
Virile and strong and gifted,
Duilds for himself a throne. Builds for himself a throne.

Say that the grave is waiting, Say that the shroud is white, Say that the strength of hating Owneth no victor's might. Earth, from the cycles olden, Holds for the life complete, Blossoms, and sunlight golden, Red lips and kisses sweet.

Whose are the chains that fetter? Whose are the swo ds that bite? Masters, and yet no better Than the men who brave the fight Earth hath no royal races, Crowns, yes, and swords must break, When in the hidden faces Death finds the hearts that quake.

Why fear the pain that passes !
Lo, birds will always sing ; Yea, and the vernal grasses
Wake with each waking spring; And from the silent sleeping, Strong grow the weary eyes, Ere comes the upward sweeping Far through the distant skies.

Fronting the years that lengthen Like some recurring chain, Sou's in life's combat strengthen, Conquering death and pain; Battling in God like fashion Through ways that none have trod, Rise they, by noble passion, Up to the heights of God.

-Thomas S. Collier, in Overland Monthly.

PERSONALITIES.

General Stevenson, of Illinois, was the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic. Count Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, is an expert shoemaker and mends his own clothes. Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock).

the well-known novelist, is now visiting in New Queen Margaret of Italy has established an asylum for the blind in the Baths of Diocletian at Rome.

A statue of Mirabeau, by Granet, is to be dedicated on June 23 at Bignon-Mirabeau, Loiret, France.

George Bancroft, the historian, never fails to pass an early hour of the warm weather among his rose bushes. "The Great Chief Without a Scalp" is the

title given to the Prince of Wales by the Indians of the Cody band in London. Mr. Rayly, Vice Commodore of the English Royal Albert Yacht Club, has been declared a bankrupt. His liabilities are £67,000.

Rev. William Carlisle, a young London curate, was the founder of the "Church Army," the Anglican rival of the Salvatiun Army.

Baroness Burdette-Coutts is a large purchas

of American buckwheat, which is canned ready for the griddle for the Lendon market. The Marquise de Mors, who used to bel Miss Hutton and is now the wife of the marquis of cowhoy fame, is a ta'ented artist in black and

Justice Lopez, one of the leading English judges, was lassoed by a three-year-old papeose while strolling through Buffalo Bill's show in London

London. Mrs. Cleveland has written several pretty little notes of congratulation to Washington

girls whose engagements have recently been announced. Mrs. J. Wells Champney, wife of the artist and author of "Three Vassar Girls," is among the m st enthusiastic of the New York photo-

graphic guild. Rev. Mr. Tong, a Chinese Baptist preacher,

delivers exhortations in front of a large pagan temple in Chinatown, San Francisco, every Sunday afternoon.

J. A. St. John, of St. Louis, the rower Gaudaur's backer, is the only typefounder in St. Louis and is very wealthy. He is enthusiastic over aquatic sports.

Edward Everett Hale told the students of Cornell that the best opportunity of studying human nature was to be had by entering the profession of the schoolmaster. Prince Bismarck's two sons are two of the

hardest workers in Germany. They begin regularly at 8 in the morning and often remain at their labors until far into the night.

Mgr. Rampolla, who has just been nominated Papal Secretary of State, has been chiefly noted for his learning and piety, and has never taken any conspicuous part in politics.

HISTORICAL GLEANINGS. The Legion of Honor was created by Bona

The first European porcelain was made at

Dresdine about 1700. Lace of very delicate texture was made in France and Flanders in 1320.

In Greece, according to Heredotus, Solon was the first who pronounced a funeral oration, 580

The Ionic order of architecture was invented by the Ionians about 1350 B. C., as an improve-

ment on the Doric The overland mail travelled first through Mount Cenis Tunnel to Brindisi, Jan. 5, 1872 saving twenty-four hours time.

The song of Moses on the deliverance of the Israelites, and their passage to the Red Sea, 1491 B.C., is the most ancient poetry extant. Perjury was punished by the ancient Romans

by throwing the offender from the Tarpeian precipice, and the Greeks set a mark of infamy

The Duke of Norfolk and Charles James Fox, at a dinner in 1793, gave as a toast, "The majesty of the people," for which their names were struck off the list of privy councillors. Potassium, a remarkable metal, was discov

ered by Sir Humphrey Davy, who first succeeded in separating it from its oxide, potash, in the laboratory of the Royal institution, London, about Oct. 19, 1807 The Isochronous property of the pendulum is

said to have been applied to clocks by Galileo about 1639, and by Richard Harris about 1641.

by the Angel Gabriel. It was published by Abu-Beke about 635. On the day, in 518, that King Arthur wow a great victory over the Saxons, Dewl, or David; afterward Archbishop of St. Davids, ordered the Welsh soldiers to place a leek in their caps. It is to this circumstance that the leek's selection as the emplem of Wales is ascribed.

In Islington Churchyard there is an inscription to this effect, that beneath is interred "an infant, aged four months," and the command-

A girl may be like sugar for two reasons. She may be sweet and she may be full of grit.

UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER XVIII .- Continued. "Then we must make the room comfort-eble for father," I said, quickly, "Mrs. Bell, I must not hinder you any more; but if

you could spare one of the girls to help me tidy up a little,"
"Ay, Sally can come," she seturned; "the place doss look like a piggery. You see, Tom and Ned and Willie sleep here along of Robin, and boys know naught about keeping Robin, and boys know haught about a separate a place tidy; Sally reds it up towards evening. But there, doctor said Robbie must have a fire, and I've clean forgotten it; I have a fire, and I've clean forgotten it; I was a fraid you might be contumated up Sally with some sticks and a cious, as usual,"—which was rather unlump or two of coal."

Mrs. Bell was not a bad sort of woman, certainly, but, like many of her class, she was not a good man-ager; and when a woman has ten chil-dren, and a husband rather too fond of the

We had soon a bright little fire burning, which gave quite a cheery aspect to the large bare attic; the sloping roof and small window did not seem to matter so much. With Sally's help I moved Robin's little bed to a lighter part of the room, where the roof did not slope so much, and where the wintry sunlight could reach him. Robin seemed much pleased with this change of position, and when I had washed and made him comfortable he declared that he felt "first-rate." I had so much to do for my patient that I was obliged to let Sally tidy up the room in her usual scrambling way. The child had been sadly neglected by that time, and he was sadly neglected by that time, and he was getting faint. I had to prepare some arrowrort for his dinner, and then hurry off to his pocket. Miss Hamilton will be fine the Marshalls' before I had my own. I was and glad when you tell her it is found,' I obliged to omit my visit to Phobe that day, and divide my time between Mrs. Marshall an odd sort of way, and says, 'Yes, and Robin. When I had given Robin his Robin, certainly,' 'And you won't forget to tea, and had put a chair by the fire for father, I went off, feeling that I could leave him more comfortably. The eldest boy, Tom, a big, strapping lad of fourteen, who went to work, had promised to keep the other boys quiet, "that the little chap might not be disturbed," and as Robin again declared that he felt first-rate, if it weren't for his arm, I hoped that he might be able to sleep.

"Father stopped with me ever so long, until the boys came to bed," were Robin's first words the next morning; "and doctor came, and said we looked quite snug, and he is going to send father some books to read, and some papers, and father said he was more comfortable than down-stairs, as I did not mind his pipe, and Tom has hung my see Miss Hamilton there again. linnet there," pointing to the window, "and if you open the cage, you will see him hor all over the bedolothes, and chirp in the beau-

tifullest way." We had a great deal of cleaning to do that day. I shall never forget Lady Betty's face when she came upstairs and saw me down on my knees at work in my corner of the room for Sally was little, and the room was large,

and I was obliged to go to her assistance.
"Good gracious, Miss Garston!" she said, in quite a shocked voice, "you do not mean to tell me that you consider it your duty to B.rnb floors

rub noors
"Well, no," I returned, laughing, for really der consternation was ludicrous. should consider it a waste of strength, generally; but we never know what comes in a day's work. Sally is so little that I am

obliged to help her."
"Why can't Mrs. Bell do it?" asked Lady Betty, indignantly.
"Mrs. Bell has hardly time to

the children's dinner. Please don't look so shocked, I don't often scrub surmise; Miss Hamilton did not sgain visit floors, and I have nearly finished her little acholar; but Lady Betty came almost now. What have you brought in that daily, and was a great help in amusing the basket, little Red Riding-Hood?" for in her child. I was with him for an hour in the little crimson hood-like bonnet she did not look so unlike Red Riding-Hood.

"Oh, Giles asked Gladys to send some things for poor little Robin, and she packed day, and needed my constant care. Unless still holding my hand, she drew me into the them herself. There is a jar of beef-tee, and it were resolutely necessary, I was unwill. some jelly, and some new-laid eggs, and sponge-cakes, and a roll or two; and Gladys sponge-cakes, and a roll or two; and hopes you will let her know what Robin but I had fallen into the habit, dur-

me to task the next morning and gave me break the length of the long winter night, quite a lecture on the subject; he made me and so I did not regret my added trouble. promise at last that I would never do any-thing of the kind again. I hardly know what made me so submissive. I think it was his threat of keeping away more patients from me, and then he seemed so thoroughly put

out.
"It is such folly wearing yourself out like this, Miss Garston," he said, angrily. "I wonder why women never will learn common sense. If you work under me I will thank you to obey my directions, and I do not choose my nurse to waste her time and strength in scrubbing floors. Yes, Robin boy, I am very angry with nurse; but there is no occasion for you to cry about; and—why, good heavens! if you are not crying too, Miss Garston! Of course; there, I told you so; you have just knocked yourself

His tone so aggravated me that I placked up a little spirit. "I am not a bit knocked up,"—and, in

rather a choky voice, "I am not crying; I never cry before people; only I am a little tired. I was up all last night with Mrs. Marshall and you talk so much."

"Oh, very well," rather huffily; but he was in a bad humor that day. "I won't talk any more to you. But I should like to know one thing; when are you going home?" "In another hour; my head aches, rather, and I think I shall lie down."

"Of course your head aches; but there, you have given me a promise, so I will not say any more. Try what a good nap will do. I am going round by the Lockes', and I shall tell Pheebe not to expect you this afternoon. It won't hurt her to miss you sometimes; it will teach her to value her blessings more, and people cannot sing when they have a headache." And he walked off without waiting for me to thank him for his thoughtfulness. What did he mean by saying that I was crying, the ridiculous man, just because there were tears in my eyes? I certainly could not fancy myself orying be-

about 1639, and by Richard Harris about 1641, certainly, could not landy myser drying beGeorge Graham invented the compensating cause Mr. Hamilton scolded me I
pendulum in 1715.

The Koran, the sacred book of the Mahometaner waiting, but I must own I was a little
ans, was written about A.D. 610, by Mahometaner waiting, but I must own I was a little
who asserted that it had been revealed to him
by the Angel Gabriel. It was published by
had brought in his pooket and had desired
Abu. Beke about 635. nad brought in his pocket and had desired that I was to have some directly I woke, "And I was to tell you, with his compliments; that his sister, Gradys would sit with Robin all the afternoon, and that Lady Betty was at the Marshalls, and he was going again. himself, and Phobe Looke was better, and he hoped you would not stir out again to-day."

How. very kind and thoughtful of Mr. Hamilton! He had sent his sisters to look after my patients, that I might be able to enjoy my rest with a quiet conscience. I easily knocked up; but it was not applied the necessary remadies, and to my she would close the photograph, but on over-fatigue, nor yet his scolding, that had great relief, my patient presently revived. It second thoughts she handed it to me. was sorry that he should think that I was so brought the tears to my eyes. To-day was touching to see the weak hand trying to "Should you like to see it more closely? was the second anniversary of Charlie's seel for her husband; as it came into contact It is a photograph of my twin brother, Eric,

death, and through that long, wakeful night, as I sat beside poor Mary's bed, I was re-calling the bitter bours when my darling went down deeper into the place of shadows, when he tought away his young life, while Lesbia and I wept and prayed beside him. No wonder a word unnerved him; but I could not tell Mr. Hamilton this.

When we met the next day he asked me, rather curtly, if the headache had gone; but when I thanked him, somewhat shyly, for the medicine he had sent, he got rather red, and interrupted me with unusual abruptness.
"You have nothing for which to thank gracious of him, after the promise he had ex-

tracted from me.
I questioned Robin about Miss Hamilton's visit; she had remained with the boy some hours, reading to him and amusing him, and, drer; and when a woman has ten that hours, reading to him and and annual many dren, and a husband rather too fond of the in Robin's tavorite language, "getting on almost. Well, I have been tramping it since and closing the carved panels,—"but you her washing tub for hours every day, one mugful of tea, parson comes, and Miss Hamilton to five this morning, and I am nearly ready to think it weak. Oh, yes cannot all be cannot expect to find the house in perfect ton says she will be late, and gets up in a your leave I will fall to."

"Yes, I know,"—taking it out of my hand almost. Well, I have been tramping it since and closing the carved panels,—"but you five this morning, and I am nearly ready to think it weak. Oh, yes to be merciful. Poor Creator has ordained that, and gets up in a your leave I will fall to."

hurry, and ____''
'' Wait a minute, Robin; do you mean Mr. Cunliffe or Mr. Tudor ?"

"Oh, the vicar, to be sure, and he seemed finely surprised to see Miss Hamilton there. So you've come to see your old scholar, he says, smiling, and Miss Hamilton says, "Yes; but she must go now, and she drops her glove, and parson looks for it, but it was too dark, and for all his groping it could not be found. 'I must just go without it, says Miss Hamilton; but I have got my muff, and it does not says to parson; but he just looks at me in kissed me just in the same place as she did. What did you say, miss?

"I did not say anything, Robin."
"Didn't you, miss? If thought I heard you say 'poor man,' or something like that. Is not Miss Hamilton beautiful? I think she is almost as beautiful as my picture of the Virgin Mary. I asked parson if he did not think so, and he said yes. Do you think she will come again soon?"

"We shall see, Robbie dear." But, as I spoke, something told me that we should not

CHAPTER XIX. THE PICTURE IN GLADYS'S ROOM.

The days flew rapidly by, and I was almost oo busy to heed them as they passed. Each morning I woke with fresh energy to my day's work; the hours were so full of interest and varied employment that my evening rest came all to soon. I grew so fond of my patients, especially of poor little Robin, that I never left them willingly; and the knowledge that I was necessary to them. that they looked to me for relief and comfort,

seemed to fill my life with sweetness. As I said to myself daily, no one need complain that one's existence is objectless, or altogether desolate, as long as there are slok bodies and sick souls to which one can minister. For "Give and it shall be given unto you," is the Divine command, and sympathy and help bestowed on our suffering fellow-creatures shall be repaid into our bosoms a hundred-fold. I was right in my surmise; Miss Hamilton did not again visit morning, and again in the late afternoon; but Mrs. Marshall took up the greater part of never expected such a pleasure. That will my time: she was growing more feeble every do, Chatty; you can close the door." And, my time; she was growing more feeble every ing to sacrifice my night's rest, or to draw too largely on my stock of strength; deep bay-window formed a recess large wants, for he used to be her little scholar, and ing the last week or two, of going she is so interested in him." down to the cottage in the evening Of course I knew Lady Betty would chatter about eight or nine, and settling her comfort-ter about me when she returned home, but I ably for the night. I found these late visits was rather vexed when Mr. Hamilton took were a great boon to her, and seemed to Poor Phebe had to be content with an hour anatched from the busier portion of the day; but she was beginning to occupy herself now. I kept her constantly supplied with books; and Miss Locke assured me that she read them with avidity; her poor famished mind, deprived for so many years of its natural ailment, fastened almost greedily on the nourishment provided for it. From the moment I induced her to open a book her appetite for reading returned, and she occupied herself in this manner for hours. She never spoke to her sister about what she had read, but when Kitty and she were alone she would keep the child entranced for an hour together by the stories she told her

out of Miss Garston's books. "Sometimes Kitty sings to her, and sometimes they have a rare talk," Miss Locke would say. "I am often too busy to do more than look in for five minutes or so, to see how they are getting on. Pheebs grum-bles far less; it is wonderful to hear her say, sometimes, that she did not know it was bedtime, when I go in to fetch the lamp. Reading? ay, she is always reading, but she sleeps

I used to look round Phoebe's room with satisfaction now; it had quite lost its stiff, angular look. A dark crimson, footquilt lay on the bed, a stand of green growing ferns was on the table, and two or three books were always placed beside her.

Some gay china figures that I had hunted out of the glass cupboard in the parenlivened the mantle-piece, and a simple landscape, with sheep feeding in a sump field, hung opposite the bed. Some pretty cretonne curtains had replaced the dingy dark ones. Phebe herself had a soft fleecy gray shawl drawn over her thin shoulders. Mr. Hamil-ton again and again commented on her improved appearance, but I' always listened rather silently; the evil spirit that had taken possession of Phobe had not finally left her: and why could not we cast it out?" used to come to my lips sometimes as I looked at her; but all the same I knew the Master-

hand was needed for that. Christmas Day fell this year on a Tuesday. On Sunday afternoon 1 had finished my rounds and was returning home to tea, when, as I was passing the Marshalls cottage, Peggy ran after me bareheaded to say her father had just arrived, and would I come in for a moment, as mother see ned a little faint, and grannle was fright ned. 13 min min and many and

course, in poor Mary's state the least shock might prove fatal. I found Marshall stooping over the hed and supporting his wife with clumsy fondness, with the tears rolling down his weather beaten face. I bade him lay her down gently, and then

with the rough coat-sleeve, a smile came upon the death-like face. "It is Andrew himself," she whispered "I feared it was naught but a dream, mother; it is Andrew's own self, and he is looking well and hearty. Ay, lad," with a loving look at him, "I could not have died in peace till I had seen you again: and now God's will be done, for he has been good to

me and granted me my heart's desire. Poor Marshall looked weary and travelstained, so I beokoned Peggy out of the room, and with her help there was soon a comfort able meal on the table, -part of the meat; that was left from the children's dinner round or two of hot teast, and a cup of amount

ing coffee.

The poor man looked a little bewilde when he saw these preparations for his comfort, and he wiped his eyes again with his

rough coat-sleeve.
I have been so long without wife or child that I can't make it out to see them all flooking round me again. There is Tim a mad almost. Well, I have been tramping it since your leave I will fall to."

When I returned to Mary I found her looking wonderfully revived and cheerful. "Isn't it grand to think that the Lord has let me have my own way about seeing Andrew?" she said, with a smile; "he will be here now, poor lad, to see the last of me and look after the children. Now, you must not let me keep you, Miss Garston, for Andrew is that handy he can nurse as well for him, for, perhaps, after all, he may one as mother there before she lost her eyesignt. day come back; not from the dead,—oh, no, I have been a deal of trouble to you, and now you must go home and rest."

I was glad to be set at liberty, for I hoped that I might be in time to attend evening service; but just as I had finished tea, and was trying to think that I was not so very tired, and that it would not be wiser to stay at home, the outer door unlatched, and the next moment there was a quick tap at the parlor door, and Lady Betty bustled in. looking very rosy from the cold.

is in her room with a cold, and dreadfully dull, and I know it will do her so much good if you will go and talk to her. Giles is out, and every one else, so no one will disturb you; so do go, there's a good soul." And actually before I could answer the impetuous little creature had shut the door in my face, and I could hear her running down the gar den path.
I had not seen Miss Hamilton since the

evening Uncle Max had seen us together, and I could not resist the temptation of finding her alone. Lady Betty had said she was in her room, and looked dreadfully dull. I had promised Max to be good to her, so of course it was my duty to go and cheer her up. I made this so plain to my conscience that in five minutes more I was on the road to Gladwyn, and before the church bells had stopped ringing I had entered the dark shrubberies, and was looking at the closed windows, wondering which of them belonged to Miss Hamilton's rcom.

"I was agreeably surprised when a pretty looking maid admitted me. I had taken strange dislike to Leab, and the man who had waited upon us at dinner that evening had a dark, unprepossessing face; but this girlooked bright and cheerful, and took my mesange to Miss Hamilton at once without s moment's hesitation. She returned almost immediately. Miss Hamilton was in her room, but she would be very glad to see me, and the girl looked glad too as she led the way to the turret-room. Miss Hamilton was standing on the threshold, and met me with outstretched bands; she looked ill and worn, and had a soft white shawl drawn closely round her as though she were chilly, but her eyes brightened at the sight of me.

"This is good of you, Miss Garston; I room. It was a pretty room, but furnished far more simply than Miss Darrell's. The enough to hold the dressing-table and a chair or two, and was half-hidden by the blue orstonne curtains; besides this there were two more windows. Miss Ham-ilton had been sitting in a low cushioned chair by the fire; a small table with a lamp and some books was beside her a Persian kitten lay on the white rag. On stand beside a chair was a large, beautifully painted photograph in a carved frame; the folding doors were open, and a vase of flowers stood pefore it.

"What has put this benevolent idea into your head ?" she saked, as she drew forward a comfortable wicker chair with a soft padded seat. "I thought I had a long, dull evening before me, with no resource but my own thoughte, for I was tired of reading. I could scarcely believe Chatty when she said that you were in the drawing-room."
I told Miss Hamilton of Lady Betty's visit,

and she laughed quite merrily. "Good little Betty! She is always trying

to give me pleasure. She wanted to stay with me herself, only Etta said it was no use for two people to stop away from church. They have all gone, even Thoraton and Leah. I believe only Parker and Chatty are in the house.'

"Is Chatty the housemaid?" "No, the under-housemaid; but Catherine's father is ill, so she has gone to nurse him—"
"And Leah—who is Leah? I mean what is her capacity in the household?" as Miss Hamilton looked rather surprised at my

question. "She used to be Aunt Margaret's attendunt, and now she is Etta's maid, -at least, we call her so, -but she makes herself usefu in many ways. She is rather a superior person, and well educated, and I like Chatty to wait on me best; she is such a simple, honest little soul. I know pecple say servants have not much feeling, but il am sure Chatty would do anything for me and Lady

Bettv. And you think Leah would not?" I

asked, rather stupidly. To me answered, "I did not say so, did I?" she answered, quickly. "" We always look upon Leah as Etta's servant. She was devoted "to her old mistress, and of course that makes Etta care for her so much. To me she is not a pleasant person. Etta has spoiled her, and she gives herself airs, and takes too much upon herself. Do 'you know!'-with an amused smile-Lady Betty and I think that Etta is rather airaid of her ? She never ventures to find fault with her land once or twice Lady Betty. has heard Leah scoiding. Etta when some. "Dear me, Miss Garston, how you startled thing has put her out." I should not care to me ! Who would have thought of didding be scoided by my maid; should you, Miss you here on Sunday evening when all good Garston?" I returned, rather absently, for

unperceived by Miss Hamilton, my attention was arrested by the photograph. It was the portrait of a young man, and something in the face seemed familiar to me.

The next moment I was caught MA diatressed look orossed Miss Hamilton's face. and she made a sudden movement, as though

They mink, —yes, they are airaid that he lis Etta. dead.

Her lips had turned quite white as she spoke, and in my surprise, for I never knew.

showed no lack of power; but in her brother's face—attractive as it was—there were clearly, signs of vacillation.

"Well, what do you think of it; she

asked, with a quick carch of her breath.
"It is a beautiful face," I returned, rather hesitating. "Very striking, too. One could not easily forget it; and it is strangely like you: but "
"Yes, I know,"—taking it out of my hand

and it is for us to be merciful. Poor Eric! He would be three and twenty now. He was just twenty when that was taken." "And he is dead ?" "They say so. They think he is drowned;

but we have no real proof, and we cannot be sure of it. He is alive in my dreams. That is the best of not really knowing," she went on, in a sad voice: "one can go on praying I do not believe that for a moment; but it he be alive-" her eyes dilating and her manner full of excitement.

I pressed her to tell me about him, adding scitly that I could feel for her more than any one else, as I had lost my own twin-brother. But she looked kindly at me and shook her head.

"Not to-night. I do not feel well enough, and it always makes me so ill and excited to speak about it, and we should not have time. be haps some day, when I get more used to

you. Oh, yes, some day, perhaps."
"Indeed, I do not wish to intrude upon your trouble, Miss Hamilton," I returned, coloring at this repulse. But she took my hand and pressed it gently.

"You must not be hurt with me. I have never spoken to any one about Eric. Mr. Canliffe knows. But he-he-he is different, and he was very kind to me. I must always The tears came into her eyes, be grateful." and she hurried on :
"I should like you to know, only I am such

a coward. I am so sure of your sympathy, you seem already such a friend. Why do you call me Miss Hamilton? I am younger than you. I should like to hear you say Gladys. Miss Hamilton seems so stiff from you, and for years I have thought of you as "You mean that Uncle Max has often

talked of me?"
"Oh, yes," with an involuntary sigh, "of you and your brother. He was always so fond of you both. He used to say very often that he wished that I knew you; that you were so good, so unlike other people; that

you bore your trouble so beautifully."
"I bore my trouble well! Oh, Miss Ha-"I bore my trouble well! Oh, Miss Ha-milton, it is impossible that he could have and wondering how he enjoyed his walk, and said that, when he knew how rebellious I was." But here I could say no more.

"Don't cry, Ursula," she said, very sweetly; I do not wish to hear any more of your 'you are not rebellious now. Oh, I used to cousin's improving conversation." be so sorry for you; you little thought at that dreadful time, when you were so lonely and desolate, that a girl whom you had never so completely that she did not dare to open seen, and perhaps of whom you had never heard, was praying for you with all her heart, of Giles when he is in one of his moods. He That is what I mean by saying that I have

known you for a long time." kissed each other,—a quiet lingering kiss related to a person whom he so much retact spoke of full understanding and sympathy. I had promised Uncle Max to be good to this girl, to do all I could to help her, but I did not know as I gave that promise too, 'that I shall consider it an honor if how my heart would cleave to her, and that Miss Garston bestows her friendship on any in time I should grow to love her with that rare friendship that is described in Roly Writ as 'passing the love of women.' We were silent for a little while, and then by some sudden impulse I begun to speak to Max: I told her that I felt a little auxious about him, that he did not seem quite well or

quite happy.
"I have thought so myself." she returned,

very quickly.
"Max is so good that I cannot bear to see him unhappy—he is so unselfish, so full of thought for other people, so earnest in his her tonguework, so conscientious and self-denying."

"True," she replied, taking up a little toy screen that lay in her lap and shielding ber face from the flame: "he is all that. If any one deserves to be happy, it is your uncle, "I was glad to hear her say this, but her

voice was a little constrained. 4. "He seems very far from happy just now, was my answer : "he looks worn and thin, as though he were overworking himself.] asked him the other night what siled him. Are you cold, Miss Hamilton? I thought you shivered just now."

"No, no," she returned, a little impatient ly: "you were speaking of your uncle."
"Yes. I could not get him to tell me what was the matter; he began to joke: you know his way; men are so tiresome sometimes."

15 It is not always easy to understand them," she said, turning away her face: "perhaps they do not wish to be understood. It must be a great countort to Mr. Cunliffe to have you so near him. I have thought lately that he has seemed a little lonely.'

"But he comes here very often," I said. rather quickly; "he need not be dull, with so many friends." To my surprise. Miss Hamilton's fair face

flushed almost painfully. "He doss not come so often as he used perhaps he finds us a little too quiet. I am sorry for Giles's sake—oh, yes, I do not mean that,"as I looked at her rather reproachfully, "Of course we all like Mr. Cunliffe." I was about to reply to this, when Miss

Hamilton suddenly grew a little restless, and the next moment the door bell sounded. I rose at once. "They have come back from church. I will bid you good by now." And, as I expected, she made no effort to

""You will come sgain," she said; kissing me affectionately; "I have so enjoyed our little talk; you have done me good, indeed you have, "Ursula," watching me from the threshold. I knew I could not escape my fate, so I walked down-stairs as coolly as I could, and encountered them all in the hall Miss Darrell gave a little shrick

keep me.

when she saw me to the to sund a lord to the fiboarms, Miss Garston, how you startled: me !.. Who would have thought of finding people are at church !" but here Mr. Hamil, ton put her aside with little ceremony; he really seemed as though he were glad to see

You came to sit with Gladys; it was very kind and thoughful of you. Poor girl, she seemed rather dull, but now, you have cheered her up." http://www.data.com/delicered her up." Perhaps Miss Garaton will extend her cheering influence, Giles, " observed Miss Darrell in her most staccoto manner, "and remain to supper. Leah will see her home.

" I am going to perform that office myself,

Will you stay?" looking at me in friendly manner. friendly manner.

Not to-night, "Lightneed, hurriedly, sud, indeed, Loanwery well walk alone."
But, Mr. Hamilton settled that oxestion by putting out his great coat.

Oh, of course Giles will walk with you.

spoke, and in my surpress.

there had been another brother, I'did not there had been another brother. I'did not there had been another brother. I'did not there had been another brother. I'did not the answer, but only bent over the picture.

It was the secont a young maniabout nine-toen; or twenty, ac beautiful face, that the temporary for twenty, ac beautiful face, that the would had dodess it replied his Darrell with a scarcely perceptible sneer. "You have seen it that budding mountable scarcely hid the large your visit so well that he will be they been sit, weak, irresoluter mouth. Here the resemblance stopped, for Miss Hamilton's firm lips mud finely curved chin thousand the lips mud finely curved chin the large mud finely Miss Hamilton was not at all feverish, I

assure you. My visit has done her ro harm." And I turned to Lady Betty, who stood on tiptoe to kiss me and breathed a "thank you" into my ear; but Miss Darrell could not forbear from a parting fling as she bade me good-night. We shall wait supper for you, Giles,"she

said, rather pointedly; but Mr. Hamilton took no notice; he only bade me be careful, as it was rather slippery by the gate, and then he began telling me about the sermon, and, strangely enough, he endorsed my opi nion of Max. "I tell him he must have a change after Christmas; he looks knocked up, and a triffe

thin. It will not hurt Tudor to work a little harder; you may tell Cunliffe I say so, Halloo! I think you had better take my arm, Miss Garston; it is confoundedly dark and slippery?" But I declined this, as I was tolerably sure-footed. Mr. Hamilton seemed in excellent spirits, and talked well and with great animation, as

though he were bent on amusing me; he was a clever man, and had a store of useful in formation which he did not always care to produce. I never heard him talk better than on this occasion: there were flashes of wit and brilliancy that surprised me: I was almost sorry when I reached the cottage.
"Good-night, Miss Garston, and thank

you again for your deed of charity," he said, quite heartily, and as though he meant it. Really, I never liked Mr. Hamilton so much before; but then he had never shown himself so genial. I saw Lady Betty the next more. ing, and asked her after Miss Hamilton, but I almost regretted my question when the naughty little thing treated me to one of her usual confidences: there was no inducing her to hold her tongue when she was in the humor for chatting.
"Oh, it was such fun!" she said, her eyes

dancing with mischief. "Etta was so cress when you were gone; she declared it was a conspiracy between us three, and that you only wanted Giles to walk home with you. No, I did not mean to repeat that, so please don't look so angry. Etta did not really think so, but she will say these things about people. I tell Gladys Etta wants Giles her. self. She scolded Chatty for being so stupid,

and said if Leah had been at home she would have shown more sense; and then she went up to Gladya's room in a nice temper, but Gladys would not listen, said she was tired, and ordered Etta out of the room. When Gladys is like that Etta can do nothing with her, so she sulked until Giles came home, and you know her way."
"Lady Betty, I am busy; besides which,

"Oh, there is nothing more to tell," she returned, triumphantly. "Giles silenced her returned, triumphantly. "Giles silenced her so completely that she did not dere to open her lips again. Oh, she is properly frightened told her that be disliked observations of this sort, that in his opinion they were both un-By mutual impulse we bent forward and dignified and vulgar, especially when they spected as Miss Garston. 'And allow me to remark,' he continued, looking at poor little me rather fiercely, as though I were in fault member of my household. I am very glad she seems to like Gladys, and I only hope she will do the poor girl good and come every day if she likes, and that is all I mean to say on the subject. But I think he said quite

> scolded her any more than I could have scolded a kitten. But if only Lady Betty could learn to hold

enough : don't you, Miss Garston ?" finished

naughty Lady Betty, looking up at me with

such innocent eves that I could not have

CHAPTER XX.

ERIC. That afternoon I had rather an adventure. was just walking up the hill on my way to the post-office, when a handsome carriage came round the corner by the church rather sharply, and the same moment a little doz crossing the road in the dusk seemed to be

under the horses' feet. That was my first impression. My next was that the coachman was trying to pull up his horses. There was a sudden howl, the horees kicked and plunged, some one in the carriage shricked, and then the little dog was in my arms, and even in the dim light I could feel one poor little leg was broken.

The horses were quieted with difficulty, and the footman got down and went to the

carriage window. ... 'It is poor little Flossie, ma'am," he said, touching his hat: "she must have got out into the road and recognized the carriage, for she was under the horses feet. This lady got her out somehow." And indeed I had no idea how I managed it. One of the horses had reared, and his front hoof almost touched me as I snatched up Flossie. I suppose it was a risky thing to do, for I never liked the remembrance afterwards, and I do not be-lieve I could have done it again.

"Oh, dear ! oh, dear !" observed a pleasant voice, "do let me thank the lady. Stand aside, Williams." And a pretty old lady with white hair looked out at me.

"I am afraid the poor dog's leg is broken," I observed, as the little animal lay in my arms uttering short barks of pain. "Happily your man pulled up in time, or it must have been killed, "Oh, dear ! oh, dear! what will the colonel say to such carelessiess ?" exclaimed

the old lady. "He's so fond of Flossie, and makes such a fuss with her. And Mr. Hamilton has gone to Brighton, or I would have sent Flossie in for him to attend w her." TELUI GOAL SAN SU. Will you let me see what I can do, Mrs.

Maberley, "MI said, for I had recognized the pretty old-lady at once." I am, the yillage nurse; Miss Garston; and Athink I can bind up poor Flossic's leg." 2 22 2 H 12 1/2

Mis Garston "in quite a different volte; it seemed to have grown'r ather! formal of the control to Maplehurst?" And to this I readily con sented. I I could never bear to see an animal in pain, and the little creature, a beautiful brown-and-white apaniel, was already licking

my hand confidingly.

Locald see Mrs. Maberley was embarrassed by my presence; for she talked in rather s nervous manuer about it being Christmas Eve; and how busy the foung ladies were

decorating the church. "1 Wanted so speak to Miss Darrell for &

"Honor thy father and thy mother, That thy days may be long in the land."