(FOR THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS.) HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

SOME UNTHOUGHT-OF ECONOMIES.

alue of Scraps—Attic Antiques—Old Family Chests—Rag Carpets In and Out of Place-Rugs.

VALUE OF SCRAPS.

Around every house, no matter how well regulated or arranged, accumulations of one sort or another steadily increase, delying the vigilance of the house-wife, till the yearly oagain, bringing up the ever recurring question so often asked before: "What shall we do with them?" semi-yearly house-cleaning drags them to light

them?"
It is amusing to notice the way in which some articles, of no use whatever in themselves, are hoarded, year after year, on account of some sentimental interest attached to them, or perhaps some exaggerated estimate of their

Now if we are ever to have cleanly and plea sant homes we must at once and forever get rid
of these two ideas in connection with household
rubbish. If sentiment must be indulged in, let
it be associated with such articles as shall be pleasing to sight, and not cumbersome in the keeping. As for the rest—the money-value of an article is generally a fair criterion of its worth. This is a safe plan at any rate to go on at house-cleaning time.

ATTIC ANTIQUES.

When the craze for antiques came in, a wholesale cleaning up of attice all over the land took place. But was comfort increased thereby? I fail to see it, simply because the rubbish was retained in the house, and not put out of it. All this fuss dragging down and burnishing up andirons, and setting them in the parlor to be admired by the casual visitor was the veriest monsense, because they served no useful purpose. We can't go back now to the wood-burning days, and few of us have long enough memories to carry us back to associations connected with them. So that affectation, and sham ancestral pride had a great deal to do with the showing off of family antiques. It is altogether too ludicrous to see the spinning-wheel of the great-grandmother brought down, and placed beside the great-grand-daughter's Steinway or Chickering. It is almost too comical a contrast between the good old hard-working days, and these of luxury and indolence. admired by the casual visitor was the veriest

ing days, and these of luxury and indolence.

If there are any high, straight-backed, hardeated chairs also in which a bye-gone generation has sat, for comfort's sake don't bring them down to be looked at, nor sat in—the greatest admirer of these antiquarian curiosities seldom a ttempt sitting in them. Not all the ribbons of old or peacock blue, tied into bows over them, an make them endurable for their legitimate

use, so let them go.
Old furniture is seldom cast aside until its
day has indeed past, and it would be foolish to ay that our present articles of furniture, light n the handling, easy in the using, should be displaced by the stiff, ungainly, unwieldy furniture of former days.

Osbinets might be rescued from this sweeping denunciation, but that they favor the accumula-on of trifles of little interest or value—at best, mere curios—and no sensible person is de-rous of making home a museum.

OLD FAMILY CHESTS.

But when we come to textile fabricaere we may be induced to pause in the work destruction—here we may be forced to admit nperiority in the make and finish of material onesty in the very warp and woof of those oldashioned stuffs, and thoroughness in the handi-werk not to be found in these easy-going, easyminded days.

We cannot find much fault with the taste that

e-instated such things as these. Old-world amilies keep some of the rarest of their toilets n massive caken chest where fold on fold of ancient silk and satin and brocade have lain in ancient silk and satin and crocade have lain in perfumed darkness through the quiet years, un-visited by worm or moth, unshaken out of these folds, save when resurrected for the adorning of some young beauty of the ancient house. And the linens of those days, even till worn to the thinnest thread, how firm and strong they

are, and how seft when torn at last into strips to bind up the wounds and hurts of a later genera-

Every one, except people of unlimited means. knows how expensive it is to furnish the rooms. even of a moderate sized house. The cost per yard of the tapestry, hemp, felt, and other low-pricod carpets in the shops, is very small, it is true; but even so, many people are compelled to allow some rooms to go un-carpeted, for when the number of yards to sover even a small room be considered the cover even a small room be considered the amount required often totals up alarmingly. The expense of furnishing, in other respects, is so great that economy steps in to have a word to say in the choice of floor-coverings.

For the inferior rooms of a house nothing is

so durable and comfortable, where warmth is considered, than the some-time despised ragcarpet. Here the treasures of the attic, old half worn clothing that must be got rid of at any price at this season, come in of use.

For carpeting kitchen halls, back stairs, the

For carpeting kitchen halls, back stairs, the kitchen itself, entries, attic bedrooms, or even on occasion, the basement or extension diningroom, it would be hard to find a substitute offering more wear at less cost.

"You must see my nice new diningroom carpet," said one lady to another, leading her visitor into the pleasant room where the family took their meals. The floor was covered with a practice attribute corporal broad carpet stripes alternatives. pretty striped carpet, broad gray stripes alternated by with narrow crimsom ones. "Not very like a rag-carpet, is it? Well, I made that myself—not in a day however. It was my pastime for a long while. I had some time on my hands, and an abundance of old clothes in the hands, and an abundance of old clothes in the attic. Some of them were too worn to give away, but there were good pieces to be got out of all. I sorted out all the cloth garments into a heap by themselves. Of course they had been laid away clean, so there was no delay washing them. Then I sorted out the dark from the light-colored. I cut them one kind at a time into narrow strips and joined them. them, overlapping the ends tirmly, and sewing with strong thread. Then I wound these long strips into balls. The dark ones I kept in one basket, the light in another. The light ones I colored a deep crimson. Of course, the dark ones were the most numerous, so I told the weaver to make the crimson stripes much nar-rower. It to k up a good deal of time, but I liked the work, and the cost of getting it woven was small—so I got the attic ridded of the old cloth coats, trousers and jackets that had been but by there for so long, doing no one any good Now they make a nice soft carpet for our din-ing-room, are comfortable under our feet when we sit at meals, and help the room to look really cheary."
Her friend, glancing around, could not help

agreeing with her.
Fashion that retraces her steps, every decade or so of years, has lately taken up the rag carpet idea with enthusiasm. Rag carpets are now not only to be seen on the floors of the most aristoeratic mansions, but are even used as portions for the most elegant drawing-rooms. Of course, in such cases the materials are costly, as scraps of satin, silk or velvet, but the arrangement is the same, and the colors being placed at hap hazard, instead of in set figures, the effect is mixed, which, in the employment of scraps, is always the best that can be produced.

The rag-carpet craze succeeded crazy patchwork in would-be seathetic circles. These, which at best are but the expedients of people of limited means used to eke out an insufficient income, and as such evidences of thrift and management, are painfully out of place in rooms crowded with rich furniture and costly draperies. They are as I have said, the outcome of thrift seeking to make the most of what it has, not of wealth, where such thrift is needless. A fine taste would, therefore, exclude them, where their use could only suggest incongruity.

RUGS. Some very pretty rugs may be made out of those of location with the choosin over-estimated.

To the second of the second of

any sort, woollen or cotton, will serve, a good, strong rug may be manufactured in a short time

A very pretty rug, and soft almost as velvet may be made by forming the strips into several folds, leaving the loops about half a finger length or a little longer. Sew each cluster of length or a little longer. Sew each cluster of loops tightly together at one end. Then place on a foundation—a piece of coarse bagging, or even ticking, if it be whole and strong, will do—after all the clusters are sewed in rows very closely together, cut the loops and shake out the ends a little, and you will have a rug that will last for years and always look well. The brighter the colors and the more variety in them the better it will look.

them the better it will look.

Odds and ends of carpet are easily obtainable at carpet warehouses in the form of remnants when such, are not to be found in the house. They make lovely mats if bound with braid of They make lovely mass it bound with branch contrasting color to the ground tint of the design, and are so cheap and easily made, besides furnishing so much comfort in the bedrooms and elsewhere, that it is a wonder they are not oftener used.

THE NOMADS OF CITY LIFE. Every year, as the first of May comes peril ously near, in the calendar, the heart of the nomad stirs amid the dry dust of city life, and quickens with the quickening breath of spring. A desire to be up and away comes upon many an otherwise monotonous-minded dweller in city homes, and he feels the impulse without under-

standing why.

Probably if you asked him you might receive for an answer that the time of his lease is up. .r. that the landlord gave him warning last quarter, or that his present place of abode does not suit

One thing is positively certain, he would stare at you in open-eyed wonder if you told him that it was none of these things that was influencing him in seeking a change of residence—that it was simply the recurrence of the desire im-planted long ago in the old nomadic history of the race that was stirring him up in this way.
But your remark would be nevertheless true;
else why this yearly repeated panic of moving.

PROCESSION OF THE WATERPROOFED. It is said that the caw of one crow is the sign of spring, but there is a surer and earlier sign than that. The dismally chilly, drizzly, neverquite-at-one-with-themselves days of April wit-ness the harbingers of spring in other guise than the solemn clerical black of the crow, for these harbingers, as the olden poets might have called them, don the thinnest of rubber gossamer-cloaks, and rush up the doorsteps of house-agents offices, and drive respectable landlords for are not landlords the very essence of respectability) out of their customary aplomb, and exasperate out-going tenants with pertinent and impertment enquiries as to the condition and advantages and otherwise of the house they are vacating?

And do they not, as they stand dripping in the hall, with the points of their umbrellas dis-charging torrents of muddy water over your clean oilcloth, manage to peer into your "best parlor," and take you into their confidence then and there as to what they think of its dimen-sions, and what their ideas concerning the furnishing of it would be, which, of course, are glaringly opposed to your taste as displayed in glaringly opposed to your taste as displayed in its present arrangements? Do they not wheedle you into letting them take "a peep upstairs," just in time to catch Master Reggne, your own dimpled three-year-old, marching out of his bath, naked and chubby, with poor Fluff, the kitten, lank, uncomfortable and wretched looking, the reluctant sharer in his ablutions, slinking at his heal? ing at his heels?

And then do not those damp strangers go prying into your bedrooms, opening the doors, wall-closets, poking with their umbrellas into corners, perhaps even dislodging an ancient cob

web or two?
You are thankful enough when they take their departure—but somehow you teel all out of sorts for the day, and as if your home, the dearest spot on earth yet to you had undergone desecration.

A VERY EXCITING KIND OF SHOPPING. House-hunting is an art just as much as shopping is. In fact it is a kind of shopping. You cannot hope to be suited in one or in the other unless you start out with a clear idea of what you want, and how much you are prepared to give for it. You must, in fact, have a sort of plan made in your mind concerning what you desire and expect, allowing ample margin for subsequent modifications which are almost certain to be imposed on the original draft.

tain to be imposed on the original draft.

It is always so much easier to work with a plan than without it. Sir Walter Scott said that, while working on his romances, he first of all draw out a scheme of the whole plot that he intended to develop throughout the story, but, that while proceeding, although he diverged invariably from what he had first set down as his lives of guidance, still the having of a plan of work helped him immeasurably.

of one of these flowers," said Claude; "no shadow, no storm shall come near you. I shall have but one care, and that will be your happiness; and in return for all my devotion, will think while working on his romances, he first of all draw out a scheme of the whole plot that he intended to develop throughout the story, but, that while proceeding, although he diverged invariably from what he had first set down as his lives of guidance, still the having of a plan of work helped him immeasurably.

of one of these flowers," said Claude; "no shadow, no storm shall come near you. I shall have but one care, and that will be your happiness; and in return for all my devotion, will filed was the daughter of her dearest friend, but)I shall see her this morning, and shall ascertain all the particulars for you."

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work helped him immeasurably. If this be true in literature, the same rule also holds true in household management.

But to return to our illustration of the shop-

per. It is seldom one sees a good shopper. Every one is familiar with the reckless one. She is the terror of clerks, for she does not know her own wants, but depends on the patient salesman to find them out for her, just as in her school-days, she expected her clever school-mate to work out the arithmetical problems for her. She has a bored and fretted look just as if she had got hold of the wrong end out of the bull of existence and were working away with all her might on lines that could never be smoothed out of the tangles her want of thought have created. But the good shopper, on the other hand, is a pleasure to see. Her methods are so pleasant and simple. She does not drive the salesmen and salesgirls desperate in seeking to divine her wishes, but quietly draws a card or piece of paper, and on which beforehand, she has jotted her requirements, and as one is met and sup plied, she checks it off her list, and passes on to another. If she cannot always get exactly what she wants, she gets as near to it as she can, and always makes it a point to, at least, appear satisfied, when the best is done that can be done. She has her lines drawn, enclosing certain bounds that she will not pass, and all allurements of spring openings and sacrifice

sales have no power over her.

But the busiest day's shopping that was ever known, never even approached in interest one good day's house-hunt. Why, one would take off rubbers and waterproof at night with abundant material for a sleep full of drams that, in written down in shorthand at the moment. written down in short-hand at the moment might make the fortune of a Dickens.

No wonder the veteran house-hunter rises equal to the occasion and sallies forth every rainy April that comes with spirits as eager and with curiosity as shary-set as at the first timid venture. But even in the midst of this keen elation, a dampener comes—the thought of the household exodus with all its horrors, but of that we shall not speak here or now.

THE CHOICE OF A HOME. Why should not the choice of a home in volve as much thought, and what is doubly valuable, forethought, as the purchase of a spring suit?
So very much of the real happiness of life de-

pends on the proper selection of the house wherein we propose to dwell.

A hasty decision may leave as much room for regret as any other of the mistakes of a life-

How we are housed may be and almost always is a question frought with deeper import than wherewithal we shall be clothed.

Many take the matter indifferently, saying, n effect, that one house is as good as another to ive in, that the question of neighborhood need not be considered, and that only fussy people go peering about in unventilated corners, examing the traps on sinks and baths, and hanging their heads over drains to convince themselves, by actual olfactory evidence, of the non-escape

of sewage gas,

But with the indifferent ones time works a sure revenge. Even these easy going individuals will have their eyes opened sometime, and when they see their children corrupted by the evil associations of a bad neighborhood, or the mother of the house wasting away under the slow poison of malaria, even they may be brought to acknowledge that after all the questions of location and sanitation in connection with the choosing of our homes can scarcely be Mariana .

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

CHAPTER XII.-Continued.

In some vague, indistinct way, Hilds knew what was coming. Her simple, loving heart fluttered and heat so quickly that she could hardly breathe. She did not even follow every word he said, but when he ceased speaking, it was as though some exquisite strain of music ased. Yet she would have deferred it if she ceased. Yet she would have deterred in it she could, the speaking of those words that were to open a new life to her. She longed to hear them, yet felt frightened at them.

"Hilda," whispered the low voice at her side, "do forget those lilies for one moment, and look "do forget those lilies for one moment, and look."

at me. Can you guess what I have to say."

The shy, sweet eyes did not meet his own;
the little hands still trembled amid the white

"I am jealous of those flowers," said Claude impatiently, as he removed them. "I want all your attention for once, and for a few minutes. Hilds, do you remember that May morning in

Brynmar woods? I remember it well," replied a faint, halffrightened voice. Do you know," said Claude eagerly,

loved you then ! It was the fairest, sweetest picture my eyes ever fell upon, as you stood in the woods, with the blue-bells in your hand could hardly tear myself away. I longed there and then to kneel at your feet and offer you, as I do now, my life and my love. I have never thought of anything or any one since I saw you. Until I found you again my life was one long dream of misery, Hilds. There never was a love so strong, so deep, so true as mine. Is there any

hope for me? There were a few minutes of unbroken ilence, then a gentle, half-sad voice replied, "How could you care for me when you were

pledged to marry Miss Earle ?" He told her the whole story, how from childhood they had been trained to understand that at some future time they were to be married— how he always liked Barbara in a calm, kind, brotherly way, and when his mother suggested the time for the marriage had arrived, he had "no objection."

"I had not seen you then, Hilda," he continued.

ed. "When I did so, my heart awoke suddenly, I was like a man who had been buried in a deep sleep. I awoke to find myself passionately loving you, yet pledged to marry Barbara Earle. I was half mad for some time, but I had no idea of freeing myself. I thought I must bear myfate and trample you out of my heart. But, Hilda, Barbara has dismissed. bara has dismissed me; she says our engagement was a foolish mistake, for which I shall not suffer. She refuses even to mention it again, and I am free—free to lay my heart at the feet of the only one I ever can love. Have you no word for me, Hilda?"
"Is she—is Barbara unhappy?" she asked

"Do not let that shadow stand between us, cried Lord Bayneham. "Hilda, if I was to pray as man has never prayed before, Miss Earle would not deign to listen to me. If she were here she would plead for me. Oh, Hilda, can it be that I am mistaken? that you do not care for me."

She turned her face to him, and he read his while the fair flowers bloomed around them. sending a thousand sweet and fragrant mes-sages, he told her that same sweet old story that sages, he told her that same sweet old story that the world has heard so long, and never wearied of—the same story of love, and youth, and hope; of love that was to be eternal, all-enduring, stronger than death. The words rang to the same familiar, ever-beautiful chime. Their music was new to the young girl who listened, and thought she must be in Fairy-land.

"I do not think, Hilda," he said—his voice trembled with eagerness—"that I could bear my life without you. I could endure all things with you by my side; without you, life would be one long, dreary blank."

be one long, dreary blank."

The time came when Lord Bayneham remembered those words as a death knell. One such hour comes in every life; perfect in its love and happiness, without cloud, shade or fear; it came to them, and when the mellow light of the conservatory grew dim, and the fragrant blossoms shone but faintly in the evening granding. Hilda had promised to be Lord Bayneham's

"Your life shall be just as bright as the life

call it mine. When shall I see Lady Hutton!
Before the spring blossoms come again, promise

to be my wife, darling."
But that Hilda would not do. In her gentle, child-like heart there was a gracious dignity— all her own. He had won enough; she would promise no more. He loved her but the more for the pretty, coy words that feel so softly from her lips.
"I shall come to see Lady Hutton to-mor

row," he said half inquiringly.

"Not to morrow," she replied; "mamma will be busy with the agent. Let me have that one day to realize my happiness and to

dream."
"It shall be so," replied Claude. In after years Hilds wondered what her fate would have been if he had seen Hilds Hutton

as he wished.
"Now, before I go," said Lord Bayneham,
"grant me one favor. You gave me one bluebell that May morning; give me now one of
those white lilies. I shall know then in the

morning that my happiness is real, not a She gave him what he asked, and the time

came when those two withered flowers were more precious to the young earl than all the world besides. As he was leaving the house he heard a bell ring violently, and half wondered who it could be ringing in such hot haste. "Tell Lord Bayneham as soon as he returns

that I wish to see him particularly. I shall be in my own room. So said Lady Baynebam in her coldest voice.

intended for Barbara's benefit. She had not intended for Barbara's benefit. She had not vouchsafed one word to the young girl herself, choosing to consider her in a state of rebellion. Claude's face did not express any rapturous delight when the obedient domestic delivered her ladyship's message. He loved his mother dearly; he had the deepest respect and admiration for her beauty and talents, her grace and dignity—she was his complete ideal of a British peeress: but if the truth must be

of a British peeress; but if the truth must be told, the young earl held his mother in wholesome awe. He feared nothing upon earth; no danger ever awed him, no fear ever daunted him; but he could not face his lady mother when he had offended or displeased her.

when he had offended or displeased her.

"One more battle, he muttered to himself,
"then all will be plain sailing." But Lady
Bayneham's greeting astonished him.

"My dear boy," she cried, "my poor Claude—what does all this mean?"

"All what, mother?" he asked briefly.

"Barbara's strange conduct," she replied.
"She tells me she has given you your freedom.

I asked no questions from her—I felt too.

I asked no questions from her—I felt too angry. Tell me, have you accepted it?" "I have," said Lord Bayneham, "and gladly too. I am of Barbara's opinion—our engagement was a terrible mistake. She is a noble girl and I love her as though she were my own

sister, but I can never care more for her than I Lady Bayneham's face grew white with

in it seems that I am utterly ignored in the matter," she said bitterly.
"Not ignored, mother," replied Claude gaily; "but, you see, at the matter rested with Bar-bara and myself, we settled our own affairs." "I never admire flippancy," was the haughty reply; "it is not in good taste from you to me, Claude."

"I beg your pardon, mother," he replied earnestly. "I only meant to say it was a mat-ter that concerns ourselves alone."
"Tell mo one thing," cried Ludy Bayneham

-"has Barbara dismissed you? or have you

nantly.
"Hush, mother!" said the earl. "She is the noblest and truest of women. She dismissed me because she saw that I had learned to love some one else truly and dearly. She

fair, foolish face, or perhaps worse, I cannot

"Be just, mother," said Lord Bayneham "I have done all you say for love of the sweetest, loveliest and purest girl the world ever saw.

wife is Hilda Hutton, Lady Hutton's ward," he replied. "I beg you, mother, to say what you will of me, but apare her. I love her, and she will be my wife.

"And to his courtesy, it seems," retorted the lady. "I refuse to hear one word more. If I could believe you serious, Claude, my sorrow would be so great it would nearly kill me. When you have thought better of it, come to me

missed her son.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Countess of Bayneham was always considered as one of the proudest women in England. Her pride had hitherto known no fall. This broken engagement of her son's, his anticipated alliance with one whose claim to high or noble lineage she was wholly ignorant of, hum-bled her. Pride was without doubt the master-passion of her life; but there was another almost as great—that was love for her only son. He was perhaps the only human being that she ever loved with thorough, self-sacrificing devo-tion. True, she was fond of Barbara; but had Barbara been penniless, instead of a wealthy

that we countess would never have planned that marriage for her son.

It was early on the morning following that the young earl sought his mother. After a night of sleepless and anxious deliberation he resolved upon making an appeal to her affection; that, he thought, she could never withstand; and he was right in his conjecture. He appealed to his mother's love, and won from her a most reluctant consent to his marriage

How nobly Barbara has behaved !" she said with a deep sigh, "she would have made a fitting mistress of Bayneham; and I misjudged her so cruelly—I thought she had played you false Claude."

is not Lady Hutton's daughter, she is only her ward. I am saying nothing against her; I suppose her to be a distant relative of Lady Hutton's, adopted by her because she is childless; but I must insist upon every particular of her birth and parentage being laid before us. It is nothing but right; the Baynehams of Bayneham never married beneath them."

at rest, Hilda was carried into the nearest room, which happened to be the library, and laid upon the couch. At that moment there was a slight stir in the hall; Lord and Lady Bayneham had never married beneath them."

ladyship complacently, "if her pedigree is all Lord Bayneham laughed, and elated with the concession he had won from his proud mother,

she engaged?"
"Her ladyship is seriously ill, my lord," was the man's reply; "she was seized with a fit last evening and has not been conscious since."

Hilds her sorrow was his, and asking her to share it. "Let me see you this evening," he said, "just to give you some little consolation."

was stattled and should be ton's illness.
"It would be most awkward if anything happened just now." she said, "I trust. at least, that she will recover consciousness."
The day passed slowly. Claude longing for the evening, when he could see Hilda and share

her sorrow.

A dark cloud hung over Lady Hutton's magnificent ho se. The servants moved noiselessly

met and consulted how best to do battle with the grim king of terrors.
In a luxurious chamber lay the lady so suddenly and awfully stricken. The summer sun tried to pierce the rich green hangings, and

succeeded in throwing a mellow, half golden light over the room. The velvet curtains, with light over the room. The velvet curtains, with their deep fringe, were thrown aside; there pale, serene and calm, no longer conscious of earthly things, lay Lady Hutton. Her pale lips were parted, and a faint, feeble breath passed them. She lay there, and life was ended for her, its hopes and sorrows all over. It mattered but little now that she had loved and lost, that she had been rich, courted and flattered, that men had bent before her and paid homage to her rank and wealth; all that was over. Before the aunset she would be where virtue and goodness. sunset she would be where virtue and goodness, not money and position, take the first place and

not money and position, take the first place and wear the golden crown. Only one thing mat tered now, and that was if the life ebbing so rapidly away had been well spent.

All night long grave and learned men had stood by that quiet bed-side, fighting hand-to-hand with all-conquering Death. They were foiled at last; art, science and wisdom had done their utmost, and all they could do had not even caused the closed eyes to open, or given strength to the white lips for one word. All night had the child she loved knelt by Lady Hutton's side, covering her head and face with warm tears, calling her by every endearing name, weeping and calling all in vain. Lady Hutton was never more to hear the sound of the voice she

extremity of her terror; "can nothing be done to save her?"

Those she asked turned from her with a sorrowing face; they knew when Lady Hutton was gone the young girl would be alone in the world.

Through the long bright hours of that sunny property. day, while the gay sun shone and the distant roll of carriages told of life and gayety, Hilda knels by the sick bed; she was half crazed with the sudden sorrow. Last evening hope and love had charmed her; only last evening his presence would bring with it such a rush of the sudden sorrow.

It was the long watch by that still, silent figure that changed Hilda from a child to a woman. "You had better rest," said one of the doc-

tors, moved by her face so full of anguish.
"I cannot leave her," said Hilda quietly.
"Do you know," continued the doctor, Lady Hutton has any friends who ought to be

"I have never heard of any," she replied.
"Lady Hutton always spoke of herself as being

"Has she any worldly affairs that require settling?" asked Dr. Wells again.
"I do not know," said poor Hilds. "The agent from Brynmar is still here, and the law yer who manages all mamma's affairs. They would not leave the house while she was so ill.'
When Dr. Wells repeated his question to Mr. Abelson, the lawyer, that gentleman told him Lady Hutton's will had been made sixteen years ago, and he believed all her affairs were in perfect order; so there was nothing left for the lady, who lay so still and white, to do. The doctors agreed that in all probability she would recover consciousness just before death; and while the sun poured the full force of its golden beams abrough the helf-drawn curtains into the

beams shrough the half-drawn curtains into the cheerful room, they watched for that minute; but hour after hour passed and it did not come. The face could grow no whiter, but the faint, low breath became more feeble. When evening came and Lord Bayneham called again, he was told that Lady Hutton was dying, and he never remembered how he reached

"Mother," he said to Lady Bayneham, "you must come with me. Lady Hutton is dying. Hilda has no one near her, and I must go to comfort her. Do not refuse. I ask you as would ask you for my life."

She did not refuse: there was something in her son's face that compelled her to obey. went with him at once, and said not a word save to comfort him in sorrow.

The moment had come ; the evening sun had set in all its glory; the beautiful gloaming, half golden, half gray, had begun, when Hilda bending over the white face saw a faint quivering of the closed eyelids and the sealed lips. Then the dark eyes opened with a wistful, wondering look, that pierced the child's heart.

"Hilda," whispered Lady Hutton, "what is it, my darling? Am I going to die?"

"Mamma," cried the trembling grr, "let me go with you"

"I wust tell you" goid Lady Hutton.

go with you"
"I must tell you," said Lady Hutton,
"something—let me have more air. I cannot
breathe. I wint to tell you, darling, about
your own mother. Perhaps I Jid wrong—but

I loved you so dearly—you are like my own Maud. Can no one give me air?" Hilda tried to raise the dying lady, whose words came in short, quick gasps,
"I want to tell you, darling," she said—then
a sudden glaze fell over the wistful eyes, an awful pallor settled on the face, and the half-

raised head fell heavily on Hilda's arm. Lady Hutton had gone, "where the wicked cease Hutton had gone, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

"Carry that poor child away," said Dr. Wells to one of the attendants.

Hardly more conscious than the one who lay at rest. Hilda was carried into the nearest room, which happened to be the library, and laid upon

arrived. The intelligence of the state of th

of her; let us see her at once."

The man who had opened the door never dreamed of offering any resistance.

"Miss Hutton has been taken to the library, my lord," he said.
When they entered the darkened room Hilda

raised herself from the couch.

"Let me go back to her," she was saying to
Dr. Wells. "I cannot believe it. It is m-Dr. Wells. "I cannot believe it. It is m-possible she can be dead."

Then the tired, frightened eyes fell upon the

face of Lord Bayneham. She moved toward him with a wistful cry. He clasped her in his arms, and laid her head upon his breast. "Hilda, my darling," he whispered, "my wife that is to be. I am come to share your sor

row—it is mine also."

Lady Bayneham looked on, her eyes full of tears. The delicate, lonely child, so lovely in the abandonment of her grief, touched that world-worn heart. She silently withdrew with the doctor, and left together those whose love death had sanctified.

CHAPTER XIV.

Lady Bayneham forgot all her own cherished notions of etiquette, and warmly pressed the lonely young girl to return with her to Grosvenor Square; but nothing would induce Hilds to leave the house. She was too young, too inex-perienced, to know that time would soften her

Mr. Abelson, assisted by Lord Bayneham, undertook all arrangements for the funeral Lady Hutton was laid to rest near the bonny woods of Brynmar, where the greater part of her life had been spent. Lord Bayneham was chief mourner, and distant cousins of Lady Hutton's, looking out for a legacy, were there

also.

"You will attend in the library for the read."

"You will attend in the library for the family ing of the will, Miss Hutton," said the family

lawyer, after their return to London.

Hilda bowed assent. She was very silent in these, the first days of her bereavement, and she seemed half shy, half frightened when with Lady Bayneham. The poor, wounded child found her greatest comfort with Barbara—noble, unselfish Barbara, who forçot when she careased the fair head and protect the seed as the see the fair head and parted the golden hair from the sad, sweet face, that she was in the presence of her rival, the one who had stolen from her her love. She saw a grieving, sorrowful, lonely girl in place of the brilliant ways to had some Collection.

like to ask for another, found his only comfort in hearing from Barbara the loving little messages sent by his fair haired wife that was

The will was but a short one. The two cousins were not forgotten, a handsome legacy repaid them for all their affectionate solicitude over the poor lady's health. Every old servant was remembered, and the beautiful estate of Brynmar, the house in London, money in the funds, carriages, horses, jewels and plate were all bequeathed by Lady Hutton to her adopted all bequesthed by Lady Flutton to her adopted danghter, Hilda, who thereby became one of the richest heiresses in England. It was all her own to do what she would with, without any scipulations or conditions; but Lady Hutton hoped she would never part with Brynmar. There was no mention of her adoption or of her

and Dr. Greyling, who had been Lady Hutton's and Dr. Greying, who had been Lady Hutton's confidential friends for many years. Until she was 21 a certain income was to be allowed her, and Brynmar was to be her home, unless she married before then, in which case she would immediately come into full possession of her

knelt by the sick bed; she was half grazed with the sudden sorrow. Last evening hope and love had charmed her; only last evening a golden light that came straight, it seemed, from Heaven, had fallen over her. At the very moment her lover left her, and thinking only of sharing her new-found happiness with her adopted mother, she heard a bell ring, then a startled cry, a rush of servants, and following them she saw Lady Hutton lying white and still upon the ground.

Doctors were summoned in haste; every resource of science had been carried into her room, Lady Hutton had been lost to all earthly things.

It was the long watch by that still, silent

Bayneham will be very happy, I think, to relieve us of it."

It was nearly the end of June when Hilda and Mrs. Braye returned to Brynmar, Barbara having given her promise to meet Hilda when the London season was quite over.

When she returned to her early home Hilda resolved to search among Lady Hutton's letters and papers, to see if it were possible to find any clew to her adoption and parentage.

In the grand library at Brynmar stood a large caken bureau, where the poor lady had been wont to keep all letters and papers. There Hilda searched, there she found letters worn and yellow with age, love-letters, written by the gay and dashing Lord Hutton to the quiet, dignified Miss Erskine; but neither there nor anywhere else could she find any mention of herself. She questioned the older servants who had lived long with Lady Hutton, but they could tell her nothing. One of them spoke of a beautiful woman who had brought Hilda to Brynmar—a nurse, they supposed. The story of Magdalen Hurst was a sealed book to them. In despair Hilda gave up all hope of ever knowing anything of a secret so well kept, so she tried to forget it. Neither the doctor nor the lawyer could enlighten her, for Lady Hutton had not taken them into her confidence.

"Make yourself quite happy," wrote Mr Abelson; "Lady Hutton was a just woman. Most probably you are a distant relative of her own. Few people will ever remember you were not her child, especially as she treated you as such. Respect the secret of the dead as she respected to living."

such. Respect the secret of the dead as she respected it living."

After that Hilda was content to leave the mystery a secret still, and as weeks passed on she recovered from the great and sud-den shock; but while she lived Hilda never den shock; but while she lived Hilda never ceased to mourn the kind and stately lady who had loved her so well. In the quiet and silence of Brynmar her health and spirits returned. Something of the old beautiful bloom was on her face when, six weeks afterward. Barbara came, saying that in spite of all remonstrances Claude would come tco-not to remain, but only for a few hours, just to see how his newly-found trea-

sure looked. sure looked.

Hilda went with him to the shady green glade in the woods where he first saw her; and there, with tears shining in her eyes, she told him Lady Hutton's dying worde, and how impossible she had found it to discover who her parents were. He loved her too deeply to care; and he kissed the tears from her face, and told her never to think of it again. She was Hilda Hutton to all the world, and would soon be Hilda Lady Bayneham. He and would soon be Hilda, Lady Bayneham. He made her promise that when the apring blos-

some came she would be his wife.

As the time drew near Lady Bayneham made some faint remonstrance, but it was soon with-drawn, because she saw the whole happiness of her son's life was involved. Unless he married Hilds he would never marry at all. Outwardly she was amiably indifferent, but in her heart there was something resembling dislike for the beautiful young girl who had unconsciously thwarted the one plan and wish of her life and

heart. Spring came, with its blossoms and budding leaves. The wedding was to take place in the pretty country church at Brynmar, and a gay party of guests assembled there. Bertie Carlyon had gladly accepted his old friend's invitation to efficiate as the best man, for he was leavening to see Barbare casis. Difficulty as longing to see Barbara again. Diffidence or delicacy—he hardly knew which—had prevent-ed him from calling since he knew she was

iree.
The flowers Hilds loved were blooming on r wedding day when the words were spoken that made her Claude Bayneham's wife, and no one wished her joy more truly or more kindly than Barbara Earle.

Lord Bayneham took his young wife to Switzerland. He wanted to show her every beautiful place in the world all at once. Barbara told him laughingly, he must be content with one, and Hilda had chosen Switzerland.

Barbara's words were gayest when the hour of parting came. Barbara's face was the last that smiled as the carriag, containing perhaps that smiled as the carriage, containing perhaps the two happiest people in the world, drove away. Bertie Carlyon stood by Parbara's side, watching with love's keen eyes every change in that noble face. He saw no trace of sorrow there. Barbara did not keep her woes for the world's amusement. She was calm, kind and serene, thoughtful for Claude, for Hilda and for Trady Raynebam. It would have required more Lady Bayneham. It would have required more shrewdness than Bertie possessed to discover any sign of an aching heart in those calm, clear eyes and smiling lips.

"I think they will be happy," he said, as the carriage discouraged."

carriage disappeared. "Some mortals have an enviable lot. I should imagine that Claude has not one cloud in his sky. I, on the contrary, have no sunshine."

"You!" cried Barbara, turning to him quick-

ly; "why, ever since I can remember anything at all, I have heard my cousin cite you as the "I made no complaint," said Bertie. "I have enjoyed my life hitherto as the birds and flowers enjoy theirs, without thought or care. I never woke to realities until I became sure of obtain-

ing a certain treasure. Looking within myself I found I was unworthy of it. He who would win must fight ' "Why cannot you fight?" said Barbara, interested in spite of her own secret sorrow.
"You are too diffident. A man should never mistrust his own powers if he would have others

respect them."
"Miss Earle," said Bertie suddenly, "will wan he my you make a compact with me?—will you be my triend? A man can do noble deeds if he has a noble woman to influence him. Be my friend, and there is nothing too high or too difficult for me to attempt if yov will aid use. I should value your friendship more than the love of all

the world put together."

Bertie was most sublimely unconscious that his words were a declaration of love in them-selves; and Barbara smiled as she looked at his

handsome, eager face.

"I will be your friend," she said, "if, as you think, I can be useful to you."

"The mouse once helped the lion," said Bertie; "and it is just possible the time may come when Bertie Carlyon, the poor younger say of a not over-rich havened may be of some son of a not over-rich baronet, may be of some assistance to Miss Earle. Remember," he con-tinued, "if the time should ever come that you want a strong arm or a strong heart, my life is at your service." And Barbara remem-

bered his words.
"Lady Hilda Bayneham will be the belle of "Hady Hida Bayreham will be the belle of the season, I presume," continued Bertie, after a pause of a few minutes. "Poor Captain Massey is wearing the willow to some intent and purpose. I do not think he will ever care to look even at the fairest of belles after this."

"He is a noble, brave man," said Barbara, who had heard from her cousin how well the gallant captain loved Lady Hutton's ward.

"Miss Earle," oried Bertie, "you make me ambitious. I must do something to win from you the same praise. I wonder what I could do that would make you call me a brave, noble

suppliations or conditions; but Lady Hutton hoped she would never part with Brynmar. There was no mention of her adoption or of her parentsge, not a word that gave any clew to it whatever.

"I must congratulate you, Miss Hutton," said the lawyer, when the will was read.

"I wish, though," interrupted Hilda, with tears in her eyes, "thau there had been one word of my mother."

Two guardians were appointed to take charge

Mark Carlotter Line Brown Carlotter Carlotter

ceased to love her?"
"Barbara dismissed me," he replied with a strange smile.

"Then she is a false, faithless girl, and must be brought to reason," said the countess indigwould not stand between me and happiness. I

would not stand between me and happiness. I should never have named my love; I should have married Barbara and endured my life as I could. But she saw it, and set me free."

"It is just as I expected," was her ladyship's indignant comment—"a set of ridiculous, sentimental ideas. So you, my lord, have broken your faith, if not your word, with the 'noblest of women! You fly in the very face of society; you set the world and all its laws at defiance—and for what?—for the love of some fair, foolish face, or perhaps worse, I cannot

"Favor me with the name of your new love," said the Countess contemptuously. "I have no wish to hear any absurd raphsodies." "The girl I love and have asked to be my

"Never with my consent," exclaimed the countess. "I forbid any such folly. I insist upon your returning to your allegiance—to
Barbara, and forgetting this fair, foolish——"

"Hush," said Lord Bayneham, his face growing dark and stern; "not one word against her.
There are limits to a man's patience, mother."

again."
With a haughty gesture the countess thus dis-

with Lady Hutton's ward.

false Olaude."

"No one living is, or can be, more true than Barbara," said Lord Bayneham; "but there is fate in love, mother. What sent me that May morning into Brynmar woods?"

merning into Brynmar woods?

Then, in his own simple and truthful way,
Claude told Lady Bayneham the whole history
of his love; his first meeting with Hilda, his
struggle to forget her, and his intense happiness
at finding himself free to visit her; and Lady
Bayneham was touched in spite of herself.

"She is very fair and beautiful," she said,
"but, Claude, there is one thing—Igive my consent with certain conditions. Remember Hilda
is not Lady Hutton's daughter, she is only her

son indifferently; "she is peerlees herself; but I have no doubt she will."
"It will not be so bad after all," said her

went to seek Lady Hutton.

There seemed to be a strange calm in the house when he reached it. The windows were all closed, and the servant who opened the door looked unusually grave and serious.
"Can I see Lady Hutton?" asked Claude; "is

evening and has not been conscious since."

"Is Miss Hutton with her?" he inquired inexpressibly shocked at the news.

"Miss Hutton has never left my lady since she was taken ill" the man replied.

"I hope to hear better news this evening," said Lord Baynebam as he turned away.

He felt like one in a dream; the sun was shining brightly, the streets were crowded with garly dressed people; life gayety and happing. shining brightly, the streets were crowded with gayly-dressed people; life, gayety and happi ness seemed to thrill through the summer air, yet over the house he had left hung the dark cloud of illness, and perhaps approaching death. He went to his club, and there wrote his first love letter, telling

When the latter was gone, Lord Bayneham felt more at ease. To do his mother justice, she was startled and shocked to hear of Lady Hut-

and spoke in bushed voices. Grave physicians

lawyer, after their return to London.

ling, sorrowful, lonely girl in place of the brilliant young beauty who had won Claude's heart, and Hilda clung to her as she would have done to a sister of her own.

Miss Earle spent the time that intervened between Lady Hutton's death and funeral with Hilda. She did not leave her night or day, and Claude, who after that one interview did not his terms to be the format her than the state of the state of

and calling all in vain. Lady flutton was never more to hear the sound of the voice she loved best.

Two guardians were appointed to take charge will live as long as Englishmen last; there is more bidden under the half-indirecent, thalf the voice she of the young heiress. They were Mr. Abelson more bidden under the half-indirecent, thalf the voice she long as Englishmen last; there is more bidden under the half-indirecent, thalf the voice she long as Englishmen last; there is more bidden under the half-indirecent, thalf the voice she long as Englishmen last; there is more bidden under the half-indirecent, thalf the voice she long as Englishmen last; there is more bidden under the half-indirecent, thalf the voice she long as Englishmen last; there is more bidden under the half-indirecent, thalf the voice she long as Englishmen last; there is more bidden under the half-indirecent, thalf the voice she long as Englishmen last; there is more bidden under the half-indirecent, thalf the voice she long as Englishmen last; there is more bidden under the half-indirecent, thalf the voice she long as Englishmen last; there is more bidden under the half-indirecent, that the voice she long as Englishmen last; there is more bidden under the half-indirecent, that the voice she long as Englishmen last; there is more bidden under the ball-indirecent, that the voice she long as Englishmen last; there is more bidden under the ball-indirecent, the voice she long as Englishmen last; there is more bidden under the ball-indirecent.