EDITH YORKE.

CHAPTER XIX. HALOTON DAYS.

Having given their consent to Edith's en-Having given their consent to Edith's engagement, the Yorkes immediately adopted Dick Rowan as their own. They were not people to be injudied by halves. Even Melicent was propitious, and when she met her advances became till more must be carry who lived in a rarer atmosphere, effortessed more readily, and could not enough praise her cousing with Hester insisted that he should leave the hotel, and stay at her house. Bhe was completely won stay at her house. She was completely won by the almost boylsh affection and respect with which he treated her husband, his first and only former triend in Seaton, and by his fondness to her children.

Mrs. Yorke, beginning by talking with, in order to study him, and know thoroughly what sort of man she had promised her niece to, found herself growing affectionate toward him, and not only probing his mind, but, unfolding her own. In after years she unfolding her own. remembered those confidential interviews as an honor, which, at the time, she had scarcely appreciated. The young man told her all his hopes and plans, saked her advice in everything concerning Edith, and listened eagerly when she explained to him the needs and habits of a delicately bred lady.

"My poor mother is the only woman I have ever lived in the house with," he remarked " and, of course, she was not able to be dainty."

He said this rather sadly, but without a taint of humility. Mrs. Yorke was impressed by the dignity of that character which would not be ashamed of anything but its own wrong-doing.

One confidence led to another, and Dick was afterward surprised on re-collecting that he had related the story of his whole life to Edith's sunt, and spoken more freely to her of his early struggles and suffer-Ings than even to Edith herself. Not only this; but, seeing tears in her eyes when he told of his father's despairing efforts to reform himself, and hearing the pitying word she spoke for him whom others had mocked, he told her the end of it all, and where that father's desolate grave had been made.

"You poor, dear boy!" she exclaimed, hold-Ing out her kind hand to him, "I don't wonder that Edith loves you!"

"I do not pretend to understand the designs of God," Dick said unsteadily. "When I think of my father, all is a mystery. But for myself, I think I can see that suffering was good. My nature is to go Etraight to any end which I propose to myself, without much regard for the wishes of others, and no regard for ordinary obstacles. I might have been cruel; I should have been selfish; but suffering has taught me to be more tender of other people."

" Yes," Mrs. Yorke said; and, recollecting her own early trials, thought that they had helped her to be more pitiful of his.

Then, led on by her sympathy for him, she told her own past, there on the spot where it

had occurred. These confidences drew the two together,

and formed a bond which was never broken. A man's manliness can scarcely bear s Beverer test than when he becomes the pet of woman. One is sometimes astonished to see how characters, apparently fine, deteriorate under that insidious influence. But Dick Rowan was too grateful and modest, and too little selfish or vain, to be injured.

" He is not quite like us," Mrs. Yorke said, wbut he is more natural and original, and is, altogether, a remarkable young man. Edith has reason to be proud of his homage. He certainly behaves exquisitely toward her."

feminine raptures, was fain to take the young smooth and green with turi of velvet fineness. There were vines here and there, dis- over the nail gallantry, that he instantly perposed for effect, like drapery in an artist's ceived the folly of resenting it. studio and many a flower which bloomed now crowded trefoils and blossoms. Its surface was unsteady with bees, musical with a low hum, and all the air was sweet with the breath of it.

"If I were not disgusted with Seston," Mr. Yorke said, " I should like to spend my summer here, and carry out my plans for the place; but when we go away, probably in ever had before, and, at the same time, so October, I shall never wish to see the place again. The e is no security here."

Dick leaned thoughtfully on the his hat to shake his hair loose in that fragrant | a noble delicacy. air. "I think, sir, that Seaton may be in future all 'he better for this trouble." he said. slowly. "The tone of the place is low, I know that well, but it is in a fair way of becoming ashamed of itself, and so, of mending. When people have wrong ideas, and stand by them stubbornly, I like to have them go on, and find out for themselves what their principles lead to. Conviction reaches them then through their own experience, and so you hear no more about the matter. It is, of course, a slow way, but it is sure."

Mr. Yorke made a grimace, and quoted President Mann: "God Almighty is not in a hurry, and I am."

Carl had gone to Bragon. He went quite unexpectedly the day Dick Rowan probably fault on both sides, and came, and did not see Edith's lover till he then fancy that they had done justice the fancy that they had done justice the fancy that they have done had been a week in Seaton. He came home one evening after tea, when the young people were in the cupola, looking down the bay for a careless and slipshod judgment. For there the Holeyon. They waved their handker are cases where the fault is all on one side chiefs to him, and his mother ran out to meet and

him. him as joyfully as if he had been gone a year, "I would not watch for you, lest I should be disappointed. I pretended I did not expect you. But you may know what a hypocritical pretence it was when I say that your supper is all ready, though, to be sure, breakfast, dinner and supper have been kept for

you every day." While speaking, she led him into a little northern parior, which was their summer

dining-room. Carl looked at his mother with a smile, but tears rose to his eyes. He was not one to take even a mother's devotion as a matter of pourse, and just now he found it peculiarly touching.

Mrs. Yorke looked very frail and lovely as she sat opposite her son. : Her snowdrop of a isce, the pale blue scarf knotted loosely about her neck, with fringed ends hanging over her white dress, the fall of lace fastened to her have been an admiral," bair by a rosebud-all made a pretty picture. added the charm of the exquisite lady.

your chair-" her con suggested. She immediately dismissed. Paul Latter; struct of them was a second of the immediately dismissed. Paul Latter; structured was a second of pot; and Uail was free to say, Now tell me the peaceable that I was called Mother Cary's question. The cffect was electrical. He matter whether she is learned or pot; and I believe it was that nickname straightened bimself up again, and, in the nine set of assuming that nine fects make a truth a second observations show that some I was first put it into my head to go to sea. first break of that possibility, did not hear asked Carl. Yorke. We are supposing that the mother with precision; of Greenland are slowly sinking.

into which she put a tisy cube of lost sugar-and is spoonful of cream, she was ready to speak. "There is no necessity for any such banishment, my dear. Edith is very friendly to in his own fashion: We call that a pretty enough for him; but there was in his nature bim, but she surrounds herself with a fine real sharp ship that will sail within four points of a capacity for tender worship which made serve which he could not break through if he the wind, he said. But I hear that you him shrink from such an alliance. approaching familiarly the Queen of Sheba. They are very little alone together.

"What delicious coffee !" Carl exclaimed, and immediately began to tell some incidents am anchored.

of his journey. Rowan, and all saw with pleasure that the bays some one to tell their troubles to. "But through the window, began to promenade up two young men met not only with courtesy, but friendliness. Carl's invariable, haughty silence whenever Dlok Bowan's name was mentioned had given them some unessiness regarding the meeting. Indeed, could they banishment of their priest. have found fault with him for anything, it would have been for what they considered this excess of pride.

The two passed on, Clara following, and, quite in the rear, came Edith, alone. She was half-smiling, and came slowly down, step by step, with a touch of feminine coquetry as innocent and natural as the tricks of a playful kitten, lingering as he waited. Yet her bright cheeks and shining eyes told that the approach was a delight.

But for some reason, Carl chose to be displeased all at once, and, by a slight change of attitude and expression, to be waiting, not to greet her, but to go up-stairs.

"Pardon me for being so slow," she said, becoming instantly a courteous lady. "I think I am getting old and dignified. The wings have gone from my feet."

The Halcyon had come, and the Yorkes immediately made the acquaintance of its master. Dick and Edith went down to the ship to see him, and persuaded him to go home to tea with them. The big, bashful sailor was not accustomed to the society of ladies, and had the impression that there was something cabalistic in good-breeding. But he found himself quite at ease with the family, after a while, and was convinced that they were not aware of a few blunders he committed in the first embarrassment of meeting them. Some diversion had always taken place at precisely the right moment to screen him, and soon his selfpossession was quite restored. He left the house that night highly pleased with his visit.

"They seem to me perfectly kind and natural people," he said to Dick, as they walked through the woods together. "Your Edith, it is true, is rather grand, but in a sweet, child-like way, and Miss Meilcent seems disposed to be a little on the high horse once in a while, but not much. I always thought that accomplished ladies were more airy, but I don't see that these do any great things."

"True," Dick enswered; "but mark the things which they do not do."

They were much together after that, and Mrs. Yorke and her daughters went on board the Halenon, and were entertained there. Carl had been afraid to have his mother venture on board the ship, and had charged himself especially with the care of her, but his solicitude was not needed. He was both pleased and amused by the simplicity and smoothed every smallest obstruction from that she was beautiful. She gave him think you put the stars to been used when her path and spared ber every exertion. There had been a momentary flash of angry surprise the window-sill beside Clara, and listen through the place, his improvements he had made in the place, his improvements he had been as particular to the think you put the stars to been the think you pu avenues, now as hard as cement, his terraces, the sailor's face was so absolutely anxious and together that day, and Mr. Yorke, with his "We are planning some little pleasure trip to one as direct and transparent as a child, the over into a shifting Corinthian capital, and kind, and Mrs. Yorke laughed so merrily

"My dear," Mrs. Yorke whispered to Clars. for the first time under Seaton skies. They | " he is like one's grandfather, grandmother, stopped at last beside a clover-pot, thick with and all one's aunts and uncles, in one. It's a pity he hasn't a wife, he would be so good to

> Clara blushed slightly. She had been thinking some suce thought herself.

The intercourse gave the Yorkes a fresh and novel sensation. It was so different from anything they had pleasant. It came like a breath of pure sea air into a warm and scented drawing room. They were not so mummified by convention fence, and watched the bees come that they could not appreciate this simple, and go over the clover, and took off unconventional nature, in which they found

> Captain Carey listened with indignation to the story of their Seaton experiences. An autocrat on board ship, and completely his own master everywhere, he could not comprehend how one part of a community could exercise such tyranny and coercion over the other. " It seems to me that the Catholics must have done something out of the way," he said. " There's usually fault on both sides, you know, though no fault would justify such a persecution."

" There is just the trouble," Mr. Yorke replied, rather impatiently. "It is so easy for people who wish to be fair, and at the same ime not put themselves to the iveouvenience of investigating, to say that there is tice. On the contrary, they may have done great injustice, and have, certainly, rendered other cases where, though in the m.

"My dear con! she exclaimed, embracing in the responsibility really rests in as joyfully as if he had been gone a year, on the one who was the aggressor, and provoked the other beyond endurance. I am not blaming you, sir; but I am always annoyed by that off-hand way of saying, 'There's probably fault on both sides. If people don't know, let them say they don' know, and not give any judgment at all. I do know, and I say that no provocation was given, and the Catholics have been only too supine."

"There have been times, Captain Cary," Edith said, "when I wished that you were here. I know you would have been on our

£ide." "That I would!" he answered heartlly, looking at her with a kind smile. The two were great friends. "And I would have left

my mark anywhere you told me to strike." "It was a shame to waste you on a merchant ship," Clara said to him. "You should

The cailor gave one of his great laughs, To the inherent loveliness of the mother, she which always made Mrs. Yorke jump and flush. "We big fellows are not always fond of fight-"If you do not need that apostle behind ing," he said. "When I was a boy I had thought of going any further than that had even with a slight sir of suthority. "I believe our chair—" her consuggested. two younger brothers shout half my size, and never entered his mind, till he saw the flash the true superlority of woman to be in relig-She immediately dismissed Paul Patten; either of them was a match for me. I was so of eyes and color with which she received his lon," he said; "and, if she has that, it is no them. You know I have never been able to and Unil was free to say, we Now tell me the peaceable that I was called Mother Cary's state of affairs. *The engagement I take for chicken, and I believe it was that nickname

to Boston with pe." -

give up," she said

"I have not made much headway," she an- with Dlok and me, Clara." swered smiling, "but only held my own. 1

Carl accompanied them up Irlah Lane, on When they heard the others com- Sunday afternoon. They called at several ing down-stairs they went to meet houses, and talked and encouraged the inthem. Melicent came first, with Mr. matter: If was a kelly to these poor souls to. what shall we do when you are all gone?" they asked mournfully. To them, the ex-pected departure of the Yorke family from was amused, and she knew not what else. Seaton was a misfortune second only to the

Their situation was, indeed, a cruel one. It was not alone the contumely to which they were subjected, and the being unable to hear Mass, but their sick and dying were de-prived of the sacraments, and their infants unbaptized. Yet no harsh word escaped them. Scarcely one seemed to recollect their persecutors. They were suffering for the faith, and it was God's will-that was their view of the position. The instruments which God used to try them they thought but little of. Carl Yorke went home thinking that he had heard better sermons that alternoon than

he had ever before heard in his life. Father Rasle's continued absence was not voluntary. He would fain have returned to his flock, in spite of Mr. Yorke's and Miss Churchill's letters, but his superior added a command to their advice, and he was forced to restrain his zeal.

"Tell my people that I never for-got them," he wrote to the teacher. Every day at Mass I pray for their deliverance. It cannot be long before I shall visit them. Meantime, let them give their enemies no pretext for farther injury." To Edith he wrote:

" Your desire to act in behalf of these persecuted people is natural, but I must forbid you. You may safely follow the advice of such good people as Mr. and Mrs. Yorke. But do not fear that, because you are inactive, you therefore are useless. I visited once, in Europe, a spot where a temple had stood. Nothing was left of it but a few broken fragments lying about, and a single beautiful pillar that stood alone. Was that pillar useless? No; in its way, it was very eloquent. No one could look upon it without trying to fancy what the wbcls edifice might have to it.' And Taurus answered, "All right!" been; and you may be sure that the traveller's imagination did its best in rebuilding that grease the pole, so that the dipper should temple. So, now, you shall be the little caryatid of the church in Seaton. You have the gift of silence; use it. Be as obedient and quiet | dipper higher up, so as to get more work as that solitary column, and let the world | than he had agreed to pay for; and, meanguess from you how fair must be that structure | time, all the poor little stars languished, and of which you are a part."

had stood to read her letter, folded her arms of the little stars a full one. And the stars up over her head, and said to Dick Bowan, grew bright and glad. But the Bulls and an cutablature?"

have to be others like you."

Edith blushed, and dropped her arms; for they were all looking at her, and their faces, andson in-law and Captain Uary, were smoking distract her mind. You do not know, perhaps, their cigars outside. Inside the window that the Philistines are upon her?" nearest her husband, Mrs. Cleaveland sat in a The sailor did not understand, b low, broad arm-chair. A nurse in a white to inquiring and solicitous that Clara explain. cap had just placed on her knees Hester's ed to him. temporary disgrace. Original sin was very strong and active in this child. He was full the age for childish atrocities. There were pull out the baby's eyelashes, "eye-winkeys," he called them, and to make it smile in seawas to poke holes in paper, or any delicate | what they mean." and easily perforated fabric, with his plump forefinger. He could have no greater then followed a controversy on the subject of pleasure than to seat himself, with some precious volume before him, and go gravely and industriously through it in this way, leaf; student nor well read, and there might be a by leaf. Som cover to cover. There was, indeed, a long list of indictments against this her case. Mr. Yorke mocked les savantes; but unhappy child. The two little forefingers tied together behind his back, and a dliapidated book lying on the carpet, showed plainly enough what his offence was at this time. .

vellous stories to the culprit's half brother, the centre of the room, were coaxing some account of his adventures from Dick Rowan. He had to be persuaded before he would speak much of himself.

"Isn't he magnificent?" Clara whispered to Edith, meaning Captain Cary.

The sailor had been describing an arrowy little craft, the "Humming-bird," in which he had once darted in and out of the Chinese coast, smuggling opium in the very teeth of an English man-of-war. Seeing the addition to his audience, he threw the end of hi cigar to appreciate learned men. If the wife of a away, and moved his chair nearer the win- scholar could not understand and sympathize dow.

"How I should like to be a sailor!" exclaimed Clara with enthusiasm. Captain Cary leaned forward with his arms on his knees, in order to bring himself more on a level with the young ladies. "And how

would you like to be a sailor's wife?" he Although he had the greatest possible aimiration for Miss Clara Yorke, and considered her by far the cleverest young woman he had, ever known; it would be safe to say that the

to Boston with us."

The tracker shock her head, "I cannot coursed to this generous soul. He could at any time have married a common person, Captain Cary complimented Miss Churchill whom most people would have thought good

Presently, Edith's cool yolds stole through the chaos of his mind. "You can go to sea

The sallor started, and fell from the clouds. His face became overcast, and, with a deep sigh, he seemed to renounce a long-cherished

hope. With a laugh and a toss of the head, Clara and down the garden-walk. She saw through One could not be angry with the fellow, she said laughingly to herself. She had been looking up to him with enthusiasm, as to some antique bronze or marble Argonaut, or other hero of simpler times. Now that was changed, and she was on the pedestal, to be worshipped by him. It was preposterous, but not altogether disagreeable.

Meantime, Captain Cary was confiding his distress to Edith. "I hope that your cousin didn't think I was fool enough to dream of her being my wife," he said, looking down. "What I said was a slip of the tongue, and I didn't know the drift of it myself till I saw how she took it."

"Oh! never mind," Edith answered, "Olare is always jesting, and twisting people's meaning. She knew you meant no such thing."

He sighed, and said no more. If Clara had expected the sailor to watch her, she was disappointed. He went into the parlor, and when, later, she entered, brilliant with exercise and mischief, he was sitting by Carl, and listening with as sober a face to the stories that young man was telling Engene Cleaveland as if he were listening to a sermon. Olara passed near them, to hear what it might be which produced such solemnity in the man and such a trance of in-

terest in the child. "Tuen, Jari was saying, "Taurus sent to the Great Bear to say that he should like to have something out of the golden dipper about the middle of the next month, for all the !ttle stars would grow dim about that time, and need something to polish up with. And the Bear said, 'All right | but the dipper hangs so high on the celestial pole that you will have to pay me a good deal to climb up And then the Bears set slyly to work to slip down, and they get their pay without work; and Taurus he set to work to push the grew dim. And then Orion got mad, and Edith turned from the window, where she brought a lot of little dippers, and gave each sitting there, "Can you fancy me supporting Bears, finding that they were both besten, an cutablature?" didn't feel glad. The Bear began to bite his "No," he answered; "for then there would own paws, and the Bull went for Orlen, and tried to toss him. But Orion laughed, and put up his shield, and called his dogs,

"Upon my word, Carl," says Clara, "I

The sailor did not understand, but looked

second son, an infant of six months old. As "I published a story ages ago," it lay slowly and deliciously waking up, both she said, "and the editor of the nurse and mother gazed down upon Cosmic has just become aware of it. He it with adoring eyes. Master Philip, found it lately among the debris of his writing-this baby's predecessor, was hiding his face table. The authoress, he says, has shaken in one arm of his mother's arm chair, being in | up a few fancies in a kaleidoscope, and calls them life. They are about as much like life he adds, as Watteau's shepherdesses are like of vitality and determination, and just at that real shepherdesses, or as Marie Antoinette's age when will is pretty well developed and housekeeping at the Petit Trianon, with ribmemory and understanding still dormant- | bons tied round the handles of silver saucepans, was like real kitchen work. Still, he moments when the child's life was a burden | concludes, the story is amusing, in spite of to him, by reason of the great number of its pinchback ideal, and, when the writer is things which he wished to do, and meant to older, she will, doubtless, do better. The do, and could not remember that he must musty old metaphysician!" exclaimed Miss cf. not do. He had a chronic desire to Clara, warming with the subject. "I once read a paragraph in one of his articles, and found it comical. I had never seen any of son and out by violently drawing the corners | the words before, except the articles and preof its mouth round towards its ears. When positions. My first impression was that he ever an infantine shrick was heard, it was al- had made them up for fun. I found them ways understood that Master Philip was in all out in the unabridged dictionary, though. some way accountable. Another fancy of his They were real words, but I have forgotten

"So much the better !" said Melicent. And learned women. Melicent denounced them as unwomanly; but Melicent was neither a difference of opinion as to cause and effect in Mr. Yorke adored a wife whose literary sc. quirements were of the most modest kind, and he had once, in a never-forgotten argument, been worsted by a clever woman. Cap-In the background, Carl was telling mer- tala Cary was of opinion that clever and learned women were not the wives for com-Eggene; and Mrs. Yorke and Melicent, in mon men. At that, Clara took up the gaunt-

let with great spirit. Clever women did not wish to marry common men, she said. And there were plenty of uncommon men who were not jealous of them. She disliked all this hypocritical talk about the beauty of simplicity and humility and submission in women. The real meaning of it was not Christian, but Mohammedan.

"For me," Mrs. Yorke interposed, "I think that some women should be learned, in order in her husband's love of books and what they teach, she would soon grow jealous of them, and he would miss what should be his sweetest homage."

" Now, is not there an orthodox woman?" Mr. Yorke exclaimed with delight. The sole use she can conceive of a woman's having tor learning is that she may be better able to appreciate her husband." Edith glanced past Carl, and looked with

arch loquity at Dick Rowan.

He was perfectly self-possessed, and spoke

fields of spir of cooling lovers?—I would in the west of line of the least of the l

With a flower stock in it. "And while your crudite wife is gracefully adjusting herologies, who is to see to the bread and the buttons?" Melicent saked,

rather sneeringly:
"Oh! those everlasting buttons!" Claraoried out, and put her hands over her ears.

"The servant, probably Oarl replied to
Melicent. "If a woman could give some thought to those things also, well and good, but I should not choose a wife for such a service. I would rather have her help me to polish a sentence or pose a figure than cook my dinner or mend my stockings, unless, we were so poor that labor was absolutely necessary. I should be ashamed to see my wife performing menial services for me. I would as willingly see her at work in the field as

bringing me my slippers." Carl had scarcely time to see the look of beaming approval in Edith's eyes, before his sight and hearing were both temporarily lost in Clara's rapturous embrace. "You are perfect!" she cried, kissing him. "You are of the progeny of Apollo! I am so glad to have that slipper theory upset; for I never saw a woman bringing her husband's slippers for him without feeling a contempt for her. I don't believe that any one ever admired such a piece of mean servility, except the lazy Turk who allowed it to be done for him."

While they laughed at Ciara's enthusiasm. Dick Rowan said to Edith, "I quite agree with your cousin. I mean all that he means, and

"By the way," Carl said carelessly, as he went toward the door, "I am not Edith's cousin, nor in any way related to her "

CHAPTER XX.

THREE BONGS.

Captain Cary had been three weeks in Seaton, and was to sail in two days for New York, where the Halcyon was sold, taking Dick Bowan with him. From New York, Dick was to sail immediately, on a three years' voyage, in the Edith Yorke. The captain did not say definitely what his own plans were, perhaps did not know them blusself. I did think of settling down on shore," he said to Mrs. Yorke. "But one person dossn't make a home, and all my people are dead. I'd half a mind to ask Rowan to take me as a passenger. He has a splendid ship.'

. They were all in the garden that last evening but one. Edith sat on a bench beside Melicent, and looked intently at Dick Rowan, who was talking with Clara and Mrs. Yorke. She was thinking over all his goodness, all his affection for her, studying his personal beauty, his frank, bright face and athletic form, and trying to excite in herself some enthusiasm ragarding bim. Carl stood near. listening to, but not join-ing in, the conversation. She compared the two young men. Their height, their form, were very nearly the same; but Carl had the proud and measured tread of one bred to in the afternoon. The crew of the Halcyon gave the parlor and the promenade, Dick the free them a hearty cheer as they slid down past and springing step of the mountaineer. This the wharf where she lay; the fresh breeze, was distinctive, yet each had moods like the blowing off shore, smoothed the waves, and other. On the deck of his own ship, the overhead, light clouds ran races with them. Out of one cloud, that seemed scarcely a world could bound as lightly up a steep, or hand's breadth, a shower of large, sun-lighted vault as lightly over an obstacle, as though drops came clattering down. In the midst his life had been spent in atbletic sports. of it they reached the Point, and stepped out other noble, indeed, yet subtle, as one aware of the world's ways, and guarded at every

point. "I must be very hard and cold." Edith thought, finding herself unmoved, in spite of her efforts. "Or, perhaps, it may be because hands and moccasined feet were models of I have always known and been sure of him."

Looking her way, Dick met that steady gaze, and colored with pleasure. If the expression was grave and regretful, what then? Were they not about to part? He led Mrs. Yorke to her, and the others followed, to make ladies talked with the child, and bought arrangements " for a sail they were to have baskets of her; the gentlemen made

will not hurt," Dick said; "for you will be likely to get a little scud water in your laps." "And pray what is soud water?" Mrs. Yorke asked.

Dick explained that it was spray blown

"How pretty!" exclaimed Clara. "You may fill my lap with it." They separated again, and Dick was left with Edith. "What shall I bring you from Calcutta?"

he asked. "Bring me Dick Rowan safe back again," was the answer.

Both were silent a little while, then he spoke in a quiet voice: "Ask God to do that, Edith. He has been so good to us, I think He will refuse nothing." She looked at him wistfully. "Are you

very happy, Dick?" "Happy!" he exclaimed. "Dear, my very finger-naile shine! Edith, I am so happy that I should be afraid, if I would allow myself to be. But, no; I will trust God when

While they talked, Mrs. Yorke was walking aside with Clara, and questioning her. " What is the matter with Captain Cary?" she asked. "He has grown very sober lately." Olara laughed, rather consciously. "How should I know, mamma?"

Mrs. Yorke looked displeased. "I wish for a frank answer," she said. "What is the meaning of this? It isn't possible that there has been any trifling on your part!" The girl bluened deeply, but told what lit-

tle there was to tell, including that unlucky

question: "How would you like to be a sailor's wife?" "He hadn't the slightest personal meaning, mamma," Clara added hastily, seeing her eyes open with something like a flash. "He told Edith afterward that it was a slip of the

tongua." "Then why should not that have been the end of the matter?" Mrs. Yorke asked, rather peremptorily. "You had but to assume that such a thing was impossible, not to be thought of, and be just as courteous to

him as before." looking a little frightened, "it isn't as im- My nicce was also cured by liss use, after possible as it is unlikely. Stranger things several physicians had falled to do her any have happened in the world, and will again, good. Yours truly, and the world is and will be no worse for

or the other." Clara's eyes were suffased with tears. "I think that you misuaderstand me, mamma," she said in a low voice. "I was never in my life so much pleased to have any one like

Mrs. Yorke stopped, and looked at her

daughter in astonishment.

Ohl I know all that you would say, mamma," the girl went on, half I-ughing, half weeping. "He is a sallor, which is as if a bird should say, 'He is a fish." He has only a common school education, as far as books go, and he has none of our ways. But all-that doesn't make his esteem any less worth having. Men of the world often give only a tame half affection and are perhaps, almost sorry when they are accepted. They think of themselves, they think of a thousand other things; he would think of me. When Edith sang the other evening,

Oh! wert thou in the cauld blast? I saw his eyes fill with tears. He would take all the roughness and danger and hardship, I know. But men of the world are as dainty as women. If they give us the inside of the pavement, and let us enter a room first, they have gone the length of their chivalry. Then there is the effect on myself. In the society of such a man "-glancing to where Captain Cary stood _"I should be gentle and feminine. But with the wilted specimens of humanity I see ordinarily, I am in imminent danger of becoming a strong minded woman. One must keep up a balance, mamma, and it is weak men make bold women."

Mrs. Yorke sank on to a bench. "What do you mean to do? What am I to taink?" she exclaimed.

Clara laughed. "Don't be afraid, mamma. If this Neptune should offer himself to mehe will not !- I should refuse him, and then cry my eyes out afterward. But if he should take me by force, pirate lash. ion, and run away with me, so that I could not help myself nor be responsible, I should be delighted. Now, don't say any more about it, please."

Mrs. Yorke threw off her fears with a shrug of the shoulders. It was a mere theory. It was one of Clara's enthusiasms. "Well, my dear," she concluded, rising, "all I have to add is that I hope your admiration of the rough diamond will not lead you to consume it in the blow-pipe."

And so the subject dropped. "There is a party of Indians camp. ing out on the Point," Mr. Yorke said to them that evening. "You might find it interesting to visit them tomorrow. I met one in the woodland, this morning, cutting down a tree for basketwood. I asked him who gave him permission to cut trees on my land. 'It was all ours once,' he growled out, and gave mea look that I shouldn't like to meet, unless I had friends near. I told him to take all he

wanted."

The little sailing-party, only six with a callor from the Halcyon as a sistant, started early rose into air, and in another instant it topped a shaft of firme. The woman took no notice of the visitors standing near her, but stood tossing twigs into the fire. ugly, her dress careless, but her small brown beauty. Two or three men were lying about lazlly, waiting for their dinner, and a mischievous little girl was weaving a basket. She alone noticed the strangers, the others were a look of disdainful unconsciousness. The themselves acquainted with the old-"You had better wear dresses that wetting ere, and found them not insensible to the charms of tobacco and coffee. Under these persuasive influences their taciturn hosts melted and became almost friendly. Presently another Indian appeared from the woods, came straight toward them and dropped a long string of quivering rainbowcolored trout at the old woman's feet. A whispered exclamation broke from the lips of the visitors as they saw this dusky young Adonis. The Greek outlines, with more than Grecian richness of color, the plumy, clustering hair, from which a few raindrops slid as from a bird's wing, the eagle eyes, the fanciful dress, beaded and fringed, that air of superb repose and unconsciousness which civilization only imitates, but does not attain-all were fascinating and unique. He stood one moment like some exquisite bronze, then stepped lightly over the springy mess, lifted the fold of a tent, and disappeared. This was her brother, Phidp Nicola, the little girl told the ladies, and her name was Malie. Edith gave the child be gives me joy, as well as when he gives me an Indian prayer-book, prepared by their patiles; then the party embarked again, spread their sail to the breeze, and aped down the bay. Dick Rowan, standing to unfurl the sail,

song out joyously, in a ringing voice, an old

French song : "'Si le roi m'avoit donne

Paris sa grand' ville,
Et qu'li me fallut quitter
L'amour de ma mie,
Je dirois au rol Henri:
Reprenez votre Parie,
J'aime mieux ma mie, ob, gay!
J'aime mieux ma mie.'"

Edith turned her head aside, and watched their sparkling wake subside to a milky path. It she was pleased, no one could see But as they approached that low, sandy island that three of them had visited before, she rose, and leaned on Dick's arm, and gazed on it

with him. To be continued.

BECAME SOUND AND WELL."

R. V. PIERCE, M.D.: Dear Sir-My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and "But you sae, mamma," Clara replied, well by using your "Favorite Prescription. Yours truly, Thomas J. Mernevin,

Hatcher's Station, Gs.

Becent observations show that some paris