

DAWN:

A NOVEL BY H. RIDER HAGGARD, AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SHE," "JESS," "THE WITCH'S HEAD," ETC.

"I do adore a mummy," she would say. "I am small enough in mind and body already, but it makes me feel inches smaller, and I like to measure my own dimmityness."

She was not much of a reader, life was she declared, too short to waste in study; but, when she did take up a book, it was generally of a nature that most women of her class would have called stiff, and then she could read it without going to sleep.

One day, about a week before Arthur departed from the Abbey House, Agatha Terry was sitting in the blue drawing room in the house in Grosvenor Square when Mrs. Carr came in, almost at a run, slammed the door behind her, and plumped herself down in a chair with a sigh of relief.

CHAPTER XXX.

Arthur arrived in town in a melancholy condition. He was a temperament peculiarly liable to suffer from attacks of depression, and he had, with some excuse, a sufficiently severe one on him now. Do what he would, he could not for a single hour free his mind from the sick longing to see or hear from Angela, that in addition to the mental distress it occasioned him, amounted almost to a physical pain.

And so it came to pass that the names of Mrs. Carr, Miss Terry, and three servants, appeared upon the passenger list of Messrs. Donald Currie & Co's royal mail steamship Warwick Castle, due to sail for Madeira and the Cape ports on the 14th of June.

CHAPTER XXXI.

part of it, he devoted, when he was not thinking about Angela to arranging his goods and chattels in his domain, to examine the lovely scenery of Dartmouth harbor—the sight of which is enough to make any outward-bound individual bitterly regret his determination to quit his native land—and to inspecting the outward men of his fellow-passengers with that icy stolidity which characterizes the true-born Briton.

It was full twelve o'clock, and the last rope was being loosed from the moorings. "Ting-ting," went the engine-room bell. "Thud-thud," started the great screw that would not stop again for so many restless hours. The huge vessel shuddered throughout her frame like an awakening sleeper, and growing quick with life, forged an inch or two ahead.

Next, a quartermaster came with two men to hoist up the gangway, when suddenly a boat shot alongside and hooked on, among the occupants of which Arthur had no difficulty in recognizing Mrs. Carr, who sat laughing, like Pleasure, at the helm. The other occupants of the boat, who were not laughing, he guessed to be her servants and the lady who figured on the passenger-list as Miss Terry, a stout, solemn-looking person in spectacles.

"Now, then, Agatha," called out Mrs. Carr from the sternsheets, "be quick and jump up."

CHAPTER XXXI. The morning after the vessel left Dartmouth brought with it lovely weather, brisk and clear, with a fresh breeze that just topped the glittering swell with white. There was, however, a considerable roll on the ship, and those poor wretches, who for their sins are given to seasickness, were not yet happy.

In the midst of his interesting peregrinations he observed Mrs. Carr gazing out of her deck cabin window, looking, he thought, pale, but sweetly pretty, and rather cross. When that lady saw that she was observed, she pulled the curtain with a jerk and vanished. Shortly after this Arthur's companion vanished, too, circumstances over which she had no control compelling her, and Arthur himself sat down rather relieved.

"Mr. Heigham," said a voice, "I have not yet thanked you for your kindness to Miss Terry, I am commissioned to assure you that she is very grateful, since she is prevented by circumstances from doing so herself."

"I am much gratified," replied, stiffly: "but really I did nothing to deserve thanks, and if I had," he added, with a touch of sarcasm, "I should not have expected any."

"Oh! what a cynic you must be," she answered, with a rippling laugh, "as though women, helpless as they are, were not always thankful for the tiniest attention. Did not the pretty girl with the black eyes thank you for your attentions yesterday, for instance?"

After this they saw a good deal of each other, that is to say, they conversed together for at least thirty minutes out of every sixty during an average day of twelve hours, and in the course of these conversations she learned nearly everything about him, except his engagement to Angela, and she shrewdly guessed at that, or, rather, at some kind of circumstance, in his career. Arthur, on the other hand, learned quite everything about her, for her life was open as the day, and would have borne reporting in the Times newspaper. But, nevertheless, he found it extremely interesting.

A Very Odd Young Lady.

[Philadelphia Press, Cape May Letter.] There was something of a sensation on the beach to-day, caused by a girl. The sea, though cool and chilly, was crowded. There were more people here to-day than on any other of the opening of the season, and consequently the crowd on the beach was very large. But the young lady who was responsible for the sensation got all the room she wanted. Somebody spied her coming across the road and down the beach. Somebody else saw somebody looking, and by the time she reached the outskirts of the crowd a very wide path was made for her. She had been here about three days and her apparent reticence and desire not to meet people have made her conspicuous around the hotel. She is a beauty, too, tall and dark, with a superb figure. The reason everybody looked at her was on account of her dress and surroundings. It wasn't particularly loud, although it was designed to display her charms to the best advantage. Her perfect rounded arms were bare to the shoulder, where little white "strings" or puffs are located. The material of the dress was the usual shade of dark blue, but more expensive than the usual run. Her hair would have done justice to any lycic queen. But with all this there was an air of refinement about her that was captivating.

She was followed by a neat little French maid who carried a large light-blue robe, very much in the style of an algham. It was this that made people express wonder. When the young lady emerged from the water she walked up the beach. Her coming had been anticipated. The maid had spread the robe and upon it the young lady "laid her down to rest." Then the robe was wrapped carefully around her fair form. She remained in this position for fully half an hour and caused great food for the gossips. It might be all right, but Cape May is not yet educated up to that standard. Maybe she only does it on cold days.

Do Try to be Natural.

[Chicago News.] Girls, talk to the young men you meet as unaffected as you do to the boy friends of your brothers, or if you have no brothers and therefore no brothers friends, as you do to the neighbor lad who, maybe, "does chores" for your father. Do not imagine when you meet a gentleman that your conversation must be remarkable or unusual to be entertaining. The bearing of an intelligent, gracious gentleman is one always to be cultivated, but this should be your every day behaviour. You should have no company manners. Assume no extra kinds of demeanor simply because you are in the society of a young gentleman instead of a young lady.

Do not suppose that the strange gentleman you meet is a typical novel hero. He is no more a hero of romance than every day humanity. You are both just plain, every day human beings. Don't get foolish notions that you are anything but ordinary clay and try to act like the young person who figured as chief character in your last novel.

A RUSH OF TRADE.

"I'm back just in time, James," said a druggist briskly to his clerk. "I see the store is full of customers, and they are getting impatient."

"Yes, sir," responded James, "they are all waiting for the directory, and the old lady with the spectacles on has been lokin' over it for the past ten minutes. We're all out of postage stamps, sir."

God's Rain.

Softly falls the gentle rain On the sun-parched ground, Striking on the ripening grain With a tateful sound: Bidding every golden ear Raise its drooping head— Bringing back the beauty Of flowers almost dead! Soon again Dame Nature's face Wears its happy smile For her children now revived, That were dead the while. See! The clouds begin to break. The blue sky shines tonight, And the flowers lift their heads To the bright sun to view! So where sorrow, like the rain, Falls upon the heart, All its throes thro through with pain, While the tear-drops start; But, when the rain is o'er The flowers lift their faces, So does sorrow train the heart In its work in grace. And the Sun of Righteousness Rises after rain, Gathers from the ripened heart Holy, heavenly grain For his garner in the skies, Where, with all the blest, We, his waiting children, hope Soon to be at rest. ALICE OAKLEY.

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