was unpardonable; but I cannot regret it now. Do you, dear ?"

I received, or fancied I received, a delicate little pressure from the hand that was resting so confidingly upon my arm, but the flushed face was not raised to mine as she remarked somewhat irrelevantly-

"You said my father wished to speak to me to-day. What does he know of this !"

'I told Charles this morning that I could not remain here any longer, confessing the whole story of my acquaintance with you. In the interview he had with his father immediately afterwards, without my knowledge, he explained to him why I was going away. Well !" asked Stephanie.

"Well, your father then sent for me, questioned me, and finally told me that you were free, and I might win you if I could. And, my darling, with this dear hand in mine, even now I can scarcely believe in the reality of my happiness. I was such a miserable fellow a few hours since, Stephanie."
"Were you really!" she asked, with the most

bewitching air of doubt and surprise imaginable.
"Yes, siren, most miserable."

"I can believe it," was the coquettish roply; but, Hardy, you have not explained, and I cannot understand, the reason for all this haste, or why papa is so ex remely anxious for your success that he made you speak to me to-day."
"Ah, Stephanie, now I have to tell that which will perhaps lead you to distrust me!"

"No, dear Hardy, that can never be."

"I trust not, Stephanie, for I could not bear to lose you now. Still, dearest, I have a wretched confession to make, and I dread what you may think when I tell you that I have neither home nor fortune to offer you-that I

am, in fact, a beggar."
"Oh, Hardy, it is not possible—it cannot be

Then I told her of all my disappointments and difficulties.

"But, believe me, dear Stephanie, I would never have come to you with the story of my love in such humiliating circumstances but for your father. It would have been for me sufficient happiness to carry away with me a hope that presently I might make a name and a home worthy of your acceptance. Now that you know all, my darling, tell me do you think

very badly of me!"
"I think, dear Hardy. I am glad, all else being so dark around you, that I am able by my love and sympathy to shed a little brightness on your path; but you tiresome fellow, you have not told me yet why papa is in such a

"Can you not guess, Stephanie!"

"Gness! No; it is impossible!"
"Stephanie, I have never felt such a coward

"Hardy, you positively alarm me! What do you mean!"

"Stephanie, your father wishes me to stand by your side in the Count de Gonzala's place to-

It was out with a vengeance now. The poor child fairly staggered. I placed my arm round her, for every vestige of color had flown from

"There, dear-think no more of it," I whispered. "You know I never said that I had hoped it or expected it. I knew it was impos-"You know I never said that I had sible; but your father had been so good to me that, since he gave me permission to woo you, I could not refuse to do it after the fashion of his desire.'

"Thanks, dear Hardy. How could pape be so unreasonable! It is to save my miserable money that he wished it; and, if there were any other way in which it might be done, you do not know how thankful I should be. I never cared for it before; but I do regret it now for

your sake."
"Don't think of it, love," I returned. "If you will but be true to me, I will not be long before I claim this little hand. How I shall work, Stephanie! What a purpose there will be now in all that I do!"

So we settled it, and, while returning to the house, tried to think how best to get rid of the wedding-guests who had now become such a terrible incubus to us all.

We went straight in search of Mr. Maxwell. When we reached the study door, Stephie placed her hand, which trembled a little, on my

"Courage, darling!" I whispered; and we

went in together.
"Well "exclaimed Mr. Maxwell and Charley

in a breath.

"Sir," said I, leading Stephanie to her father, "I have prevailed upon this dear girl to intrust her future to my care; but as it is not exactly upon the terms which you suggested, I have still to ask your consent."
"Oh, Stephanie!" he cried; but she stopped

him by flinging her arms round his neck.

"Now, papa, dear papa, I know all that you are going to say; but don't you be disappointed about that money. Hardy does not care; and he is going to work, and I can wait, and we shall all be happier than we have ever been; for, believe me dear"—sayd she laid her for softly. believe me, dear"—and she laid her face softly against his—"if it were not that this hateful money might be useful to him new, I should be glad that it was gone for ever, for it has made my life very, very wietched."

"Child, you do not understand!" said her father pettishly. "Don't you see that we are being cheated out of it! 'The guardian outwitted would be my cognomen henceforth;" and Mr. Maxwell paced the room angrily.

Stephanie was greatly distressed; she pressed her hands tightly together, and looked entreatingly at Charley and me for help. The old gentleman's face had assumed a sternness of expression of which a few hours since I should not have supposed it was capable; and, from the hasty glances he cast at me, I could see he was displeased that I did nothing to second his efforts. I felt myself to be a dreadful traitor in the camp; but I could not bear to see my darling so disturbed.

"Mr. Maxwell," I said, "I do hope you will not urge Stephanie farther in this matter; it only distresses her, for she has assured me how impossible it is that she can comply with our hastily-formed wishes."

"Not comply indeed!" said he. "I can't understand it. And yet you say you love

"Yes, paps," was the tearful reply.
"Then it passes my patience! If you did not, it would be quite another thing; but that, with a profusion of love upon your lips, you can yet determine to blight every future prospect of his life by your obstinacy now is a state of things for which I own I was not prepared."

Oh, papa, why are you so angry and so un-

"Because, Stephanie, I am disappointed in you. I thought you would show yourself to be a reasonable, noble-minded woman, rather than a timid, sentimental girl. Here is a means before you of benefiting your lover, who is worthy of the sacrifice—if sacrifice it be—and at the same time of upsetting a barefaced con-spiracy, and yet you refuse to lift a finger in the

"Charley," cried the poor girl, with streaming eyes, "why don't you say something to

ing eyes, "why don't you say something to papa! Why don't you help me?"
"I cannot say anything, Stephie dear," said Charley, kissing her tenderly, "but that I wish, for all our sakes, you would do as we ask you." you.

She laid her head on his arm, and for a little while was very still; then she went over to

her father.
"Papa," said she, "you have always been so gentle and so kind, and are only cruel now, I know, because you think to advise me for the best; but indeed I scarcely know how to accede to your wishes. As for my consin's scheme, I despise him and it too much to thwart either; but it does touch me that Hardy-who has been so patient with me, who has not expressed one regret at my decision, although to him it involves so much, who is willing to work all his life for my comfort-must suffer; and there-fore, dear father, if Hardy will let me claim a lady's privilege and change my mind-

But here I stepped forward. "No, dear," I said; "though to know that to-morrow held so rich a blessing in store for me would be almost too great a happiness, you shall not sacrifice one feeling of your heart for me. Not until you place this hand in mine of your own free choice will I claim it. I could not bear to know that my happiness has cost you a single tear."

A moment more, and then her soft fingers fluttered into mine, and, trembling and blush-

ing, she said—
"Then take it now, dear Hardy, since all my heart goes with it. I did fear you might think it too lightly won. Now I know that I place it in such generous keeping that I at least shall never regret the gift."

I looked roundwe were alone; then, taking my darling, my wife of the morrow, in my arms and pressing my lips to hers, I told her a thousand times that she should never repent her brave trust and confidence in my love.

And so it came about that the wedding-guests remained. Gradually, like the arch-conspirators we were, Mr. Maxwell, Charley, and myself resumed our places in their midst. The most anxious and embarrassing inquiries were made for Stephanie, and much dissatisfaction was evinced by the "pretty bridesmaids" at the continued refusal of Miss Gonzala's maid to give

any admittance to her mistress' apartments.

And when, dinner being over, and the "gen tlemen" once more in attendance upon the "ladies," a sweet shy figure appeared at the drawing-room door there was a perfect buzz of enthusiastic excitement. I extricated my poor blushing girl at last, and, leading her to a seat, began to inquire about the troublesome "head-

Mr. Maxwell was in the highest possible when two old dowagers ventured to inquire why

the Count's arrival was so long delayed.
"My dear ladios," he returned, "I have reived a message from him, expressive of his deep sorrow that circumstances will prevent his appearing amongst us to-night, and I shall not therefore have the pleasure I had promised myself of introducing 'our bridegroom' to you until he joins us in church to-morrow. Not bad badly put, Hardy ?' chuckled Mr. Max-

"Capital, sir," I assented, while, to my discomfiture, he coolly dropped into the chair I hal just placed beside Stephanic for my own accommodation.

"There-be off. Cavendish; you can afford to be generous to-night. Go and make yourself agreeable to the young ladies, they won't look at you after to-morrow." And he was very tender to his daughter for the rest of the even-

to produce in the camp of our adversary.

had certainly routed the enemy completely.
"Well, Cavendish," said Charley, stretching himself, "you have smoked your last bachelor pipe, and so we had better turn in for the night, or we shall both be pale and wan tomorrow. Fancy, what an uncarthly hour for a wedding-half-past ten !"

"Why was such an early time fixed?" I asked.

" Because the ceremony in our church was to have been followed by the Roman Catholic for-mula afterwards," he explained. "I expect the Reverend Mr. MacArthur was somewhat surprised when he received the governor's note this evening, announcing that his presence would not be required here to-morrow. Well, good-night, old fellow; I shall look you up betimes in the morning."

When I awoke, the red November sun was blazing into my room. What a magnificent morning! I looked at my watch-it was halfpast seven. I had evidently got the start of Master Charley, and I began to perform my ablutions; but I had not proceeded very far with my toilet when a horrible idea seized me, and I rushed into Chailey's room. That gentleman, scarcely awake, was sitting on the edge of his bed, thrusting his uncovered feet into his slip-

"Look alive, Charley!" I called out. "We have made a mess of it after all. There's no

ring!"
"By Jove! Why, Cavendish, how on earth have we all been such idiots as to forget that ?" —and Charley stared blankly into my face; but he a ided quickly, "Never mind—we can bor-row one."

"Not a bit of it," said 1; "that would never do: Stephie might think it unlucky. have always understood it to be considered a bad omen if a bright new ring were not forthcoming. Which is the nearest village or town where a jeweller is to be found ?"

"There is nothing nearer to us than Apple-

by."

"How many miles are we from there I' "Over uine, and a bad road in the bargain." I took out my watch. It was a quarter to

eight.
"You're never thinking of going to Appleby f' broke out Charley.

"Why not! The ring must be had."
"Oh, but it's impossible! You can scarcely

cover the distance in time; and, if you do, fancy what a state you will be in after such a ride!"

"I shall turn up all right enough, never you fear; but I acknowledge it's such a near shave that it won't do to lose time in talking; so be quick and tell your man to saidle the festest beast in the stables while I finish dressing."

"Stop a minute, Cavendish. Why not let

No, certainly not. I should worry myself to fiddle-strings in the interim."

In ten minutes I was in the saddle, and, flinging a long cloak of Charley's over "the bravery of my attire," started at a brisk pace upon my journey.

I soon found that I possessed a capital col-league in my dumb friend. We spun along together at a splendid rate, and, although I have not any intention of instituting a comparison between myself and Dick Turnin-for indeed 1 am a much more respectable fellow—yet, before my "coal black steed" and I had parted company, I had already invested her in my own mind with many of the valuable and amiable qualities of "Black Bess."

To make a long story short, I will only say that I reached Appleby without misidventure, found out the jeweller's, purchased the ring, and got back to Pickering just as the bells from the gray church broke out into merry peals of wel-

Come.

Charley's man was waiting.

"Quite in time, sir," saul he touching his hat respectfully, while a broad grin played upon his pleasant impodent face; evidently he had discovered the reason for my early ride.

Flinging him the reins, my cloak, and a tip, I dismounted, and made my way through the vestry into the church. It was filled with people, and my entrance caused no remark, all eyes being turned to the door. I took my place beside Charley at the altar-rails; he looked in-finitely relieved at my appearance.

"I have been in such an awful state of worry about you," he whispered. "How have you got on! You don't seem to have turned a hair."

"No, I have done it very comfortably. The

little mare carried me splendidly."
"Everybody is on the look-out for the Count," he continued. "Never was a bride. groom waited for with so much impatience. It's quite touching; they're not generally thought

much of, poor beggars!"

Here Charley stopped; and from that moment I thought of nothing but Stephanie. Then, as in a dream, I saw her leaning on her father's arm, a lovely white-robed figure that, with drooping head and timid step, came slowly through the flower-decked aisle to lay her threefold dower of youth and love and beauty at my feet.

In another instant she was standing by my side. One glance at the sweet face, one pressure of the little trembling hand, and then the solemn words began which should for over bind us to each other.

doors, and kindly faces, bright with smiles or dim with half-shed tears, bent down with a blessing on her as we passed. And thus I led my lovely bride beyond their eager gaze.

During breakfast much well-bred curiosity was expressed at the circumstance that the congratulations intended to have been offered to the Count and Countess de Gonzala were claimed by such humble individuals as Mr. and Mrs. Hardy Cavendish. The explanation offered was scarcely calculated to throw much light upon the mystery.

In conclusion, it only remains for me to say

that, although we have long passed our honey. moon and were undoubtedly married in much haste, neither Stephanie nor I have yet reached the season for repentance.

SPATTERED BY BURR SWAN.

On foot-a pedestrian match.

Takes the shine off everything-mud.

An ignoble but untitled man-Jay Gould,

A slave of duty- the custom house officer.

Never strike a man (for five dollars) when he's

"With all its faults, I love the still," as the bummer remarked.

A Detroit newshoy calls a Detroit society newspaper "Trade Dollar" because no one will take it. Fact.

We haven't written our funny article on Mrs. Langtry. All the other papers have, but we like to be eccentric, you know.

The soap-boilers have adopted as their motto: "We never lye." It is surmised, however, that they sometimes alkali. (Jokes of this kind, fourferaquahter.)

It is a curious fact that notwithstanding the recent bi-centennial celebration, nobody yet been bold enough to remark that the Penn is mightier than this word.

There is one thing that should be credited up to Adam and Eve with a long credit mark. They didn't add any unnecessary feet in telling the first snake story. But they were amateurs.

The secretary of the treasury has decided that frogs are not fish. This was kind on the part of the secretary of the treasury to thus eternally squelch a question that might otherwise have bothered us for a long time.

Foreman Dickson is fast rising to notoriety. He says he was offered twenty-five thousand dollars and never flinched. Of course he never flinched as the Star Route verdict proves. A man that will flinch for twenty-five thousand dollars is a very powerful man.

When a paragrapher is short of a funny item, he concocts something like this: A young man walking slong the street discovered a pocket book lying in the street before him. He gave it a kick and a boy who was coming along behind him picked it up and found \$100,000 therein. Then the young man kicked himself all around a ten-acre lot and sat on himself to think he hadn't picked it up. P. S.-We were in need of an item and the bills were counterfeit, anyway.

In view of the remark of an exchange that the autumn now is sere, it may be well to remember that the church fair is also here—that blissful fraud by means of which you are inveigled by a lovely girl with soft bine eyes and winning smile into paying two dollars and a half for a five cent bouquet. After that you go behind the door and gently expostulate with yourself. But the next lovely girl that comes along dashes away all your good resolutions and you succumb again: Our advice is: "D-d-d-don't you d-d-d-do it."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LOTTA plays nothing but "Bob" during her four weeks engagement at Philadelphia.

A HUNGARIAN Ladies' Orchestra is said to be attracting crowds at the Broadway Clardens, Phila-

MAURICE GRAU and his double company are making their way to Mexico, Havana and South

Stonou Nicolini did not sing on the occasion of Madame Patti's first appearance last week.

MADAME PATTI's first, appearance in New York took place on Monday night at the Academy of Music in "Lucia."

THE Handel & Haydn Society will recite the "Creation," in Boston, on November 13th, with Miss Emma Thursby, Mr. C. R. Adams and J. F. Hinch as soloists.

MRS. MURTHA PORTROUS, a local celebrity, made her ddut on the operatic stage in California last week as Luciu, and is said to have made a suc-

Ir is stated that Mme. Patti was again married a few weeks ago in London to Signor Nicolini. The second marriage is supposed to be necessary since the passing of the new French law of divorce and to prevent the Marquis of Caux from claiming the estate Mine. Patti may have at her death.

Charley and I sat up late that night, talking of the wonderful events of the day and picturing the panic which our little coup was likely streamed redly through the widely opened.

LET the young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love of ornament in due moderation.