

Love had been proffered her in plenty—even that love which her own instincts and strong common sense told her was an absolute impossibility in her case; but ever and always the fair words had proved false, the fond professions had rung hollow and untrue.

Perhaps the sharpest blow she had received had been dealt to her by Margaret Talbot—Margaret Penrose in those days—and an absolute dependant on the girl whose trust she cruelly betrayed. The two had been brought up as near neighbours and close friends, though there was a wide difference in position between the daughter of the poorly-paid curate of Oramouth and the orphan lady of the Hall; but Constance Meredith admired and loved and trusted her handsome, clever friend with an absolute and pure devotion, and, when Mr. Penrose died, insisted that she should come to her at once and make the Hall her home.

The offer was immediately and gladly accepted, and Miss Penrose professed a boundless gratitude, an adoring affection for the girl who had rescued her from the miserable monotony of governess life, to which, without her intervention, she must needs have been condemned; and Constance, who was herself absolutely sincere, never dreamed of doubting the truth of these ardent professions.

So the delicate little cripple and her bright ambitious friend lived together in apparently unbroken amity and perfect contentment, until there entered into their lives that element that sooner or later breaks up most female friendships—the presence of a man. Fate drifted Arthur Talbot, then in the very prime of his characterless good looks, and endowed with a power of persuasion that few girls could resist, across their path—and from the day of his appearance things were never quite as they had been at the Hall.

Margaret Penrose determined almost in the first moment of their meeting that in this handsome, well-bred, wealthy young man she had found a fitting spouse. She read admiration in the large blue eyes that interpreted such feelings very eloquently, and, even while she dropped her own beneath that expressive glance, she decided when and where the wedding should take place.

"He admires me already," she thought, exultation giving a carnation glow to her clear dark cheek, and throwing the glossy long dark fringes of her lashes into high relief. "And even his people can hardly object, remembering that I am Constance Meredith's chief friend and probable heiress. Yes; I will be Arthur Talbot's wife. Even with all my advantages, I can hardly hope to do better than that."

And Constance Meredith? Well, her feelings were harder to describe. Even to herself the unhappy girl never admitted that she had dreamed of loving the man who approached her with a dangerous sympathy, a pitying admiration that was perilous because so obviously sincere. Never until then had she dreamed that she could love—that there might throb and ache in the poor distorted frame behind the mask of the white unlovely face a true and tender woman's heart.

But somehow she learned it then—learned, with a shuddering scorn for her own weakness, that the sound of Arthur's voice and step, the touch of his hand, the gentle kindness of his eyes, could make her blush and grow pale by turns, tremble and falter in her speech, almost—almost, the girl thought, with a wild smile con torting her pale lips and a great anguish of shame and horror in her heart—almost as though she were like other women, free to love and to be loved, not a creature branded and cursed of Heaven from her birth.

One thing redeemed her folly even in the hard judgment of her own condemning thoughts. She knew from the very first that she was mad, from first to last not the faintest ray of hope lightened the darkness of her sky. It was a real relief to her when Margaret's hopes were crowned with success, when, with eyes that were radiant rather with triumph than

the light of happy love, the girl told her that she and Arthur Talbot were engaged. The bold black eyes never wandered from the white pinched face; they saw the sudden quiver, and then the look of quick relief.

"Thank Heaven!" Constance cried below her breath, and the bride elect thought that a thanksgiving could on occasion bear a strong resemblance to a wall of agony, but wisely kept the thought to herself and only said, in a soft reproachful tone—

"Are you so glad to lose me then?" "To lose you?" Miss Meredith raised her dim eyes as though she hardly understood the question, then went on hurriedly, but with a curious jar in her voice—"to lose you! No. I am glad that you are happy, for you will be happy, Margaret, since Arthur Talbot loves you."

"Well, yes, he certainly does that," the other answered, with a gay confident laugh that was more consciously cruel than Constance Meredith could easily have been brought to believe; "but love is not everything, nor even the prime factor in such a match as this."

"Is it not?" the other asked wistfully.

"Do you not love him?" Again Margaret Penrose laughed, and shrugged her supple shoulders with gay scorn for the suggested doubt.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GHOSTLY VISITOR.

Seen Frequently Along the Railroad Track.

What some say is a ghost is causing great excitement in a Western village. It has appeared at intervals along the railroad just above East Morristown. A short time ago, as the fast train came dashing along, the fireman noticed something white just ahead of the train. It was thought that the train had run over a man. It was stopped but no man could be found. The fireman insisted that the white object he had seen in the track was a man in his shirt sleeves.

A Mrs. Cassidy and her sister met the same white object a few nights later. Since then it has been seen many times. Aaron Burr, the town constable, armed himself with a pistol and went after the ghost one dark night. He saw something and fired at it. He says what appeared to be a tall black figure was suddenly transformed into what looked like a white dog, which vanished in the darkness.

Tom Cassidy, Louis Certain, Tom Morang, and William Budd concluded to ferret out the mystery. On Friday night after coming from their work on the railroad, they visited the haunted spot. Tom Cassidy described the meeting with the ghost thus:

"We were walking along the road not thinking of the ghost just then, when a tall, thin form, too large to be a man, stood in front of us. It wore something on its legs that looked like boots, and its tall form swayed to and fro like the boughs of trees when the wind blows through them, and there was a similar noise. Louis Certain yelled: 'It's that ghost.' Then Bill Budd drew his revolver and he ran forward. He could not get nearer than ten yards to it, and when he thought he was gaining on it the figure suddenly disappeared in the weeds. The strangest part of the affair was that the ghost ran along the sandy road and when we afterward examined the road not a track or trace of a footprint could be found."

Large crowds have gathered to see it, but it generally appears when only three or four are present. Some of the citizens say that just two years ago a similar apparition, clothed in white, was seen at the same place. It manifested itself to a great many in the community, and some think it but a reappearance of the old ghost clothed in black.

William M. Evans fell in love with his wife when she was sixteen, and he a green boy at college. She was the daughter of Treasurer Wardner, of Vermont, and was as pretty as young Evans was homely. They became engaged at her home in Vermont, and Evans went away to New York, promising to come back when he had made enough to warrant his marrying. At twenty-five he had made a name for himself as a lawyer, and was a member of one of the chief New York law firms, one making, it is said, a total of \$60,000 a year. At this time he married, and his wife, after bearing him thirteen children, is still well and happy.

TEN THOUSAND LIVES LOST.

Disastrous Floods Near Canton China.

Details of the destruction in Canton, China, and vicinity by the recent great rain-storm there have been received. The flood was the most serious which has visited Canton in thirty years. More than ten thousand and persons lost their lives and a far greater number are left in a starving condition. Entire villages were engulfed and the rice and silk crops in the vicinity almost ruined. The price of rice advanced 18 per cent, in consequence. Rain fell the latter part of June, filling and overflowing the rivers, and many of the streets of Canton were flooded for over a week. At Si Ni the water broke through the city wall, and it is reported that several thousand people were drowned there. Embankments of rivers were broken in numerous places and the water swept across the surrounding country, carrying everything before it. A foreigner, who was an eyewitness of the scenes of devastation, reports that one night the boats occupied anchored near a bamboo grove. By the morning the water had risen to the tops of the bamboo, while at the other points it rose as high as forty feet during the night. The inhabitants fled from the villages and camped on the hill-sides. At Kun in, a market place near an embankment of one of the streams connected with the river which brings water from the North and West rivers, the majority of the inhabitants were drowned by the water breaking through the embankment. Some escaped to a piece of rising ground in the neighborhood, but the water continued to rise and gradually overtopped the elevation, drowning those who stood upon it. Seventeen Chinese graduates in Canton, hearing of the distress and suffering prevalent in their native villages, took passage on a boat with a view to proceeding home to render what assistance they could. On the way the boat was capsized and all who were in it were drowned. In some places parents tied their children on high branches of trees whilst they instituted measures for their general safety. The trees were washed up by the roots, and the heartrending cries of children were aliened in the surging waters. The body of a bride dressed in her bridal robes was found floating in the river at Canton. A large tub was also seen; it was picked up and found to contain a boy and girl; with them was a paper stating their names, the day and the hour of their birth. The parents had instituted this means to save the lives of their offspring. The writer of the letter from which the above is taken says: "The suffering that is being endured by thousands in this province is simply heartrending. Children are calling to their parents that they are hungry, and their parents can only reply, with their eyes blinded with tears, that they have nothing to give them. These floods will of course bring on other calamities; the subsiding waters will leave an alluvial deposit which will burden the atmosphere with malarial poison. People are obliged to use the filthiest and dirtiest water, which must give them all sorts of disease."

Why He Did Not Win.

The following true incident, though a trifle, has a suggestive meaning for many readers.

It was the day for the public exhibition of athletic sports in Blank College. The grand stand was crowded with matron and pretty maidens. Below the faculty the trustees and fathers of the boys unbent from their grave dignity, and laughed over baseball games, and races of fifty years ago. Around the ring were crowded the students from a rival college. The men who were to take part in the "events" of the day wore a close-fitting flannel suit of the college color, white and blue.

Two brothers stood near each other; the breast of one was covered with silver and gold medals, the other had not one.

"Champion, hundred yards dash." "First prize, L. L. tournament." "First prize Mile Run," said a bystander, reading some of the inscriptions on the medals. "How many of these things have you Joe?" "He has over twenty at home," said his brother, eagerly.

"And you none, Tom? How is that?" "Never could come in first. I think I shall take a gold bar to-day though. There is one thing I can do,—the hurdle race."

"Oh!" cried a child's voice behind him, in a tone of bitter disappointment.

Tom turned, and saw a little girl seated by a poorly dressed woman. Both were look-

ing at him with startled, disappointed faces. "Who are they?" Tom whispered to his friend.

"Bradford's mother and sister. One of the charity students. He's in the hurdle race. I suppose they thought the poor wretch would win the gold medal, and be asked to dinner with the Prox to-night, along with the first prize men."

"Yes," said Tom, thoughtfully, as he walked away.

Bradford was a dull fellow, he remembered, and neglected by most of the students who were better clothed and better bred than himself. If the boy won this prize, and appeared at the president's State dinner, it would certainly give him a standing, in future, among the boys. A moment later a lady who knew him called Tom to the grand stand. "This will be victor in the hurdle race," she said to the ladies near her, who smiled while Tom blushed and laughed.

The sports began. One event succeeded another. The hurdle race was called; Tom and Bradford started together, but Tom passed him easily. All of the hurdles were passed but one. Tom glanced aside, saw the stained face of the shabby woman, and the child's tearful eyes, and the next instant tripped and fell, while Bradford leaped past him.

The president himself gave the prizes. The band played, and the men shouted as he handed the gold medal to Bradford. Joe had, as usual, half-a-dozen prizes. Tom stood by, without any.

But the president said to a looker-on, "There was nothing to trip that boy. He fell purposely, that Bradford might win."

"Shall not you let him know that you know it?"

"No. The man who can conquer himself, even in a trifle, needs no other reward."

The Olivier Pain Episode.

The story about the death of Olivier Pain, which has furnished the less reputable portion of the Paris press with an excuse for the sort of writing it loves, is of a kind which always proves more or less embarrassing. The natural impulse of honest and honourable men when charged with disgraceful conduct is to treat the matter with indifference, or to content themselves with calling upon their calumniators to furnish proof of their assertions. They rightly judge that people who think them capable of base actions will not hesitate also to charge them with mendacity, and that it is consequently little more than waste of breath to deny the accusations brought against them. When any kind of serious evidence is brought forward they are ready to sit and examine it, to clear away misconceptions and to place facts in their true light. But there is something inconsistent with personal dignity in bandying assertions with any chance assailant, and issuing general disclaimers in answer to unsupported accusations. In some cases, however, it seems necessary to depart from this natural and proper attitude. The old calculation that if mud enough be thrown some of it will stick is still sufficiently sound for the purpose of persons like M. Rochefort, especially when their scurrilous charges are brought against men of another nation and dexterously made to appeal to patriotic jealousy. The difficulty of getting personal character fairly appraised in such cases, and the evil that may be done by stirring up popular resentments in France against our supposed misdeeds, constitute reasons for departing from the sound rule of paying no attention to accusations, until at least a good *prima facie* case has been made out by appeal to facts or alleged facts. It is probably on grounds of this kind that the British Government has taken the trouble to deny the wild charges brought against it and English officers in Egypt.

Once in a while the question is heard: "What has become of Mrs. Tilton?" The little woman who was a few years ago the most widely-known American woman in the world, lives with her aged mother, Mrs. Morse, on Pacific street, in Brooklyn, in comfort and quiet. Ever since the remarkable scandal trial she has lived in the same way. The home of Mrs. Tilton with her mother is one of taste, refinement and elegance. Many of the pictures at were made famous by the repeated yarns in the courtroom, of how Theodore, his nightshirt, used to go around the house robbing them, at all hours of the night, are to be seen on the walls of her present brown-stone home