

"DAN CUPID."

BY THE DUCHESS.

Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines. To-day proves it. Terrible is the strength of the rays that Old Sol is flinging broadcast upon the shimmering earth. The tennis players have given in to it, and, confessing themselves vanquished, have flung their rackets to the winds and themselves into garden chairs, or else prone upon the shaven lawn under the acacias, according to their sex.

Two of them, however, have wandered rather far from the acacias, and the teatables, and the tent where better things than tea can be had for the asking. They have wandered into a little green space, shut out from a noisy world by rows and rows of hedges, all beech on the north and south, and heavy rhododendrons on the two other sides. It is a little dream of a place, entered by one opening only, and through the beeches.

"A sort of Arcadia, isn't it?" says Mr. Brooke, glancing up at his companion from his lounging position upon the grass, at her feet.

"No," says she, with a little frown. She makes a charming picture sitting here in the sunshine, next to the old sun-dial, with her hat lying on the ground beside her, and the glinting rays from the glowing heavens throwing golden lights into her fine brown hair. Her eyes were blue, and just now a little angry; the mouth, too, so prone to laughter as a rule, has now become serious.

"You are hard to please," says he, his eyes on hers. As a rule, his eyes are seldom anywhere else.

"Well, you are not," returns she, promptly. From afar the thrum, thrum, thrum of a hand comes to them, breaking the stillness that is almost oppressive.

"That's the unkindest out of all!" says Mr. Brooke, placidly. "It's rather a cut at you allude to my engagement to her."

"You presume very wrongly, then. I was not thinking of Miss Morland. She ought to please. She is rich, young, handsome."

"Rich; yes."

"And handsome," persistently.

"Is she? Oh, yes, of course she is. A perfect Juno. Too perfect a Juno, perhaps."

"You shouldn't sneer at her," says the girl gravely.

"I know that, and that is why I do it," says he. "It is so difficult to resist temptation, and to do the wrong thing is always so pleasant." He is talking idly, scarcely knowing what he says, his mind full of her; full of the knowledge that she loves her—her only, and with all the passion of his nature, and that he is engaged to be married to another woman.

A handsome woman, the daughter and heiress of a cotton merchant—what her own class would call "a fine girl," tall, with light eyes, and lighter hair, and distinctly underbred. She had met George Brooke some months ago at the house of a mutual friend, and being filled with a strong desire to rise out of her cotton surroundings, had she was willing to accept him should he choose to accept her fortune, which was enormous, in exchange for the old title that must come to him on the death of his uncle, Lord Farnham. A beggarly title—no penny of money coming with it, as the uncle let the nephew know as often as opportunity occurred. There had been bad blood between Lord Farnham and his second brother, George Brooke's father, and Farnham was not a man to forget. He swore he would visit the sin of the father upon the son, and sooner than let his money go to the young George he would leave it to an hospital. As for the old name, and the keeping up of it, let it go to the devil. Young George would inherit that in spite of him, but it should prove a barren honor to him.

George took no steps to assuage his uncle's wrath, but he thought a good deal of the time when he should be Lord Farnham with only five hundred a year to back his title. He had shirked the idea of marrying for money, but when Miss Morland, with her undeniable golden charms, flung herself at his head, he permitted himself to argue the question with himself. Many a fellow, he told himself, had done it before. It was a fair exchange. His title for her money. He was heart-whole. He would do her or any other woman any wrong in marrying her. He would think about it—he hesitated, and finally was lost.

Miss Morland accepted him calmly; was a little vulgar over her money; let it be known that she thought it a pity that the present Lord Farnham was in such remarkably robust health for so old a man; and said she would not like to be married until the coming autumn. It was then November. George glad of a respite, did not press for an earlier day, a circumstance the heiress remembered. He bore up under his new chains with a marvelous courage. He was not in love with any one, so they did not galling him. Then came a day when both he and Miss Morland were asked down to stay for a month at the Shirleys, and there he met Dorothy Dene.

A little slender maiden, with big grey eyes, and hair that rippled all over her white forehead. A rather out-at-elbows little maiden, whose best frock was a muslin, and whose only ornaments were roses. The Shirleys—a young couple—adored her, and would have her to stay with them as often as ever the oldquire, her father, would let her come to them. She had been taken forcible possession of by them from the month that saw George Brooke there and his fiancée, with the most disastrous results. George Brooke fell madly in love with her, and she loved him.

It has gone so far with them, indeed, that though no word has yet been spoken, each knows the other's heart, and sitting here to-day, in this dangerously lonely retreat, a sense of passionate protest against the fate that is dividing them is thrilling through every bone.

"We ought to go back," says Miss Dene, presently, in a rather changed tone. She had been a little offended, perhaps, by the frivolity of his answer.

"Oh, not yet, surely. We have been here so short a time, and to get away from Shirley's banjo, if only for a minute or two, is so intense a relief."

"It is more than a minute or two," says she, presently. "We have been an immense time. Agnes (Mrs. Shirley) will be wondering what has become of us," regarding him steadily, "will Miss Morland?"

"Let her wonder. Besides, she has forgotten us by this time in the delight of Lord

Tottenham's society. I wonder what she sees in that old fossil? For my part, I'm always thinking when with him of what I don't see—hair, teeth, etc."

"She is very kind to him, poor old man!" "And amiability is her strong point. How many charms you have discovered in her of late."

"I don't think you ought to speak of her like that," says the girl, turning upon him with a little flash in her lovely eyes. "You shouldn't criticize her."

"Why not? I certainly sha'n't be able to criticize her next month, so I may as well make the most of my time now. Next month"—slowly, and almost defiantly, "I shall be the blessed proprietor of Mrs. Brooke; and it is not permissible to criticize one's own wife, whatever you may do with regard to your friends."

He had spoken deliberately, and with seeming unconcern, though in truth his heart is torn in two by a very passion of despair and regret. They are both standing, but she has turned sharply aside, and has so placed herself that he can not see her face. He had her silence maddens him.

"What are you thinking of?" asks he, angrily, going up to her and compelling her to return his gaze.

She has grown very pale, but she meets his eyes without flinching.

"Nothing," says she, in a tone out of which all her courage can not keep the sound of desolation.

"A woman's answer. I know what you were thinking of, for all that; that there is no more despicable thing on earth than a man who marries a woman for her money. Yet, what was I to do? Was the old name to be forever lowered? A title—and five hundred pounds a year—how do they go together? Money! I felt that I must have, and when it came my way I took it. Do you think I don't care—now? But the thing is done! And my uncle—that old man—he is a perfect devil; he will do nothing for me. I am tied—am bound."

"She could have made a better match," indignantly. "Oh!" starting, "is that Agnes calling? Oh! come, let us run! We have been here a dreadful long time."

"Till to-morrow, then," says he, catching her in his arms and kissing her. "To-morrow, I pray Heaven, will leave me free to tell all the world that I love you."

With the hot water at eight which a man brings you, a veritable bomb-shell, in the shape of a letter, that blows all his intentions to pieces.

His uncle, Lord Farnham, is dead. So writes Lord Farnham's lawyer, and has left his nephew not only the title, which he couldn't keep from him, but his entire fortune, fourteen thousand pounds a year. At the last the name had been too much for the old man. He had given his all for the keeping up of it. He had even given up his revenge, though, if he had known it, he could hardly have made his nephew more unhappy than by the bestowal of this most unlooked-for gift.

How is he to go to Miss Morland now, and demand his liberty? With the title and the fortune, too, in his hands, how is he to ask her to break off his engagement? His soul sinks like lead within him. It was such an open arrangement between them, she to give money, he the title, that money when he finds himself independent of her money it seems impossible to ask her to let him go free from the detested bond.

A last fight for life animates him. He will seek an interview with Miss Morland after breakfast and put the case fairly before her. If she still elected to adhere to their original contract—so be it. Good-bye, then to life, and joy, and happiness. The honor that alone remains will be but a poor comforter. Knowledge of Miss Morland tells him that she will be very likely to assert her rights and decide on keeping her hold of title and estate. He manages to ask her for a few minutes alone with him before leaving the breakfast-room. Something new in her face as she answers him—granting the requested interview—strikes him at the moment, but not forcibly. Of late her moods have been very variable.

"Now?" asks he.

"The sooner the better," returns she, shortly. "The library is always vacant at this hour. Shall we go there?"

"A good place," says he, trying to look calm, while his heart is thumping violently against his side, as though it would burst its bonds.

"Look here," says Miss Morland, as he closes the library door behind him. "One word is as good as ten"—this is the usual graceful style in which she carries on her conversation—"I know quite well why you are here, and I may as well have the first word. You are sick of me, and I'm sick of you. That's it—isn't it?"

"Really!" begins Brooke, feebly. He is indeed overpowered by the brilliancy of this attack that he finds words difficult to him.

"The fact is," goes on Miss Morland, waving his attempt at a reply aside with a gesture of her large, firm hand, "I don't think there is the remotest chance of the old gentleman dying. Farnham, you know—and you without the title aren't good enough."

"I can't quite understand that," says he, gravely, shocked at her coarseness. "It is, however, a pity that you didn't think of that sooner. I presume it was never me, then; it was only the title."

"Well, as far as that goes," says she, "I presume it was never me either. It was only the money." At this she colors hotly. She laughs. "Does that trouble you?" says she. "Well, money means to money, you know, and I have decided that one in the dark is worth two in the bush." This is a dark saying to him, but time explains it. "The truth is, I saw Lord Farnham in town just before I came down here, and he looks as if he would last forever, as if he would never get older."

"No, he will never get older," repeats Brooke, in a curious tone. With the old man lying dead, this heartless speech of hers—this cruel longing for his death—sounds even more detestable than it would have been even were he living. He himself had not loved the old lord—but he had never wished him dead.

"As to that, I suppose he will have to, whether he likes it or not," says she, vindictively. "But I don't feel inclined to wait for him." And—er—as Lord Tottenham—

"Yes?" says he, his heart giving a great bound.

"As Lord Tottenham asked me last night to marry him, I decided that it would be better to bring our engagement to an end."

duce—"that you want to marry her for her money, and that she wants to marry you for your title."

"Do they?" says Mr. Brooke. "As a rule the mighty 'they' are always right, but for once they are at fault. If she wants to marry me for my title, I'm sorry for her; firstly, because I'm going to marry some one else; and, secondly, because if I did marry her the coveted title would not be hers until her hair was grey, the old boy being about as strong at present as any amputant. And, as for me, I most solemnly swear I don't want to marry her, either for her money or anything else."

"Ah! But you did," says she.

"Even if so, you should not be the one to reproach me," says he.

"Yes; that's true. I'm bound to you," says she, nestling closer to him. "And," in an awed tone, "when will you tell her about it, George?"

She hesitates so admirably over the pronouncing of his name that George laughs, and catching up her pretty hand, kisses the pink palm of it with rapture.

"First thing to-morrow," says he. "To tell you the truth, I think she has an inkling of it; she said something about you the other day that looked as if she was jealous."

"She couldn't be jealous—she doesn't love," says Dorothy, with conviction. "Oh!" with a little, long-drawn sigh, "it is dreadful to feel jealous."

"You needn't have felt it," says he, tenderly.

"But I did. I couldn't bear to think she was to belong to you, while I—Well," with a happy little sigh this time that brings tears into her eyes, "I'm not jealous now. I wonder what she'll say to you?"

"Give me good-day, no doubt, and rejoice over a riddance of bad rubbish. After all, she was throwing herself away. A girl with a couple of millions might easily have made her own of a better match than I am likely to prove."

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"I am to understand, then, that you are about to marry Lord Tottenham?" asks he, formally, subduing all expression of his passionate relief by a supreme effort. So Tottenham was 'the bird in the hand'!

"Exactly so."

"You are wise in your own generation," says he, with a passing smile. "And sound in your proverbs."

"You don't express much regret, at all events," says she, with a shrill laugh. "I am wise in this, at least—that I don't care about dividing my husband's affections with another. That little girl to whom you give your whole time will no doubt be glad to share with you your five hundred pounds a year."

This is unbearable.

"If you allude to Miss Dene," says he, quietly, though his face is pale and his eyes flashing, "I do not think she gives her entire thoughts to money. Five hundred a year, however, would, I acknowledge, be but a poor thing to lay at her feet. I am glad, therefore, that it is now in my power to offer her fourteen thousand."

"What?" says Miss Morland. She takes a step forward. Dismay, consternation, discomfiture, are all largely written on her astonished face.

"Lord Farnham died at ten o'clock last night. Contrary to any expectations, he bows and moves towards the door."

"Stay—one moment," gasps Miss Morland. "If she has even one small grain of hope left that she may still be Lady Farnham, her next words destroy it."

"You must pardon me," says he; "I have an appointment with Miss Dene. She has not yet heard my news. Ah! Lord Tottenham, to that carefully preserved old beau, as he most opportunely enters the room."

"Permit me to congratulate you, Miss Morland has just informed me of your engagement to her. I feel she has done wisely indeed. With much humility, I confess myself very much the worse man of the two."

He laughs, and hurries away to find Dorothy waiting for him in that little sacred spot he had named Arcadia yesterday. She rises as he comes toward her, and turns so dithly white that he is afraid she is going to faint.

"It is all right!" cries he, joyously, to reassure her. She would have gone to him, but her limbs refused to obey her, and if he had not caught her in his arms she would have fallen. There is no restorative power so effectual as a lover's kiss. Dorothy is presently her charming self again.

"Oh! how did it happen?" cries she, rapturously. "I prayed for it all last night, but somehow I never had much hope. She has given you up, then? Really?"

"Really and truly."

"Oh! how could she?" leaning back from him to gaze into his dear face, the handsome in the world to her.

"Well, it appears she could, quite easily," says he, with a happy laugh. "You may think me good to look at, but when compared with such a youthful Adonis as my Lord Tottenham, even you must allow that I ought to take a back seat."

"Do you mean to tell me," with growing indignation, "that she has given you up for Lord Tottenham?"

"Even so, my good child."

"Poof! She's a fool! She's not worth wasting words upon," says Miss Dene, with scornful conviction.

"That's what I think. Let's talk of ourselves," says he.

"Oh, as for that," says she, turning suddenly very dismal, and trying to give her head the properly dejected droop, "I dare say you will be sorry about all this later on. I have not been a good friend to you," with a heavy sigh, "and that's the truth."

"What am I going to be sorry about?"

"You know. You said yesterday that it would be dreadful to live on five hundred pounds a year."

"So it would, with Miss Morland—not with you."

"Ah! That is all very well now. But I said something about it to father last week—not about you and me, you know, but about things generally—and he said that people without money married other people without money, it was madness. This rather involved sentence she gives forth with great solemnity."

"What a lot he said!" exclaims Lord Farnham, with affected admiration. "But after all it seems to me he didn't know what he was talking about. The real question is, Dorothy, whether you could be happy with me, even though we both were poor?"

"Oh, darling, what a horrid question! Don't you know that if I had ten thousand a year—this seems to be the utmost height of her ambition—"and not you, I should be the most wretched girl alive."

"Well, you shall have more than that with me," cried he, folding his arms around her with a tender excess of passion, and with his soul full of unspoken gratitude for this loving heart that has been given to him to perfect his life.

Then he tells her all.

Food for Thought.

There is little pleasure in the world that is true and sincere beside the pleasure of doing our duty and doing good. I am sure no other is comparable to this.—Tillotson.

Prejudice and self-sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world, and ignorance of mankind.—Addison.

Prof. Lazarus says: "A nation is not rich unless it is rich in thoughts; it cannot be a great nation unless it is great in heart; and unless it reigns in the department of intellect and with the intellect it cannot reign in the counsel and the dominion of nations, but will be obliged to serve."

New Zealand, as a matter of fact, is evangelized. Christianity has not failed of success in a single island. In India and elsewhere they had to gather the converts one by one, but in New Zealand a movement set in and great numbers came forward; its advance was almost like a bush-fire. The number of native clergy at present laboring there is quite three times what they had previously been. These are not supported by money from home, but by the contributions and endowments of their own people.—[Bishop Stuart. D. D. of Waiapu.]

A Little Of.

Smith—Ah, one moment! Jones—What is it, Smith? Smith—Yesterday I took off my hat to a young lady whom I took to be your sister. If—ah—if it was some body else, please express my regrets to your sister.

BRAVE BABY SAID "ESS."

A Four-Year-Old Clung Tight to a Line and Was Saved.

A plucky four-year-old baby lives in Oaka loosa, Ia. It is the child of Mrs. Wilson and while playing about the mouth of a deep well, covered by loose boards, fell in. The well is thirty feet deep and contained ten feet of water at the time. The mother saw the child fall and, frantically grabbing a clothes-line, lowered it into the well. The child grasped the line, but of course could not hold on tight enough to be drawn out, so the mother tied her end above.

"Will pet hold on tight till mama runs for papa?" tremblingly cried the mother to her little one.

"Ess," came a brave little sob from below.

The mother hurried away and soon returned with the father and several other men who, after much difficulty rescued the child from its chilly bath. The little one was almost unconscious from cold when taken out, but had bravely clung to the clothes-line all the time, holding its head above water. The happy mother hugged her rescued one and wept for joy, while the assembled crowd threw up their hats and cheered in acknowledgment of the baby's grit.

A Canadian's Experience in Russia

Mr. Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, has won the championship of the world at figure skating, the contest having taken place at St. Petersburg, Russia, on the 10th inst. Mr. Rubenstein, being a Jew, had some very funny experiences, which I will allow him to tell of in his own words. He says: "As is customary in Russia, I handed my passport to the hotel-keeper, and I heard nothing for a couple of days. Then I received a notice from the police office that I was wanted there. One of the members of the skating committee accompanied me to act as interpreter. When this gentleman attempted to explain that I had simply come to Russia for the skating competition, he was peremptorily ordered to leave the room, and then in good English the presiding official said: 'I have a little business to transact with the Jew.' After looking me over a minute the official said: 'You are a Jew; I am,' said I. Then he asked me my age and where I was born. When I had answered he told me my passport would be returned, and he dismissed me without any further information; and when I asked him if there was any trouble he declined to answer. Still my passport was not returned. Two days after this, when I was skating in the rink, a uniformed official came on the ice and told me I was wanted again at the police office. I got the same gentleman to accompany me as on the previous occasion. When we asked why I was wanted, nobody seemed to know. When I asked for my passport we were sent on another journey to another police office. It was a different official this time, and he told me very politely and very firmly: 'You cannot be permitted to stay in St. Petersburg, you will be good enough to leave inside of twenty-four hours.' 'Why?' said I. 'You are a Jew, and there is no necessity to further discuss the matter. We cannot permit Jews to remain in St. Petersburg. I had seen a great many of my colleagues in St. Petersburg, and I came to the conclusion that this law referred to Jews of foreign birth. After I had travelled all the way from Montreal to compete for the world's championship, this news was disheartening. The only thing left was to appeal to the British consul, Sir Robert Morier. The ambassador sympathized with me, and got a little bit angry at the way I had been treated. 'A British subject,' he said, 'who comes to Russia whether Jew or Gentile, to take part in an international match, will be allowed to stay, and you will stay here until you compete if the British embassy has any influence at the court.' He gave me his card, and sent a note to the prefect of police, with instructions to show the card if anybody asked me any questions. I was asked a lot of questions, but the card seemed to have a magic influence, and I was left alone, and even some of them hailed me with a typical expression in Russian, 'Oh, thou of noble birth.' Next morning I was hoisted out of bed in my night-gown. After my late experiences I felt nothing less than Siberia was in store for me. Then Baron Wolf and two members of the committee told me to dress immediately and come to the office of the prefect of police. Considering it was only seven o'clock I thought the prefect began business early. The prefect was the wildest looking man with wire whiskers, and at the same time the mildest spoken I ever met. Then I was told that at the special request of the British Minister I would be allowed to stay until the races were over, but that immediately after I was to leave the country forthwith. The funny thing was that when I got my passport the words 'British subject' were crossed out and replaced by L. Rubenstein, Jew, must leave St. Petersburg by February 10.' Sir Robert Morier told me that a foreign Hebrew was in very bad odor." I don't think I can add anything to that statement of Russian hospitality, and with the remark that it must be a healthy old country to live in, I will close for the week with a few odds and ends.

Behring Sea.

A British Columbian Judge has decided that the United States Government does not possess jurisdiction in Behring Sea beyond the marine league from its shores. This decision is of importance to one Solomon Jacobs, because under it he must pay \$4,000 and more damages for having agreed to sell to one Henry Baxter the sealskins he might take in Behring Sea and then having sold them to somebody else. His defence was, it appears, that, since his poaching had been contrary to American laws, the contract was void. If this is all there is of the case, substantial justice may have been meted out to this rather shifty defendant; still, the decision of Justice Drake will hardly alarm the Washington authorities. Daniel Webster, while Secretary of State, said in one of his public speeches he ever made: "It is not to be expected that the United States will submit their rights to be adjudicated upon in the petty tribunals of the Provinces"; and it is hardly more necessary in our day to go for lessons as to international rights to the Supreme Court of British Columbia. Nevertheless, it did not need this case of Solomon Jacobs to convince Canadians that the United States' claim to the exclusive ownership of half of Behring sea is rather preposterous.