

THE PEARL BROOCH

He was walking down Grafton street when his eye was caught by a girl who was standing motionless looking in at a window. He could only see the back of a bronze head and the pensive outline of a pale cheek. As he passed, he had a fancy to see what it was that so attracted her. He was a head taller than she was, and looked above her head. There was a skirt displayed in the window, of filmy green stuff, with a trail of water lilies upon it.

"Ah, poor little thing," he said to himself. The girl had looked poor even to an unobservant glance. "It would have gone delightfully with her bronze head. But I'm afraid it was out of the question for her."

He was a young English artist, Walter Gascoigne, visiting Dublin for the first time, and delighted with the old city of glorious guests and memories. He was on his way at this moment to a curio dealer, who had a picture to sell which he much desired to make his own.

The shop of the curio dealer was long and narrow. The stock was heaped in higgledy-piggledy fashion, one thing upon another, all over the place. Already the artist had extracted some charming things from heaps of others worthless. He enjoyed the searching almost as much as the finding, although it was bad for his hands and his clothing.

He found plenty to amuse him, although the curio dealer was engaged with another customer when he arrived. He had unearthed something very interesting when the customer had finished his business and departed. The curio dealer was shutting up his little trays of old jewelry, when the door was pushed open again and another person came into the shop.

Walter Gascoigne was quite content to await the dealer's convenience. He had taken out his cambric handkerchief and was tenderly dusting the little picture he had unearthed, oblivious of the horrible results to the handkerchief.

But he looked toward the counter as the new customer's voice fell upon his ears.

It was a charming voice, young and soft and gentle. He stood up and came forward a little, although still standing in the background, as though to get the light on the picture.

Yes, he had not made a mistake. He was certain now that this was the same girl he had seen inspecting the pretty frock in Grafton street. To be sure, he had only seen the back of her head; but there was something unmistakable about it and the way it was carried. The dress, too, but, then, any one might have worn the navy blue serge, neatly made, but plainly far from new. And the hat with the violets, and the little tulle of fur for trimming. He was glad she had such a pretty voice. It quite suited her face as he conjectured it.

He returned to his dusky corner, having no desire to eavesdrop. He thought, with a little tender pity, that perhaps she was going to sell some trinket to buy the pretty frock. He remained there in the background with the picture in his hand, apparently examining it, really wondering what the girl's face was like, and many other things about her.

Standing there, he heard the conversation at the other end of the shop.

"I assure you, miss," said the dealer, "that is the most I can afford to give. Those old things have really no value. There are any number of them going about."

"It would be no use," said the girl, sorrowfully, gathering up the despoiled trinkets. "A pound would be of no use at all. I thought their age gave them greater value than that."

"If you wanted the money, miss—that's a pretty thing you're wearing. I have a client who asked me for one of these old seed-pearl brooches the other day. I wouldn't mind giving you five pounds for that."

"Oh, I couldn't sell that! It was my mother's," broke from the girl so sharply that the involuntary listener started.

"I beg your pardon, miss," the dealer said, civilly. "Of course, I didn't know, or I wouldn't have asked you."

The girl said nothing for a moment or two. Then, in a hesitating voice, she said: "Could you keep it, if I let you have it, a little while, on the chance that I could buy it back?"

"Certainly, miss," said the dealer. Perhaps that client of his was a myth. "I could keep it a month or two. You'd give me a little profit, of course. Now that I see it closer, I could give you seven pounds for it."

Gascoigne watched the girl with something of the anxiety with which a good angel might watch the struggle in a soul between good and evil. He heard her sigh, half to herself, half to the dealer.

"No; it would be no use. I could not buy it back. If I sell it, I must sell it outright. For a few seconds there was silence. Then the girl seemed to have made up her mind.

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WILLIS' RUNAWAY WORM

(Gertrude L. Stone, in SS. Times.)

Willis was rumaging through some leaves in the driveway one morning in late September, when he just happened to spy the biggest green worm he had ever seen. It was more than three inches long,—longer than his father's little finger, and fully as large around. It had white stripes on the sides of its body, and a row of bristly points along its back. He picked it up, and carried it to the screen door.

"Please come and see a worm I've found, mama! It's a beauty!" he called.

His mother came and admired it, and Bridget came and admired it, and everybody who came to the house that day was called on to admire. It was put in a box with two fat tomato worms, and at night the box was left, as usual, in the shed.

Whether Willis did not push the cover down carefully, or whether the giant—as Willis named the big worm—was so strong that he lifted the cover when he was crawling up the sides of the box, will never be known. Which ever way it was, the next morning every single worm was gone—the Giant and all.

It was so discouraging that Willis gave up collecting worms, and declared that he should wait until he had a box that would lock.

"A piece of twine string might do," suggested his father. But no, Willis shook his head, and it was very plain that, for a time at least, he had lost his interest in worms.

Four days later, his mother called him, with the queer little smile on her face that Willis called "the surprise smile."

"Come, Willis, and see what I have found!" she cried.

"The Giant?" questioned Willis, with a return of interest, as he hurried to the piazza steps.

"Ye-e-s and no," answered his mother, as she pointed to something at the end of a shelf in the shed closet.

"A cocoon, mama?" asked Willis, with delight.

"Yes, a cocoon. And it must be that the Giant is in it, because the tomato worms, papa says, do not spin cocoons like this. They burrow down into moist earth instead."

"Of course all the family came to see Willis' cocoon. It was large and whitish and silky,—a very fine cocoon.

"Now, if—and if," said papa, "if the cocoon is not disturbed, and if that corner close up to the furnace does not prove too warm, Willis will have a giant moth some time next spring. Odd, isn't it, Willis? but somebody else thought Giant such a good name that this moth is called Polypheumus for a giant that lived a very long time ago."

All this happened the last of September. Willis saw the cocoon many times before the winter came, because the baseball bats and the tennis net were kept in the shed closet; but after cold weather came he did not often go there, and he forgot all about the cocoon. It was as great a surprise to Willis as to any one else when, one morning in the spring, his father came into the dining room with a beautiful Polypheumus moth balancing on his finger.

"Mine?" cried Willis.

"Yes, I suppose so; he was in the closet, and your cocoon is empty. His wings are not dry yet, so he is not anxious to fly," his father added. "See what a dainty lawn color he is, and see the delicate eye-spot in each wing! Now is your chance to measure him if you want to know what a big fellow he is."

Willis appealed to his mother to help him measure and with her assistance he found out that from tip to tip of wings the moth measured six inches.

"What are you going to do with him, Willis?" asked his mother.

"Keep him," replied Willis promptly. "And I'm going to find more and more big worms, and some more tomato worms, and have a whole roomful of moths next spring. May I, mama?"

"That would be like a roomful of moving flowers," said his mother smiling. "I am willing, but you will have to feed them yourself, you know."

That made no difference to Willis' interest. A very little sweetened water would last a moth for food a long time, his father said; and Willis began at once to plan about his moth and butterfly room.

Alas! for his plans. Willis himself left the door open every day, and Polypheumus flew to the honoursuckle bush, and then out of sight.

It spoiled only part of the plan, however, and Willis still means to carry out the rest. He will begin the first of September to make ready his boxes and to collect his worms. This time there will be dirt in the bottom of the boxes, so that the tomato worms, after they have eaten what they need, may burrow any time when they are ready for their long sleep; and there will be covers that will fasten, so that the cousins of the Giant will not be such runaways as he was.

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Consecration of a Bishop
Manchester, N.H., Sept. 10.—The Right Rev. John B. Delaney, of this city, was consecrated Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Manchester, in the cathedral here yesterday. Mr. Falconio, Mr. DeCelles, of Quebec, and Bishop Michaud, of Burlington, were among the distinguished prelates that participated.

Vallings? They are both beautiful girls, and as charming as they are beautiful.

"Thank you very much," he said, with an eagerness that amused her. "I'm afraid I should make countless enemies if I were to take up a minute of either lady's time. But, since you give me my choice, I should like to be introduced to that lady in green with the water lilies. She is shading her face with her fan at this moment."

"Kitty Devereaux? Yes, I will introduce you to Kitty. I will tell you about her presently. She is a dear little girl, but nothing at all to her sister, Molly, who is not here to-night."

He hardly caught the latter part of the sentence. His eagerness amazed himself. A moment or two later he was bending over Miss Kitty Devereaux's hand, asking her for the favor of a dance, feeling all the time the oddest sense of disappointment.

To be sure, Miss Kitty was charming, pink-cheeked, satin-skinned, blue-eyed, with little, even white teeth, a lovely and innocent-looking child, but not as he had fancied she would be. The voice, too, was full of haunting echoes of the one he remembered; yet there was something missing in it, some sweetness, some softness.

Miss Kitty, however, found nothing amiss with her partner. He had a grave, kind manner, and he danced superbly. After their dance was over, he took her in a quiet corner. Kitty chattered like a child who is sure of being pleasing, and he bent a kind, handsome young head to listen to her. Even if she was not the girl he had imagined so vividly, she was sweet enough to console any man for not being exactly what he had expected to find.

"I shall have to go early," said Kitty, "because my sister Molly will be waiting up for me."

"Oh!" said Gascoigne. "I remember Mrs. Verschoyle told me you had a sister. If she is she—like you, except that her cheeks are pale where yours are pink, and her eyes are brown, just the color of her hair, while yours are blue? And is she—was she the owner of a brooch of seed-pearls with an emerald in the middle?"

"Ah, I see Mrs. Verschoyle has been telling you," said Kitty. "Yes, that would be Molly. Molly is an angel, and I'm not worthy to be her sister."

"And she is not here?"

Kitty suddenly turned the deepest pink.

"She's not here," she said. "She's sitting at home, in our lodgings, at the very top of a melancholy house in Gardiner street. I don't know why I tell you. Molly would say it was a babyish thing to do. But, oh, she is such an angel! We are as poor as church mice, Mr. Gascoigne, and when the invitation came from Mrs. Verschoyle, who is mother's old friend, Molly said at first we could not go; that we couldn't possibly afford evening frocks. But I did so want to go that I burst into tears. And then Molly cried, too. And, after she'd wiped her eyes, she went out, and in the evening this beautiful frock arrived for me. How she managed to get it I don't know. To be sure, she's most awfully clever. But she couldn't manage a frock for herself, and so I had to come along."

"Ah, I see," said Gascoigne. Then, with a glance at the frock, he added: "Your sister's brooch would have gone excellently with the frock, Miss Devereaux. You are not wearing it."

"Why, that is the odd thing," said Kitty. "I asked Molly to let me have it, and she refused. To be sure, it was mother's, and she values it immensely. Still, she has never refused me anything before."

A week or two later Gascoigne met the Molly he had imagined. Mrs. Verschoyle had listened with sympathetic eagerness to the story of the pearl brooch, and had arranged the meeting.

"Talk of the Irish being impulsive, Cecil," she said to Captain Verschoyle, the only sharer of her secrets. "We're not a quarter as impulsive as the English, if this man's a fair specimen. I believe he'll propose to Molly before a month is out. To Molly before a month is out. To Molly before he was head over ears in love with her before he ever saw her face. And then, thanks be to goodness, since Molly was too proud to take help from any of us, those two girls will be lifted out of poverty."

It was as she had prophesied. Scarcely a month had gone by—to be sure, Gascoigne had seen her nearly every day of the month, having broken down Molly's pride and shyness by his masculine persistence—when he was in the drawing room of the house in Gardiner street, where Mrs. Cliffe's boarders saw their afternoon callers, alone with Molly, as it happened.

Suddenly he extracted something from his pocket, took out the brooch from its wrappings of tissue paper and laid it before Molly.

Molly gave a little cry on seeing it, and reached out her hand toward it, then drew it back.

"I don't know how you came to have it, but it was once mine," she said, and sudden tears filled her eyes.

He blurted out his confession then. "Can you ever forgive me, Molly," he asked, "for so misjudging you?"

"You see, you didn't know me," she answered gently.

"I believe I always knew you," he answered, "from the instant I saw your head as you looked in the window. So there is less excuse for me. But, darling Molly, I will believe that you forgive me, if you will take the brooch—and me, Molly. Molly, will you?"

Molly leaned over and took up the brooch.

"It will be doubly precious now," she said. "My mother's first, and then yours."—Katherine Tynan Hinkson in Benziger's Magazine.

Barnabite Monks Expelled

Paris, Sept. 12.—The Government authorities forcibly expelled the Barnabite community from their establishment here this morning. A large force of municipal guards and firemen executed the expulsion. The doors and windows were barricaded, and the firemen scaled the walls, entered the windows and expelled the monks and a number of their sympathizers, including the Marquis de Fougere.

People need to open out fields of interest. First, they must inspire in themselves more faith and courage, and then lose not a moment in grasping an opportunity, however small—obeying with promptness, some idea—only doing something.

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Thirteen

You see, there's Daisy and Geraldine and me—I'm May—and we're each thirteen; And Daisy and Geraldine both say That now we are too grown up to play With dolls any more! And I think it's my dear—

They're glad to give up their dolls. Can't see any possible reason why We shouldn't play with them one more year— (And my Angelina is such a dear!) Well, at last I know what people mean

When they say it's unlucky to be thirteen.

When I told mamma she shook her head And kissed me tenderly as she said: "You're standing with very reluctant feet."

Dear May, where the brook and river meet; And yet, perhaps, 'tis a golden mean From 'twixt childhood and girlhood when one's thirteen."

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