For sweetheart, in your merry eyes A vanished summer buds and flows And with the same bright cheeks of I see your mother's image rise.

And o'er a long and weary track

My buried boyhood wanders back

And as with tear-dimmed eyes I cast On your sweet form my swimming g I think your mother used to dance Just as you do, in that dead past, Long years ago-yes, inty-three— When I, too, dwelt in Aready.

when 1, too, dwelt in Arcady.
And in the music's laughing notes
I seem to hear old voices ring.
That have been hushed, ah! many a spring.
The echo of a melody
I used to hear in Arcady.

And yonder youth—nay, do not blush— The boy's his father o'er again; And hark ye, miss, I was not plain When at his age—what! must I hush? Ho's coming this way? Yes, I see, You two yet dwell in Arcady.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES

"Yes, because it is so swelled," return Miss Ferrers, in a sympathising voice.
"Mr. Huntingdon, if you will ring the bell I will ask my maid for some hot water. I think that will relieve Lady Redmond; and if you will kindly join my brother, you will find him outside. Ruth and I will soon make your cousin more comfortable : and Erle at once took the hint.

The dainty little boot was sadly mangled before they could get it off, and Miss Ferrers rutered a pitying exclamation at the sight of the inflamed and swollen ankle. The hot fomentation was deliciously soothing, and Miss Ferrers' manipula-tions so soft and skilful that Fay was not sorry that her little protest was made thout success. "Don't you think your maid could do

this. I do not like to trouble you so much," she said once in a deprecating this. I de

voice.
"It is no trouble," returned Margaret. fixing her beautiful eyes for a moment on Fay's pale face; "I like to do it for you, Lady Redmond." Yes, she liked to do it; it gave her a strange pleasure to minister to her innocent rival, Hugh's wife. As Fay's little white foot rested in her hand, all at once a scene arose before her mind-an upper chamber, where a mild majestic Figure rose from among His wondering disciples and "girded Himself with a

wel."
Ineffable condescension, divine humility
niting for all ages the law of service and kindly ministration; bidding men to do likewise, and to wash the feet of sinners.

Margaret had stolen many a look at the pale little face resting on the cushions. What a baby face it was, she thought, and yet wonderfully pretty too; and then, as she bent over her work again, a quick throbbing pain that was almost agony, and that made her look as pale as Fay, seemed to stifle her. Hugh, her Hugh; ah, heavens! what was she thinking? another woman

"Men are all alike," she thought, sadly;
"wen the best of them forget. Well, he is content with ker now—with this little piece of innocent baby-faced loveliness. "Yes," interrupting herself, sternly, "and I ought to thank God on my knees that he is content—my own Hugh, whom I love better than myself;" and she looked so gently and kindly at Fay that the little

gently and kindly at Fay that the little thing was quite pleased and grateful.

"Oh, how good you are to me," exclaimed Fay, gratefully; "and how beautifully you have bandaged my foot. It feels so much more comfortable. What a sweet old room this is, Miss Ferrers. I do like that cushioned window-seat running round the bay; and oh, what lovely work," raising herself to look at an exclesisation! raising herself to look at an ecclesiastica raising nersell to look at an ecclesiastical carpet that was laid on the ground, perfectly strewn with the most beautiful colors, like a delicate piece of mosaic work. Mr. Ferrers, who had entered the room that moment, smiled at the sound of the

enthusiastic young voice.

"What colors," cried Fay, delightedly;
"what purples, and crimson, and violets.
They look like clusters of jewels, or stars on deep-blue ground."

a deep-blue ground."

Mr. Ferrers stooped down and touched the carpet with his large white hand.

"Itis for our little church, and by all accounts it must be gorgeous. The description makes me fancy it like the robe of office that Aaron wore. It has a border pomegranates I know. Ah, color is one of my sister's hobbies. She agrees with Ruskin in connecting brilliant coloring with purity of mind and nobility of thought. I believ

of mind and nobility of thought. I believe if she had her way she would wear those same crimsons and emeralds herself." Margaret smiled indulgently. "You nust not believe my brother, Lady Redmond. I am very simple in my tastes, but I love to see them on others;" and she looked at Fay's ruby dress. She had removed the heavy furred mantle, and she thought Lady Redmond Joked wear like. thought Lady Redmond looked more like lovely child than ever in her little closely fitting gown.
"Where is my cousin, Mr. Ferrers?" she

asked with some surprise, as he placed himself in a carved arm-chair that stood

near the couch.

"Mr. Huntingdon has started off for Redmond Hall. He was afraid your husband might have returned and would be feeling anxious. He will come back in the carriage to fetch you; but as is rather a long way by the road, and the snow is very deep, you must not look for him for another two hours. Margaret, luncheon is ready; I am going to tell Ruth to bring sor up for Lady Redmond."

Fay was not sorry to have a little longer rest. She was very comfortable lying in this pleasent sunny room, and she had fallen in love with Miss Ferrers.

fallen in love with Miss Ferrers.

When they had left her to partake of the dainty little luncheon brought to her, she thought a great deal about the beautiful face that looked so pale and sad, and yet so kind. Had she known trouble, she wondered; she was quite young, and yet there was no look of youth about her. One would never speak of her see grid for ne would never speak of her as a girl, for example—she was much too grave and staid for that; but what a sweet voice she had, very low and harmonious, and yet o clear.

Fay had forgotten her husband for the

Fay had forgotten her husband for the moment. Erle would explain everything to him, and of course he could not be vexed. What a tiresome thing that this misunderstanding had arisen. She must coax Hugh to put it right. She liked Miss Ferrers better than any of her neighbors. It made her feel good only to look at her. She wondered if she could venture to hint about the estrangement, or to say how sorry she was that anything should keep them apart. She had not quite made up them apart. She had not quite made up her mind about it when the brother and

sister returned, and Mr. Ferrers asked her playfully if she meant to take a nap, or whether they should stay and talk to her.

"Oh, I would rather talk, please," with a wistful look at Margaret, who had taken up her work, and placed herself near the window. She wished she would not go so far away; but perhaps she wanted more light. But Mr. Ferrers had taken possession of the arm-chair again and seemed quite at her service, so Fay began chatting to kim in her usualfashion." I have always admired this attribute the same and the same always admired this attribute to the same always are never dull?" she asked gently.

"Oh, no," returned Fay, with another gay little laugh, "Of course we have plenty of callers; just now the snow has kept them away, but then I have had our cousin Erle. Oh, he is such a pleasant companion, he is so good-natured and full of fun. I shall miss him dreadfully when he goes back to London next week."

"You will have to be content with your husband's society," observed Raby, smiling. It was a pity that neither he nor Margaret saw the lovely look on Fay's face that answered this: it would to sake gently.

chatting to him in her usual fashion.

"I have always admired this old house so," she said, brightly; "but I was afraid I should never see the inside, because—"but here she hesitated and hurried on. but here she hesitated and hurried on.
"Redmond Hall is grander and larger of course, but this seems more homelike. I liked the all so when the door opened,

and Erle carried me in. It seemed like afterwards. Sometimes, when I know he church, with that great painted window so still and solemn, and full of scented darkness."

Margaret listened silently, but her brother answered rather sadly,

'It is always full of scented darkness to
me, Lady Redmond, and a darkness that
may be felt; but of course I know what may be felt; but of course I know what you mean, for the whole house is full of the perfume of Margaret's flowers. Sometimes our friends declare that they can smell them half-way down the road, but that is nonsense. Still flowers are my sister's hobby; she cannot live without having them about her."

"A very harmless hobby, Raby!"

"Oh, it is a pretty fancy enough," he answered, smilling. "If you could walk, Lady Redmond. Margaret would show

answered, smiling. "If you could walk, Lady Redmond, Margaret would show you our winter garden; the gallery upstairs is a perfect conservatory, and we walk up and down there on wet days, and call it

our indoor garden."

"What a nice idea, and you live together
in this dear old house; how delightful!"
Raby's smile grew perceptibly sadder.

"We were not always alone. What is it ongfellow says?

There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.
But, as you say, we live together, the old
sachelor and old maiden brother d

"Miss Ferrers is not an old maid." return ed Fay, indignantly, on whom Margaret's stately presence had made a deep impres-'You ought not to speak so of your

"Do you like the name of unappropriated

"Do you like the name of unappropriated blessing better, as I heard an unmarried lady called once," he asked, in an amused voice; "but, no, that would not be true in Margaret's case, for her brother has appropriated her."

A gentle smile passed over Margaret's face. "I shall be here as long as you want me, Raby," and then, as though she would turn the subject, she asked Fay if she read much, and which were her favorite books. But she soon saw her mistake. nistake.

"I am afraid I am very stupid," returned Fay, blushing a little, "but I do not care to read very much. Aunt Griselda—she was the aunt with whom I lived until I was narried-did not like me to read novels

married—did not like me to read novels, and heavy books send me to sleep."

"I daresay you are too busy to read," interposed Raby rather hastily; "with such a household as yours to manage, you must be sufficiently employed."

"Oh, but I have not so much to do after all," replied Fay, frankly. "When I married I was terribly afraid that I should never know how to manage proposely; the ever know how to manage properly; the noughts of accounts especially frightened ne, because I knew my sums would not wer come right if I added them up a dozen

"Ladies generally hate accounts." "Oh, but I have none to make up," ceturned Fay, with a merrylaugh; "Hugh, I mean my husband, attends to them. If I have bills I just give them to him. And Mrs. Heron manages everything else; f there are any orders she goes to Sir Hugh. He says I am so young to be roubled about things, and that I don't inderstand how to regulate a large house-lold. We lived in such a tiny cottage, you ee, and Aunt Griselda never taught me

nything about housekeeping."
"Yes, I see," observed Raby rather obsently; he was wondering what Margaret ould say to all this.
"I never thought things would be quite

in lever thought things would be quite to easy," went on Fay, gaily. "Now if Hugh, I mean my husband, says two or hree gentlemen are coming to dinner, I ust tell Mrs. Heron so, and she tells Ellerton, and then everything is all right. Ever when things go wrong, as they will sometimes, Sir Hugh does all the scolding; he says I am such a little thing that they might only laugh at me; but I tell him I shall never be taller if I live to be an old

Mr. Ferrers kept his thoughts to himself. ut he said kindly, "I daresay you find lenty of little duties for yourself, Lady

"Oh, yes, I am always busy," returned ay, seriously; "Mrs. Heron says that the is sure that I shall grow thin with so such running about, but unless I am driv-ing or riding, or Erle is talking to me, I do ing or riding, or Erle is talking to me, I do believe I am never still for many minutes at a time. Oh, I do work sometimes, only one cannot work alone, and I go to the poultry-yards and the stables. Bonnie Bess always has a feed of corn from my hand once a day, and there are all the animals to visit, and the green-houses and the hot-houses, for I do like a chat with old Movies and the rid of the rigid day. old Morison : and there is Catharine's dear little baby at the lodge, and the children at net feed and clean my birds, because the dear little things know me. Oh, yes, the day is not half long enough for all I have to do," finished Fay, contentedly.

CHAPTER XVII. "I AM ONLY WEE WIFIE." This would plant sore trouble
In that breast now clear,
And with meaning shadows
Mar the sun-bright face.
See that no earth poison
To thy soul come near!
Watch! for like a serpant
Glides that heart disgrace.

Ask to be found worthy Of God's choicest gift, Not by wealth made reckless, Nor by want unkind; Since on thee dependeth That no secret rift Mar the deep life-music Of her guileless mind.

Philip Stanhone Raby felt as though he were listening to a child's innocent prattle as Fay chattered on in her light-hearted way. In spite of his deep knowledge of human nature he found himself unaccountably perplexed.
Margaret had spoken to him, as they sat
together over their luncheon, of the flowerlike loveliness of the little bride, and yet he found himself unable to understand Hugh Redmond's choice; his thoughtful, prema-turely saddened nature could not conceive ow any man of Hugh's age could choo such a child for his life-companion, With all her sweet looks and ways he must grow weary of her in time. Perhaps her freshness and innocence

had bewitched him; there was something quaint and original about her naive remarks. The disappointed man might have found her, brightness refreshing—her very contrast to Margaret might have be ther attraction in his eyes. Well, Raby supposed that it was all right; no doubt she was an idolised little woman. Hugh seemed was an idolised little woman. Hugh seemed to keep her in a glass case; nothing was allowed to trouble her. She will be thoroughly spoilt by this sort of injudicious fondness, thought Raby, perfectly unconscious how far he was from grasping

It was Margaret who began to feel doubtful, her womanly intuition perceived that there was something wanting; she thought Lady Redmond spoke as though she was often alone.
"I suppose you are never dull?" she asked gently.

saw the lovely look on Fay's face that answered this; it would have spoken to them of the underlying depths of tenderness that there was in that young heart.

"Oh, yes," she returned, simply, "but

fafterwards. Sometimes, when I know he has gone to Pierrepoint, I ride over there to meet him. He used to ride and drive with me very often when we first came home," she continued, sorrowfully, "but now he has no time. Oh, he does far too

now he has no time. Oh, he does far too much, every one tells him so; he is so tired in the evening that he is hardly fit for anything, and yet he will sit up so late."

Raby's sightless eyes seemed to turn involuntarily to the window where Margaret sat, her pale face bending still lower over her work. This last speech of Lady Redmond's perplexed him still more. The Hugh who had courted Margaret had been a good-natured idler in his eyes; he had heard him talk about his shooting and fishing with something like enthusiasm; he had been eager to tell the number of heads of grouse he had bagged, or to heads of grouse he had bagged, or to describe the exact weight of the salmon he had taken last year in Scotland, but Raby had never looked upon him as an active man of business. If this were true, Hugh's wife must spend many lonely hours, but there was no discontented chord in her bright voice.

"I feel deadfully as though I want to belp him" continued for

help him," continued Fay. "I cannot bear to see him so tired. I asked him to bear to see him so tired. I asked him to let me go and visit some of the poor people who belong to us—he is building new cottages for them, because he says that they are living in tumble-down places only fit for pigs—but he will not hear of it; he says I am too young, and that he cannet allow me to go into such dirty places, and yet he goes himself, though he says it makes him feel quite ill."

Margart's head drooped still lower her

him feel quite ill."

Margaret's head drooped still lower, her eyes were full of tears; he had notforgotten then! He had promised to build those cottages when she had begged him to do so. She remembered they had chosen the site together one lovely September evening, and he had told her, laughing, that it should be his marriage gift to her. They had planned it together, and now he wascarrying it out alone; for Fay owned the moment afterwards that she did not know where the new cottages were; she must where the new cottages were; she must ask Hugh to take her one day to see them,

but perhaps he would rather that she waited until they were finished.

Margaret was beginning to feel strangely troubled; a dim but unerring instinct told her that Fay was more petted than beloved. It was evident that Hugh lived his own life seemet from her way was more petted than beloved. his own life separate from her, submerged in his own interests and pursuits, and her heart grew very pitiful over Fay as she realized this. If she could only meet Hugh face to face; if she could only speak to him. She felt instinctively that things were not altogether right with him. Why did he not try to guide and train the childish nature that was so dependent on him; why did he repress all her longings to be useful to him, and to take her share of the duties of life? Surely her extreme youth was no excuse, she was not too young to be his wife. Margaret told herself sadly that here he was in error, that he was not acting up to his responsibilities, to leave this child so much alone.

ouching Margaret's heart; even this touching Margaret's heart; even this one interview proved to her that under the girlish crudities there was something very sweet and true in her nature; the petty vanities and empty frivolous aims of some women were not to be traced in Fay's conversation. Her little ripple of talk was as fresh and wholesome as a clear brook that shows nothing but shining pebbles under the bright current; the brook might be shallow, but it reflected the synshine. be shallow, but it reflected the sunshine Margaret's thoughts had been straying

suddenly roused her.

"I do wish we could be friends," she observed, rather piteously. "I am sure my husband must like you both, for he poke so nicely about you; it is such ity when people get to misund

ather sorrowfully, when a speech of Fay

"My dear Lady Redmond," returne "My dear Lady Redinold, resurrance Raby, kindly, "it is a pity, as you say; and we have no ill feeling to your husband; but, I daresay he is wise if he does not think it possible for us to have much intercourse. Sir Hugh and I do not agree about things,"

knowledge that her husband had not been true to her—that he had kept this secret from her—would fill her young heart with bitterness; and as these thoughts passed through his mind, Margaret clasped her hands involuntarily; "The first mistake," she murmured; "the first mistake."

Just then the sound of carriage wheels was distinctly audible on the gravel sweep before the house, and the next moment Erle entered the room.

"I am sorry to have been so long," he said, apologetically, and Fay thought he seemed a little flurried, "but Hugh asked me to go round and put off those people; they all seemed dreadfully sorry to hear of your accident, Fay."

your accident, Fay."

"And Hugh?" with a touch of anxiety

her voice
Oh, Hugh seemed rather put out about the whole business. I think he wanted to pitch into me for not taking better care of you. How is your foot, Fay—less

painful?"
"Oh, yes, and I have been so comfortable;
Mr. and Miss Ferrers have been so kind
to me. I suppose I ought to go now,"—
looking regretfully at Margaret, who had

"Well, I don't think we ought to lose any more time," observed Erle; "the days are so awfully short, you know, and really these roads are very bad."

"And your husband will be waiting," put in Raby.
"Poor Hugh, of course he will," returned ayquickly. "Erle, I am afraid you will

Fayquickly. "Erle, I am afraid you will have to carry me to the carriage, unless you ask George to do so;" but Erle stoutly refused to deliver up his charge, so Fay bade good-bye to her new friends.

"Thank you so much, Miss Ferrers," she said, putting up her face to be kissed. "I shall tell Hugh how good you have been to me. I am so sorry it is good-bye, Mr. Ferrers."

"Then we will not say it at all," he returned, heartily, as his returned, nearthly, as his big hand seemed to swallow up Fay's little soft fingers. "I will wish you God-speed instead, Lady Redmond. I daresay your cousin, Mr. Huntingdon, will be good enough to let us know how you are if he ever passes the Grange."
"To be sure I will," was Erle's reply

to this, and then he deposited Fay in her corner of the carriage and took his place beside her. Both of them lent forward for a parting look at the brother and sister as they stood together in the porch.
"What a grand-looking pair they are,"

observed Erle, as they turned into the road; "don't you think Miss Ferrers is a very handsome woman, Fay? I admire her immensely."
"Oh, yes, she is perfectly lovely,"

replied Fay enthusiastically; "she looks so sweet and good; it quite rests one to look at her. But there is something sad about them both. Mr. Ferrers does not look quite happy; once or twice he quite heavily when we wege talking. I suppose his being blind troubles him."

"He is a very uncommon sort of a man," returned Erle, who had been much

struck by the brother and sister. "He made himself very pleasant to me while you were having your foot doctored. By the by, my Fairy Queen,"—his pet name for her—
"Miss Dora gave mea message for you; she says she shall come up and see you tomorrow, as you will be a prisoner."

"That will be nice; but oh, Erle, what a nity we shall be not you can be a nity we shall be not you want of the shall come."

"That will be nice; but oh, Erle, what a pity we shall have no more delightful walks together. I hope Hugh was not really vexed about our going to the Grange."

"He was just a trifle testy," remarked Erle, quietly suppressing the fact that his cousin had surprised him much by a fit of regular bad temper. "He thinks I am not to be trusted with your ladyship any more;" and he changed the subject by a lively eulogium on the young ladies at the Vicarage, one of whom he declared to be almost as handsome as Miss Selby; and he kept up such a flow of conversation on this topic that Fay had no opportunity to this topic that Fay had no opportunity to put another question. Sir Hugh was waiting for them at the Hall door, but Fay thought he looked very

grave and pale as he came to the carria "This is a very foolish business," he said, as he carried her up to her room, his strong arms hardly conscious of her weight; "how did it happen, Fay?" and she knew at once by his tone that he was much displayed.

Erle ought to have taken better car of you; I told him so," he continued, as he placed her on the couch. "I cannot let you go running about the country with him like this; of course the lanes we slippery, he ought to have known that."

"You are vexed with me, Hugh," she said, very gently. "You think that I ought not to have gone to the Grange, but indeed I could not help myself."
"There were other houses," he stammered, not caring to meet her clear look. "I thought that you would have respected my wishes, but I see I am mistaken." "He wishes, but I see I am mistaken." "Oh, Hugh," returned the poor child, quite heartbroken at this stern rebuke; indeed, indeed, I never meant to disobey

indeed, indeed, I never meant to disobe you, but my foot was so painful, and I fel' so faint, and Erle was so peremptory with me."

"Well, well, you need not cry about it," observed her husband impatiently; "yo are such a child, Fay, one can never say, word to you; I have a right to be displeased if my wife goes against my wishes."

"I am very sorry," she answered meekly, trying to keep back those trouble some tears; "please do not be so angry Hugh, you know I care for nothing but t

Hugh, you know I care for nothing but to please you, and—and I don't fell quite well, and your voice is so loud."

"Very well, then, I will take myself off," in rather a huffy tone, but he relented at the sight of her pale little face, and some of his bad humor evaporated. "The fact is, you are such a child that you don't know how to take care of yourself," he continued either down her work which the continued either down her was the continued of the continued of the continued of the care of yourself," he continued, sitting down by her, and letting her rest comfortably against him. "You will do yourself a mischief some day, Fay I shall get Dr. Martin to come up and see your foot, and then, perhaps, he will give ou a lecture."
Oh. no." she returned. charmed at this

change of tone, for his anger had frightened her; "there is no need for that, dear, it is only a sprained ankle, and Miss Ferrers has bandaged it so beautifully, a day or two's rest will put it all right." "But all the same, I should like to hav

Dr. Martin's opinion," he answered, quickly
"I am afraid you must have found it very
awkward, Fay, being cast on the compassion of strangers."
"Oh no, indeed," was the eager answe "they were so good and kind to me, Hugh; they welcomed me just as though I were an old friend. I was a little faint at

first, my foot hurt me so; but when I opened my eyes, I found myself in such a lovely old room, on such an easy couch, and Miss Ferrers gave me some wine, and actually bathed my foot and bound it up "What sort of a room was it, We Fay thought there was something odd

Sir Hugh and I do not agree about things, went on Raby after a slight hesitation; "perhaps he will tell you the reason some day; but you may be sure that on this point your husband knows best,"—for he felt himself in a difficulty.

"Of course Hugh is always right," returned Fay with much dignity. "When I said it was a pity, it was only because I like you both so much, and that I know I shall want to see you again."

"You are very good," replied Raby, but there was embarrassment in his tone; it was evident that Hugh's wife knew nothing about his previous engagement to Margaret. It was a grievous error, he told himself, for one day it must come to her ears; why, the whole neighborhood was cognizant of the fact. She would hear it some day from strangers, and then the knowledge that her husband had not been knowledge that her husband had not been knowledge that her husband had not been were the said huskily: but if I say thought there was something odd in her husband's voice, but she had het head on his shoulder, and could not see his face, the winter dusk was creeping over the room, and only the fire-light illumined it. Hugh felt himself safe to put

dear?"
"No-go on," he said, huskily; but if only Fay could have seen his face. "I feel I should love her so if I could only see more of her. I could not help

sissing her when I came away, but she did not seem at all surprised. Mr. Ferrers Rissing her when I came away, but she did not seem at all surprised. Mr. Ferrers wished me God-speed in such a nice way, too. Oh, they are dear people; I do wish you would let me know them, Hugh." "My dear child, it is impossible," but Hugh spoke fast and nervously; "have I not already explained to you that there can be no intimacy between Redmond Hell can be no intimacy between Redmond Hal Grange? When old frie nd the

arrel as we have, it is a fatal blow to all "You were old friends, then?" in som surprise, for he had never said as much to er before

Yes," he returned, reluctantly, for h ha I not meant to admit this fact But quarrels can be made up, Hugh if it be only a misunderstanding, surely is could be put right." But he silenced her

oomewhat haughtily.

"This is my affair, Fay—it is not like you to go against my wishes in this way what can a child like you know about it is should have thought a wife would have should have thought a white would have been willing to be guided by her husband, out you seem to think you know best."
"Oh no, Hugh"—very much ashamed this—"I amquite sure you are always right; only"—hesitating a little as thoug she feared to offend him—"I should like yo

to tell me what the quarrel was about.' For a moment Sir Hugh remaine absolutely dumb with surprise; it was as though a dove had flown in his face; he had never known Fay persistent before. If only she had asserted herself from the beginning of their married life, she would have gained more influence over her hus band; if she had entrenched herself in her wifely dignity, and refused to be treated like a child, kept in the dark about every. thing, and petted, or civilly snubbed according to her husband's moods, she would hav

ing to her husband's moods, she would have won his confidence by this time.

Sir Hugh was quite conscious that he had been guilty of a grievous error in not tel ing Fay about Margaret before she became his wife; he wished he had done so from the bottom of his heart; but procrastination made the duty a far more difficult one; he felt it would be so awkward difficult one; he felt it would be so awkward to tell her now, he could not tell how she might take it; it might make her unhappy, poor little thing; it would be a pity to dim her brightness.

He was sheltering his moral weakness

under these plausible excuses, but somehow they failed to satisfy his conscience. He they hard to satisfy his constance. He knew he had done a mean thing to marry Fay when his heart was solely and entirely Margaret's; what sort of blessing could attach to such a union?

But when Fay begged him to tell her
the cause of his estrangement from the the cause of his estrangement from the Ferrers, he positively shrank from the painful ordeal—he was not fit for it, he told himself, his nerves were disorganised,

The favorite reticule is the Marguerit Lovely tinted ribbons trim dressy morn

would tell her, but not now; and the old

(To be continued.)

Fads and Fancies.

ng camisoles.

The latest shade of blue green takes the name of wave blue.

The neck is dressed as high as ever spite of the hot weather.

Serviceable articles of wear are the teamer wrappers and hoods, which answer he purpose so admirably. Real seal and real alligator pocket-bocks lined with callekin, are in favor with many

French cheviot suiting look extremely formerly. Some exquisite sacques for house

are made of embroidered muslin in "a over" designs, with borders to match. India lawn suits, with solid embroider front, plaited panels, and French draped back, are exceedingly handsome. Dresses of white Irish linen are made ap with belted blouse waists, and trimmed with dark blue dungaree bands, on which are rows of white linen braid.

China crape shoulder searfs and small white and tinted shawls, with deep netted fringes, are the favorite piazza wraps at watering places. Fashions are so elastic just now that

wear nothing unbecoming to her own peo liar style. Pin head dotted white muslins are revived for young girls' wear. They are worn over colored slips or white ones at

The shades most admired in the popular English seaside serges are blue, black brown, chocolate, and a sort of mahogany -preference, if any, however, being give to blue. A new thing in hats is the white silk

course, very light weight, a commendable quality at this season of the year. A pretty wrap to throw about the

ing is a three-cornered piece of China crepe, embroidered with a light-running vine pat-tern, and deeply fringed. These come in lovely shades of blue, rose, oream, pale lovely snades of blue, rose, cream, pale green, poppy red and color.

Black stockings are being somewhat superseded by those which match the color of the costume. A new idea, but not a pretty one, nor deserving of popularity, is of stockings with front and back of different color.

ent color. Some are shown with the front of black and the back of red; others are of black and the page version blue behind and olive in front.

White, cream-tinted and yellow sashes though shades of tilleul and though shades of tilleul and though shades of tilleul and though shades are though shades and though shades are though shades and though shades are though shades and the shades are though shades and the shades are though shades and the shades are though shades of tilleul and though shades are though shades of tilleul and though shades of tilleul and though shades are though shades are though shades of tilleul and though shades are though shades a hettuce green are still liked for black and white lace dresses. Watered ribbons, with picot-edges, are the general choice of these

picot-edges, are the general choice of these sashes. The pompadour sashes are a novelty, with bands of satin strewed with small flowers of natural colors alternating with watered-silk stripes.

Lace dresses, made of the forty-inch laces, either black or white, are worn with belted waists of China crape and wide sashes. Sometimes the sashes are of the new Roman moirs, which comes in such new Roman moire, which comes in such wide widths that the belted waists can also be made of them and with the lace skirts have a very bright and pretty effect. The broadest sashes worn with these dresses are fourteen inches wide, but those

from ten to eleven in width are much

I remember that during one of my visit when the weather was exceptionally hot, a cab horse, after cantering up the hill of Monte Cristo, fell in a fit at the Casino door. It was necessary to kill the horse, and when the carcass had been removed some blood remained on the gravel. A few moments later a French newspaper correspondent came up, and, perceiving the blood, immediately concluded that someblood, immediately concluded that some-body must have committed suicide. The horror of the imaginative journalist was considerably intensified by the approach of a director of the Casino, who, with the greatest unconcern, walked on the blood-stained sand, and, unmoved, entered the gaming-rooms. A few hours later the press-of most of the capitals of Europe re-choed with the heart-rending story of the young man who, having lost in a few hours at roulette the entire fortune his father had taken a lifetime to accumulate, blew his brains out at the very doors of the Casino. But the directors, unmoved by the ruin they occasioned, actually trod in their victim's blood. Their consciences were so hardened by perpetual crime they had not even the decency to remove the blood with which their boots were bespattered .-Memphis Avalanche.

A Cheap Girl. "How much does your best girl cost you, old fellow?" was plumped at a beardless boy who makes his bread and butter, about \$8 a week, in the carpenter trade. After demurring as usual over looking at the sentimental affair in so practical a light, his objections were finally overruled, and he consented to talk. "Me and my girl take consented to talk. "Me and my girl take in all the museum shows. Ten weeks of museums at 20 cents a week makes \$2. All the girls hanker after ice-cream, and I generally put up \$2 on ice-cream. I have to get her 10 cents worth of taffy off and on. That comes to 75 cents easy. In summer time we get reckless and go to two big blow-outs any way—most generally pichics. With the car fare that comes to \$3. Other evenings we go to the parks and freeze to one of them benches. That don't cost nothing except the car fare. Sixty cents would about settle that, for sometimes we walk don't you see? would about settle that, for sometimes we walk, don't you see? When Christmas comes I do the grand, and buy a pair of car-rings or some other piece of finery, the kind girls like, and never pay less than \$2 neither. Let's see, \$2, \$2, 75 cents, \$3, 80 cents, \$4, 80 ce neither. Let's see, \$2, \$2, 75 cents, \$3, ou cents, \$2 comesito \$10.35. My girl says that's good enough for her."—Buffalo Times.

Speaking of the latest railroad horror, ravelling man at a hotel said last evening "There is one lesson taught by that terrible accident, and that is the wisdom and necessity of compelling the older railroad companies to employ iron and masonry in the construction of culverts as, well as bridges and trestles. The use of any other material should not be allowed, except by new companies. In such cases, of course twould not do to draw the line so close, as there would be but very few new railroads built, but as rapidly as possible, after they get in operation, the wooden structures should be supplanted by iron or steel."

Advice to Young Men. No man should marry until he has made himself worthy of a good wife and able to maintain her and his children in comfort. And he should choose her as he-world choose his destiny, with range of choice from earth to heaven. No man should marry under 24; no girl under 18.—John Ruskin in "Young Men."

The shrewdest tramp of the times has just turned up in New York State. A ragged, lame and dirty fellow visited the stores in succession and begged a cake of soap. The purpose was so apparent that he was rarely refused. After putting in a large of the state of the he was rarely and Fay looked far from well; some day he

OLIVE'S LOVER.

" I may as well add, Mr. Atherton, that my answer can never be anything else but 'No.' I appreciate the honor you would pay me, but I can never be your wife!" There was a dignity in Olive Mosely's manner as she spoke.

The stout, elderly man to whom her re-

The stout, elderly man to whom her remarks were addressed shuffled his feet uneasily and coughed.

"Your aunt led me to think your answer would be different," he stammered. "Anyway, I shall not give up all hope. I will wish you good morning," and he bowed himself out.

mself out. Olive watched him disappear with a sigh Olive watched him disappear with a sign of relief as she sank into a chair. She knew her aunt would be angry with her for refusing the richest man in the country, but her heart was in far-off India with Edward Russell, the brother of her playmate, Amy.

There was a stormy interview in the

There was a stormy interview in the dining-room that evening between the orphan girl and her aunt. The old lady reminded her of the benefits she had received and how ungrateful had been her return. Olive's feelings were hurt, and the old place grew wearisome to her.

One afternoon a letter was brought to Olive from Amy Russell. The girl opened it with the nervous expectancy she always felt when Amy's letters were received.

After reading a few lines this is what met her astonished gaze:

"Mamma and I are rejoicing over the news just received from Edward. He has been very successful in business and is

been very successful in business and is coming home. Not only that, but, would you believe it?—is going to bring a wife with him. Just fancy my having a sister! He does not give us a description of the lady, but says he hopes we will be pleased with his choice." very woman can be in the mode and yet

with his choice."

Olive did not faint nor cry out, but sat white and still, with the letter tightly crushed in her small hands.

While she was so doing the door opened and a gentleman was shown in. Olive rose and faced the stranger and for a moment they looked at each other. In spite of the bronzed complexion and

the heavy beard Olive recognized him. And Mr. Russell—he saw the slight figure, the beautiful eyes, the golden-brown hair, the sweet red lips. He came forward with outstretched hands.

" Olive!' It was the same voice that had hidden sorrowful an adieu to her, only now there was a glad, triumphant ring in it. What did it mean? She did not speak, but she trembled s

excessively that she was obliged to put ou one hand and rest it on the piano. "Olive, you have no word for me? Am ! forgotten?"

orgotten ?"

" Why are you here ?" she gasped.

Mr. Russell looked surprised.

" Have you forgotten what you pron me before I went away, Olive " I have forgotten nothing, but you-you where is your wife ?" "My wife! I do not understand you

Olive. "Amy wrote me that you were married "Amy wrote me that you were married; that you were going to bring a wife home with you, at least, and I—I—" She broke off with a sob.
"There must be some mistake. I wrote that I was coming home and that I was

that I was coming home and that I was now in a position to marry and they must prepare a welcome for the young bride that, God willing, I should soon bring to them. I never dreamed they would think of my marrying out there. I never thought of marrying any one but you."

Olive looked at him earnestly; the grave, tender ever watching her closely. tender eyes were watching her closely With a sudden, impulsive movement she put out her shands. They were quickly clasped and she was drawn to the shelter of

clasped and she was drawn to the shelter of loving arms—poor, weary Olive—and fond kisses were pressed on her pale face.

After a long time Olive showed her lover his sister's letter.

"I am sorry, darling," he said. "I intended as soon as I reached England to come to you and make arrangements for our marriage, then go home to Surrey for a few days until you intended to be my wife—"

"Haven't you been home yet?" asked Olive, shyly.
"Of course not. Who is so near and dear to me as my promised wife?"

"The persistence of superstition amazing," the professor observed. I have a singular instance in the case of a friend of mine. He has conjured up a supersti-tious fear of 'Ivanhoe,' and he could no be induced to read the book or have it in his house. "But what hegot so odd a whim ?"

A string of coincidences. He began t read the novel and his wife was taken sick. He sent the book back to the circusick. He sent the book back to the circulating library from which he had taken it and the horses ran away and broke the carriage. About a year after he tried it again. He bought a copy and took it on a journey. The train ran off the track and his leg was broken. Then a friend, who thought his notions absurd, sent him a copy of the book, and the next night his house took fire. He told me one or two minor details which I have forgotten. He is a hardheaded Boston business man, but I cannot urge him out of this notion. He says that arge him out of this notion. He says that if he is wrong it can certainly do no harm to give the book a wide berth, while if he is right it is certainly wise to avoid it."

"I should say," remarked a voice from a hammock, in which in the dusk one could nammock, in which in the dusk one could dimly discern a heap of white draperies, "that he had better read the book to the bitter end and break the spell."
"The result might be too tragic."—
Providence Journal.

An Old Story Revised and Amended. A good story to tell the children on the value of politeness is going the rounds about the monkey which, when about to be issaulted by a dog, lifted his hat politely, as he had been taught to do, while the abashed log slunk away with his tail between his

gs.
This is a good little story, and it has a good little moral, but it isn't the way we used to hear it in the day when we played hookey and our bearing toward ye ancient pedagogue was not exactly Chesterfieldian. As the original version had it, the monkey jumped nimbly on the dog's back and had him whipped before the pup knew what had hold of him.

But that was in the good old days when,

if a boy didn't look out for number one, he didn't cut much of a swath in the community.—Lowell Times.

From Different Points of View. Omaha Girl (nearing Chicago)-"Oh,

how lovely!"

Chicago Man—"Yes, indeed."

"So large, so broad, so beautiful, so full of changing tints and hues beneath the setting sun. How I would love to get out and take a drink." and take a drink."

"So would I, miss, but they don't sell at retail here."

"Sir, I was referring to the lake."

"Beg problem. I was babie."

"Beg pardon. I was looking at Snick-nfooty's brewery over yonder."—Omaha In Paris in 1883 115,000,000 peop avelled in busses, 131,900,000 in street cars, 68,500,000 in the penny steamers, 65,000,000 a suburban trains. The busses are very n suburban trains. popular and have steadily grown for In 1854 34,000,000

them; 1864, 96,000,000; 1874, 115,000,000; 1884, 191,000,000. Tennessee has an area of 5,100 square day solid at this he held an auction at night and disposed of his day's plunder, which was large. The result was a neat sum, enough to keep him in luxuries for 494,000 tons to 1,700,000 tons, an increase of 400 per cent.

MARRIAGE.

It was a cold December twilight, but the oom was cozy where Harry Cutter was eated in an easy-chair before the grate. Winnie was standing beside the chair, with one fair hand resting lightly upon her brother's shoulder, the other hanging listlessly by her side.

Harry Cutter had been left an orphan at

the age of 20. His parents were wealth, and every comfort wealth could give was lavished upon him. About this time a malignant disease broke out in the city where his parents resided, and his father impediates in the city where his parents resided, and his father impediates in the city where his parents resided, and his father in the city where his parents resided, and his father in the city where his parents resided, and his father in the city where his parents resided, and his father his city was a second to the city where his parents resided, and his father his city was a second to the where his parents resided, and his fatner immediately sickened with it and died. A month later his mother gave birth to a daughter; but before the little Winnie was an hour old she was motherless. Harry procured a nurse for the babe, and soon she grew to be a gay, lively, fascinating child. procured a nurse for the babe, and soon she grew to be a gay, lively, fascinating child. She regarded her brother more in the light of a father or guardian, and he in return watched over her with all the tenderness of a brother, mingled with the love and devotion of a father. At the age of 10 she had been placed at a boarding-school, at which place are remained until she was 16 years. been placed at a boarding-school, at which place she remained until she was 16 years of age. She was rather slight of frame, with blue eyes, a fair complexion, a profu-sion of light-brown ringlets and an artless

sion of light-brown ringlets and an armess and winning manner.

"Come, Harry, why don't you speak? You have been silent at least ten minutes. What are you thinking about?" questioned Winnie, trying to rouse her brother from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"I was thinking, Winnie," he replied, "what you and Walter are going to do if you get married. He has only his clerk-

ship."
"I know it, Harry," said Winnie, "but we intend to wait a year at least. You will consent to our union, then. Will you

"Yes, Winnie, and I should not withhold my consent now if you wished to be married, for I know of no man more worthy of my precious sister than Walter "I am happy to hear you speak so,

Harry, for your manner towards Walter has always been so reserved that I did not know whether you liked him or not." A silence ensued for a few moments. A silence ensued for a few moments, which was broken only by the monotonous ticking of the old clock on the mantel. At length Harry spoke:

"Would you and Walter like to be married now?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Winnie, the roso

tint deepening upon her cheeks, while her brother smiled at her earnestness. "Walter said last night," she continued, "that he did not wish to wait a year; but we

did not wish to wait a year, not do otherwise."
"Yes, you can, Winnie. Half of the fortune our father left us is yours. Next Thursday will be Christmas. You can be married then and live here with your husband. What say you to this arrange ent?"
"Oh, how happy we shall be!" muraured Winnie, almost audibly.

After a pause of a few moments, she

sked:
"How old are you, Harry-37?" 'Yes, Winnie," was the reply.
'Were you ever in love, Harry," was the ext question. Yes, Winnie, I loved once. But we will ot talk of that now—some time I will tell ou all about it."

'Please tell me now," said Winnie, coax ngly.
"Well, I will, since you desire it. "When I was a young man I loved a coman named Lucy Alcott, and her parents woman ammed Lucy Account, and ner parents had appointed the day for our marriage She was 20 years of age, a beautiful, accomplished woman, with a kind word and smile for everybody.

"She was the only woman I ever loved,

"She was the only woman I ever loved, and I think she reciprocated my love; but I am not sure. Once I was absent from home for a week, attending to busines distant city. While I was gone Lucy attended a party with a young man who did not bear a good reputation. On my return I heard of it and immediately called to see her. She greeted me affectionately, as was her wont, but I was angry and upbraided her harshly for her thoughtless conduct.

conduct.
"'Why did you attend Mrs. Loring's
party with Charles Baker?' I asked.
"'Because I wanted to. I did not think
there was any harm in it,' she replied. onduct. " 'You knew it was against my

said sternly.
"'You might have delayed yourbusiness for you knew I wished to attend that party, she replied, a little wilfully.
"My business was of importance, and could not be delayed."

Well, Mr. Cutter, I am not your wife and I am not bound to obey you,' she said, in a voice of mingled pride and anger.
"Lucy Alcott, do you mean this?'

asked.

"I do,' was the reply.

"Very well, Miss Alcott. Henceforth you are free from all engagements with me,' I said, calmly, and, rising, took up my hat and prepared to depart.

"She accompanied me to the door, and the region a preparable trenger in her voice. there was a perceptible tremor in her voice when she bade me 'good evening,' and I think she regretted the words she had spoken as bitterly as I did mine; but I was to proud to seek a reconciliation. Now you know, Winnie, why I never married."
"Have you ever seen Lucy Alcott since you parted with her that night?" asked Winnie, after her brother had concluded. innie, after her brother had concluded.
"No, Winnie, I have not; but I have eard she still continues to reside in this heard she still continues to reside in this city, but in seclusion. Let us drop—this subject now. Isn't it most time for your lover to be here?"

"Oh, Harry! I forgot to tell you about Walter's aunt—his mother's sister. He has lived with her since his mother's death, which occurred about ten years ago. Perhaps she will not like to be separated from him?"

She shall not, Winnie. You can tell one of the servants to prepare a chamber or her. How old is she? Do you ow ?"
"Thirty-five, I believe," replied Winnia;

she left the room, while Harry relapsed nto a thoughtful silence.

It was a clear, cold Christmas afternoon. Harry Cutter was seated in his own com, deeply engaged in the contents of a cook. Everything had been arranged for the narriage of his sister, which was to tak

ind, with a happy face and a light heart,

marriage of in sister, which was to take place in the evening.

The opening of the door of his room roused Harry, and Winnie came in, exclaiming:

"Come down in the library and let me ntroduce you to Walter's aunt. She has been here nearly three hours, but you have ept yourself aloof, as if you did not desire

" Well, I do not, to tell the truth, Winnie," replied Harry, reluctantly rising and closing "I think you will when you know who she is," said Winnie, while she vainly tried to repress the merry light that danced in er blue eyes.

The voice was grave, and Harry looked "Oh, Harry! it is Lucy Alcott I"
" I cannot see her, Winnie," wa

reply.

'You must, Harry! She loves you!
Why do you wish to wreck two lives?'
For an hour Winnie reasoned with her
brother, and, at last, she persuaded him to
seek a reconciliation with Lucy Alcott.
Neel I add more? Need I tell the reader there was a double marriage in that man

sion that night?
And Harry Cutter often says he is glad his bachelor life is over; while his sister tells him if it had not been for her he would have been a bachelor to this day.