

CROWNED BY SORROW.

Tanglewood—that was the name it bore, and well did the place merit its title. An old stone house, whose walls on both sides were covered with ivy, a wilderness of shrubbery stretching to the right and left, a gently flowing river winding its way through the mass of green on one side—that was the picture.

Tanglewood had been the home of Dorothy Tracy ever since she was three years old. Her step-father, Albert Thorne, had then brought her to it, and there they had lived ever since, a quiet and uneventful existence. He had told her often how her young mother and he had been girl and boy lovers: how they had been separated by some silly quarrel, and he, too proud to seek her, had gone away, and she, some months after, in a fit of pique, married a rich old bachelor, who loved her devotedly. The elderly husband did not long enjoy the society of his beautiful child wife, for when Dorothy was but six weeks old he died suddenly, leaving the whole of his immense fortune to his widow and her blue-eyed babe.

A year afterward, as her father said, he had returned to his home to find his child sweetheart again free. The old quarrel was swept out of their lives, and they were married. Then, when Dorothy was three years old, her mother died, leaving her husband sole guardian to the child. He, weary of the place so full of associations of his departed loved one, had gone among strangers, and bought Tanglewood.

A year ago Dorothy had met Herbert Leigh, who gave to her the love of his manhood; and when he asked her to be his wife she consented.

Thus matters stood on one September evening when Dorothy, returning from a row on the river with Herbert, lingered and watched the receding form of her lover. When he had disappeared she went within doors to the library, where her step-father sat reading. He was very indulgent to her in every way, and she loved and trusted him.

Throwing aside his paper as she entered, he said,—

"I hope you enjoyed your row, Dorothy?"

"Very much indeed, father;" and a blush swept over her charming face. "The river was perfect this afternoon."

She seated herself in a low rocking chair. Presently, glancing at him, she asked,—

"Is anything the matter, father? You look worried."

"I am worried, Dorothy," nervously rubbing together his hands. "There is something burdening my mind which I ought to tell you. Perhaps I should have done so years ago, but your life has been so peaceful, so happy, that I could not bear that my hand should be the first to cast a shadow upon it. The time has come, however, when in justice to yourself I can no longer withhold it from you."

Over her usually placid face there crept an anxious, startled expression.

"Tell me, father, what it is. Surely it must be some thing dreadful, or you would not look as you do."

In her eagerness she leaned over and laid her hand upon his chair.

"Yes, I will tell you," he murmured, "though I would rather die than do so."

He paused a moment, and then continued in a hesitating way,—

"I have never mentioned to you, my poor child, the curse which hangs over your otherwise fair young life—the curse of hereditary insanity. Your mother, Dorothy, died insane, as did her mother before her."

"Oh, no, father! not that. Tell me anything but that!" she cried, her face turning marble-like in its pallor.

"Would that I could!" he answered.

She bowed her head in the intensity of her grief. Suddenly, looking up, she said,—

"Do you know what this news means to me, father? It means that, knowing it, I should be committing a grievous sin to marry, and Herbert and I must part—God pity me!"

"I think your views are right, Dorothy. The same thoughts have been in my mind. That is why I felt I could no longer delay telling you this dreadful news," he said.

"I want to be alone to think."

Raising her face, which such a short time before had been radiantly happy, now stamped with wretchedness and determination, she went to her own room to battle with her grief.

The next day, when Herbert Leigh called upon his prospective bride, she met him with a pale face, and eyes that were heavy with tears.

"You are surely not well, Dorothy?" he queried, as he seated himself upon a sofa by her side.

"I spent a wretched night," she answered. "But my sleeplessness had a cause which I must tell you without delay."

Then she told him—though her voice would tremble with the burden of its words—the cruel story she had learned the night before. Ere she finished he had his arms about her, as if to protect her from the bitterness of it all.

"What of it, Dorothy darling, what of it?" he cried when she had finished. "I know it is a terrible thing, but still you may escape the curse, for I will make your life so happy, sweetheart, so happy that the dread monster will fear to enter."

"You do not seem to understand, Herbert," and

her words were broken with emotion. "You must know that conscious of this calamity it would be exceedingly wrong for us to marry—and we must part."

The last three words were a wail of despair. Hers was a true, loyal nature; with her, to love once was to love for all time.

"It cannot be, Dorothy! I refuse to give you up!" And he tightened his hold upon her.

"Herbert"—she raised her head from his shoulder, while resolution shone in her clear eyes—"God knows this sorrow is hard enough for me to bear. Do not make it harder. Help me, my love, to do what is right."

Still he pleaded his cause as only a man can plead when he loves a woman, and would count the world well lost if, by it, he should win her. But he spoke in vain; right in her noble heart occupied a much higher place than love. Then he was fain to leave her—leave her for all time, as was her request.

The next day he left the village for an extended tour, feeling that he could not remain in the same place with his love and not see her.

Three years he was absent, and during the first part of that time often wrote imploring letters to Dorothy, begging her to relent. She remained firm, however, and finally, seeing his efforts were fruitless, Herbert allowed his thoughts to wander from her, and at length gave his heart to an attractive girl he had chanced upon in his travels. Then with his winsome bride he returned to his old home.

That was the hardest blow of all for Dorothy to bear. She had thought her lover less fickle than other men, and consequently was disappointed, though she could not find it in her heart to blame him. Surely she could not desire that his life should be wrecked because hers was? Still all that did not soften the constant pain tugging at her heart.

She tried to arouse herself from her sorrow by taking an interest in the poor of the village. Often the stately form, with its noble, sad face, might be seen bending over the bedside of the sick, or stooping to caress the little children who clung to her dress.

Thus ten years passed, until one day her own sick needed her care, for Mr. Thorne fell dangerously ill. He grew rapidly worse, and in a few days the physician told her he had but a few hours to live.

Hers was the gentle hand which cooled with its light touch the burning brow of her step-father. Hers was the tongue which told him in a soothing, quiet way, that his hours on earth were now numbered.

"Die!" muttered he, wildly. "I must not die! I will not die!" and he lay tossing and moaning for some time.

She talked to him soothingly, and at length he grew quiet, and lay with face set and stern, while his eyes were fixed upon her, seeming to implore help. Presently he broke the silence, saying, in a bitter tone,—

"Child, I have wronged you—wronged you foully—and I cannot die until I confess my sin and ask your forgiveness. Then, if you can give it to me, pray that God will also be merciful."

"Do not excite yourself, dear father;" and the cool hand tenderly stroked his forehead. "I will forgive you anything, even before I know what it is."

Then he told her, though often he would pause, exhausted, and rest a few moments before he could proceed, that knowing her marriage would take her wealth from his guardianship, he had been tempted to invent the story concerning the taint of insanity in her family. Understanding her nobility of character, he had well judged that she would never marry, believing his story to be true.

Dorothy felt as if her heart were clutched by an icy hand as she listened to the confession, but she stifled her own feelings, forgave the sinful man who had ruined her life, and soothed to the best of her power his last hours.

After her father's death and burial Dorothy resumed her old life, taking to live with her, as a companion, a woman who, like herself, was alone in the world.

Occasionally she met Herbert Leigh, who was practicing successfully his profession in and about the village. But to him she never revealed the confession made by her dying step-father. She knew it could accomplish no good, and shrank from needlessly disclosing the sin of the dead man.

She never married, but lived a life which belonged to others rather than herself. Oftentimes strangers seeing the stately woman with her gentle grace of manner, wondered why she had remained single. That, though, was known to but one other, beside herself—Herbert Leigh—and even he knew but part of the truth. The other part, sad and bitter, lay buried in her own heart.

Some lives are beautifully crowned by sorrow. What though the gems are crystallized tears, and the setting is the gold of patient endurance? Such was the life of Dorothy, the mistress of Tanglewood.

The house sparrow and tom-tit come last in the list of early-rising birds.

At short intervals after 4.30 the voices of the robin and wren are heard in the land.

The greenfinch is the first to rise and sings as early at 1.30 on a summer morning.

The lark does not rise until after the chaffinch, linnet and a number of hedgerow folk have been merrily piping for a good while.

She Dearly Loves a Bargain.

The love of a bargain, particularly in the dry goods line, is the touch of nature which makes the world of womankind akin. The woman, of whatever class or condition, who does not love a bargain is indeed a rara avis. And the shopkeepers all understand this perfectly and shape their business methods accordingly.

The seeking of bargains is to a large number of women a regular diversion; to others, bargains are a snare and a delusion, and there are those who profit regularly and systematically by them, whether they come under the head of "special sale" or some other one of the alluring announcements which are put forth. The first mentioned class are by far the larger and decidedly the more profitable to the dealers. It includes not only the well-to-do, but the wealthy. Said one of the managers of a large south side establishment: "People who are able to pay good prices appreciate bargains quite as much, if, indeed, not more, than any other class." A special sale in one of the handsome, conservatively-conducted establishments, which under no circumstances would advertise a Monday bargain day, will often bring a jam of carriages and throng the establishment with ladies whose dainty garments evidence that they toil not neither spin, and that they are bargain-seekers as a mild, diverting fad.

It was Bill Nye who said that moving day was not a burden to the poor for they had nothing to move, neither to the rich for they did not move, but that to the great middle classes who were in the habit of buying everything that was offered them, with no place to put it and no use for it, moving day came as an overwhelming, crushing burden: and to these same middle classes bargains are as a rule and of a truth a delusion and a snare. They buy things because they are cheap, with no present, and, for the matter of that, no definite future use for them. In this way they are guilty of extravagance which if perpetrated in any other form than in the purchase of a bargain would be considered nothing less than a culpable piece of folly. A woman who belongs to the by no means small class who are the repeated and willing victims of bargains saw a handsome five-yard length of velvet exposed for sale at the absurdly small price of \$2.25. Here was a golden opportunity to get something, if not for nothing, for a mere song, and seized upon it without delay. When she came to examine it and consider it in relation to anything with which it could be used she found it was one of those odd shades which occasionally finds its way into the market and which harmonizes with nothing under the sun, and, as for matching it, that was beyond the range of the possible. The velvet was cheap, "dirt cheap," but its hapless purchaser had nothing to do but put it away with a vast collection of other "finds" of about equal value. If it were possible to compute the amount of money which is annually expended in this way the sum would be something appalling, and unfortunately it is expended by women who can ill afford the luxury of a useless purchase.

The woman who makes the bargain in all its forms yield her an advantage is what every woman should be, a good shopper. And, speaking of a good shopper, to learn to be a judicious buyer ought to be a part of every girl's education, even if she is obliged to forego the higher mathematics and an exhaustive study of the theory of evolution. A woman is of necessity the buyer of the household, and until carefully trained to know the absolute value of money in relation to goods she cannot safely trust herself in a crowded shop where not only unreliable goods and false values are likely to be presented, but the bewildering and temptingly arranged variety is almost sure to be misleading.

However, among the swarms of women who throng the shops the good shopper is not one in a hundred and as the average bargain betrays so large a per cent of womankind it is safe to beware of it.

The Expression of the Eye

It is in the eye that the last battle is fought; this is the last fortress where expression concentrates all its forces, and often remains victorious, even after having abandoned every other province. The vulgar, who judge by the appearance of things, say that the emotion has disappeared, or has never existed, because they see the limbs and the body immobile and the face impassive; but the more profound observer finds concentrated in the eye all the forces which were previously scattered over a vast space, and judges rightly that the emotion is very strong, but that it has shut itself up entirely in a very narrow citadel. Sometimes, by force of hypocrisy or heroism (for in the physiology of the phenomenon no account can be taken of the moral side), all the expressive muscles of the body and the limbs have been successfully stilled; but a contrary expression has been substituted. We are overwhelmed with bitterness and humiliation, and yet we laugh and joyously shake our fingers, neck, or feet. Our whole body expresses contentment; the eye is silent, and resists this avalanche of falsehoods. All at once two big tears roll down the cheeks, and reveal the secret of the painful battle which is waging. The great painters and the great dramatic artists know how to express these hidden beauties; but we, who are neither painters nor comedians, should study these troubles of expression to profit by them in life.