

She stops the words on his lips by extending her hand and grasping his. "Hush!" she says, in an imperative tone. "Never say that again! If my uncle knew, you would undo everything. And how could telling help what was done? Life gives no opportunities twice—what we have let go once, we do not recover. Never say such a thing again."

He is absolutely awed by her vehemence, by the light which shines in her eyes, and by the vivid flush which rises into her pale face.

"Do not excite yourself," he says. "I will not undo what you have done at such a cost. But if Tarleton could be brought back to you—"

She sinks again on the cushions of the couch, with the color ebbing from her lips and cheeks as fast as it came to them.

"You do not understand," she says, "how impossible that is. Could I ask a man to come back to me whom eighteen months ago I sent away? Is it likely that he—he, who has known and loved so many women—remembers me yet, or would desire to return to me even if I was what he left me? And, above all, what would any man see to love in such a faded wreck of womanhood as I am now? No, dear Randal, all that is past—as past as if it were part of another existence. I do not deceive myself with any hope, I do not torment myself with any longing. I made my choice once and for all, and I do not regret it—no, not for a moment."

What can Randal answer? He is, in truth, incapable of speaking at all, and, before he can control his voice, Mrs. Lawrence enters, and the conversation is at an end.

But the reflections which preceded it do not end with him. If sometimes good deeds seem to bear no fruit in the eyes of men, at other times it is hard to say how far the influence of one generous action may extend. For the first time in his life this young epicurean is "shamed through all his nature," by the perception of unselfishness in another. When he contrasts Kate's simple fidelity to duty with his easy acceptance of her sacrifice, he appears so contemptible in his own eyes that it is matter of necessity to find some means of reinstating himself in his esteem, since, however salutary the scorpion-whip of conscience may be, it is never agreeable.

As time goes on, instead of becoming accustomed to the situation, he finds it more intolerable. To stand by and see Kate die for his fault—that is how it appears to him—how can he do this thing? Yet what else is there for him to do? Having asked himself this question repeatedly and vainly, he at last, with an heroic effort of courage, determines to take Janet into his confidence and see if her sharp wits cannot devise a remedy for what appears to him to be without any.

Having formed this resolution, he takes the first step toward executing it, by asking Janet one afternoon to go down to the river for a row. Janet readily agrees, not only because she likes to be on the open water, but also, as she informs Kate, because it is well to encourage Randal in the change for the better which distinguishes him. "I think something must have occurred to take him down wonderfully in his own esteem," she has said before this, "and he is greatly improved thereby."

Randal, who has certainly been greatly taken down in his own esteem, but who is altogether unconscious of being improved thereby, considers, as they walk down to the river, how he can open the difficult subject before him. It is not until they are afloat that he does so, and then, knowing his own weakness too well to give himself any loophole of escape, he plunges into it abruptly.

"Do you remember the conversation which we had the first night I came, Janet?" he asks. "It was about Kate, and you said that you could not imagine what necessity there could have been compelling her to give up Tarleton and go abroad with Mr. Ashton—do you want to hear what it was?"

Janet's eyes spring wide open with amazement, but she answers promptly:

"Of course I want to hear—that is, if you will not violate any confidence in telling. But how is it that you know? Has Kate told you?"

"She did not need to tell me—I know enough to guess how it was," he answers. "I don't know that there is any good in warning you to prepare for a shock," he adds, "but you may if you can, for you will be shocked."

"Not about Kate!—surely not about Kate!" says Janet, as he pauses.

"Not about Kate," he answers, with manifest effort, "but about me. Don't say a word, but listen while I tell you the whole wretched story."

This he does in quick, short sentences, every one of which seems like a bullet to the girl who listens in silence, too aghast to speak, too stunned to move, hearing as if in a dreadful dream the recital of trust betrayed and disgrace so narrowly escaped. At first, in the terrible shock—and a greater could hardly be imagined—she overlooks the relation which the story has to Kate, and only takes in the fact that the poisoned arrow of dishonor has struck even the spotless Lawrence shield.

"My God!—if papa knew!" she says.

"But he must never know," says Randal. "You will see that as clearly as I—whatever happens, he must never know. Think what you please of me, Janet—I deserve all that you can think—but try to see if there is nothing to be done for Kate."

"For Kate!" echoes Janet, like one rousing

herself—and then it all bursts upon her. "And this was what it meant!" she cries, clasping her hands. "It was for you—for us—that Kate gave up her lover, and went away to die by inches! Oh, is there anything that we can do to prove our love and gratitude to her?"

"I do not know—I do not see," answers Randal. "I hoped that you might see. Janet, I never thought that she was making such a sacrifice; that, at least, I can say for myself."

"I don't suppose you took the trouble to think anything about her," says Janet, who cannot restrain some bitterness. "The world was always bounded for you by yourself—and now you see the result."

"It has somewhat enlarged its boundaries for me lately," he replies, with a faint smile. I won't suggest that it is not well to strike a man when he is down—for, in fact, I do not care how hard and heavy you strike—but again I say, think of Kate. What is to be done for her?"

"What can be done?" asks Janet, with something like a sob in her voice. "She is fast passing beyond our reach. Poor Kate! poor, Kate! She has borne her burden like a hero—but it has killed her!"

"She is not dead yet," says Randal, "and it seems to me that she might recover if—if something could be done."

"What?" asks Janet. "It is easy to say 'something'—but what? If Frank Tarleton could be brought back!—but I dare not build on that hope. Most likely he has forgotten her by this time, and would not care to come if he knew the truth."

"If he were not so far away, I would run the risk of telling it to him at any rate," says Randal. "But I cannot go to Egypt, and to write would be to run too great a risk in every way."

"Yes," says Janet, "I have no opinion of writing. One word face to face is worth more than a dozen letters. If I could see him, if I could look into his eyes and speak Kate's name, I would know what to say to him, or whether to say anything. But since I cannot see him, I must send to him. When life and death hang on an issue, we must grasp at any thread of hope. I shall send to him."

"Whom will you send?" asks Randal, startled.

"There is but one person whom I can send," she answers. "That is George Proctor. He will go for me, he will doubly go for Kate; and, though he is not brilliant, he is too true in all his instincts for the matter not to be safe in his hands."

"You ought to know him best," says Randal, doubtfully; "but do you think he will leave all his affairs to go to Egypt on such an errand as this?"

"I know that he will," answers Janet. "He would go to Cathay if I told him that he could serve Kate by doing so. Take me back, Randal—I must write for him at once. And I want to see Kate! I want to express my love and gratitude to her!"

"You must not do anything of the kind," says Randal. "She does not wish any one to know what she did, and she would hardly forgive me if she were aware that I had told you. Serve her—if you can—that is better than to talk."

"But I want to talk, also—I must talk, also!" cries Janet. "How can I see her, my poor, broken flower, with her lovely, pathetic eyes—and not put my arms round her neck and pour out everything? But that is selfish," she adds, after a moment's pause, "and one should be ashamed to be selfish near her. I must think of her, not of what I want to do—and I can love her as well, and serve her as earnestly with silence as with speech. So, now, Randal, row fast, that I may write in time to catch the post."

(To be continued.)

HARMONIOUS COLORING.

A subject about which a few hints may be useful is that of home beauty; the harmonious coloring of our household arrangements. It does not require riches to exhibit good taste; every artist knows what charming tints he gets in the simple coloring of a cottage kitchen; the cleanly-washed brick floor whose red has become toned by a constant pattering of little hob-nailed boots—not to mention the mighty tread of "father's" barges—the dark rafters and warm wood-smoke-brown of the walls; the old settle with its patchwork covered cushion, memorial of "grandmother's" gowns and fine sewing; some pieces of quaint old delf stuck up among the willow pattern; a carved corner cupboard perhaps, or an hereditary oak chest, and the house-mother in her well-worn serge and pretty mob cap—who desires any more tasteful effect?

Harmonious coloring is not the first object of life, but every healthy mind is aware of being made uncomfortable by the glaring bad taste of some people's houses, and considering that beauty is as easy and inexpensive as ugliness, surely it becomes at least a secondary duty for the head of each household to make the surroundings in good taste. Some natures, without any affectation, are so sensitive to colors as to be quite upset by the dreadful mixtures they are obliged to gaze upon. Colors have a great influence on one's temper, and some harmonious combination will have as much power to calm our ruffled plumes as the gentle voice and soft word. It is trying, to say the least, to have just in front of you at a concert, where the music is exquisite, a dress of glaring green and muddy yellow close to another in which bright blue

predominates. It is difficult to describe the exact effect it has upon one, but you feel that the music was somehow spoilt, and you wish all colors at Jericho.

I occasionally visit a country village, and while there make calls on the principal inhabitants. The squire of the place lives in a modernized dwelling, called by the rustics "The House." I always shudder at having to enter "the house;" it has a nicely-shaped bow-windowed drawing-room, from which the lawns and flower edged terraces look delightful, but

Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile,

rushes into my mind, for the incongruity of that room "gives me quite a turn." The carpet is bright red, the chairs and sofas are covered with bright blue, the curtains are pea-green, the walls painted the coldest gray, with not one hanging picture, whereon the perplexed eye may find a momentary refuge. In the fireless grate (for it is summer) stands, with wings extended over its head, a stuffed heron, whose legs have been shortened to the size of a duck's, in order that the monster may be accommodated in the given space; but this is not quite the worst; the presiding spirit of the house is a Scotch lady, and wears the tartan. She possesses the kind and hospitable nature of her race, but if she were a very angel, that visit must be cut short. I am becoming maddened by mad rainbows.

It is with a feeling of relief I turn to my second call—to the cottage, the unpretending home of the not too-well-off doctor and his wife. The little rosy-cheeked white-aproned servant asks me to "please step in" to the one sitting-room, and my outraged sense of beauty is comforted immediately on glancing around that harmonious little sanctum; its shape is merely an ugly square, but that matters not, everything else is so grateful to the eye. The deal boards are stained a rich brown, the mossy-patterned square carpet is sage green, bordered by some blending into it of dull crimson and sea-blue; the sofa, chairs and curtains are of sage-green cretonne, the curtains lined with crimson and edged with crewl flowers in sea-blue; the walls are only papered with common drab oak, but they are so covered with lovely little pictures of all shapes and sizes, interspersed with a china plate here and there, or a carved bracket bearing some charming statuette, or an iridescent blue glass holding a fresh flower, that the walls are not seen at all. There is nothing costly about the room—most of the things, indeed, are home-made—but the eye is charmed and satisfied, and more so than ever when the home genius enters in her simple dress of cool sheeny gray, with some soft lace and a crimson knot at her throat. I have no idea whether she is considered handsome—as is the squire's wife—but she looks lovely, and her alpaca gown a recherche robe beside that apparition in tartan, rich silk though it be.

Let it be noticed that in both these rooms the same colors range—they each contain red, blue and green—but in one they are vulgarized, and in the other harmonized.

I remember once calling at an artist's house in London; he was an R.A., and could afford to luxuriate in a beautiful home. His house had been decorated under his own eye, where not by his own hand, and was like our childish visions of enchanted palaces. The drawing room was lovely, the walls and doors all of the softest shades of sage-gray, where exquisite pictures did not cover them; what color the carpet and furniture were I forget—as we forget the individual notes when the music is passing sweet—it was perfectly harmonious. My friend's two little daughters were in the room—lovely children of eight and ten, one dark, the other fair; their dresses seemed to blend into and become a part of the tasteful whole, soft sage-green and the palest turquoise-blue most simply and artistically arranged.

I sat some little time with them, enjoying the living picture of "an interior," and vividly conscious of the inspiration of Keats' line, when the door opened and their mother entered; she came towards me in a bright purple merino dress. It was like being awakened from a charmed dream by the man calling for the taxes.

We need not enter the lists of lunacy with the modern aesthetic, who "lives up to a consummate teapot" by dressing to our furniture, but we can make our furniture blend with and enhance the style and color which best suits us individually. For instance, we need never—in our home at least—so offend good taste as to seat ourselves in a mauve dress on a blue chair, or stand robed in red-brown close against a bright green curtain, which can show off nothing to advantage except a tortoise-shell cat.

For this reason of mixed colors, tartans are very difficult to dress in, and few people look well in them in the house, however negative the hue of the furniture may be. Plaids were invented for wearing out on the Scotch hills, where the bright glances of color enliven and enhance a picture otherwise so wanting in warmth. Can any prettier sketch be made than that of a young highlander crossing the burn of his native glen? The little head of the clan, too, may play about his ancestral hall in all the glory of his hereditary kilt and add much to the picturesqueness, but let not his mother, though the most conservative of her long line, display her patriotism by a tartan dress. We admit a macaw in its gaudy lines, or a child in its little bits of color to be an advantage rather than otherwise, but the yards of the same necessary for a lady's dress, is too much to be agreeable.

Why should not the general hue of our fur-

niture become us rather than otherwise? How overpoweringly hot would a red-haired, high-complexioned family always look whose furniture and wall paper were red and the prevailing costume red also; while turn everything but the red-hair to green and the improvement is magical.

Take two other families—the drabs and the ebonyes: the former, pale faced, pale-haired, dressed in drab with drab walls, drab furniture; the latter, dark-skinned, black-haired, dressed in black amid the ebony chairs and tables; what a strange depression should we experience in both these houses; who could laugh in either? But if a fairy came by and touched up the drab family with navy-blue and crimson, or covered the depressed-looking chairs with a cretonne of bright pink roses, and shone into the ebony darkness with gold and pea-cock blue, or decorated the sombre figures with bunches of light pink or dashes of crimson—almost any color in fact—what a transformation scene it would be! English taste has of late greatly improved, and black has become quite a universal house garb, and with a bow of color here and there is suitable to everyone, and can never jar with incongruous furniture; it is to the color-blind, indeed, a very god-send. Who has not some acquaintance that he dare not ask to dinner for fear of the alarming taste likely to be displayed? Are we not greatly relieved when some of our friends are obliged to be in mourning?

Certainly, if one lived in an ancient manor all black oak and crimson, it would be very charming to dress always in drab; if in a modern house of polished light wood and gold-drab drapery, in navy blue; each dress of course having touches of appropriate color, if in an artistic dream of old tapestry, in the beautiful blue green of old Worcester china.

But one cannot be always posing as the centre of a highly conceived picture. Every-day life must needs be something commoner, the delf, pots and pans, not the exquisite porcelain; but to have the delf in good taste is what we should endeavor to do; and really, now, when beautiful cretonnes are within the reach of all, and staining for deal floors to be had for a trifle, why should not even the most common-place abode be made to look picturesque?

The square carpet in the centre saves yards of material, and gives the room an individuality. That staring wall-paper can so easily be covered over with one of some soft pleasant hue, nowadays to be bought so cheaply, and any house-mistress can contrive to hang it.

It is well known that invalids are seriously affected by patterns on the wall at which by their horizontal position they must be constantly looking; and to every person it makes a difference whether, whenever he glances, his eyes meet a convulsed spider in green or orange, or are soothed by a soft tint that blends into his other surroundings.

As before said, vulgar colors affect our tempers, so for that reason alone, if for no higher sense of beauty, it behooves every housewife to make her home harmonious.—*Household Words.*

THE PERILS OF LUMBERING.—Lumbering may have its romance for hardy and adventurous souls, but it also has hardships and perils which test human endurance to the utmost. By way of illustrating one of the perils which attends the business our artist depicts elsewhere a scene often witnessed when "jams" occur in the rivers down which the logs are floated to market. These "jams" often consist of some hundreds of enormous logs piled together in the form of a dam, and when one is discovered it is of the first importance that it should be broken up, since every minute adds to the accumulation of lumber and increases the difficulty or causes an entire stoppage of operations. The first thing necessary is to discover the "key-log"—that is, the logs which hold the base of the dam. This discovered, there is a call for volunteers to cut it—an operation full of hazard, as the whole fabric, the instant the "key" is cut, comes rushing down with a crash. There are usually, however, in every camp, plenty of men ready to volunteer, since the man who cuts a "key log" is looked upon by the rest of the loggers just as a soldier is by his regiment when he has done any act of bravery. A correspondent who witnessed the operation, thus describes the exciting scene: "The man I saw cut away a log which brought down the whole jam of logs was a quiet young fellow, some twenty years of age. He stripped off everything save his drawers; a strong rope was placed under his arms, and a gang of smart young fellows held the end. The man shook hands with his comrades and quietly walked out on the logs, axe in hand. I do not know how the loggy-road one felt, but I shall never forget my feelings. The man was quietly walking to what very likely might be his death. At any moment the jam might break of its own accord; and also if he cut the key-log, unless he instantly got out of the way, he would be crushed by the falling timber. There was a dead silence while the keen axe was dropped with force and skill on the pine log. Now the notch was near half through the log; one or two more blows, and a crack was heard. The men got in all the slack of the rope that held the axman: one more blow and there was a crash like thunder, and down came the wall to all appearances on the axman. Like many others, I rushed to help haul away the poor fellow, but to my great joy I saw him safe on the bank, certainly sadly bruised and bleeding from sundry wounds, but safe." Our picture gives a vivid portrayal of one of these scenes in the life of the hardy lumberman.