

At the ferry there was a crowd. Luke had passed Fanny in first, and stopped to pay the fare.

"Two," said he.

"The old lady?" asked the man.

"No," said Luke.

"Oh, that one with the red scar on her face," said the man, lowering his voice. "All right."

"Confound you!" said Luke, in a rage.

But the man had meant no rudeness, nor had Fanny heard him; but Luke was excited, confused, agitated. He hardly knew why then.

They crossed the ferry together, and he spoke no word to her, nor she to him. He handled her into the car. Then he pressed her hand.

"Good-bye, until we meet," he said, and stepped to the platform.

There stood one of those white-bearded, red-checked old gentlemen who are always members of clubs, who are always fast, to a certain degree, and who affect to be "judges of woman" in a way that is insulting to every woman, since it places her on a level with wine and horses, having nothing whatever to do with anything but her personal attractions.

"Ah, how do you do?" said this old gentleman, grasping Luke's hand. "Glad to see you, my boy. Doing the gallant, I see. No relation?"

"No," said Luke.

"Thought not," said the old gentleman. "We let our sisters and cousins take care of themselves, for the most part. Pretty figure rather; good step; but contended ugly red mark. A man wouldn't like that—ah, Luke?"

"No," said Luke. "A man wouldn't like it."

Something rustled at his elbow.

"I—I left my parcel, Mr. Robbins," said a cold little voice. Fanny stood there, so pale that the mark looked pure scarlet. "Thanks. Don't trouble yourself."

But he went back to the car with her, and he would have pressed her hand once more, only she kept it from him somehow.

She had heard his speech. "A man wouldn't like it," she had heard the speech that caused his answer. And she was to judge, remembering how she loved him, what her feelings were.

"She heard me," said Luke to himself. "She heard him—confound him."

And as he looked after the flying car, two tears came into his eyes. They trickled down upon his cheeks; he wiped them away. Suddenly he felt that he loved Fanny Rushton from his soul—that this cowardly sort of trouble that the remark and glances of strangers had caused him would never make him ashamed of himself again.

"Fanny, my darling," he said to himself—

"Fanny, my love, you shall know it before I sleep. You should, were you a beggar. I'll hide it from the world's cold eyes on my bosom, darling; and I'll love you all the more for it. And but for the place in which he stood, he would have sobbed aloud in his agitation.

He took the next train to Mill Hollow. He walked up the garden path in the twilight. He asked for Miss Fanny.

"She hasn't come yet," said the servant.

"They are so frightened about her—master and mistress—but I tell 'em she'll turn up all right."

Luke's heart stood still. A presentiment of evil filled his mind. He had seen Fanny into the car, and the train stopped within sight of her father's door. So, in the gathering darkness, two anxious men went down to the depot, hoping against hope.

"She stepped out on the platform suddenly. Either she was bewildered, or she did it on purpose. We were going full speed. She had a blue dress and a white hat, and there's a red mark on her face. They'll know her by that."

That was the conductor's story. That was the story that Luke and Fanny's father heard at last.

Did she step out on purpose, or was she "bewildered"? God only knows—no living being. Luke tried to believe that what she had heard him say had had nothing to do with it. But it was too late now to tell her what he felt—too late to hide her sweet face in his heart. He could only stoop over her, as she lay in her coffin, and press the last kiss his lips ever offered to any woman upon the cold cheek that, even in the death hour, bore still upon it that fatal red mark.

TRUTH IN THE WELL.

BY FRANK J. OTTAWSON.

"Truth lies at the bottom of the well,"

Ancient Proverb.

They told me Truth was in a well;

I looked to see your face for fair;

What disappointment was my share!

To find my face alone was there!

So you were false, while I was true;

Until his face I saw me far away;

Hope's visions, all of amber hue,

Were broken—and the sky was gray.

Beneath that gray sky, roaming on,

I paced the wide world round and round,

The light of life forever gone,

And bearing one unhealed wound.

I look in all the lakes and wells,

I gaze into the soundless sea;

(One face alone my sorrow tells,

One only true—ah, me! ah, me!

HOW IT ENDED.

BY FRANCIS HENRIAW MADEN.

"Mother, Mr. Moore says you can't have anything more, until you've paid what you owe now—four dollars and ninety-four cents."

See, he put it down for me to show you," said a bright looking lad of about nine years, as he entered his mother's room; and dropping the empty basket, sank on a stool, looking with a disappointed face up into hers.

"I did not think it was so much. I would not have sent to ask for further credit if I had. I know he never takes the money—so you say."

I always pay Mr. Moore. I suppose he is worried because I was not up to time. But you know how sick I was," answered the boy's mother, turning to a woman who sat beside her, busily engaged sewing buttons on a shirt.

"Well, I'd just write him a line, and tell how it was," said the boy's companion.

"Yes, yes, you are right. I will. But I will not ask him for credit again until I pay him. I'd be sorry to have him think I was not as good as my word. And I'm sorry I can't give you a nice cup of tea and some meat, as I intended to. But—"

Who was interrupted by her friend, saying:

"It is all for the best, may be. Oh, of course it is. No doubt about it. Everything happens for the best," was one of the first things my poor mother used to try and impress on her children. Now don't think any more about it on my account. I had a right good breakfast before I left home. Now send Willie off with the line to Mr. Moore, and then we will finish these shirts in a little time."

Mrs. Grey found it quite difficult to get together the necessary articles for writing the explanatory note. At length, with a sheet cut from Willie's copy-book, and the ink borrowed

from her next door neighbor, who pushed off from the table the pile of shirts, and sat down. It took her a long time first to frame in her mind the words she thought the best, and quite as long to write them down. During that time Willie's mind was very much exercised. Too well he knew so one had breakfasted in his home that morning. Not for himself he cared; but for mother and sister Nellie his heart was troubled.

"Oh! why can't I think of some way to make enough money to buy some tea and meat?" he kept saying to himself. And then he went on counting the cost. "Six cents will get a drawing of tea. I know. Then the sugar; four cents for that. Nobody will sell me a quarter of a pound for less. Oh, if only could buy it by the large—a whole pound—I'd get it for thirteen cents. Well, I can't help it; must buy as I can pay. What next? Bread, six cents; and butter, quarter of a pound again. Oh, dear, ten cents more! Oh, when I am rich I will always buy in the large—a whole pound every time. Now, how much does all come to? Six and four, that's ten; and six, sixteen; and ten again, twenty-six cents. Yes, that's what the tea and meat will cost. But where can I raise so much money? I must; indeed, I must, somehow."

The boy's face told plainly how his young brain was working over the great difficulty, and trying to overcome it. Suddenly his brow cleared, the closed lips parted with a hopeful smile, and he jumped up, exclaiming:

"Hurry, mamma, dear. I have only three quarters of an hour to attend to business before school time."

"Yes, I've finished now. It is so long since I have written a note, it is more difficult than it used to be. But, darling, you can't go without some breakfast," Mary Grey answered, handing the note to her boy.

Willie caught it from her, and sang out, in a slangy voice:

"No matter about breakfast for me. I'm all right. I'll be hungry in time for our dinner. A kid is enough just now. Good-bye."

He caught his hat, snatched a hasty kiss, and was out of the door a moment after.

"What a blessed boy!—Many would have gone off with a different face," said Mrs. Grey's friend.

"He is a great comfort. Oh, I've two cents. I must call him; he will be hungry, I know. I will tell him to buy two rolls as he passes the baker's."

Mrs. Grey, in her haste to call Willie back, swung from the little table the cover and everything—she was out on the door-step, and heard not the exclamation of alarm from the little woman, who snatched up the inkstand. When Mrs. Grey came in, a few minutes after, and caught sight of her friend's face, she cried out:

"What has happened. What ails you, Jane?"

Her companion held up two shirts, across the bosoms and sleeves of which most of the ink had fallen.

"Heaven help me!" cried Mary Grey. "Troubles never come singly. What shall I do now?"

Jane Andrews' lips parted. She looked toward her friend, who cried out:

"Don't, for pity's sake. I know what you want to say, Jane—what you always say, no matter what happens."

While the women stood bewailing the dreadful accident, little Nellie had caught the shirts from Mrs. Andrews and plunged them into a pail of water.

"Well, it is awful hard to see it sometimes; but still I believe it is all for the best," said Jane, in a determined voice.

One would scarcely believe it possible for the mild, gentle eyes of Mary Grey to flash forth such a look of indignation. After which they filled with tears, as she cried:

"Best!—best that my children should go hungry—best that I should be deprived of the means to keep them from starving! You know Mr. Dymon. Every one knows he is a hard man to work for. I know he will make me pay for those shirts, or discharge me; perhaps both."

Both women rubbed a way diligently, and the dreadful spots faded slightly; but it was useless to hope to get them out that day. It would certainly require many hours of hot sun to entirely obliterate them.

"What shall I do? I was to have returned them Saturday. They are to be delivered at noon to-day—a special order," groaned Mary.

"Put your trust in the Lord, and go carry home the four. That's all you can do now," Jane Andrews said, and longed to conclude with her favorite maxim. But remembering Mary's look, she refrained.

Willie, after receiving the two cents, hurried along, neither stopping at the baker's nor Mr. Moore's. On he went, many streets further, until he came to a pretty, neat-looking cottage. Opening the gate, he rang the bell. It was soon answered by a pleasant, motherly looking woman, who asked:

"What is it, my little man?"

"Please, ma'am, I heard you offer Jim Barnes thirty-five cents to clear up your yard Saturday afternoon. I will do it for twenty-six, if—"

"Well, if what? Speak out. You are Willie Grey, aren't you?" asked the smiling woman.

"If you pay me now, and let me do it after school closes."

He looked with such an appealing expression into her eyes, that although she said:

"Why, child, that would be a little risky, wouldn't it?" she looked kindly on him, and Willie felt he had much to hope for.

"No, ma'am. It is a safe bargain. I'll do it, if I live till this afternoon. If you will only give me twenty-six cents, I will be so thankful," he said, the appealing look deepening in his eyes.

"I will do it," the good woman said, and stopped Willie's thanks by asking, "How is it, when Jim wanted fifty cents, you are willing to take about half as much?"

"More than half," said Willie. "Oh, Jim don't know the worth of money. He doesn't know how much twenty-six cents will buy. He don't know how to spend it right," Willie said, with a manly look. (Closing his little hand over his prize, he bowed, smiled, and was about running off, when the little woman called out:

"Willie, I hope you will spend it rightly."

He turned. The eyes that were dancing, the face beaming, grew earnest, and so full of love, as he said softly:

"For mother, ma'am," and hastened away.

"Oh! bless him!" she said, and was still standing on the door-step when a buggy stopped before it, and a gentleman jumped out. Coming up, he said:

"Mrs. Lovering, I feel rather uneasy about the children. The woman I have to take care of them has not much experience. Will you come with me and see what ails them, and if they need a physician?"

"They need a mother's care, poor little dears! Certainly I will go, and be ready in two minutes," answered Mrs. Lovering, hurrying in.

Mr. Dymon waited outside, and pondered on Mrs. Lovering's words. He had been thinking just so himself several times lately, when he

could spare the time from business to think of anything else.

True to her word, Mrs. Lovering was ready in the mentioned time.

Willie Grey was just coming out of Mr. Moore's with his little bundle as they passed. He looked up, smiled, and raised his hat.

"That's the best boy I know," Mrs. Lovering said; and when Mr. Dymon asked:

"Who is he?" she answered:

"Why, the widow Grey's son. She works for you."

"Nurse, yet so it was, that both Mr. Dymon and Mrs. Lovering came, the thought that the widow Grey would be a good mother for the motherless children."

Mrs. Lovering related the incident which occurred just before Mr. Dymon's arrival, and by that time they were before his door.

The little children Mrs. Lovering found really ill. The physician was summoned, and pronounced the malady, what the good woman feared—scarlet fever.

Ten minutes of nine, Willie stood smiling before his mother. Feeling her troubled face, thrusting his parcels into her hands, he said, in a glad voice:

"It is all right. You will be stronger when you get a good cup of tea. It's my treat. All paid for. I must run, the bell is ringing. I will be late home; got some work to do for Mrs. Lovering. Good-bye."

Again he was off, with blessings following him.

Nellie prepared the tea and toast by the time her mother and Mrs. Andrews had finished the shirts.

Willie would have been sadly disappointed, could he have seen the grave faces that gathered round his treat. However, when she arose from the table, Mrs. Grey said:

"Willie was right, dear boy! I do feel stronger in mind, as well as body. Now I must get ready. Oh, mercy! I would sooner face a cannon's mouth than Mr. Dymon. I know he will be in an ill-humor before I get there; and when I do—"

The pale face grew paler with thoughts of the dreaded interview.

Just then they heard a vehicle of some kind stop in front of the house. Mrs. Grey, looking out of the window, exclaimed:

"Lord help me! It is Mr. Dymon."

An instant after a knock was heard on the door. Mary Grey, pale and trembling, opened it. As she raised her eyes appealingly to him, Mr. Dymon wondered he had never noticed how very pretty the little woman was before. He said:

"Mrs. Grey, I called to see about those shirts. I thought something must have happened to them."

He stopped, noticing her agitation, and exclaimed:

"You are ill! Go in, madam. Don't be standing here. And taking her gently by the arm, he led her to the lounge, where she burst into tears, saying:

"Have pity! Oh, Mr. Dymon, I've spoiled two of the shirts! Not daring to glance at him, she went on: "I know you will discharge me, of course, and make me pay for the shirts too. But, please, don't take it all at once! Pay me some, and let me work just till I pay for the others."

Finding he did not speak some dreadful harsh words, Mary raised her eyes timidly to his.

He was looking at her, not a shade of anger on his brow.

"Am I such a terrible man that I frighten poor women almost out of their wits?" he asked, a really pleasant smile on his face.

"Folks say you are dreadful hard," Mary answered, in a low voice.

"Humph! Well, perhaps I have been; but business is business, and I have little time for anything else. I'm not sorry you spoiled those shirts, for it has shown me what a timid, gentle little woman you are. You would not be unkind or hard on another woman's children. Now I have not the least idea of discharging you permanently. Will you come and take care of my little children? They are sick, and need a kind, loving hand to tend them."

"Come! Certainly I will get ready now," exclaimed Mary, starting up to go into the other room, when Mr. Dymon called:

"Stop a moment. There are some little arrangements to make, I guess. You'll have to close up here, and—and—"

Well, who do you prefer to do the business?"

Mary Grey turned and looked inquiringly into the smiling face. Mr. Dymon continued:

"What person, I mean, to marry us?"

"Marry!" exclaimed Mary, blinking again on the lounge, her face crimsoning then.

"Yes, marry. Didn't I tell you a permanent engagement? How else can you be a mother to my little ones? Come, speak out. If—"

"I don't want the time lost. You have known me six months. Do you like me any better, or not as well, on acquaintance?" asked Mr. Dymon.

"Better, Oh, yes. But—"

Mr. Dymon interrupted her:

"Never mind. Will you have me? We will settle everything as you wish afterward."

"But the children—mine? What about them?"

"I will be a father to yours, when you are mother to mine. And—"

Well, I will do the courting at odd times, when business is dull, and I have plenty of time. I know women like to be courted; so it will do as well after marriage, won't it? And then I'll not have given you the chance to throw at me, what so many men have to hear: 'All before marriage, and none after.' Now, say quick: Will you have me?"

Mary looked into his eyes earnestly a moment, and then answered:

"Yes."

Mr. Dymon clasped her hand, and with an earnest:

"God bless you! May He deal with me as I do with you and yours. Now about the arrangements?" he asked.

"Multo magis," Mary answered.

"Thank you. Then I will come to take you to your new home this afternoon, at six o'clock."

Mary opened her lips to utter a cry of remonstrance, but he shook his head and hurried out.

As the door closed after him Mary stepped back into the other room and stood before her friend. Jane had heard most of the conversation, and when Mary asked:

"What do you think of me?"

"I think in future you will let me say, 'Everything belongs to the best,' because neither always said so; and now I know it for myself."

Willie finished his work for Mrs. Lovering; after which that kind woman went with him to his new home, where his noble qualities were fully appreciated. And he had never reason to doubt the truth of Jane Andrews' favorite maxim. And she good woman, grew firmer than ever in her faith, when, a year after, she married the son of Mr. Dymon's establishment. Grateful for the blessings she enjoys, she is ever trying to instill her faith into all within her reach, by doing, in her humble way, the very best she can for them, both by words of comfort and deeds of kindness.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

BY THOMAS MOON.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses red and white,
The violet, and the lilac,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother used
To take his afternoon flight—
The lawn as it were living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I first used to cry;
And thought the air must rock as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That bore me to my home again,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever in my brow!

I remember, I remember,
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now I tell you, I am glad
To know I'm father of three boys
Than when I was a boy.

A SERVANT TO-DAY, A DUCHESS TO-MORROW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ASSASSINATION.

Amongst the accomplishments Evadne had acquired, during her residence at a fashionable boarding-school, was a thorough knowledge of Italian.

Consequently, she was able to converse with the man, whom she had beckoned, and accounting him in his own language, she exclaimed, "I have an enemy; will you rid me of her?"

"If you think it worth your while to pay me, I will," was the phlegmatic reply.

Evadne's answer was to give him fifty ducats, which she had with her in a small canvas bag. As she placed the money in his hand, she said: "Take this, and do what I will do for you if you accomplish my desire. This bag contains fifty ducats. You shall have a hundred more when the deed is done."

"I am ready and willing to do all you wish me. Who is your enemy; and where does she dwell?"

Evadne gave the man the address of the house at which Nora was staying, and described the unfortunate girl accurately.

"In order that there may be no mistake," she added, "I will give you a letter which will have the effect of bringing her to the corner of the street, where you can make an ambushade, and kill her with security."

Tearing a leaf from a pocket-book, Evadne wrote with a pencil, in well-defined, masculine hand—

"I have received your note, and thank you for it. I have much to say to you, and at once. I am waiting for you at the corner of the street in which you live. I am standing at the base of the Statue of Justice. Pray come. Be not afraid."

"Here," cried Evadne, to the bravo, "take this to the English hotel, and give it to Honora Pascal. Having delivered it, return, and await her coming. When the opportunity arrives, strike home. Do you hear me?—strike home! If you allow her to escape, you shall share the fate I intend for her."

The man smiled, until his white teeth gleamed in the starlight, and said, "And you, Signora?"

"I will await your coming a short distance from the Statue of Justice."

"It is well," replied the bravo, who set off at a sharp pace. Evadne Chester followed him more leisurely.

"I wish the clouds would send their lightnings upon her head," she murmured. "How I hate her! A crime is not to my mind; but how is the difficulty to be obviated? She must die, or I must relinquish the object of my ambition, which I will not do. Better would I lay in the cold sepulchre of the churchyard, than give up my hope and my chance of being Duchess of Pontibello."

The night was serene and starlight. She walked through the streets without noticing any one. The short-legged, Austrian hussars were hurrying home to the beat of the tattoo, and the café, devoted to domino-playing, were deserted, or nearly so, by the military element.

She arrived at the Statue of Justice, and waited, with a feverish impatience, the return of her emissary.

The statue, which was a well-executed work of art, by one of Venetia's most distinguished citizens, were erected in the center of a narrow square, at the end of the street in which the English hotel, where Nora was, happened to be situated.

Tall houses rose up and frowned upon the statue, making all around it dismal and funereal.

Evadne stood in the shadow of a house, so that the crime was duly committed, and that Nora was slain as she had bargained.

The bravo delivered the hastily scribbled note, and walked slowly back to the Statue of Justice, where he ensconced himself in a favorable position, and amused himself by filing the edge of a double-bladed stiletto.

This formidable weapon was intended to reach the heart of Nora; and the Italian bravo evinced no compunction at the idea of sending her soul, all unprepared, to meet her Maker.