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"She stood in the desert
She heard the boy crying.
An angel brought water,
And saved him from dying.'
"Well, I had so much fun off of it.
Mr. White took the side of the young man, and dared me to do as well. How do you like the result?"
And she recited without a particle of affected modesty: The Local Manager of The Bell Tele-phone Company will be pleased to vuote you rates.



The practice for the solos, which constantly fell to her share, forced her to a recreation which she would not have sought without a motive. The musician's soul within her rejoiced in the exercise of her fine voice as a bird does in its own singing, and when she

rose under the grand harmony of the organ, self consciousness was lost, and the words of each hymn were vivified

into the exalted language of the soul. She had put far from sight every memento of Egerton, but affection can-

not be crushed by these acts of renun

ciation, and there came moments of reaction, when each familiar object on

the farm seemed to glare upon her

malignantly, when her room appeared

a cell of ceaseless penance, and all her assumed interest in existence artificial

Changes, meanwhile, had been taking

place around her. Arthur's letters had graduany assumed a tone of manly determination, and he hinted broadly that when he came home for the holi-

days it was with a fixed determination to claim his bride, that he wished to ar-

himself, assured that the consciousne

rogate that responsibility entirely to

of her presence and dependence upon

their losses the previous year. Juliet beamed with a radiant joy, which was

tearfully reflected by her mother, and

a festive tone insinuated itself through-

out the household, in contemplation of the prospective marriage, extending

even to the kitchen, where the event was freely discussed by old and young. Juliet reported with a conscious laugh

that she had overheard a vehemen

they were objects of observation to a

they were objects of observation to a pair of bright eyes, soarkling with the interest of affection. With his habitual delight in creating a sensation, Arthur had intentionally kept the time of his coming secret; and, arriving a dusk, crept near the house, enjoying immensely that curious pleasure of being an unsuspected spectator of the

ing an unsuspected spectator, of the little family group, of which he would

soon form a prominent member. In his self-imposed yet tantalizing sus-

pense, a nervous movement of his hand rattled the shutter, behind which

ing in the direction of the sound, and

unable longer to contain his excite

ment, he sprang through the open win-dow, and caught her in his arms. The sensation he had anticipated instantly

occurred, sudden alarm giving place to

eyous welcome, but Arthur was too

engrossed by the rush of his especial

desire to express them even at that moment, and while he embraced Mrs. Harold, broke forth with the demand:

"Mother, I've come for my darling now. I cannot return without her," and he held Juliets fingers yet fast in his own. But he recovered himself im-

his own. But he recovered himself immediately after that outburst, in memory that he had not spoken to the

tone: "Well, cousin, how you've grown since we met last." Arthur was looking remarkably well, strikingly handsome and very manly as he threw himself back into an easy

chair, after tea, preparatory to being amused and petted.
"Let us have your latest parody,

Jule," he commanded, toying with the pretty curls he had insisted upon her

untying, while she sat on a cushion beside his knee.

"Oh, I don't indulge in verse-making any more," she answered, laughing.

"I have not done anything wicked for so long I am positively suffering for a

chance. Let me see, it is a whole month since our poet blossomed out

in Dayton. A real live poet! You have not heard about him, Arthur. Such a

delicious poet, with eyes like Keat's (I don't mean the fowl of domestic use), out fine, frenzy-rolling. Now arn't you

"Not when you describe him in that

tone of voice. But go on, what about the dude?"
"Oh, he put such a production in the

Dayton newspaper, entitled "Hagar in the Wilderness," the flattest, tamest thing, which might have been put to advantage into four lines:

his exertions would do more to stimu late him than even the knowledge of

and wicked.

But firm and steadfast there he sat As born to rule the rhyme, A young man with a derby hat, And in his youthful prime.

He called aloud, invoked the muse Of Hagar was his theme.
The floor around he wildly strews
With paper by the ream.

The hours rolled on, he would not go, He could not find a word For want of which the whole was slow, And sounded most absurd.

He gasped, he moaned, he strove in vain, He tore his waving hair, And yet he thought that in the main He need not quive despair.

Urania yet would deign to aid, At length I have it now, My fame is surer, firmer made, Than the Hancock patent plow. He shouted and in accents loud,

'My friends, arise I say,
Of my first Poem I am proud,
Come hear it right away. Just supped down upon the floor side her, saying fondly: "I wanted to talk to you Edith, as They rose, they flooked, they heard it through. They cut costatic capers,
And nothing in the world would do

But put it in the papers. The bursts of praise were thunder loud, The young man where is he? Upon topmost lofty cloud Of heaven born posey.

And if you'll not accept the truth, But idly call it banter, Behold the incontestable proof In the Dayton "Times and Planter.

"Come, that is downright mean," laughed Arthur, thinking of some at tempts of his own in a sentimental vein. "But what's the matter with that last verse, young lady. The measure is wrong, and the rhyme has something the matter with it." "I was trying to rival Widow Be

that she had overheard a vehement controversy between their little walting maids, Sarah announced in a faunting tone: "My young lady is going to get married, yourn isn't," to which Mary indignantly retorted: "I don't care, my lady ain't going away from me, no how. My lady ain't old enough to marry yet; when she do, it will be some 'un as comes from way up yonder in de big cities. Dem's de kind." with a chuckle that intimated she was dott's poetry," Juliet responded, de with a chuckle that intimated she was with a chickle that indinated she will well content with the superiority she held over her rival.

As the family gathered round the tea table that Sunday night, none were aware that through the open blinds that were chiefts of observation to a

murely.

"On the whole it is good," her lover continued, patronizingly. "Did you publish it?"

"Of course not. I did not want to hurt anybody's feelings. It was just to prove to Mr. White I could beat Brother Arnold after making fun of his worses. You never will cure me of Brother Arnold after making fun of his verses. You never will cure me of seeing something to laugh at in people," she added, shaking her head at the old gentleman, whose admiration of her cleverness was held in check by scruples with regard to encouraging a class of wit which might result in makindness toward others.

"How is your voice, cousin." Arthur asked, lightly, turning the subject of conversation. "Come, you need not expect to move from that piano stool for the next two hours."
"I am out of practice for every thing

except sacred music," Edith said, rising at once to gratify his wishes. "Oh, you need not try to dodge that way," he retorted, playfully. "I know your voice is all right. Give us 'In the Gloaming.' It is just suited to my present sentiments!

present sentimental mood."
"Not that, Arthur," she said, her hand trembling as she turned the leaves of the book she had not opened in months, and her voice sounded de precating, as if she felt bound by some strong necessity to do exactly as she strong necessity to do exactly as she was bid, the enforced necessity of pre-serving appearances. "That sentiment is hardly appropriate, hardly in keeping with this hour," she continued.
"It was only the air of which I was others, and to a discerning eye there was a suppressed thrill of admiration when he shook hands with Edith, saying in his former light-hearted, joking tone: "Well, cousin, how you're

thinking."

"Bother the words, I never hear them."
Edith did not answer, but placing the music before her, she sent forth her glorious voice in that beautiful adaptation of the air to the words "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." She had sung it often in church, and now it seemed an interpretation, a reason why "It was best to leave you thus, love," those words which she had felt it almost impossible to utter, to-night. But the religious fervor she threw into the rendered see the beauty with the residual see the proper may always a rithur with dering of the hymn moved Arthur with a profundity which his nature could not endure. His careless gaity, and love of the beautiful threw off any emotion that verged upon pain; serious reflections inevitably tended in that direction in his opinion, and as she ended, he had found his way to the piano, and was glancing rapidly through her music, to renew by sigh his familiarity with the names of favorites. Memory thus replenished from the luxury of the sofa he called them forth unmercifully, and Edith made no remonstrance, determined as she was to afford what pleasure she she was to afford what pleasure she could upon this happy occasion, though she could scarcely comprehend how the merest trifling ballad seemed pointed in its meaning to cause her pain, and she feared she was not doing justice to what was so difficult of articulation.

As she finished the last piece of his requisition Arthur, who had ventured requisition, Arthur, who had ventured no comment throughout, rose once more

and came towards her. "Thank you cousin," he said, in a gentle, subduc voice.
"I have not enjoyed anything so much in a long while," with his natural much in a long while," with his natural frank expression of whatever feeling stirred him, "You have inspired me with a deeper understanding of it allof life, and love, I mean," he added, with a little laugh, then checking himself, and proceeded in a more spright-

Where did you learn the expression from, you calm, unimpassioned philoso-pher? I believe you know more about it in your pretended unapproachable

it in your pretended unapproachable elevation than you choose to admit. Who is he?"

The question came abruptly, direct. "Who?" she exclaimed, with a startled little cry in her voice.

"What are you blushing over? Come, you cannot deceive me," he continued, in his jesting. "What great composer was it that said he could never teach a woman singing till she had passed through some heart experience, that without the Divine afflatus she was not capable of rendering true sentiment? You certainly possess the gift."

# Cures

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Arthur never dreamed now much pain he was inflicting, as Edith struggled to meet his joke in an indifferent

manner.

"Why, of course, Arthur," she said, laughing. "But you must find that riddle out for yourself. I know so many people," she added, ironically, "it will be hard for you to discover which is the favored one."

"That's true," he assented, with eyes denoting with mariment. "But I know

dancing with meriment. "But I know there is not a spot so secluded but love will find out the way. What about that fellow in the choir, that tenor,

whom Jule was always writing such raptures about to me?"

"Who, Mr. Nealand?" Edith asked, with a little resentment of this nearer application of his impertinence. "He is married."

"Out of the range of possibilities, then," continued he, not noticing how she winced at this close analogy to the real situation. "You must not waste your time over him, Edie. I have a Washington dandy picked out for you, a regular swell. English, and stiff as a poker. You would just adore his reserve and his dignity, and all that sort of thing.'

It was 11 o'clock that night, when Juliet softly turning the handle of her cousin's door, suddenly disclosed Edith in a drooping attitude, seated beside the window, her arms extended across the sill, the clear moonlight flooding her white figure with soft brilliance. "What is the matter, Edith? What

"What is the matter. Editir what are you doing up at this hour? What are you crying about?" she poured forth in a frightened whisper, as she closed the door behind her, and glided noiselessly across the room.

"I was not crying dear," and her

cousin turned her eyes wide open full apon her. Reassured by the tearless aspect, and wrapped up in her own meditation

little of each other now," "Yes," she reflected, assentingly.
"We see very little of each other. My school duties take up so much time." "Edith," Tuilet continued, rambling back into the regions of her own rhoughts, 'I feel so strangely restless to night. I can't sieep; I just want to talk to some one now what I have been preparing for so long, that I am actually are cave home, and it seems so salemn as

the time draws near, and my hear, will ache when I think of leaving mamma, I wish Arthur could remain South, but that's impossible, I know, and in spite of the sadness which makes me so restless. I am very handy makes me so restless, I am very happy makes me so restless, I am very happy to-night, very happy: and if I could only transport this house and its inmates to Washington. I should be perfectly blissful—but to leave mamma even for a little while is terrible; you can't imagine how terrible for me. Edith, you will write me every week and tell me everything. Keep nothing from me, promise, and take my place

from me, promise, and take my place with mamma; do not let her miss me more than she can help."
"Certainly, dear. I shall do all in my
power," Edith said, caressing the little
hand that rested on her knee, and as
the moonlight lit up the bright, happy
free unturned to hers, she added, with face upturned to hers, she added, with a sudden impulse: "But we shall miss you, Jule; we cannot help it, ever so

"Will you miss me, really?" Juliet asked. "Oh, I am so glad you do care. Somehow I thought you did not cling to any one; that you liked being

"Do you think any one likes to be alone, perfectly alone?" Edith said.

Assessment of the second



The Dainty White Things

that are washed with SURPRISE Soap—a little Surprise Soap and still less labor—are not only clean but un-

You want the ma of your clothes. Don't have ther SURPRISE is a pure hard So

# fair brow. Juliet gazed at her, puzzled by the softened change in her manner and the pathos of her inquiry. "Something troubies you, Edith," the exclaimed eagerly. "Did Arthur annoy you te-night with his teasing? He was too provoking. Why did not you say something real sharp?" "What for dear? Life is too sad.

"Whit for, dear? Life is too sad, too infinitely sad to add to its bitterness by one word of harshness. I could not bear to inflict one moment of unnecessary pain."

"But he was too mean."

"I did not mind it, Jule, indeed I did not. One does not mind such little things when, when—" she stopped short, distressed. "What is the matter with you, Edie, tell me?" and Juliet caught her trem-bling hands, and looked anxiously in

with a little gasp as for breath. "Den't talk of it?" as she saw a flash of intelligence dawning in Juliet's count

"I am only tired, so tired to-night, of everything, but I will be all right in the morning. It is selfish, inconsiderat in me to cloud your happiness. Don't think of me, Jule. I am very happy for your in your joy and I am coing py for you in your joy, and I am going to find much comfort in taking care of aunt while you are away. I can never repay all the devotion she bestowed upon me, and I regard it as a sacred responsibility to be permitted to watch over her and keep her from over-doing her strength."

"Don't imagine that I am miserable always. I would be very wicked if I were, for life is so full of opportunities for doing good, and that is true blessed-

She had put a final extinguisher upon Juliet's compassion, for her cousin raised her hand to her lips, saying reverently: 'Oh, I could not be resigned as you are; I should feel like fighting if I could not have my own way. I will have pleasure, I will be

happy-"
She clenched her little hand, and then turned to Edith once more. "Was I very mean to you a year ago Because I want to ask your pardon Arthur explained it all to me, and he says I may thank you for the lectures you then delivered him, that he is the steady fedlow to-day I am so proud of. I was jealous then, but I know how good you are now, and I want your

Edith stooped towards her, smiling, and after their lips had met, Juliet nestled her head against her cousin, gazing dreamily out into the moonlight, murmuring: "I want to clear up all the past before entering upon my new life."

Ling after ner cousin had wearied of castle-building and left her, Edith remained in the same position, motion-less, thinking of Juliet, and her wild, untrained nature, undisciplined by any sorrow. Would she be hap-py with Arthur, when her blind depy with Arthur, when her blind de-votion had discovered how superficial was his nature? "Yet he will be ten-der to her," she mused. "He must be, with her winning, gentle ways, besides Jule is not formed for sorrow," and she gave a little sigh, and let her hand fa'l once more upon her arms on the

"Will it ever go?" she moaned, "and leave me at peace. Whenever I think I shall get over it, something within tells me I shal not, and yet sometimes I believe I have no heart; it is so cold, and I seem to hate people

"I wish I could cry, it might help me. but the tears will not come. I seem to weep inwardly, and every drop tels like it came from my heart's blood." and she sunk on her knees with these prayers for aid which must be renewed again and again forever as it appeared to her ere perfect resignation could be attained. She would be stronger in the morning, as she had told Julet, but this was her hour of weakness.

Presently she did what she had not done in months, rose and swiftly gross.

done in months, rose, and swiftly cross ing the room, unlocked a drawer she seldom opened, and drew out some-thing. Then, kneeling in the moonligh: once more she gazed and gazed upon the portrait, till every sense sickened, and the long desired relief of weep-ing came. Who could blame her? God looked down upon the solemn tryst of devotion, unrebeilious and pure as the angels' love, and unflinching adherence to duty. God sent the tears to obscure the sight of that which even then she felt it was wrong to look

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WEDDING ON THE FARM. Arthur's month of vacation glided rapidly away, in preparation for the wedding; and careless of the country sports which ones would have held so sports which ones would have held so many attractions for him, the hero of the occasion lung around the sitting-room begging for a needle, that he might assist also in "the terrible amount of sewing that was going on." protesting that he always could make beautiful doll dresses. But the punishment of his volunteered service was the imposition of a task at which he ishment of his volunteered service was the imposition of a task at which he made a wry face, for Mrs. Harold put a book into his hands, saying that was the best assistance he could render, by reading aloud, and after the first horified remonstrance, he entered with animation upon his new office, making himself very entertaining with his richly modulated voice; and the hour flew by, each day drawing them nearer to the great event.

to the great event. On the last of August the sun's bright on the last of August the sun's bright rays stole through the half closed blinds of the parior, upon a very pret ty little apartment, for Edith's skillfül hands and artistic taste had been generously expended in its adornment with roses and magnolias. A current of suppressed excitement reigned throughout the household all the morning, for the marriage was to take place as early as possible in order that the young couple might have time to reach the station in time for the morning train, Mr. Steele having spent the night previous at the farm so as to be in readiness to perform the ceremony, and by 8 o'clock the small family was collected in the parlor, while the servants peeped through the shutters with nardonable curiosity.

To be Continued.

Surely half the world must be blind; hey can see nothing unless it glitters. What is the difference between a ratch key and a meteorologist? One rinds watches and the other watches

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