A GREAT MISTAKE.

Poor George looked at the pale little woman in her clinging, glittering dress, which was of enormous length and had the merest shoulder straps for sleeves—at her long black gloves, at the skillfully disposed patches on her chin and on her bosom, at her high piled hair, where the brilliants twinkled at every movement of her head—and sighed.

"Is it not all too splendid for a quiet country ball?" he asked soberly; but Ada laughed, declaring that nothing was too good for Doctor March's wife.

The ball was half over by the time he went to have a look at it. As he made his way through the crowd he saw his wife whirling round the room in Jack Throgmorton's arms, scattering light from her flashing dress and jewels as she went by. She was talking rapidly in her partner's ear as she danced; but, catching sight of her husband, she gave him a nod and a pleased pretty smile; and presently Jack brought her back to where the Doctor stood.

"How late you are, dear George," she said. "Of course you are going to dance? I give you leave to choose all the prettiest girls in the room, and to flirt, on this occasion only, to your heart's content."

George shook his head.

"Mind you don't take cold," he said, as she prepared to start again.

She was flushed and panting a little from her waltz and with the triumph she had scored against the House of Lancaster. She considered it a proof of conscious weakness on their part that they had followed her to the Infirmary ball—an entertainment which had hitherto been left to the county people and to the ambitious wives of the Barlaston shopkeepers. She resolved to make it the fashion henceforth to attend it. She began to feel herself a power at last in the town where Mrs. Throgmorton and Bee had consented to follow her lead.

"They think discretion the better part of valor," she thought.

George March felt very miserable as his wife was lost in the throng of pretty dresses and faces. The music the band was playing sounded intolerably sad as it sank and swelled on the flower scented air. He was glad to hide himself in a convenient window, whence unnoticed he could watch the dancers float by. The one pleasure he had promised himself in coming was the sight of Lucy's young joy in her first ball; and he said to himself later that it had been worth coming to see.

Miss Thrale's card was filled before she had been half an hour in the room. She had danced all night long. Her pretty dress was already almost in tatters. Bee looked on, rejoicing in the girl's delight, and generously enjoying her friend's little triumph.

Before long the Doctor saw Miss Throgmorton go by with Ted. She looked radiant and was laughing as usual at her victim.

"My dear old Bee!" George thought kindly. "Her fate has overtaken her at last—a happy one, as it ought to be. Heaven bless her and that good fellow!"

Presently Bee spied him as he lurked in the shadow of the curtains, and insisted on his dancing with her.

"You, the best waltzer in the room—to be hiding yourself away!" she cried. "You must ask Lucy too if she has a dance left for you."

George laughed, and declared he had not the courage to face Lucy's maddened partners He, an old married man, to rob them of Miss Thrale for even one turn round the room! But inwardly the young man knew that it was out of the question that he should dance with Lucy; and, when presently she came towards him with a glad little exclamation, leaving her partner's arm to speak to him, he knew as well as if the girl had told him that she felt herself perfectly secure from any such request on his part.

"I have been so happy, George," she said, putting both her little white gloved hands in his. "I have nearly danced my shoes off my feet!" Her blue eyes were alight, her sweet lips parted in young and eager gladness.

George subsided into his corner again as she was carried away. He had nothing to do but to look on, and it seemed to him that he saw other figures before him than those gaily dressed ones, which were incessantly floating and changing and blending before his absent stare.

His fancy was traveling back to the sweet unforgotten time of two years before, when he had first seen Lucy Thrale—to the November evening when he had ridden home from Croome, and his horse had startled her, poor child, into dropping her letter in the road—to the lovely shabby maiden with the hymn book, at whom he had glared so scornfully in the old church—to the time when he had gone to Pegley on the omnibus and met her and scolded her so cruelly—to the children's party in Primrose Alley, when he had first begun to suspect his mistake about her—to the night of the ball, when ———

"She is the wife of a local physician, I believe," said a well bred woman's voice, passing the window where he stood.

"It is a pity some one does not remonstrate with her, really."

"Especially the local physician," was the laughing answer in a bright young tenor.

The speakers went by and were lost in the throng. They were some of the county people, no doubt.

George March woke with a disagreeable start from his study, and looked about him. Almost opposite the spot where he stood he saw his wife and young Throgmorton again together. The boy was fanning her solicitously as she rested for a few minutes. George noticed that Mrs. Throgmorton came up with Bee and appealed with a somewhat anxious air to her son, who sulkily followed them, after a hurried whisper to Ada.

Doctor March crossed the room at once.

"Ada," he said quietly, "you will oblige me by not dancing any more with Jack. It is hardly worth while to make yourself conspicuous, even for Lucy's sake."

His wife looked at him in pretty surprise, with which something of triumph or exultation mingled.

"That is just what I have been telling Jack," she returned. "I have been advising him to go and dance with Lucy, and to plead his own cause. Besides, I am a little tired."

George was silent; but he noticed that, though Ada certainly complied with the request and did not dance with the boy again, she refused all other partners too, and sat chatting in a low voice with young Throgmorton until Lucy came and begged to be taken home.

"Another victory to the House of York," whispered young Throgmorton as he took Mrs March to her carriage. "The War of the Roses has been waged more fiercely than ever to-night; but the day is ours."

"You will admit," answered the lady, with a pretty smile from under her white hood, "that it maintains its reputation by being a very civil war."

CHAPTER LII.

Until the night of the Infirmary ball a curious kind of lethargy had been creeping over George March, a sort of mental torpor of which he was half conscious, and which he made but little effort to dispel; but the few significant words he had then overheard had sufficed to rouse him from the fatal numbness which always seemed to overcome him on the threshold of his home.

He began to observe more carefully what went on during his absence; he blamed himself for having left his wife too much alone, for allowing the gulf between them to widen day by day.

More than once he resolved to remonstrate with her on her continued intimacy with Jack Throgmorton. But he did not find it easy to do so. It seemed as if Mrs. March had no idea that this friendship could be distasteful to her husband; and, in face of such apparent unconsciousness of harm, poor George shrank from uttering the prohibition which his better sense prompted.

"She would only be flattered by it," the young man thought, with melancholy bitterness. "A jealous husband would be an agreeable feature in the shallow little comedy of my poor Ada's existence."

There had been some talk on the White Rose side of getting up private theatricals at Beaudesert Gardens during the winter. Mrs. March had represented to her husband that the amusement was a very fashionable one in society, and had begged him prettily to give his consent. Suspecting nothing but a good deal of time wasted over rehearsals and a quiet evening's amusement to wind up with, the Doctor had not objected, and a great many days were devoted by his wife and her party to the discussion of the necessary arrangements. Mrs. March was greatly interested in the affair. As Miss Ludlow, she had formerly been very successful at a public performance on the stage of the Frivolity Theater, and she was thoroughly competent to direct her company.

Lucy had a little part assigned to her, which she took great delight in studying. She was to be a lady's maid, she told George, and to wear a cap and apron, and drop all her h's. She practised this last accomplishment with great perseverence, and amused poor Mrs. Ludlow by talking about "'andkerchiefs," and the "hanimation" her role required.

She had been very anxious that Bee too should have something to do; but Mrs. March smilingly refused to admit a single Lancastrian to the company.

"Bee can get up an opposition performance at Croome," she suggested. "I am quite willing to let her profit by my ideas. But really, if she does not shortly originate something, I should think the Red Roses would despise her."

Lucy shook her head.

"It is you who call her the Red Rose, Ada," she said with a wistful smile. "Bee does not think of such things at all. And she has no party, as you call it."

Mrs. March thought otherwise. It seemed to her that the occasion of the theatricals would serve admirably for the repayment of certain slights which she considered she had endured since her marriage, and it was understood that neither the Throgmortons nor the Ackroyds were to be among the audience.

But after a few day the whole matter began to take a different shape. Two or three cabinet councils were held, from which Lucy was excluded; and young Throgmorton was very busy for a week afterwards holding business interviews with various people in the town.

Meanwhile endless rehearsals took place in the large dining room of the house in the square, where luncheon was always going on for the artists, and Mrs. March kept her cousin very busy at the sewing machine with the costumes for the great event.

Lucy was happy enough over her work in the pretty room which George's thoughtfulness had made so comfortable for her. She could have baby to play around on the floor while she cut and stitched; and poor Mrs. Ludlow liked to sit there and watch her little grandchild with her sad fading eyes. The poor lady clung greatly to Lucy in those days. She did not see much of her daughter, except during the smiling little visit which Ada paid her every morning after breakfast.

Lucy declared that aunt Letitia must be carried downstairs by hook or by crook to see the fun. "I couldn't hact at all if you were not there, dear," she would say cheerfully; and the widow never failed to laugh at the joke.

One afternoon Doctor March, coming home unexpectedly, found the dining room still in confusion—chairs pulled out of their places, properties, in the shape of swords, and goblets and brooms and tea cups, strewn all over the room, and on the table a printed bill, still damp, which was headed, Theater Royal, Barlaston Regis, and contained the titles and characters of the little comedies Ada had selected, his wife's name appearing in larger letters than those of the other members of the company.

Ada had not meant him to see it so soon, as was evident from her somewhat confused smile when he entered the drawing room a few minutes later with the bill in his hand. She spoke very frankly and prettily however about it, and confessed that they thought now of giving the performance in the theater, which would be less expensive in the end than putting up a stage in the house, and of giving the money which should be taken at the doors to the new hospital.

She was alone, and was working busily at some part of her stage costume.

George heard her out very patiently as he stood by the table with the play bill in his hands and his dark melancholy eyes fixed on her animated face. She felt encouraged by his silence and his gentleness. She believed that she had carried her point.

"Dear George, you are so good," she said, laying aside her work and going to his side. "You won't say no, and spoil my poor little scheme?"

The poor fellow sighed, and let the paper fall upon the table.

"Don't you see that I must?" he said. "Do you think that I could bear to see my wife and little Geordie's mother standing on a public stage to be stared at, and to be embraced—even in jest—by other men. Ada, you do not think of this; but you see now how impossible it would be."

"My dear George," Ada cried softly, "it is done by the very best people, I assure you! Lady Golightly herself——"

"Lady Golightly is not my wife," pleaded the young man half sadly—he was thinking what a terrible fate it was that had joined them, who might each have been so happy apart in their own way. "I have nothing to do," he said, "with Lady Golightly."

"No, of course not," Ada assented gently. "But really, dear George, I don't see that it is any worse to act on the stage than in a drawing-room. You surely do not think there is any harm in private theatricals?"

"I should certainly wish my wife not to take part in them," George returned, "But at least there she would be among friends; and——Dear Ada, I cannot speak as quietly as I ought just now. You must remember that I knew nothing of this. It has taken me by surprise, and——"

"I meant it to be a little surprise for you, dear George," his wife answered, smiling. "I did not for a moment suppose that you would object to it. And really I must say it seems a little illiberal on your part. I am sure there are many admirable wives and mothers among our English actresses. There is Mrs. Sunderland, for instance."

"All honor to her," said the young man abruptly. "I have not a word to say against her, or the women like her in her profession; but this is different. Can't you understand? Don't you see?" he asked, with a break in his voice. "Oh, Ada, don't you see that this is quite different?"

He began, as they stood side by side, to speak to her as he had never yet dared to speak since their marriage. He made a brave effort to draw her closer to him. He spoke of what their life must be—the life they had but just begun together—if they could not learn to know each other better, to become one in aspirations and efforts and interests as well as in name. He appealed to the woman, to the wife and mother in her, to help him, to trust him, for their little child's sake.

As he talked, his strong dark face grew luminous with intense earnestness; he began to walk about in his excitement, sometimes pausing by his wife to look with his kind constraining glance into her calm uplifted eyes or to lay his powerful hand tenderly on her slight shoulder. All the pent up misery of the first year of his marriage rushed forth in an impetuous torrent; there was a strange fierce pathos in his voice and in his words which might have touched and shaken any woman.

Ada listened very quietly; once or twice she moved the long skirt of her velvet gown out of the way of his blundering rapid walk: but she stood quite still until he had done talking; though she had a secret horror of such scenes, and thought George might have spoken in a lower voice.

No answering light had come into her large eyes, no tremor of sympathy into her pale face, while he was urging her with a kind of wistful passion to reconsider her daily existence, to remember what kind of home she was preparing for their boy, and what a baneful influence the incessant craving after pleasure and excitement must needs exercise on her own health and happiness.

But with gentle good breeding she heard her husband to the very end. She had not even sat down during his appeal, though she was quite worn out with the morning's rehearsal.

As he paused, however, looking breathlessly for her answer, she did move away to the chair she had left, and sat down again to her work basket

"Dear George," she said, smiling gracefully at his disordered and fervent face, while she took her embroidery, and began to to search for the shade of silk she required, "it is really delightful to see such earnestness in these degenerate days. It is such good form, as Jack says, for a man of your profession. But forgive me if I say that all extremes, either of sentiment or of manner, are the worst possible taste in a woman. We cannot all be born reformers—fortunately—and I confess that I find the world and our life pleasant enough as they are. Indeed you, sir," with a coquettish movement of her flaxen head, "should be the last person in the world to reproach me for enjoying my existence. Is it not natural that your wife should be a happy woman? Dear George, only say that my poor little theatricals are not to be nipped in the bud, and I will promise you to become as demure as dear Lucy herself one of these days."

George March made an abrupt movement towards her, then checked himself. All the fire seemed to die out of his face as his wife spoke and to leave it cold and gray. That was her answer. He had laid bare his innermost heart, and she had bestowed on it a patronising little caress.

The young man turned on his heel without a word, and left the room.

But he persisted in his decision about the theatricals, as Mrs. March explained to young Throgmorton next day. And she further declared that, after the anticipation of the performance in public, there was no possible chance of getting up any excitement about one given in a drawing room.

"We will abandon the idea altogether," she said, with so much gentle sweetness that Jack eagerly declared she was an angel.

"You see," he added bitterly, "it is a dead set that is being made against you. The women have been jealous of you ever since you first came to Barlaston; you are not to be allowed to lead in anything if they can help it."

Before long however another amusement offered itself. The weather changed and a hard frost set in. All the world was skating in the park. Mrs. March summoned a meeting of the White Roses, and declared her intention of driving out one afternoon and enjoying a few hours of this delightful exercise.

She set about composing a wonderful little costume of white fur, in which she intended to look as much as possible like a white cat with a large white muff. She had taken the idea from one of the London beauties, whose portrait Jack had brought down with him; and the young fellow declared with enthusiasm that Mrs. March too must be photographed in all her furry splendor, with the muff held to her face, and only her eyes showing darkly mischievous above its snowy softness.

"I am afraid so much unrelieved white will be rather trying in cold weather," she said thoughtfully one day, when she had put on the costume in order to judge of the effect. As she spoke, she hazarded the addition of a touch of color in the shape of a bunch of crimson berries which Lucy had left on the table; then she threw it aside, laughing. "It must not be said that I wore my fair enemy's colors, even for an hour!" she cried gaily. "I will risk the pure white after all."

"And don't forget the photographs," urged Jack. "What fun it would be to put them in the windows at Miller's with all the celebrities! Would not the Barlaston fogies stare?"

"My dear Jack," cried Mrs. March, in gentle reproof, "you do not suppose I would consent to such a thing for one moment!"

She had arranged to take Lucy with her in the pony-carriage to the park, where Jack and the rest of the party were to meet them.

Lucy was standing in the hall, warmly wrapped in her sealskins, when her cousin came down in her white fur costume. The girl looked at her, puzzled for a moment, and then she turned very red.

"Oh, Ada," she stammered, "you are not going out like that, dear, are you? It is so very—remarkable! I am afraid George would not like it."

Mrs. March was quietly buttoning her long white gloves. She had a white tulle veil drawn tightly across her face, which bore the complete absence of color in her dress with startling success. Lucy supposed that her cousin had been sitting over her dressing room fire, and she noticed with distress that she looked all the more remarkable for the lovely pink flush the flame had caused.

"How often am I to assure you, dear Lucy," returned Ada, smiling, "that dear George likes whatever I like? And really I am a little tired of consulting the general Barlaston opinion."

Lucy was silenced; but she remembered neavously that Doctor March had promised her to join them at the park on his way from Pegley, where he had a case to attend.

Mrs. March's appearance in the park, among all the soberly dressed provincial girls who were enjoying themselves in their own quiet fashion, created as marked an impression as she could possibly have desired. Indeed Lucy heard one or two remarks which made her very uncomfortable as she sat in the little pony carriage holding the ponies, while Ada prepared to go on the ice with young Throgmorton. Jack was the only White Rose faithful to the tryst; and Miss Thrale was left alone on the bank, being unable to skate.

When the ponies were disposed of and she was free to walk down to the edge of the lake, there were many men who thought secretly that it would have been a pleasant task to teach that charming girl whose ripe sweet face peeped out so brightly from her dark furs. Lucy herself would have liked to be so taught if her mind had been at rest. It all looked so pretty; and the keen November air was sending the blood swiftly through her veins and making it very hard to stand still.

But she was thinking of poor George.

It was growing dusk when he came, and Lucy was still standing by herself on the bank, and following with anxious eyes the little white figure flashing here and there, which was so conspicuous, even in the falling wintry light.

She greeted her cousin's husband with a somewhat nervous smile.

"Are you alone, Lucy?" the young man asked a little sternly. "What is Ada thinking of to leave you here by yourself at this hour?"

"Oh, I don't mind being by myself!" Lucy declared. "It is such fun to watch them all; and Ada skates so well."

"Where is she?" asked the Doctor. "It is getting too cold for her to stay out any longer."

Lucy's heart began to beat fast. The pink flush on Ada's cheeks and the delicate white of her skin had remained unchanged all day by wind or sun. Lucy had heard what seemed to her a terrible accusation made against her cousin by a group of girls who had passed her a few moments before on their way home. She dreaded to think of George's seeing his wife with that strange beautiful look on her face before all the townspeople, who had known him and respected him so long.

"I will find Ada, George," she cried eagerly, "if you will look after the carriage and your horse."

She prepared to cross the ice as she spoke; but the young man held her back.

"Stay where you are, my dear," he said half sadly. "Do you think I will let you go among that crowd of men?"

Lucy sank down trembling upon a bench, and Doctor March went across the ice to where the throng was thickest.

The people had formed into a ring, and were watching the movements of a few skaters more skilful and untiring than the rest, who were making the most of the dying light.

Among these George March saw his wife skimming lightly along, like a white bird, hand in hand with Jack Throgmorton. A dark flush of anger rose to his face as his eyes fell on her, on her fantastic costume and her air of excitement, and on the unfamiliar pink flush that glowed so delicately through her white tulle veil.

At every tea table in Barlaston that night people were talking about the scene, and relating how sternly Doctor March had bidden his wife take off her skates and follow him home. The lady had shown her usual tact and good temper, it appeared, having gaily ordered young Throgmorton to kneel down and unfasten the skates for her, while she assured her husband that she had had a delightful day, and that it was awfully good of him to come for her when he was so busy. But it was remarked that poor little Miss Thrale looked quite frightened, and that young Throgmorton took himself off as quickly as might be.

That was a terrible evening at the house in the square.

Doctor March left his womenkind at the door, and went off to dine at his club. Ada, declaring with a laugh that she was completely worn out, asked Lucy to send her some tea to her own room, and did not come down stairs again.

Lucy felt vaguely as if some calamity were at hand. She sat down all by herself in the handsome old dining room and tried to eat her dinner, so that the servants should not talk; but the food sickened her—she could not touch it.

What had she done! she was thinking, as the great generous fire leaped and sparkled and the noiseless servants came and went. Oh, what had she done if this was to be the end of it all?

Her heart went out after the poor fellow who was sitting somewhere, solitary, at his bitter meal. What rest was there for her while he was unhappy? How could she sleep with the thought of his stern gray face haunting her pillow?

She passed into his study before she went up-stairs to see that the fire was burning brightly and that his slippers were in their accustomed place; and then, as she went back into the hall, she saw that George had just come in, and was taking off his great coat. Thank Heaven for that!

"Will you have some tea, George?" she said, trying to smile. "I will send it into the study for you if you like."

The young man put out his hand to her.

"Don't look so pale, Lucy," he said, with a sad kind laugh. "I was a brute to frighten you to day. Yes, I will have some tea, please, dear; and you must come down to-morrow with a brighter face. Good night."

Everything seemed to go on as usual next day, to Lucy's great relief. Ada had taken a little cold, and was obliged to nurse herself; she declared that her skating was over for that winter.

But in this enforced quiet and solitude the old vague restlessness and disgust of her daily life seemed to seize upon George March's wife with a stronger grip than ever.

It seemed impossible to interest or amuse her; she could not bear the crowing and kicking of her baby boy in the room with her; she admitted frankly that she considered the charge of all children under five years old only fitted for women who were born without nerves, and who were cotton gowns all daylong. Geordie in his white dresses and broad crimson sashes was all very well for ten minutes of the children's hour, when there was no one there; but Geordie splashing in his bath, or jumping in his night-gown, or breathing softly in his flushed and dreamless sleep, possessed no interest for the listless mother when sometimes Lucy coaxed her into the nursery at such hours to see him.

"I have always noticed that it is the least sensitively organized women who have that passion for babies," she told her cousin smiling and yawning, while Lucy was covering Geordie's dimples with fond and foolish kisses. "It reminds me of a cow or a cat. You are a nice little tortiseshell tabby, dear Lucy! Domestic raptures are quite becoming to you, as I dare say you know without my telling you."

Lucy laughed good humoredly enough; but after that her visits to the nursery, if as frequent, were more secret.

One evening Doctor March brought in a quantity of photographs, and requested Lucy, in her cousin's presence, to see that they were burnt.

He had happened to walk home from Upper Brunswick street, where he had been talking to Mrs. Throgmorton about Jack, and he had caught sight in Miller's shop window of his wife's face, smiling over a great white muff, between a bishop and a burlesque actress.

He had demanded its instant removal by the startled shopkeeper, and had followed this up by an interview with the photographer, from whom he had bought all the pictures that were left.

Mrs. March exclaimed softly at the photographer's stupidity.

"If he had not been expressly warned against publishing them," she said, "I should not have cared so much. How fortunate it was, dear George, that you saw them in time."

CHAPTER LIII.

Jack Throgmorton rather enjoyed the little excitement of which he was the cause just at present, and was determined to prolong the situation as long as possible.

In vain did Bee and Ted between them contrive that he should receive certain tempting invitations—one to the hospitable country house where young Ackroyd had first met Lady Sarah Vanneck—now Lady Sarah Smith, and happy in India with her middle aged first love and his little lads—and one to join a jolly party on board a yacht which was just about to start on a lengthened voyage.

Young Throgmorton resisted these and some others, and declared rather doggedly that he had no intention of leaving Barlaston that winter. Nevertheless the boy did not appear happy; and when, before long, the old troubles about money matters began to crop up, his heavy looks were reflected in Mary Throgmorton's kind face.

The happy old house in Brunswick street was full of smouldering wrath and ill-feeling. Father and son sat at the same table day after day, and hardly exchanged a word. The poor mother looked on trembling, and felt that her bread was turning to bitterness in her mouth.

Bee's heart swelled with pity as she watched her, and with indignation at Jack's indifference. It was not easy to feel much sympathy with a brother of three and twenty who got into debt and would not work. But Jack resented in the most unmistakable terms her criticism of his conduct. It was all very well, he declared, for his father to bully him about expenses. but he was certainly not going to put up with any such confounded impertinence from his sister.

Long ago he had declined to submit to any interference on the part of his elder brother, whom the boy rather despised for his sober devotion to business. Jack had often declared in his confidential talks with Doctor March's wife, that fate had committed a great error in making Will the first born—a fellow who had no notion of enjoying life, and who, when hardly of any age, had married his insignificant little Charlotte and settled down contentedly in a quiet country town, without even caring to see what the world outside Barlaston Regis was like.

William Throgmorton contrived to endure with much cheerfulness his younger brother's contempt, and had more than once come to their mother's assistance in settling Jack's bills without Mr. Throgmorton's knowledge. But, as time went on, and a small Lottie came to share Master Baby's nursery and grandmamma's pink and white Afghans, it was evident that little more help could be expected from Will. Indeed he had told his mother, with affectionate bluntness, that she was in a large measure to blame for Jack's follies, and that the lad would never be worth his salt until she let him rough it a little and learn the value of money by working for it.

Kind Mary Throgmorton took her son's scolding very meekly; but Bee could not bear to speak disagreeable truths to her mother or to hear her blamed now that she was sad and disappointed. All Miss Throgmorton's saucy speeches were reserved for happy and prosperous people, or for those who were so thick skinned as to require the plainest speaking.

Not long after Dr. March's discovery of his wife's photographs in the shop window, an accident put Bee in a possession of a fact that startled and bewildered her. She had called at the principal jeweller's shop in the town to have her watch seen to, and old Mr. Worthington, who had known her since she was a little girl, came forward and offered a smiling apology across the counter.

"Your collet necklace is not yet finished, Miss Throgmorton," he said, bringing down his old spectacles the better to see the young lady's dark beauty. "I am very sorry it should have needed repairing so soon. I can not understand, as I explained to your brother, how the setting of the stone became loose. However, I think you will find it quite satisfactory in future."

Bee felt herself turning pale. She possessed no collet necklace; but it flashed across her rapidly that she knew some one who did. Perhaps—she caught at the idea—perhaps Jack had merely brought it to be mended.

"It is of no consequence," she stammered, as with trembling fingers she detached the watch from her chatelaine. She was eager to be gone before she heard any more. She wanted still to be able to doubt.

"The turquoises were particularly fine," the old man continued, unconscious of the young lady's agitation. "I hope you approved of the design, Miss Throgmorton? It is something quite novel, as I explained to your brother."

"Oh, yes—yes, thank you!" she replied, feeling more and more startled and miserable. What horrible web of deceit was Jack weaving about them all? And, making the old jeweller a hurried bow, she got herself in some half anxious way out of the shop and into the carriage.

Her heart was beating and her cheeks were burning with painful excitement as she drove home through the frost-bound streets. What did it all mean? And what could she do about it?

"My own darling must never know of this," was all she could decide. "And Mr. Worthington must be told not to let Jack have anything more. The cruel boy! What will papa say? And how can we keep it from him?"

She gave a little cry of relief and joy when she found young Ackroyd waiting for her in the brown room. She had dreaded meeting her mother; but Mrs. Throgmorton was out, and only gentle Mrs. William was with Ted. Little Charlotte soon went off to her babies, leaving the young people together. With a quiet alacrity Ted shut the door on her retreating figure.

"What is wrong?" he asked going back to stand with Bee before the fire. And Bee told him what she had just heard.

"What does it mean, Ted?" she asked him piteously. "I have no collet-necklace set with turquoises. I know only one person who has; and—and— It is impossible! She could not have taken it from Jack. She is married. How could she accept such a valuable present from any one but her husband?"

Ted looked at his tyrant with infinite kindness in his gray eyes.

"Don't think of her," he said gently. "How should you know what some women will do? Let us talk about Jack—poor stupid lad!—and what we can do to keep this from your mother."

"You will help me?" Bee said, her warm brown fingers clinging round the young man's great hand. "Oh, Ted"—blushing—"I want you to pay the bill, for fear papa should find it out, and let Jack give you back the money some time. I know it is a shame, but ——"

"My dear!" said Ted in quiet remonstrance, standing apparently unmoved while the girl's beautiful face was lifted up to his own in her unconscious earnestness.

Her dark eyes were full of tears, but he looked into them calmly enough. He did not attempt to return the nervous pressure of her hands.

"Oh, I know you don't mind!" she went on. "But ——"

"Leave it all to me," he answered imperturbably.

Bee drew back a little then, and the eager color ebbed out of her cheeks.

"Thank God," she said, with a curious little thrill of discontent in her voice; and, as she turned away, she sighed.

But there was a faint flicker of a smile on young Ackroyd's bearded lips and in the corners of his kind gray eyes.

A few days later he was back in the brown room, bringing with him Mr. Worthington's bill.

"There were other things he," he said gently. "My dear, this must come to an end. I will not allow you to be distressed again. Jack must be made to listen to reason."

Then Bee formed a desperate resolution, of which she did not speak even to Ted. Since it was of no use to reason with her brother, why should not she go and speak openly and plainly to Mrs. March. They did not like each other, but at least there could be no harm in Bee's telling the wife of her old friend what trouble Jack's behavior was bringing on the family who had been kind to Ada Ludlow and her mother when most they needed a friend.

Perhaps Mrs. March had no idea how ill poor Jack could afford the extravagance in which she encouraged him. Perhaps looking upon him as the son of a rich man, she thought it only natural that he should spend a little fortune on flowers and trinkets for her; she had been used to such attentions doubtless when her father was alive.

Bee tried honestly to make allowances, notwithstanding her conviction that Mrs. March's influence over her brother was an unwholesome one.

"I know I am always ready to think ill of her," she thought; "but I will give her a chance of clearing herself. Perhaps we shall all be better friends afterwards. I should be glad if I might live on kinder terms with poor George's wife."

Bee found Mrs. March at home. Ada thro still nursing her cold and yawning Lucough the uneventful winter days; and coy had been sitting with her all the afternoon and doing her best to amuse her. The htty drawing room was full of firelight and adows, and scented with flowers; the two graceful young women were working and chatting together; it looked a tranquil pretty scene, Bee thought, as the drawing room door was opened for her. She wished that it was not her duty to disturb it.

Lucy sprang joyfully to her feet when Miss Throgmorton was announced.

"Bee!" she cried, flinging her slim young arms around her friend. "Oh, Ada, here is Bee come to see us!"

The Houses of York and Lancaster exchanged a polite greeting while the most comfortable easy chair in the room was being wheeled to the fire for the visitor. The friendly dusk concealed Bee's agitation from Ada's calmly scrutinising gaze.

"This is so good of you!" Mrs. March said, laying aside her work. "Dear Lucy and I were getting terribly tired of each other. We are very much obliged to you for arriving in time to prevent us from quarreling."

"Don't thank me till you know why I came," returned the girl, too full of the object of her visit to be able to talk pretty commonplaces. "Perhaps it is with me you will want to quarrel then."

"Dear me, this is quite interesting!" declared Ada, lightly; but Lucy looked a little anxious. She could tell by Bee's voice that she was in earnest. "Pray don't keep us in suspense," continued Mrs. March; and the jesting tone jarred disagreeably on Bee's wrought up nerves.

"Will you answer me one question, Ada?" she asked bluntly. "All that I have to will depend on your answer."

"The mystery deepens. By all means! What is the question?"

Bee hesitated for a few moments; and then with a resolute gesture, she said—

"Will you tell me who gave you the collet necklace of dead-gold and turquoises which I have seen you wear?"

There was a scarcely-perceptible pause; and then Mrs. March answered, with some appearance of surprise—

"That is easily told. It was given to me by poor papa naturally, with all the other jewelry I once possessed. But why can you possibly want to know this?"

"I will tell you," said Bee curtly; and she repeated the story of her visit to the jeweller's shop.

Mrs. March listened in absolute silence, a silence which lasted for some moments after Bee had ceased to speak. It was Lucy who broke it at length, and the other two sat looking at each other with eyes dilated and darkened in the dusk.

"Oh, Bee," she said in a frightened voice, "I don't think I understand what you mean!"

"Perhaps your cousin can explain!" returned Bee, with bitterness. "I only know that I have no necklace of dead-gold and turquoises."

"Ada," urged Lucy in the same frightened voice, "you don't know anything about this, do you? Oh, why don't you speak?"

There was another slight pause; and then Mrs. March spoke very gently and deliberately.

"I was anxious to hear Miss Throgmorton to the end," she said; and, turning her flaxen head in her chair as she leant back, she added coldly, addressing Bee, "Have you anything more to say?"

"No," Bee returned abruptly.

"I must ask a question then in my turn. Pray tell me what connection your imagination has suggested between this little history and my collet-necklace?"

Bee looked at her, half sorrowful, hal indignant.

"I thought Jack gave it to you," she said quite simply, "or else I should not have come here to tell you about it. I wanted you to know that he has very little money, and that when he runs into debt it causes my mother great unhappiness at home."

"Perhaps too you have confided this idea to Mr. Askroyd?" continued Ada very quietly.

Bee colored.

"I did not mention your name," she answered. "But I believe Ted knew what was in my thoughts."

"I see."

"Oh, Ada," Lucy burst forth again with feverish eagerness, "you might speak to Mr. Jack! He would convince Bee that ——"

"My dear Lucy," interrupted her cousin in smiling reproof, "I never inquire into the distribution of a young man's menus plaisirs. If Mr. Jack has admired my necklace sufficiently to order a copy of it for some fair unknown, I can only admire his taste and question his sister's prudence in inquiring further as to its destination."

Bee's dark eyes flashed scorn at the speaker. She was convinced now that her first suspicion had been correct. Was this the fashion in which a good woman would have met her appeal? Was it honest to try to make poor Jack out to be something worse than thoughtless and extravagant?

"I did wrong to come here!" she cried, rising. "I thought you would have listened to me for my mother's sake. But I will go now."

Mrs. March bowed in silence, without quitting her seat. Lucy looked at her in a kind of terror.

"Don't go, Bee!" she exclaimed. "Ada is a little annoyed; but she will tell you—I am sure she will—that you are mistaken, and—— Oh, here is your brother! I am very glad! Now you will hear, dear—you will see!"

And indeed at that moment young Throgmorton appeared in the dusky doorway, looking somewhat puzzled at finding his sister in the room. Lucy ran to him with unwonted eagerness.

"Come in, come in!" she said. "You are just in time! Bee was going away very unhappy; but you can explain everything."

"Explain! Explain what?" the young fellow asked, looking from one to the other agitated face before him.

Only Mrs. March was as unruffled as ever. She held out her hand with a charming smile.

"You are indeed just in time!" she said. "In George's absence I am sure you will protect me from insult."

"From insult?" he repeated, turning sharply to Bee. "Who has dared to annoy you?"

"Take care!" cried the lady, prettily. "You are talking of your sister. It appears I am accused of receiving expensive presents from you. I believe you brought me some grapes and flowers yesterday; you had evidently forgotten to ask permission to do so."

"Have you been meddling again in my affairs?" cried Jack, turning, in a fume of wounded vanity, to his sister.

"Yes," returned Bee, steadily, "I have. I would not have spoken of it before you; but since Mrs. March has chosen to do so, I may as well tell you before her that Ted has paid your bill at Worthington's, including the money for the collet necklace, but that this is the last time he will come to your assistance. In future, no matter what trouble it may cause us all, papa shall know everything."

"Confound it," cried Jack, furious now, "can't you hold your tongue? What business has Ted Ackroyd to interfere in my business? And why should Mrs. March be annoyed by your infernal want of tact?"

This was a kind of scene he had not bargained for in Mrs. March's drawing room. There was nothing in the least artistic about it. It was true that Ada, in her fur bordered velvet gown, looked as like a stage marquise or charming widow as ever; but he himself, listening in a sulky rage to his sister's statement, and poor Lucy, sitting in startled distress and vainly attempting to sew with her little shaking fingers, were very commonplace and painful figures indeed, as befitted the vulgar story of debt and duplicity which was being told.

"I am going now," Bee said at last, turning to Ada. "And not even for Lucy's sake will I ever come back. I would do almost anything for her or for Doctor March; but I will not enter the house where you live or take your hand again!"

"Bee!" cried Lucy in a heart broken voice. "Oh, Bee!"

"You will come to me, dear," Bee said, gathering the pretty chestnut head against her cheek. "Good bye now, until I see you again."

Jack followed his sister from the room. It was already dark, and, angry as he was, he could not allow her to walk home alone. As the hall door shut behind them, Lucy turned and looked with a pale and frightened face at her cousin.

"Oh, Ada," she said, "why did you not convince her that she was mistaken? You might have shown her the necklace; the jeweller said the other one was not finished; she would have known then that there were two alike, and——"

"Lucy"—Ada started up, shocked and wounded—"do you need proof that I have spoken the truth? Is this girl going to divide us two after all these years? "Oh," she continued excitedly, wringing her slender fingers, "I could bear anything but this! George will be the next to suspect me, I suppose!" With this she broke into a long shrill laugh that ended in a hysterical burst of tears.

"Oh, Ada, I suspect nothing!" Lucy exclaimed eagerly.

But, tottering away from her, Ada flung herself down upon the sofa, where she lay writhing in uncontrollable agitation. Her cries filled the silent house.

"Ada," Lucy cried, beside herself with terror, "what is it? Are you ill?"

She rang the bell; she did not know what to do. She tried to lift the screaming, sobbing woman on her arm. Steps came hurrying up-stairs, and from the rooms above Mrs. Ludlow was heard calling out in alarm.

It was time for George to be coming home, Lucy remembered. What a scene for him come home to!

Then the startled faces of women looked in at the door, and Mrs. Batters came to her young lady's assistance.

"I heard the Doctor's key in the door, Miss Lucy," the old woman whispered. "Do you go and keep him away for a few minutes, my dearie."

But George had already heard the disturbance overhead.

"What is wrong?" he asked, as Lucy came down the old staircase, as white as a sheet, but trying to smile. "I met Jack and Bee on their way home, and they looked quite upset. What has happened?"

"Ada has had a little nervous attack—that is all," the girl faltered. "And you will please come into the study, George, for a moment? I want to ask you about——"

But the young man put her rather sternly aside.

"Another time, Lucy," he said. "I must go to my wife now."

Lucy sat down trembling in the hall. Would Ada in her excitement disclose the cause of her distress?

The gas was flaring, a door banged, a sudden dreary silence had fallen on the house.

Then the girl heard poor little Geordie begin to cry up stairs in his nursery, and she ran up stairs to see what ailed the little fellow. His nurse had rushed to Mrs. March's assistance with the rest of the servants, and baby, left alone, had dropped his white "baa-lamb," without which he always found it impossible to go to sleep.

Lucy put the woolly treasure into the little drowsy arms, and tucked the child warmly into his lace curtained cot.

"Geordie go to bee be now," she said tenderly, "and Lucy will sing about the kittens."

As she sang her foolish little lullaby and watched by the little pillow, the old vague insistent pain was stirring in Lucy's heart—the pain we feel for what is done and can never be undone. It was so useless, so hopeless, so impotent; but the aching would not go away, though it was too late now for regret or for remorse.

When she went down stairs again, she was told that the Doctor had gone out, leaving word with Miss Thrale that he would not be back till late, and that Mrs. March had fallen asleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE "IGLOO."

Life in an Esquimaux Hut.

The correspondent who accompanied the Arctic expedition of Lieut. Greely, gives this graphic account of the interior of an Esquimaux hut, and the every day costume of its mistress:

At Proven a better opportunity for studying the habits of the primitive Esquimaux was afforded than at any other place we have visited. The whalers and exploring parties seldom visit it and the influence of the white man is less perceptible. They retain their habits of life as practiced before they improved their condition, to a greater extent than in other parts of Greenland. I spent four hours consecutively in one of their least attractive "igloos," or huts. My pretext for so protracted a stay was ostensibly awaiting the completion of a cap of elder down, on which one of the squaws was engaged. The hut was built of turf, moss and stone, and was entered by a long, narrow low passage or tunnel—so low that I was compelled to crawl on hands and feet, a most disagreeable and humiliating proceeding, as the dogs and natives (not much better in point of cleanliness) also have ingress and egress through the same vestibule. On reaching the small interior hole, which was living, eating and sleeping room, the first glance discovered the mistress of the house in an extremely airy costume, sitting on the shelf or platform on which they sleep. By due process of barter a neckerchief that I had worn was transferred to the possession of the squaw in exchange sor the eider cap to which I referred, and which she at once proceeded to make, first measuring the dome of my intellect with great precision. The room was too low to admit of standing upright. No stove or fireplace appeared; as a substitute was a hollowed stone, used as a lamp, with seal oil for fuel and moss for a wick. The atmosphere of the room was stifling and extremely nauseating from the odor of sealskins strewn around. The sleeping arrangements were most simple. A platform about two feet high and extending from the wall about six feet occupied one side of the room. This is the receptacle of skins and furs during the day, and when the natives retire they make it a general couch, each disciple of Morpheus drawing over himself or herself so many of the skins as are necessary for comfort. The costume of the Esquimaux women is so nearly like that of the men that at first glance it is difficult to distinguish the sexes. The women, however, as all the world over, dress in a more pleasing manner than the men. The costume generally consists in a pair of dainty boots of dressed seal skin, stained different colors and ornamented with small pieces cut in fancy forms which reach above the knee. Then come the pantaloons, or trunks, also of sealskin, but with the hair on. These are very short, reaching hardly half way down the thigh, where they meet the boots or leggings. The upper part of the body is covered by a loose fitting cassock, or smock, devoid of buttons, which is pulled on over the head. An attached hood can be drawn over the head or allowed to fall back on the shoulders at pleasure. A pair of the aforementioned trunks or pantaloons, was the only part of the costume that the dusky maker of my cap saw fit to wear. She appeared to work with greater facility, however, than if trammeled with clothing, as she deftly held her materials in position with her toes while she trimmed or fitted them. Two or three children were hanging about her without seeming to impede her progress in the least. As soon as completed she placed the cap on my head, and proved at once the possession of at least one quality in common with her more civilized sisters, of being able to flatter by showing in gestures and expressions great admiration, but whether for her handiwork or our appearance we could not determine, but I at once was reminded of the remark of the descendant of Israel: "It fits you like de paper on de wall." I was indeed glad to escape from the unfragrant place. The single window was made of membraneous tissue of the stomach of the seal. This substance when oiled becomes almost as transparent as glass. Many of the natives, however, live in much better dwellings than the one I have described. Such a one represents the habitations of the poorer class.

—Some interesting statistics of mortality among railway travelers appear in French journals. With commendable candor, France is given the first, and of course least enviable, place on the list, her railways killing annually one in every 2,000,000 passengers, and wounding one in every half million. English railways kill one to every 5,500,000, but surpass those of France in minor casualties, wounding one in every third of a million. Belgian railways kill and wound one in every 9,000-000 and 2,000,000 respectively while Prussia only kills one in every 21,500,000 and wounds one in every 4,000,000. Roundly speaking, French railways kill five times as many as English, English not quite twice as many as Belgian, and Belgian nearer thrice than twice as many as Prussian, which are much the least fetal of the four. The average rate of speed made on the railways of these countries would form a valuable addition to the above statistics.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"I saw in de papers de odder day," began the old man after carefully wiping the top of his head, "a leetle item 'bout speakin' kind words to our feller men as we trabble de highway of life. Dat's easy 'nuff to do, an' a mighty cheap way of scrubbin' 'long, but I doan' want nobody to practice it on me. If I use men right, dey will use me right, an' we kin trade kind words. If you meet a man in de gutter, doan' stan' on de sidewalk an' tell him dat you am ready to bust wid sorrow, an' dat you solemnly wish he wouldn't do so any mo'. Stan' him on his feet, an' start him fur home, an' let his wife an' de poker run de kind word biziness, or hunt fur a purleeceman an' have de drunkard boosted for sixty days. If you meet a poo' man whos' wife am lyin' dead in de house doan' wipe yer eyes an' rattle yer chin an' tell him you'd jine de funeral purceshun if you only had a mule. Walk right down inter yer vest pocket fur half yer week's wages to help pay fur de coffin an' odder expenses. If you meet a feller man who am out of wood an' meat an' flour an' has a broken arm to excuse it, doan' pucker yer mouth an' tell him dat de Lawd will purvide. De Lawd doan' furnish purvishuns fur dis market. Instead of droppin' a tear of sorrow on de doah step, step aroun' to de wood yard an' de grocer's an' lay down de cash to feed an' warm de family fur a fortnight.

"When I meet a leetle gal who has lost her doll baby, or a leetle boy who has stubbed his toe, I take 'em up in my a'ms an' wipe deir leetle noses an' sot 'em down wid a handful of peanuts. When I meet a widow who am out of wood, an old man who has bin turned out of doahs, or a workingman whos' home am under de shadder of death, I doan' lean on de fence an' look to Heaben fur relief. If I'ze got a dollar I han' it out. I lend it or give it or make 'em take it, an' if Heaben does anyfing furder dat's extra. When you read dat it am easy to speak kind words, jist reflect dat it am also de cheapest way in de world to help a naybur. Turnips am quoted at forty cents a bushel; kind words have no walue in de market. Let us now attack de reg'lar order of bizness."

ELECTION.

The Chairman of the Committee on Membership reported that owing to the illness and absence of most of the committee only two names were ready to report on, being those of Col. Anderson Hawkinsberry, of Winchester, Va., and Elder Bluffem Downer, of Miron Mills, Md. The ballots were prepared and both candidates suddenly elected.

A COLLECTION.

Elder Duraff Smith asked the floor for half a minute and said that he was in receipt of a letter from the Rev. Dodo Bolivar, of Franklin, Tenn., asking him to request Brother Gardner to take up a collection in the club to help the colored church in that city put a spire 150 feet high on their church.

"De colleckshun shall take place," replied the President, and Pickles Smith was asked to carry the hat. When he had made the rounds the hat was found to contain no more than it started with, and Brother Gardner handed it back with the remark:

"I see befo' me at least fifty members who owns pews in our church, but de result of dis walk around wid de hat does not astonish me. My own opinyun am dat church spires are put on to make up fur what congregashuns lack in religun. A man who can't praise God on Sunday in a church without a spire had better give up his pretense to Christianity. If dat Franklin Church wants wood, lights, Bibles or hymn books Ise got a dollar to chip in. If it's a spire dey want dis hall am a poo' place fur colleckshuns."

SCIENTIFIC.

The Secretary acknowledged the receipt of a communication from Richmond asking for a list of the scientific studies being pursued by members of the club, and he was instructed to reply to the effect that the rise or fall of ten cents in the price of a bushel of potatoes concerned the colored people of the North far more than the coming of comets. the laws of gravitation or the philosophy of sound.

A DARK SHADOW.

Canestoga Johnson, of the Committee on Hereditary Privileges, arose with business in his eyes and announced that he was ready with his monthly report. Two weeks since his committee had been informed of a dastardly attempt to wrest one of the most cherished hereditary privileges from the hands of the colored race, and he had been sent to Memphis to secure all particulars. He was now ready to report that a white man in that city had invented and brought out a machine known as "The Dead Give-Away." It was an explosive torpedo made up to resemble a spring chicken, and its position on the roosts at night was so natural that a person who had eaten 10,000 hens would be deceived It had been brought out on the quiet and before the colored population of Memphis knew what was up, the place was full of shattered constitutions. Large orders had poured in on the inventor, and one firm in Detroit had telegraphed for 3,000. In six months every henroost in America would have its torpedo chicken, and the 6,500,000 colored people might as well prepare for a change of diet, unless something could be done. He would urge prompt and speedy action. Every day of delay put fifty additional torpedo chickens on the market.

"I have nebber said dat de cull'd people war' eben de wictims of suspishun when a hen roost was robbed," replied the President, "but yet it seems to me dat dis torpedo bizness orter be squelched. Dey may accidently go off an kill all de hens; dey may blow up leetle chill'en who go out arter de eggs; dey may 'splode while we am whitewashin' de fence; dey may git mixed in wid de poultry at de market, an' be de means of separatin' fond husbands an' lovin' wives. De committee on hereditary privileges to take such axshun as am deemed best."

THE WEATHER.

The Weather Bureau has decided on the following weather for the ensuing week:

Sunday—Clams come out of the water early in the morning and stay all day.

Monday—Nature has got over smiling.

Tuesday—The fading leaf begins to fall, and there's enough frost on the doorstep to slip the old man into the ditch. Autumn is here, so are we.

Wednesday—The old towel on the clothes-line—the fading burdock—the dying sunflower—the despondent drone of the bumble bee warn us that the end is near. Begin to steal your wood and hook your potatoes.

Thursday—Areas of rain. Don't get mad because your calf pasture can't have the whole of it.

Friday—Most too cold to go barefooted, and not warm enough for Arctic overshoes. The croak of the buzzard is a reminder that we cannot live always. Dollar stores run short o diamonds.

Saturday—Alas! how fast the flight of time! Time now to gather autumn leaves. Fifty-six barrels of them will bed a 2 year old colt through the winter. The curtain falls on a mournful wind shaking down cast iron apples and upsetting ash-barrels.

POETIC CONTESTANTS.

The offer of $25 reward for the best poem of three verses on the watermelon is stirring the songsters throughout the country, and twenty eight poems have already been received and filed.

MORE VILLAINY.

The Janitor reported that he had just unearthed another villainous plot to work harm to the club, if not injury to life and limb. Some unhung villain had secretly entered the hall and removed the quicksilver from the thermometer and replaced it with a drop of lard oil. The Janitor had used up three old barrels, two boxes and a heap of wood in trying to raise the temperature to 106 degrees, and it was only after the legs of the stove began to turn red that he cast about to discover the cause of his failure.

Giveadam Jones offered the following:

"Resolved, Dat any pusson who will steal de inside of a thermometer am base 'nuff to rob graves, an' dat the sum of $20 am hereby sot aside as a reward fur de diskivery of de said hyena in wolf's clothin'."

The resolution was promptly seconded by Trustee Pullback, Jerusalem Smith, Kyaun Johnston, and others, and after being unanimously adopted the meeting was hung up to dry for one week.—M. Quad.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

A Diary of Their Proceedings.

London, Oct. 5.—Benjamin Scott Chamberlain, of London, author of several important antiquarian works, writes to the Times suggesting a practical method of giving an enduring proof of English good will towards America by an act which would exceedingly enrich the Americans. There is in the Bishop of London's library, at Fulham, a manuscript in the handwriting of Governor Bratford, one of the leading Pilgrim Fathers, who in 1620 landed at Plymouth Rock, Mass., giving a diary of the proceedings of the pilgrims, and containing the compact on the constitution out of which rose the federation now termed the United States. The document was captured by a British soldier during the American War of Independence from an old Dutch church in Boston, Mass. As very many Americans consider the document a very Book of Genesis of their nation, Mr. Scott has suggested that in token of the deep sympathy of England with America in her national sorrow, and England's desire to forget the conflict of a century ago, now attracting attention at Yorktown, England should present the document in the name of the Queen and nation to the United States.

IN THE FAR WEST.

Recollections of Life on the Frontier.

A NOVELTY IN THEATRICALS.

During the recent engagement of the Old Shipmates company at Whitney's Opera house I observed upon one of the programmes the name of Mr. Hudson Liston, and calling upon that gentleman at his hotel, we renewed an acquaintance formed a few years since, when he was a member of a theatrical company in the Rocky mountains, where a performance was given under the most novel circumstances imaginable.

About seven years since, while in the government service, I was stationed at one of the forts in a Western territory on the line of the Union Pacific railroad. The paymaster had just visited the post and disbursed a liberal quantity of greenbacks when the advance agent of a theatrical troupe made his appearance, and soon had every available spot in the garrison covered with beautifully printed posters announcing that on the following evening the Teller Dramatic combination would appear in the barracks of Company A, Second Cavalry, in one of their unparalleled entertainments. There was no theater building or public hall in the post, but theatricals were such a novelty there that the agent had little difficulty in securing from the officers the use of the barracks. From the moment the bills were posted the soldiers were in

A FEVER OF EXCITEMENT

and expectation, regarding the coming of the troupe as a rare treat.

It arrived on the train at 6:30 the following evening, and at once repaired to the barracks to prepare for the entertainment. The troupe consisted of four men, three women and a little boy, the Mr. Liston referred to being the leading performer. When the hour for opening arrived a detail from the post guard went through the building and removed every occupant to the outside, after which they were again admitted, each one paying an admission fee of $1—no extra charge for reserved seats.

The barracks was about eighty feet long by twenty wide, with the bunks of the soldiers ranging along on each side in two tiers, one above the other. The members of the company occupying the barracks climbed into their bunks where they could lie and view the performance, while rude seats had been arranged down the center of the building for the officers and their wives, civilians and soldiers from the other companies. This large room was packed almost to suffocation by as an enthusiastic an audience as ever fronted a stage. The performance.

TOOK PLACE UPON THE FLOOR,

There being no available staging, and the scenery used was made of cheap calico and muslin purchased at the post-trader's, the regular scenery belonging to the troupe being in such shape that it could not be utilized. One scene in the play was supposed to be the gorgeous parlor of a New York banker, another the cabin of a ship, yet the good-natured audience did not grumble at the striking similarity of the scenes. No one grumbled at the furniture seen in the grand parlor because it consisted of two three-legged stools and a pine box which served as a table, nor at the works of the old masters upon the walls, which consisted of an old vinegar bitters card in a rough pine frame. No complaint was made at the strange absence of trees in the English forest, the real merit of the performers fully compensating the audience for any lack of scenic display.

The hall was illuminated with tallow candles, which cast a sickly glare over the audience. The orchestra engaged especially for the occasion, consisted of a violin, a banjo and a tambourine, being a portion of the wreck of an amateur minstrel company that had flourished in the past, a year or two previous to the date of the present show. It was music, however, of a kind, and served to fill up the time between the acts.

Some of the soldiers had been drinking a little (soldiers sometimes take a drink on pay day), and became sleepy during the performance. I observed several of them lying in their bunks, and was amused to see them, while keeping a sharp eye upon the ladies in the audience that they didn't look, slyly slip off their clothes and crawl beneath the blankets, where a few moments later they lay and snored serenely, entirely oblivious of the performance up in front, or of the wild applause of the audience. One man became so enthusiastic in his snore that an officer was obliged to go to him and wake him up, threatening him with expulsion from the room if he persisted in executing his nasal solo.

The performance gave the most unbounded satisfaction, the applause at times being deafening. When the curtain fell on the last act—or rather when the performers disappeared behind the calico screen—there was no curtain to fall—the post commander called the manager to the foot lights, such of them as had not burned out, and in the name of the officers and soldiers thanked him for the pleasure the entertainment had afforded them and cordially invited him to visit the garrison again should he ever come in that vicinity.

An hour after the performance I happened to walk up to the depot.

THE NIGHT WAS COLD AND STORMY,

and upon the platform stood the troupe shivering and muttering dire imprecations upon their luck, the train upon which they expected to leave having been abandoned and the next train not due until morning. In this dilemma I tendered the company such accommodation as my quarters afforded, which were eagerly accepted, and, while stowing their baggage behind the depot to shelter it from the storm, they followed me to the cabin. The ladies of the troupe and the little boy were all snugly stowed away in my bed, while I disposed of the gentlemen on bear, buffalo and wolf skins upon the cabin floor. Here we lay until almost daybreak telling stories and cracking jokes, and I am free to confess that I never more heartily enjoyed myself than I did with this luckless troupe. I breakfasted them next morning on the best that I had in the store, consisting principally of wild meat, hot biscuit and such coffee as can only be made at a military post, and when I bade them good bye at the train the exacted from me a promise that if I ever again met one of them I should make myself known at once. Mr. Liston is the only one I have since met, and during the time I spent with him here in Detroit we again went over the details of that strange entertainment and its succeeding hardships with mutual pleasure.

WYOMING KIT.

A ROMANTIC RUNAWAY MARRIAGE.

The Daughter of the Governor of Maryland Finds a Gretna Green on the Mountain Top.

Miss Clara Hamilton, the 17 year old daughter of Gov. Wm. T. Hamilton, is the heroine of a romantic runaway marriage which has just come to light. Miss Hamilton has been for several months receiving attention from Mr. John Stanhope, a young man 20 years old, and it was well known to society that a strong attachment had sprung up between the two. It was equally well known that the Hamiltons frowned on the courtship, first because they considered Clara too young to marry, and secondly because of Stanhope's inferior social standing and lack of means to support a wife. The lover was forbidden the Hamilton mansion about the first of August, but the young people frequently met at social gatherings. It was learned that on August 17th they went to Pen Mar, a resort on the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and were married on the topmost peak by the Rev. Mr. Murray, of Westminster. The romantic spot where the ceremony took place is 2,500 feet above the level of the sea and is the highest point in Maryland. After the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope returned to their respective families and no intimation of what they had done was received until last Friday, when a friend of Governor Hamilton discovered a marriage license for the couple on file in the Clerk's office of Carrol county. The young lady was charged with the marriage, and after many tears admitted that she was Stanhope's wife. The groom has made several efforts to see his wife, but without success, as she has been secluded in her father's house here. Stanhope is the son of a canal superintendent, quite boyish in appearance and rather good looking. His wife has $25,000 in her own right and is the favorite daughter of her father, who is very wealthy.

—If the Telegram be correct, Brantford is rather a heavily taxed city. The Telegram says: "We look in vain among the larger towns and cities for a lower rate of taxation than Brantford is blessed with. We are taxed at the rate of fifteen cents on the dollar. Two cents is the rate that prevails in nearly all the places in this section of Ontario."

—The bull dog which remained for three months during the past season on an island below Niagara Fall, being kept alive from food thrown to him from the Suspension bridge, is being exhibited in Canada. It is said he was rescued by a boy who was lowered by a rope 300 feet, and secured the dog to another rope.