The Silver Be

The room was hushed; and the moonlight In broken bands on the garret floor; So cold and damp-the shadows of death Had fallen three hours before.

Oh! she was the child of his old age, And she lay in his arms a-dying; The night-wind crept up the narroy But fled through the window sigh ow stain

Her yellow hair fell in sheaves of gold, fee breathing was hurried and low, Her mother had died a night like this, Just/seven long years ago,

Day by day, with a terrible love, A love that was unavailing, He had watched the light in her blue eyes. Steadily, hopelessly failing.

"Spare her, good Lord, for she must not die His words were distracted and wild; God help him now-for the old man's life Is bound up in the life of his child.

"Father," she cried, with a sudden strength "Look, oh! look at it, sailing there! The good Lord has sent His silver boat— He has heard and answered my prayer.

It came last night, but you were asleep, The windows were fastened tight; held out my arms but it sailed away, sailed far away out of sight."

The old man's eyes were blinded with tears, As they followed hers to the sky, And he saw only the crescent moon In a storm of clouds drift by.

But a light not born of earth or sky Shone now in the eyes of the maiden; "It comes, dear father, it comes!" she cried, "For the weary and heavy-laden.

"I shall sail on through the brilliant stars, To God's beautiful home on high, And He will send it again for you In a little whilo. Good-bye."

The moonlight strayed from the garret floor, The crescent moon sailed out of sight; ut the old man knew that his wife and child Had met in God's home that night. —The Quiver.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES

Well, it was not such a dull evening after Well, it was not such a dull evening after all; neither of them could tell how the time had passed when Ellerton came in to say the last train had been due for some time, and, as Sir Hugh had not returned, would my lady have the house shut up; could it actually be past eleven, and Erle and she still talking about this wonderful story.

story. Fay's cheeks were quite pink when she bade Erle good-night; her eyes shining like stars. Oh, these dear people, she thought, how strange and sad it all was, and yet how interesting; she had made Erle describe this Crystal over and over again. She must be an odd girl, she thought—so passionate and so undisciplined, and to thick sho was limited in the she nd to think she was living with the other one, with the fair hair and the pretty smile; but when she had said this had been no answering smile on Erle's face. "Yes," he had returned, seriously, " I

have often wondered to see them such friends; they are so utterly dissimilar. Fern-Miss Trafford I mean-is gentle and yielding-more like you, Fay; and Miss Ferrers-as I suppose I ought to call her -is so high-spirited and proud. I often wonder how Percy dares to make love to her, but he seems to dare anything." Well, Fay thought about it all when she

Well, Fay thought about it all when she went to bed; she had got used to her big shadowy room by this time; she lay wide awake watching the fire-light flicker and dance on the walls; how odd that people when the dance on the stress so much should each other so much should who loved each other so much should misunderstand each other so strangely; of course Crystal loved this grand-looking Raby, and yet of her own accord she was hiding from him; and Fay thrilled with pity and affectionate sympathy, as she pondered over the sad story. She tried to tell flugh when he returned the next day, but he was too busy, or else unwilling to listen to her. listen to her. "Yes, I know all about it—I never cared

very much for the girl," he said, hastily and then, as Fay looked intensely surprised and then, as Fay looked means the added rather irritably: he added rather irritably:

"I told you we were old friends once, and of course I saw Miss Crystal when I visited at the Grange; she was never my taste—handsome, of course, but one could see she had a bit of the devil in her—she had a temper of her own if you like; and Mr. Ferrers spoiled her the was terribly infatuated — I dareasy he is still — men will be fools sometimes. There, don't keep me talking, Fay; of course every one in Sandycliffe and Singleton knows the story. I am not so sure that it was not wise of the girl to run away after all.'

girl to run away after all." " Hugh must have been very intimate with them all," thought Fay when sho was left alone. " How I wish he were not always too busy to talk to me. Erle says he is sure he is killing himself rushing about as he he does and how for the town of the tow he is killing himself rushing about as he does, and he does look terribly ill. I wish he would see Dr. Martin, but of course my asking him to do so would only make him angry. It is very wrong of me, Iam afraid, her I cannot help longing to know why Aush-1 am his wife-1 have a right to be here. You know me, do you aot, my darling Hugh ?" Poor Fay ! she had her punishment then; for Hugh did not know her in the least, and seemed to shrink from her with horror; he begged her to send Margaret to him - big doe' Margaret and me stand dim angry. It is very wrong of me, Iam afraid, but I cannot help longing to know why Hugh has quarrelled with them so. I don't like to vex him, but it seems to me as read or remember a word of it. It was the shooting pain in his head, he told her; and then he laughed in a way that was hardly mirthful, and said he would try to like to vex him, but it seems to me as though I have a right to know all that his dear Margaret, and not stand ther ike some white horrible statue dressed concerns my husband"-and Fay's throat n grave-clothes "Perhaps when so. " ig happens he will think me older at... tark to me more," sleep. But that night he never closed his eyes, nly exciting him," observed the and yet the next day he would not allow Fay to send for the doctor, though she quietly; and Fay wrung her hands and hurried from the room. Saville found her crouching against the dressing room door, with her face hidden in her hands, and fetched Mrs. Heron at once to coax her away; but Fay hardly seemed to undershe said ; and though she was alone a rosy blush came over her face. begged piteously for permission. Doctors were old women, he said, and Dr. Martin Fay was very sorry when the time came or Erle to go back to Belgrave House; for Erle to go sepecially. It was only the pain in his head that kept him awake and made him so feverish; but towards the evening his she would miss him sadly she knew. They had resumed their old walks and drives. bid resumed their old walks and drives, and Fay paid visits to Bonnie Bess in her
stable, and taught the pretty creature to follow her over the place like a dog.
Erle was sorry to go too; he had grown very much attached to his new cousin. Mr. Ferrers was to join him a little later at Belgrave House and he promised to write and give her full particulars of their visit to Bealah Place. In his heart he had, a secret longing to feel Fern's hand in his again, and to see her bright welcoming smile. "I have been here a whole month," he grumbled, "no wonder Hugh is tired of eyes began to shine beautifully, and he grev y usite lively and talkative. He said he was much better, if, only his head and hands were not burning like live her room. coals ; and that he meant 'if it were fine t drive Fay out in the pony-carriage to morrow, and they would go and call or Margaret, ^b ^c Fay stared, as wellshe might. Did Hugh nean Miss Ferrers ? she asked, timidly.

on ruining his fine constitution. His restlessness and inward struggles were making him thin and haggard; still any fatigue was better than inaction, he thought. Often, after a long day spent in riding over the Redmond and Wyngate estates, he would set out again, often fasting, to walk across ploughed lands and through miry lanes to visit some sick laborer, and then sit up half the night in his solitary study. Years afterwards he owned that he never looked back on this part of his life without an inward shudder. What would have become of him, he said, if the hand of

ecome of him, he said, if the hand of Providence had not laid him low before he had succeeded in ruining himself, body and soul ?

and soul? No one but Hugh knew how often he had yielded to the temptation to drown his inward miseries in pernicious drugs; how in those solitary vigils, while his innocent child-wife was sleeping peacefully like an infant, his half-maddened brain conjured un delirious fancies that seemed to reveal up delirious fancies that seemed to people

The dark library with haunting faces. But he never meant to harm himself really; he would say in his sober daylight reflections he was only so very wretched. Margaret's influence had always kept him pure, and he was not the man No, he would not harm himself; but he vanted more to do. If he could represent is county, for example; but he had lost is seat last election to his neighbor colonel Dacre! If he could travel; if Fay rould only spare him ! And then he shock is head as he thought of his unborn

child. "You look so ill, Hugh," Fay would say

with tears in her eyes when he came up to wish her good by, " I wish you would stay with me a little." But Hugh would only give a forced augh

and say that his "Wee Wile was becom-ing more fanciful that ever, and that he should not know what to do with her if she went on like this." and then, kissing

sue went on like this:" and then, kissing her hastily, and unloosening the little hands from his neck, he would go out of the room pretending to whistle. But one evening when they were together in the library he fell asleep while she was talking to him, and looked so strange and flushed that Fay got frightened and tried to wake him.

flushed that I'ay got Inginence and trac-to wake him. "Come, Hugh," she said, softly, " it is 11 o'clock, said I cannot leave you like this, and I am so tired and sleepy, dear;" and she knelt down and put her hand under his het forehead. But Hugh only muttered something inaudible, and turned his face

away. And Fay, watching him anxiously, felt

And Fay, watching him anxiously, felt her heart sink with some undefined fear, and presently rang for his valet. "Saville," she said, as the man entered the room, "I do not know what is the matter with Sir Hugh to night, he sleeps so heavily and looks so strange. If it were not so late, and I were sure that he would not mind it, I would send for Dr. Martin." "Nonsense", evolvinged her herbard "Nonserse," exclaimed her husband drowsily, for this threat of sending for the doctor had roused him effectually, and he managed to sit up and look at them.

"Why, what a white shaking child yo look, you are not fit to be up so late, Fay why don't you take more care of yourself?" "I was so frightened, dear," she whis pered; "I could not bear to leave you." m sure you are ill, Hugh; do let Savil help you to bed."

help you to bed." "Oh, is that Saville? I thought—I thought—we'dl neerer mind. There is noth-ing the matter with me, Saville, is there?" "No, Sir Hugh; only it is late, and I expect you are tired, as my land said." "Oh, but she said I was ill"-very querulously; "I have never had a day's illness in my life, have I, Saville? Mrs. Heron will know ask Mrs Heron will I

leron will know ; ask Mrs. Heronthink I may as well go to bed and have my sleep out."

And the next day he reiterated the same thing, that there was nothing the matter with him, nothing; only they had not called him at the usual time, and he had slept late; but he had no appetite, and did not care to rise. It was foolish to have tired himself out is he numed. But if Faw ware good and

well. Hugh was very gentle with her, and careful to guard he 'from all impru-dence; but life was 'very difficult to him just then, and he could not always restrict to him instruction and he could are always restrict to him was all she could asy at first; and then she

well. Hugh was very gentle with her, and careful to guard he from all impru-dence; būt life was very difficult to him just then, and he could not always restrain his growing irritability. He was ill, and yet unwilling to own anything was amiss. He scoffed at the idea that his nerves were disorganized; and with the utmost recklessness seemed be no raining his fine constitution. His restlessness and inward struggles were making him thin and haggard; still any fatigue was better than inaction, he thought. Often, after a long day spent in riding over the Redmond and Wyngit, still estates, he would get out again, often fasting to walk score blank the the still and the stere was no improve-ment. ment. If his violence had not banished Fay from

the room his miserable ravings would. The nurses were too much accustomed to such scenes to take much notice of

their patient's wild talk; but the trusty their patient's wild talk; but the trusty old servants, who knew their master's secret, shuddered as they heard him, for his talk was always of Margaret. He never even mentioned his Wee Wife. "Oh for Margaret!" he cried, to give him water to quench his thirst; for he was in torment, and no one would give him drink. Oh for Margaret's cool hand—for Maggie -far his own love Margaret and

drink. On for margaret s coor manu-for Maggie -for his own love Margaret; and so on, and so on, through the long hours of

that fevered dream. How that one idea beset him !

She was a star, and he went seeking her through space till he got lost and entangled in the Milky Way, and revolved madly through the infinite hrough the infinite. She was in Paradise, standing on the iopmost star of the golden ladder, stretch-ng out her hands and calling to him to some to her before the door was shut; and ever as he tried to climb, the fiends came swarming from their pits of darkness, and dragged him down with endless fallings and precipitous crashings, while his Wee Wifie laughed mockingly from the distance.

" Oh for Margaret, Margaret, Margaret !" and so on through the day and through the night, until they thought it must have killed

Those were terrible days at Redmond Those were terrible days at Redmond Hall. The very servants ment carefully about the house with hushed voices, look-ing after their young mistress with pitying eyes, as she wandered like a lost spirit from one room to another, generally followed by the faithful Janet. Erle came down once, but Fay grew so hysterical at the sight of her old favorite that Mrs. Heron was ould frightened, and begged him to was quite frightened, and begged him to go away; and, as he could do no good, he acquiesced very sensibly in this piece of

Mrs. Heron was growing quite unhappy about my lady. Nothing state could say would make Fay cease from those aimless wanderings ; she could not eat, she could not rest, and her fits of weeping seemed

Nothing did her any good until Dr. Martin came to her one day, and, taking the thin little hand in his, gave her his faithful promise that, if the fever abated, and she were stream are the bated.

promise; but one evening the longing to see her husband was too strong for her. Saville had just gone downstairs for something and had left he dressing-room door ajar. Fay, gliding down the corridor

mi-darkness. It was the oriel chamber, and Sir Hugh lay on the very bed where, Mrs. Heron had solemnly assured Fay, many a Red-mond had breathed his first and last breath. It had been found impossible to move him, but Fay did not remember this as she stood with beating heart, not daring to move a step.

It was very quiet and still—one of the strange nurses was sitting by the bed with her face toward the patient; she had not heard Fay's stealthy entrance; the next moment. Fay choked back a sob. that threatened to rise in her throat, for she changed face that. Lay on the pillow; and then, regardless of everything but her love and longing, she glided quickly, to the bey and kissing the wide staring eyes, laid the

"Hush—I am his wife—I have a right behere. You know me, do you not, my

" Sir Hugh never told me he had had a sister," replied Fay, roused to some animation at this. "Was her name Margaret?"

tion at this. "Was her name Margaret?" "Yes, to be sure." But Mrs Heron fore-bore to mention that the child had always been called by her second name Joyce. "Ay she was a pretty little dear, and Master Hugh-I mean Sir Hugh-doated on her she had the whooping-cough very badly and Miss Joy-I mean Miss Margaret was always delivate a could it into accord her always delicate, and it just carried he

"And my husband was fond of her? was the musing reply, " and yet it seem strange that he should go back all thos years and think of his baby sister."

years and think of his baby sister." " I don't think Dr. Martin would say it was strange if you were to ask him, my lady," was the diplomatic answer. " We might mention it to-morrow, and see what he says. You may depend upon it that folk travel backwards in their mind when the fever gets hold of their brain. Most likely he is thinking a deal of his mother and Miss Margaret, for he was always an affectionate lad was Master Hugh." " Dear Margaret! that was what he called her." " Ay, no doubt, precious little lamb. I can see her now, with her curly head and

can see her now, with her curly head and white frock, as she pelted Master Hugh with rose-leaves on the lawn. Now, my lady, you are only fit for bed, and there is

not a morsel of color in your face, and Ellerton says you hardly touched dinner. Now, I am going to bring you up a glass of wine and a sandwich, and you will let Janet help you undress." Fay was too weary to resist. What did it metter she thought around the mitted

Fay was too weary to resist. What did it matter, she thought again; but with her usual sweet courtesy she thanked Mrs. Heron, and tried to swallow a few month-fuls, though they seemed to choke her, but she was glad when they left her alone. Sleep? how was she to sleep, with this nightmäre of horror oppressing her? Again, the poor shaven head was lying in her bosom. She was kissing the wide staring eves. Why had he nushed her from him?

eyes. Why had he pushed her from him? "Oh Hugh, you ought to have known me," she sobbed, as she tossed wearily in the darkness. Janct who was sleeping in the adjoining room, heard her once and came to her biddy and the source and came to

her bedside. "Were you calling me, my lady ?" shi

asked 'No, Janet," answered the poor child. I am only crying because I am so mhappy." "Better go to sleep, my lady," was

Fay laughed at the Doctor's grim fac

"Better go to sleep, my lady," was Janet's sympathising reply; "things seen always worse in the dark; most likely we shall hear the master is better to morrow. Saville says he has a deal of strength in him and will cheat the doctors yet;" and somehow this homely consolation soothed Fay, and by and by she slept the unbroken sleep of youth.

escapade of yours, Lady Redmond, has done our patient no harm," he observed in a half-joking voive-"Sir Hugh is quieter to-day-much quieter. I should not be surprised if there be decided im-

faithful promise that, if the fever abated, and she were strong enough, she should help to nurse him by and by, but it would depend upon herself, he said, meaningly; and Fay promised to cat and sleep that she might be fit to nurse Hugh. She meant to be good and keep her promise: hut one evening the longing to

in her white dress, caught sight of the half opened door, and the temptation was too strong for her; the next moment she was in the dimly lighted room, with her finger on the handle of the closed door. It yielded to her touch at once, and Fay's human was tried to since the day of

ngry eyes tried to pierce through the

to move a step. . It was very quiet and still-one of the

and longing, she glided quickly to the bed, and kissing the wide staring eyes, laid the shaven head tenderly upon her bosom. -"Oh, my lady !" exclaimed the nurse, in a terrified voice, " this is very wrong—very wrong indeed."

CULINARY RECIPES.

HUCKLEBERRY PUDDING. HUCKLEBERRY PUDDING. Make a crust as for tea biscuit. Line the bottom and sides of a pudding dish, pour in one pint of berries, strew sugar and flour over them; cut squares of the dough and lay on this; add another pint of ber-ries, sweeten and flour as before; then put about a tablespoonful of good vinegar into this and cover with a crust with a large opening in the centre and bake one hour. Serve with cream and sugar. A COOD BREAKFAST DISH.

A COOD BREAKFAST DISH

Cut cold boiled potatoes into small pieces, add three hard boiled eggs chopped, a table-spoon of butter, a pinch of cayenne pepper, a cup of sweet milk, season to taste. Heat thoroughly. MINCED VEAL. Take three pounds of cooked yeal, chop

add three beaten eggs, four rolled crackers butter size of an egg, pepper and salt well; press into a crock and bake an hour. When cold turn out and slice down on a platter. It is very nice for lunch.

GREEN CORN PUDDING

Grate a dozen ears of green corn, add on duart of sweet milk, one-quarter pound of butter, four well-beaten eggs, pepper and salt to taste. Bake one hour and a half in buttered dish

POTATO SOUP.

Pare and cut into small pieces four gooded potatoes, boil tender; add a quart of good sweet milk, season with salt and pep-per, butter the size of an egg. Make a dough as for pot pie, cut into small squares, drop into the kettle while boiling. Boil for twenty minutes. Serve while hot.

FRIED TOMATOES.

Hats will be worn with much lower crowns than they were last season. The prevailing form will be the cavalier shape, with low set crown and a wide brim raised at the back and held in place by a bow of satin ribbon. In white felt, with the inside of the brim of a delicate grey and all the trimmings in the latter huc, this style is peculiarly elegant. Toque hats, with the crown high in front and sloping downward to the brim at the back are also shown. A bonnet with the crown and sides in black velvet, embroidered with jet and and having the front in a lattice work pat-tern of jet beads and bugles, was trimmed with three or four exquisite deep pink roses and buds without foliage. Pheasant and peacock plumage will be a good deal used in the construction of bonnets, the former in combination with chestnut brown velvet and the latter with dark green. Select smooth, hard tomatoes, wash and Select smooth, hard tomatoes, wash and wipe but do not pare them, cut in halves and lay the cut side in flour. Melt some butter slowly and pour off-the top, in which to fry the tomatoes, being careful not to pour in the sediment. Let the butter get hot in the pan, then lay in the tomatoes, the floured side down, and watch closely that they do not have that they do not burn; turn as brown. A sauce is by some considered an addition. Put a small cup of milk in the Scarfs of tulle or of gauze are now a good Scarfs of tulle or of gauze are now a good deal worn with the new sailor shaped hats. One end of the scarf is attached to the inner edge of the crown at the back, and it is then wound loosely around the wearer's throat. Sometimes two long narrow scarfs instead of one wide one are employed. These are crossed under the chin and the ends are thrown over the shoulders; but the double scarf is less graceful than the single one. Cream white or pale straw pan after taking out the tomatoes, season with salt and thicken with a teaspoonful of corn starch; when it boils pour it over the tomatoes.

· BAKED DAMSONS FOR WINTER USE.

Choose some fruit not too ripe. To every yound of fruit allow six ounces of sugar. Put the fruit into large stone jars, sprinking the sugar amongst it; cover the jars with saucers; place in a moderate oven and pake until perfectly tender. When cold cover the jar with a piece of paper to just fit, pour over it melted suet about three-quarters an inch thick, then tie the jars down with thick brown paper. Keep in a cool, dry place. eep of youth. Dr. Martin listened to Mrs. Heron's account with a very grave face the next morning, but he chose to make light of the whole affair to Fay. "You hardly deserve to be told that this

STEWED TOMATOES.

The gauze and tulle parasols have wholly vanished, and have been replaced by those in blue taffetas, or in black and white pekin, with the stripes made up around the frame. A very elegant style of parasol is in black taffetas or black satin, painted by hand in one of its divisions with a large cluster of pale tinted roses, with buds and foliage. The parasol is finished with deep ruffles of Chantilly lace. Birds are occa-sionally used to decorate the apex of the parasol, but the fashion is more eccentric than elegant, especially when very large birds, such as doves or paroquets, are thus employed. NOVELINES IN TOILETS. Pare and cut in pieces large ripe toma Fare and cut in pieces large ripe toma-toes, put into a saucepan and stew briskly twenty minutes; season with salt and pepper, a teaspoon of butter and a table-spoon of sugar; stir into this a cupful of grated bread trumbs. Serve while hot

Latest from Ireland.

not be surprised if there be decided im-provement in a few hours, but," as Fay's eyes filled with tears of thankfulness, " if was a very risky thing to do, and as you deserve to be punished for it, I must insist that these ponies of yours, who are eating their heads off with idleness, shall be put in harness at once, and you will please take a long drive that will not bring you within sight of Redmond Hall for the next two hours." The Orange Hall at Plaster, near Dun-dalk, was burned to the ground on the 17th August. Rev. Thos. Fullerton, late of Dromore

A costume lately remarked at Trouville county Down, is in custody charged with orging a cheque on the Belfast Bank for was in an entirely novel style. It was composed of a long polonaise, or rather princess cut dress in white volle, slightly draped, over a plaited skirt of the same material. It was bardered all round with At Dublin on the 13th Aug. a discharged

soldier cut the throat of his sister and then his own, both dying on removal to the hosmaterial. It was beraered all round with a worsted lace of a telegram blue color and of a Gothic pattern, having long points in the upper edge, which they let into the material, thus forming deep scollops bordered with the later. The sleeves were objected to the above and more facility. oital

Fay laughed at the Doctor's grim face, but she was ready to promise him obedience if Hugh were better; she was quite willing to take the drive; she rang and ordered the ponies at once, and took the rains in her own hands. The fresh spring sunshine was delicious; the soft breezes seemed laden with messages of hope. Dr. Martin was right when he ordered that drive. Fay's little nale face looked here wire the The minutes of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church for 1887 show that 719 members attended the last leeting The Ennis Board of Guardians have

shirred to the elbow, and were finished with full ruffles edged with the lace. The was right when he ordered that drive. Fay's little pale face looked less miserable as she restrained her ponies' frolics. She found herself listening to the birds and noticing the young spring foliage with her old interest as they drove through the leafy lanes. Fay had just turned her ponies' heads towards a winding road that led traight to the abars when the field. The Ennis Board of Guardians have passed a resolution strongly condemning the dastardly and diabolical attempt to blow up the West Clare Kailway bridge. William Carruthers, manager of the Ulster Bank at Monaghan, has been com-mitted for trial at Armagh, charged with forwing 5 bills amounting to the total of corsage was also shirred in front in full narrow plaits from the throat to the waist. From England comes a new and artistic dea for ladies' dress, which is to wear collets in white or in black taffetas painted toilets in white or in black taffetas painted by hand with designs of flowers in water color. One of these dresses, which was simple in style, but elaborately painted was in white taffetas, the skirt covered with four gathered flounces pinked at the edge. Each flounce was bordered with a garland of wild roses painted in water colors. A very wide sash of the same silk rging 95 bills, amounting to the total of

Three persons have been drowned in Lough Corrib while on a boating excursion, viz.: Professor Thompson, Galway; Mr.-Kinkead, son of Dr. Kinkead, Galway; and Mr. Roberts, son of a clergyman at Onghterard

While Mr. Tweedy Scott, a Scottish gen

While Mr. 1 Weedy Scott, a Scottish gen-tleman visiting scome friends at Belfast, was endeavoring to enter the cave of Cave Hill, near Belfast, the other day, he missed his foothold and fell 40 feet, sustaining shocking injuries, from which he is not

he grumbled ; " no wonder Hugh is tired of

me by this time Fay was rather surprised then to receive

Fay was rather surprised then to receive a letter from him two or three days after-wards telling her that Mr. F'errers' visit was indefinitely postponed. "Everything has gone wrong," he wrote;

" and the fates, those mischievous cross-grained old women with the one cyclic tween them, are dead against us. " I went over to Béulah Place the dirst evening just to reconnoitre, and was much

evening just to reconnoitre, and was much digensted to hear that Miss Davenport-Miss Ferrers I mean, only I stick to the old name from habit-was nursing one of her pupils with the measles. The little rated of any one else; and there she is in the curate shouse kept in durance vile; and, to make matters, worse, there old name from habit—was nursing one of her pupils with the measles. The lattle rated_it is a box had refused to be nursed by any one else and there she is in the curate's house kept in durance vile; and, to make matters, worse, there is some talk of her going out of town, with thems. "I wrote off to the Grange at once, and Miss Ferrers answered me. Her brother

Miss Ferrers answerd, me. Her brother would defer his visit for the present, she said, until Miss Davenport was back in ner old quarters. He actors. He was much disappointed, at this delay; but he was satisfied of course, at this delay, but he was satisfied to know that she was in good hands, and he was used to disuppointments. I did feel so sorry for the poor old fellow when filled avith lively descriptions of a ball where he had met Miss Selby, and danced with her half the night. ith her half the night. Fay shook her head over this part of

Erle's letter. He was an incorrigible flirt, 1 Erle's letter. He was an incorrigible flirt, 1 she was afraid; but she missed hisa very-much. The old Hall seemed very quietmuch. The old Hall seemed very quiet-without Erle's spring footsteps and merry whistle, and somehow Fay was a little quieter too

For a change was passing over Hugh's ee Wife in those early spring days. With the new hope there came a new and tender expression on her sweet face. A She grew less child like and more

And Hugh, speaking thickly, like a dranken man, said, "Yes, certenly! and why not?" and he would ask Margaret to

why not ?" and he would ask Margaret to go, with him to Shepherd's Corner to. morrow, and see Tim Hartlebury, who was lying dying or dead, he did not know which ; but a propos to the Sudbury politics, and the old Tory member, Lord Lyndhurst of Lyndhurst, at whom the Radical merty, with the publican of the "Green Drake" at their head, had shield rotten eggs, would Lady Redmond assure him that the Grange was not infested with serpents. The old hydra-headed reptile had lived there in his fether's time, and, there was a young brood left, he heard, that were nourished on Margaret's roses. No, he reneated, if there

xcitedly.

very much, called out to Saville to con quickly, for Sir Hugh was talking so funnil she could not make out what he meant And Saville, as he stood and held his "master's hands, thought his talk so very

soon cleared. Sir Hugh had brain fever; and that night Ellerton and Saville had to fold him down in his bed to prevent him throwing himself from the window. He very nearly did it organist did it once in the cuming of his madness, when they left him unguarded for a moment; and after that they had to strap spiration.' when they teft him

moment ; and alter, that they had to the him. down. They had taken his Wee Write from him almost by force ; she had clung to him so —her poor mad High, as she called him. But Mrs. Heron took the distracted young She grees less child-like and more creatine in her motherly arms when Dr. be Sir Hugh thinks about the little sister womanly, and day by day there grew a Martin brought her downstairs, and who died when he was a lad at school, and certain modest dignity that became her soothed her as though she were a child. of whom he was so fond."

Ferrers stepped into the road. "Oh, Lady Redmond," she said, and Fay wondered why she was so pale. Had she been ill too? "This is a most unex-pected pleasure. MayI—may I"—hesitat-ing for a moment, "ask you to stop and speak to me?" "Certainly," returned Fay; and with quick invulse she handed the mine to the state.

"Certainly," returned Fay; and with quick impulse she handed the rains to the groom, and sprang into the road. "Take the ponies up and down, Ford; I shall not be long. Lyas just going down on the beach for a breath of sea-air," she coninued, turning to Margaret, " and I am so glad I have met you, because we can g together," for she thought Hugh woul

You had better go, my lady, you are certainly not mind her exchanging a few courteous words with Miss Ferrers when they met face to face; besides Miss Ferrers had asked to speak to her. "I wanted to know-but of course 1 see nurse

by your face-that Sir Hugh is better," began Margaret, but her dry lips would hardly fashion the words. "Oh yes," returned Fay, eagerly. "Dr

(To be continued.)

t were possible that he could mean any-hing so terrible, and then, perceiving no elenting in the face above him, he turned

in his tracks like a flash, and ran home with all the swiftness his little legs could

Royal weddings ought to be numerou

within the next few months. Recent statistics point out that there are now in

Surope 108 princes and sixty-six princesses f marriageable age. Only six of these are

Celery, parsley, thyme, summer savery

sage, etc., should be dried and pulverized and put away in glass jars for use next

mpass .- The Argonant.

trothed.

A Terrible Threat *

en.

stand their meaning; her face had a white, strained look upon it as Mrs. Heron put her arm round her and led her tenderly to "Oh yes," returned Fay, eagerly. "Dr. Martin says he is quicter, much quieter, this morning, and he hopes to find de-cided improvement in a few hours; oh; Miss Ferrers, its has been such a terrible time, I do not know how I have lived through it." "It must have been dreadful for you, and your are looking ill yourself, Lady Redmond," with a pitying glance at the small white face that looked shaller and thinner since she saw it last.

CHAPTER XX. " LITTLE JOYCE." "LITLE JOYCE. J In the craft fire of corrow Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail, Let thy heart be firm and steady, Do not let thy spirit quail; But wait till the trial be over And take thy heart fars, For as gold is tried by fire, A heart hust be tried by pain. Adelaide Anne Procte

small white face that looked smaller and hinner since she saw it last. "I do not know how I have bdet," returned Fay, simply. "I seemed to have no feeling, the time passed somehow, it was always meal-time, and one could hot cit, and then night came, but it was not alvivs possible to sheen. I was always wander. "Oh, my lady, what will Dr. Martin say?" exclaimed Mrs. Heron, as she almos lifted her young mistress on to the couch and stood over her rubbing her hands. It was a warm April evening, but Fay was shivering and her teeth chattering as though with cold. "What does it matter what he says?" possible to sleep. I was always wander, ing about, and it did not seem easy to pray, and then they came and told me it was wrong to grieve so, but how could I help 4 m

returned Fay; the girl's lips were white and there was still a scared look in he eyes. "Is that why they would not let m "Was there no one to come to you, to be with you, I mean ? but Fay shook her yes. "Is that why they would find his hair bee him - because they have cut off his hair her as unlike himself, and head

ecause he talks so strangely ?" "Yes, my lady, and for your own good and because-" but Fay interrupted her

An Irish laborer in Boston was starting An Irish laborer in Boston was starting outone morning for his work and a small boy of 3 or 4 years insisted on trotting along after him. The father kept telling the dirty little morsel of humanity to go back, but the urchin kept steadily on, until they came to a place where it was necessary to cross the street. Here the father turned to his offspring, with an air of once peaking a great finality. "Now, Patsy," he said, sternly, " if yez don't be afther goin' straight away home this blessed minute I won't niver git yez on the police ' My good ? as though anything could lo me good while my darling husband uffers so cruell. Oh, Mrs. Heron, would ou believe it ? he did not know me : he looked as though he were afraid of me his own wife: he told me to go away and not touch him, and to send Margaret? Oh," with a sort of restless despair in her voice, "who is this Margaret of whom he

Mrs. Heron's comely face paled a little with surprise-as she told Ellerton after wards, she felt at that moment as though a feather would have knocked her down. "My beart yra in wr moeth" the about

heart was in my mouth, "she observed, feelingly, "when I heard the pretty creature say those words, 'who is this Margaret of whom he always speaks.' Oh, I was all in a tremble when I heard her, and then all at once I remembered Miss Joyce, and the came to me as a sort of inspiration."

Lo you know who he means?" continued , languidly. Indeed, my lady, there is no telling. eturned the good housekeeper, cautiously "it is often the case with people in feve that they forget all about the present, an

Winter.

Erozen Meats in Siberia. precautions are required fe" the The presentions are required its the rescription of beer, for it takes can of itself. Nearly all butchers kill at the egiming of cold scather a sufficient num-er of animals to furnish provisions for the

Oughterard.

likely to recover.

entire winter and allow the meat to freeze. There is no fear of any food changing iff such a temperature. The fish become so Increase in the second second

avv. Often fruits preserved in ice are "placed"

Often fruits preserved in ice are placed apon the table of the Siberian evening meal, the method of keeping them being similar to that employed with meats. As soon as the severe cold sets in they arey exposed to the air, if possible toward the north, where there is no sun to reach them; they thus become completely frozen. When eaten they are found to have retained their flavor marvellously. notwithstanding they thus become When eaten they are found to have retained their flavor marvellously, notwithstanding their change from a frozen rigidity to the thawed state necessary for use. At the moment of being served they are usually as moment of being served they have to fall, moment of being served they are usually as hard as wood, and, if they chance to fall, rattle like stones upon the floor. The heat of the room gradually solvens them and assume their original form, -- Youth's Coni-

and the second

A Suggestion.

A Dallas lady was giving her daughter istructions in etiquette and how to acquire husband. usband. If a gentleman enters the room eti-

iette d nette demands that you arise from your eat and advance a few steps to meet him, with a bright, sunny smile." mands th But suppose no gentlemen ever, come into the room?

"Then of course you don't change your position; you remain just as you are."--Harper's Magazine.

Applying a Text.

Synday School Teacher-" You seem to emember what Eve was told would be the Sinday School Teacher—"You seem to remember what Eve was told would be the penalty of her disobedience, but I don't think you quite understand it. Now, in 'a family, who 'is called the head of the house? Little Girl—Theone who does the bossing; the one who directs its affairs. Teacher—Now, who does? Little Girl— Mamma. Teacher—Well, she directs the servants; but who sometimes makes her do things she don't want to very much? Teacher—I.do.—OmaheWorld. afther goin' straight away home this blessed minute I won't niver git yez on the police force." The little frish mite stopped as if a spell had arrested his footsteps. He looked up at his stalwart father, to see if

Business Dull.

Clefgyman-How is your health' this ummer? I trust you have been well durimmer? I trust you have been well du immer? I trust you have been well du g the sultry weather ? Undertaker—Pretty well, thank you. Clergyman—And how is business? Undertaker-Poor, poor. I haven't aried a living soul for weeks.-Lowell itizen.

The Venetian gondoliers have spruck,

pieting to a night service lately estabthe labor market in venice is in rather a disturbed condition, for the bakers are out on strike and the waiters threaten to follow suft.

the bald head.

garland of wild roses painted in water colors. A very wide sash of the same silk was looped at the back of the skirt and was painted to correspond, the garland running through the centre of the sash. The corsage was cut open in a V sliape, and had a spray of wild roses painted at one side on the flat bias folds of silk that edged the opening ged the o Carnegie's Scottish Purchases. It is announced that Mr. Andre

The trees were raised on broken portions of the farm, too rough for tillage, and were cut nine years ago. They were planted at intervals since 1830, the average age of the trees being about fifty years. The manages ment which they received is not stated. On measured portion it will be perceived t the annual profit per acre on the the measured portion it will be perceived that the annual profit per acre on the growth of the trees, not including interest, was 532. As this result appears to have been obtaiged from rough hand which was not subjected to celtivation, it, would be interesting to know what could be had from coad, well enlisted accound. The area out wer hig yars ago is how cover d with a axumati growth of hand one young trees hich have sprung up from the cuttings.

FEMALE KLEPTOMANIACS.

How Women in Polite Society Get the Best of Tradesman and Frend.

of Tradesman and Find. The world would be surprised to know how many kleptomaniacs there are in polite society. A well-known dry goods man' says he has a customer who steals about as regularly as she purchases. He makes out a rough estimate of her pilfer-ings, and the bill is never disputed by her husband, who knows too well that the demands are just. There is a young mar-ried woman in one of the wealthiest fami-lies, who can spend a fortune a year on little things, and yet she will pick up and appropriate the merest trifles. She

little things, and yet she will pick up and appropriate the merest trifles. She despoils her friend's parlor of small arti-cles. A work-basket is a happy hunting ground for her. On an easy calculation she must have one hundred pairs of scis-sors. In any of the houses where she habitually calls, if needes, threads and thimbles are miss ng, ne inquiry is heard: "Has Mrs.— bee, here this morning?" A Broadway baker, to whose shop it is the custom for ladies to go to lunch con, has the family of this kleptomhniac among his customers. He makes out his monthly bill for all that he leaves at the house, and then puts in the mysterious

and then puts in the mysterious charge: "Lunch loss, \$25." She is in the habit of going to the Broadway establish-

ment, eating a couple of dollars' worth, and then greeting the cashier with an inventory of 50 cents' worth. She will smilingly

then greeting the cashier with an inventory of 50 cents' worth. She will smilingly point out doughruts and crullers and an occasional ginger snap as having formed. her meai; whereas, she has steadily eaten her way round the shop, munching 10 cent tarts and 15 cent eclaires. It would never do to let her loose in the wine cellars, as the trusting Dublin restaurant keepers do with their customers. There are many places in honest old Dublin where you take your glass and go by yourself to the moldy old cobwebbed cellar, surrounded by cashs on whose aged head you can read the legend of their vintage. You make your selection, help yourself, go back to the sinn-ple landlord in the little tap room above stairs, tell him what you have drunk, have a settlement, and go your way. Our New York young lady would spend an afternoon sampling, come up plum full of Lachrynna Christi, and tender the deluded boniface the price of one glass of cider.

Christi, and tender the deluded boniface the price of one glass of cider. A dressmaker was telling of her troubles. A wealthy lady was shown into a parlor, the other day, and left for a few minutes to herself. Just before this visit another.

the other day, and left for a few minutes to herself. Just before this visit another customer had bought some rare lace to use in the manufacture of a ball dress. This was carelessly thrown into the upper drawer of a cabinet. When, a few minutes later, it was brought to the workroom, the forewoman sent word that the quantity was insufficient for the design, and the owner was notified. The lady came promptly. She had measured the, lace herself, bought it herself, and if there were the yards to the bad, it had been taken in the house. But that was impossible, urged the dressmaker, as no one had been in the employees. "Say no more," laughed the owner of the lace. ... "We know, where the lace is, if Mrs-has been in its neighborhood." The poor dressmaker, had her cycs opened to many a petty loss since the kleptomaniac had favored her with her custom, but she had a good deal of nerve. She took the remnant of lace and rode in a Fifth avenue stage to Fiftieth street. She was admitted, to the angest presence on the thouse

stage to Fiftieth street. She was admitted to the august presence on that August afternoon, and she said she thought—in fact, she knew—five yards of lace belong-ing to Mrs. Smith had been inadvertently

wrapped up with the pieze of Mrs. — dress; that Mrs. — had carried it away to have a hat made from, because Mathilde, her purchase clerk, had been in the room of the parlor and seen Mrs. — gather up the new first seen for the second second

of the parlor and seen Mrs. — gather up the pieces of silk and lace, of course, wholly by mistake. So the thief, professing astonishment at her carelessness, went off and found that such an accident had really occurred, handed over the lace, that there the matter ended.—Nac York Letter.

Timber Profits.

Timber Profits. An Albany correspondent of the Garden-ers' Month's gives the actual amount of timber grown on the farm of I. G. Smock, of Holmdel, N.J., one portion of which, containing thirty-seven hundreths of an acre or fifty-nine square rods, produced 1.406 five holed fence posts, which sold at 40 cents each; 159 smaller posts at 15 cents each; and 250 stakes at 5 cents, amounting to \$597.40, or at the rate of \$1,014 an acre. Other portions of the farm gave 4,000 posts at 40 cents each or \$1,606, besides smaller amounts." The cost

of cutting, dressing and boring is not stated.

FALL STYLES.

What will be Worn by Ladies on their harming Little Heads.

(From Galignani's Messenger, Paris.)

(From Galignani's Messenger, Paris.) The milliners, as is usual, are the first to enter the field with new styles for the com-ing season. Despite the warm weather, which renders difficult a just appreciation of hats in felt and bonnets in velvet; and of fur bands for trimming, it must be con-fessed that the new winter fashions for headgear are very tasteful. Velvet, dotted with minute spangles in gold, silver or steel, or embroidered with gold thread and spangles, forms the richest material for bonnets. Bands of astrakhan or sealkin or of curled ostrich feathers will be much used

bonnets. Bands of astrakhan or sealkin or of curled ostrich feathers will be much used for trimming. Felt hats and bonnets in white or pale gray are shown, the former white or pale gray satin ribbon and

trimmed with pale gray satin ribbon and ostrich tips of the same hue. White fel

bonnets with brims in ruby or sapphire vel-vet are very successful. There is but little variation in the shapes of the winter bon-

nets so far. The close capote form, and that with a pointed brim and with flat sides,

maintain their place in popular favor.

LOW CROWNS FOR HATS.

Hats will be worn with much lowe

GAUZE SCARF VEILS.

single one. Cream white or pale straw color are the usual shades employed, but when the hat is in red or marine blue straw

red gauze is used with very excellent effect.

The gauze and tulle parasols have wholly

PARASOLS.

NOVELTIES IN TOILETS.

Advantage of Low Ceilings.

The advantages of low ceilings for dwellings, on account of their beings for dwell-ings, on account of their being more readily and completely ventilated than dwellings that are high ceiled, are now very generally, admitted by builders and sanitarians. The view taken of this matter, from the stand-point of health, is, briefly, that the leakage of air which is abready contact the leakage point of health, is, briefly, that the leakage of air which is always going on keeps all parts of the air in motion in such rooms, whereas, if, the ceiling is higher, only the lower part of the air is moved, and an in-gented lake of foul and hot air is left float-ing in the space above the window tops. To have the currents of fresh air circulat ing only in the lower parts of the room, while the upper portion of the air is left unaffected, is really the worst way of ven-tilating, for the stagnant atmospheric lake under the ceiling, although motionless, keeps actively at work under the law of the diffusion of gases, fouling the fresh cur-rents circulating beneath it. With low ceilings and high windows no such accu-undation of air is noscible for the -toorder to avoid arrest and a criminal prose-cution. The matter was one in which the words "fradulent signatures" and "frand-ulent mortgages" repeatedly cropped up, and was only with difficulty compounded by his father indaw, who did not wish his by his father-indaw, who did not wish his daughter's coronet to be dragged through the courts of justice. Personally, Lord Huntly is a charming fellow, extremely handsome, elegant and with a very winning way about him. His eyes, how ver, are unsatisfactory and unsettled. His sister-has the misfortune to be theinvalid wife of the Earl of Lonsdale—of Violet Cameron fame, while his brother, Lord Granville Gordon, appeared some ciutheen months Gordon, appeared some cighteen months ago before the public as the part proprietor of a disreputable gambling hell, which had got into trouble with the police. Lady Granville Gordon is the well known Bond refits circulating beneath it. With low ceilings and high windows no such accu-nulation of air is possible, for the whole height of the room is swept by the currents as the dats of the floor is swept with a broom. Again, it is inged in-behalf of low ceilings that they possees' the advantage of cuabling rooms to be warned with less ex-penditure of heat and less cost for fuel. street milliner, who trades under the name of Mme. Ivy & Co.-New York World.

Trouble to Come.

The infringers of the Scott Act are hav, ing a lively time in Stanstead, seven of them having been fined last week. Some Fashion in husbands changes same as it Fashion in husbands changes same as it does in everything clse. A spell ago he had to be a coachman to be an fait. Now it is necessary for him to be a Mongolian in order to be in style. Soon the windows of Chinese laundrymen will be so darkened by fashionable girls in search of husbands that it will be necessary to light the gas so that work can go on.—*Texas Siftings*. them having been fined last week. Some difficulty was experienced in proving two of the cases, owing to a device resorted to by the liquor sellers in the place known as "The Cave." The person desiring lighter has to go through a long corridor, when he comes to a wicket in the wall. On making known his wants a hand appears with the desired drink in a bettle. but no face or form is visible.—Missieguoi (Que.) Record.

Had Only One Married.

Brown, who has married the eldest of even girls, tried to quarrel with his mother seven girls, tried to quarrel with his mother in law, the other evening. "Brown," said she, "Lam not going to ruin my reputa-tion by quarrellying with you. Wait till my other girls are married. At present, as a mother in law, Lam only an amateur."

The Pittsburg Dispatch, alarmed by the number of people killed while walking upon the railroad track, calls upon some philan, thropist to form a "Society for the couragement of Track Walking," railroads of the country should form su Society for the Di The society and accomplish the object by abolish ing grade crossings.

One of the most amusing incidents of SE of the most amusing incidents of this non-copyright period, says the literary editor of the New York *Tribune*, is the solemn advertisement of the California adapter of Rider Haggard's "She" announcing that he has sold a share of his dramatization, has copyrighted the same and will_prospecte anybody infringing

and will prosecute anybody infringing upon it. So that if Mr. Haggard attempted infringing o bring out in this country an adaptation of his own book he could

The Latest Dodge.

legally forbidden to make use of his own property.

A ticklish position—that of the fly on

Carnegie is about to purchase Aboyne Castle, the magnificent estate of the Marquis of Hurdly, who passed through New York about a fortnight ago on his way o England. The sale, if it does tak is more likely to benefit Lord Huntl

is more likely to benent Lora Francy, creditors than himself, for there is hardly s square foot of the domain which is no overburdened with heavy mortgages. Then really seems to be a kind of curse restin on this Gordon family, one of the nobles

on this Gordon family, one of the nobles and most ancient in Scotland. The Marqui is the head of the clan. He is so persistently in debt that even his father-in-law, wealthy banker, Sir Cunliffe Brooks, n-law, th

wealthy banker, Sir Cunliffe Brooks, has refused to come forward any more to help him out of his financial difficulties. In 1881 he was the hero of a very painful scandal in London, which involved his sudden resignation of the captaincy of the Queen's Body Guard of Gentle-men-at-Arms, and a precipitate de-parture for the wilds of Albania in order to avoid arrest and a criminal prose-cution. The matter was one in which the