-

The Corn Home from the Mill. Twas a low brown cabin, as if grown up from th ground, For the chinks were filled with mortar, and green noss had grown around.
 All the air was niled with murnurs of the summer bird's last thrill.
 For the autufun leaves had fallen and the corn had gone to mill,
 On the rail-fence seven urchins at once had characterized. had gone to mill, On the rail-fence seven urchins at once had chanced to light, Porched up like so many ravens, only all their heads were white; Laughing, chattering—it were thraldom if they passed one moment still, They were very, very hungry, for their "Pap"

All at once they heard the clatter of the waggon on the bridge, Where the winding waves of Mill Creek drained the ditches of the ridge; Then their glad shouts of "Hooray" all creation

the ditches of the ridge;
Then their glad shouts of "Hooray" all creation seemed to fill,
When they ran to tell their mother, "Pap" was coming from the mill.
All in time the blind old sorrel reined up at the cabin door,
And the meal with glad assistance safely landed on the floor;
And the good wife sweetly smiling, all the cakeman went to fill.

tired or dull, and I don't call that treating on the floor; And the good wife sweetly smiling, all the cake-pans went to fill, For the heart was very thankful that the corn had left the mill.

wife well." " Erle was working himself up into quite virtuous fit of indignation on Fay's behalf ; but presently he became secretly anxious. Before the end of his visit he grew afraid that more was amiss with Hugh than he at first guessed. He had often stayed with him

Supper over, every urchin with a piece of Johnny Went to eat it by the roadside, and the echoes

the to wake is the formation that the centers in the generation of the stayed with him before and Hugh had visited them at Bel grave House, but he had never noticed any sign of self-indulgence. He thought Hugh was beginning to tak the comparison of the days of the stayed with him the before and Hugh had visited them at Bel grave House, but he had never noticed any sign of self-indulgence. He thought Hugh was beginning to tak

The though a vision hashed across him of the days of hong ago, When he, too, through all the summer had to plough and plant and mow; When he made the dreadful scarcerow from the clothes he could not fil. When across the back of "Jorry" ho had packed the corn to mill.

only said he could not sleep, and he migh as well occupy himself. But in reality he never guessed, except in a vague way, the real reason for this change in his cousin. He would have been shocked and startled if he had known the strange Then he thought of one bright being who had wandered at his side. wandered at his side, "got or any wuo had Dropping golden grains in furrows that he fol-lowed on to his behind him, laughing, chat-with her golden curls all lying, he had carried and her to mill.

morbid fever that was robbing Hugh of al rest. He was hungering and thirsting for th

her to mill. And throughout the next long summer how his heart was full of pain, With the thought of all the beauty he could not

sight of a face that, he said to himself, he With the thought of all the beauty he could not the thought of pale hands folded, as he covered up the hills, With the thought of golden ringlets as he rode off to the mill. had better never look on again; his very

made his life intolerable. What a fool he had been to marry, he But the children, laughing, playing, nor the told himself: to let that child bind him

The control is a seen as the control is a seen as a seen as a seen a see

down below ; How he clasped her tight and closely, while she listened very still, Listened to the "old, old story," in the shadow of the nill.

Thus our lives flow on forever, echoes of each

act and word, Will with joy and sad rement¹ $\tau_{R_{1}}$ in the com-ing years be heard. Life is like a false thread winding through the

mystic futare still, We must work an unknown mission, like the waters at the mill.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

CHAPTER XV.

ERLE ARRIVES AT REDMOND HALL. "She hath a natural wise sincerity, A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her A dignity as nameless as the centre."

"What thou bidd'st "What thou bidd'st Unargned I obey; so God ordains; God is thy law; thou mine; to know more Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her pr

are you, Hugh? Your hand is so hot and dry; do stay quietly with me this morning and I will read you to sleep," but Hugh only laughed at her anxious face. "Run away my pet, for I am busy," he would answer. "If you want a companion, here is this idle fellow, Erle, who never did a stroke of work in his life, I believe," and Fay would go away reluctantly. Erle had already grown very confidential with Fay. In her centle way she took him Lady Redmond sat in her " blue nestie." but this bright winter's morning she was not alone. A better companion than her white kitten, or her favorite Nero, or even her faithful friend Pierre, the St. Bernard, occupied the other velver rocking-chair. Outside the snow lay deep and unbroken on the terra e, the little lake was a sheet of blue ice and the sunshine broke on its crisp with Fay. In her gentle way she took him to task for his desultory life. Erle owned his faults very frankly. It was quite true, he said, that he had not distinguished him-self at the university and had been chiefly surface in sparkles of light.

The avenue itself looked like the glade of ne enchanted forest, with snow and cles pendant from every bough; while above stretched the pure blue winter's sky. blue grey, shadowless, tenderly indicative of softness without warmth and color with out radia Fay in her dark ruby dress looked almost

in his usual idle fashion. "What is a fel-low to do with his life? Perhaps you can tell me that. Uncle ought to have let me make the grand tour, and then I could have as brilliant as the morning itself as she sat by the fire talking to her husband's cousin, Erle Huntingdon, who had come down to while away an idle week or two at the old

He had been there for ten days now, and he and Fay had become very intimate. Erle had been much struck by the singular beauty of Hugh's child-wife, and he very soon felt almost a brotherly fondness for the gentle little creature, with her soft vivacity and innocent mirth.

It had been a very pleasant ten days to

no man has any right to treat his wife as a child. Hugh never seems to want to know what Fay wishes about anything. He settles everything off hand and expects her to be satisfied with what he has done; and she is such a dear, gentle little thing that

down to this sort of life. If he could only break away for a time—if he could travel and try what change would do for him; but

He was trying his fine constitution terri-

bly and he knew it. He would tire himsel

out riding over his estate, and then sit up over his letters and accounts half the night,

till his brain seemed stupefied, and yet he

had no wish for sleep. Erle told him he looked haggard and ill, but Sir Hugh only laughed at him; there

was nothing the matter, he said carelessly

known there as a boating man; but he had been extremely popular in his college. "It is all very well," he grumbled, as he sat in

Fay's boudoir that morning, talking to her in his usual idle fashion. "What is a fel-

the Engadine and the Austrian Tyrol next

and so

-Lowell

this quiet existence was maddening.

returned Fay calmly. "I was quite right when I said that she was an active young person. And now, about the other one, Erle?" she never objects. It is 'Yes, dear Hugh,' or 'Certainly, if you wish it, Hugh,' from morning to night. Somehow that sickens a fellow. I daresay she is a little childish and crude in her ideas; that aunt of hers "Well," Erle began again, but this tim he utterly broke down; for how was he to describe this girl with her beautiful frank and crude in her ideas; that aunt of hers must be a duffer to have brought her up like a little nun; but she is sensible in her way. Hugh had no idea that she was read-ing the paper for an hour yesterday, that she might talk to him about that case in which he is so interested, or he would hardly have snubbed her as ha did, by telling her she knew nothing about it. She looked so disappointed, poor little thing, there were tears in her eyes; but Hugh never saw them, he never does see if she is a little tired or dull, and I don't call that treating nouth and her soft smiling eyes. He had never found out their color at all. Would

Fay understand if he told her of the spright-liness and sweetness that, in his opinion, made Fern so peculiarly attractive to him. But, to his astonishment, Fay grasped the whole situation in a moment "Oh, you need not tell me, you poo

boo," she said, with a knowing nod of her head, "so it is not the young lady with the go in her, though she does dancelike a bird; it is this other one with the fair hair and pretty smile."

"How do you know, you little witch?" eturned Erle, staring at her with an hon-st boyish blush on his face. "Do you mow that Miss Trafford is poor; that she makes her own gowns and teaches the vicar's little girls; and that Miss Selby, of whom you speak so rudely, is niece to a

"Well, what of that?" responded Fay

"Well, what of that?" responded Fay scornfully, "if your lady love be poor, Erle, you are rich enough for both;" but he in-terrupted her with an alarmed air. "That is, the worst of chattering to a woman," he said, in a lofty way. "If you give them an inch, they take an ell. Who said I was in love with either of them? Do you know my uncle has spoken to meabout Miss Selby?" He says she is a fine girl and Miss Selby? He says she is a fine girl and after his own heart, and he has given me strong hint that an engagement with h will be greatly for my interest." greatly for my interest.

But Fay turned a deaf ear to all this. "And the fair-haired girl with the pretty

mile; if you marry her, Erle?" "In that case my uncle would refuse to have anything more to do with me. No doubt he would disinherit me, as he did his own daughter, and Percy would be his heir. Ah, it is all very well talking, Fay," and here Erle looked at her rather gloomily. "I have never learnt to work, and I should make a pretty mess of my life. It would make a pretty mess of my life. It would be poor Mrs. Trafford's experience over again. And he shook his head when Fay suggested that Hugh should let him have one of his farms. He knew nothing about farming i a little Latin and Greek, a smat-tering of French and German were his chief acquirements. "I should have to turn boatman, or starve. No, no, Fay; I must no gramm were my composite for must not swamp my own prospects for mere sentimental idea. And, after all, Mis

Selby is very nice." Fay was very angry with him when he said this, for she had taken a curious fancy to this Fern Trafford, but Erle would not he was tough, like all the Redmonds, and he had never been ill in his life. If he only slept better he should be all right, but want of sleep plays the very deuce with a man, listen to her; he got up and shook himself and walked to the window, and then very " If I were you I should not touch spirits gravely proposed a game of snowballing in the avenue

or narcotics," observed Erle quietly, "you nerves are a little out of order. You should Fay thought he was serious and expressed herself much shocked at the idea. Hugh would not like it, she was sure; one of the take things more easily and not sit up s take things more easily and the laber." late; one can form the habit of sleep." But Hugh only scoffed at the notion of nerves, and during his long visit Erle saw little improvement. He was thankful, and yet puzzled, to see gardeners might see them. As it was, Hugh had told her he was afraid the servants were not sufficiently in awe of her ever since they saw her playing hide-and-seek in the had with Nero. She confessed that she was very fond of hat Fay did not notice the sad change in her husband. Now and then she would say to him rather timidly, as though she seared

it, though, and had snowballed Nero last year in the Daintree Garden, and Aunt Griselda had not been shocked at all. "Don't you sometimes wish you were back at Daintree?" asked Erle, turning a rebuff, "You are not quite well to day are you, Hugh? Your hand is so hot and

round from the window and contemplating the pretty flushed face rather curiously. "Oh, no," she returned quickly, "how can you ask me such a question, Erle? I could not imagine life without Hugh. Does it not seem strange?" she continued seri-ously, "I have only been married about five months, and yet I find it impossible to magine myself back at the cottage without

Hugh. "Do you know," observed Erle care lessly, as he sauntered back to the fire-place, "that I have been here ten days and must begin to think of my return? If there is one thing I hate, it is to outstay, my welcome. I should be afraid of boring you both if I stayed much longer. Well, what now ?" breaking off in some surprise. "Ah, Erle !" exclaimed Fay sorrowfully, the smiles and the dimples disappearing in a moment. "you are surely not going away enlarged my mind. An, yes! every fellow wants change," as Fay smiled at this, " what does a little salmon-fishing in Norway sig-nify; or a month at the Norfolk Broads? That is all I had last pear. Uncle talks of the Dens lized of the target my set of the target my set. moment, "you are surely not going away vet. What shall I do without you?" con-inued the poor child. "Who will ride and drive and skate with me when you are

"(Why, your husband, to be sure," re-turned Erle lightly, watching her as he spoke. "You have not forgotten your hus-head your naught' woman !! summer, but he travels en grand seigneur, and that is such a bore." Erle was perfectly willing to describe his band, you naughty woman !" Fay never knew why a sudden sharp

people; not that she ever mentions these facts, for she is not a goody-goody sort at A few days after that Fay met with a

The snow had been falling very heavily The snow had been failing very neaving all night, and when Fay went to the window the next morning, she looked out on a white world, and not a vestige of the blue ice could be seen for the drifts that lay heaped on the little lake. She called Hugh to look out with her. "What a pity," she said, sorrowfully; " for we had ached the Romney girls and the "Oh, no, she has too much go in her.

"What a pity," she said, sorrowfully; " for we had asked the Romney girls and the Spooners to come up and skate this after-noon. Erle is so fond of youngladies, and he

noon. Erle is so fond of youngladies, and he admires Dora Spooner immensely, and now " Of course there will be no skating." " " Of course the men could sweep the snow away fast enough," returned Hugh, with a hasty glance at the glorious prospect out-side; there were tiny bird tracks on the white surface, some brown sparrows and a robin were hopping across the snow. Not a breath stirred the laden branches, though they drooped under their snowy festcons. " I dareay the ice would be right enough for a little while; but the air feels milder, and there is danger of a thaw." " Never mind, we will see how it is to-morrow, and Erle shall take me for a walk

norrow, and Erle shall take me for a wall instead. I suppose," a little plaintively, "you will be too busy to come too?" "Oh, yes, far too busy," Hugh assured her, as he seated himself at the breakfast

table and commenced opening his letters Fay read hers—a few notes— and then sa silent behind—her silver urn until Erl sauntered lazily into the room, and ther

she brightened up and began to talk. "I think I will send off a note to the Vicarage, and ask Dora and the others to come all the same, and we will have a nice walk this morning—that is, if you do not mind. Hugh," looking at the handson abstracted face bent over the paper; but she had to repeat her question before it reached Hugh's ear. "Oh, no lit does not matter to me," he

"Oh, no lit does not matter to me," he answered, indifferently. "Ask whom you like, Fay. The Spooners and Romneys, did you say? Oh! by all means, if you want them, "but it may be doubted whether he every heard her thanks as he buried himself in his paper again. The dogs were delighted at the prospect of a walk, when Fay consulted them; so a merry narty started down the avenue merry party started down the avenue —Fay in her furs and little sealskin hat. which made her look more a child than ever, and Erle in that wonderful coat of his, lined with sable, and the two big dogs racing on before them, and ploughing with racing on before them, and ploughing with their noses in the deep cold snow. They had walked about two miles, and were thoroughly enjoying themselves, when all at once Fay slipped. How it happened neither of them had any idea. Fay was sure-footed, she skimmed over the frozen snow as lightly as a bird. Erle never had to offer her any sesistance, he would as scon here thouse

ssistance-he would as soon have though

of helping a robin. It must have been orange-peel, as Fay suggested—only neither of them saw any—but all the same, just as Erle was walking calmly along, striking carelessly at the branches with his dand

and share and Fay chattering and laughing in her usual fashion, all at once she slipped and her foot seemed to double up under her and she sank down comfortably on the snow, only with rather a pale face. It was very awkward and embarrassing a most unfortunate circumstance, as they were two miles from Redmond Hall, and

there was Fay protesting that she did no think she could stand, much less walk and when Erle knelt down to examine the dainty little foot, and touched it lightly Fay turned still paler, and uttered a littl

ray but the next moment she laughed. "I am afraid I have sprained my ankle. It was very silly and awkward of me. It was very silly and awkward of me, and I cannot think how it happened. No, it is not so very painful, unless I try to move. What are we to do, Erle?"

"That is just what I don't know," he returned, disconsolately, looking down the lane, while the two dogs gazed wistfully into

his face, as though they were quite aware of the dilemma, and felt very sorry for their little mistress. "I suppose you could not ride on Pierre's back, you are hardly small enough for that : and with all m goodwill I am afraid I should not succeed i goodwill I am afraid I should not succeed in carrying you two miles—these furs are heavy, Fay—and yet how am I to leave you sitting in the snow while I go in search of help. I suppose," with another look, that only landed him in ploughed fields, "there is not a house near, and yet this is one of the Sandycliffe lanes." "I don't think we are far from the Grange the gringed back back back

the curious old red-brick house we passed the other day. This lane leads to the Sandycliffe road, and I expect we are not a

" All right," responded Erle, cheerfully; " All right," responded Erle, cheerfully; " I can carry you as far as that easily." " Oh ! but we must not go to the Grange," returned Fay, in rather a regretful voice. She was suffering a good deal of pain with her foot, her boot hurt her so, but she would

the oak-settle. Margaret-where are you THE "PUNCH PHOTOGRAPH." oud Complaints When the Conducto Takes a Poor Photograph.

the oak-settle. Margaret—where are you, Margaret?" and the next moment a clear, pleasant voice answered, " I am here, Raby;" and a tall, graceful-looking woman, with dead-brown hair and calm beautiful face, crossed the long hall. Fay seemed to see her coming through a sort of haze, and she put out her hands involuntarily; Margaret's voice changed as she took them. " Ah, poor child, she is faint. Will you bring her into my morning room, Mr. Huntingdon, there is an easy couch there, and a nice fire?" and Margaret led the way to a pleasant room with an old-fashioned bay window overlooking the sunny lawn ays the San Francisco Chronicle. rouble all arises from the fact that

bay window overlooking the sunny lawn and yew-tree walk; and then took off the little sealskin hat with hand that trembled slightly, and laid the pretty head with its softly ruffled hair on the cushions, and then put some wine to Fay's lips. Fay roused herself and drank some obediently and a little color came back to her face "It is my foot, the boot hurts it so," she said, faintly. (To be continued.)

How to Catch Cold. How to Catch Cold. Go to an evening party in a dress suit without putting on heavy underwear to compensate for the lightness of the cloth. Sit in a street car next to an open window. Leave off your heavy underclothing on a wild day.

nild day. Take a hot drink before going out into seen how a train agent passing hurriedly through a crowded car is likely to make errors in describing his passengers on their tickets, and so far from being a "photo-graph" of the holder, the marginal sketch he cold or damp air.

Let the boys romp at school during recess time without their hats.

Sit in the passage or near an entry after lancing for half an hour. Sit in a barber shop in your shirt sleeve

while waiting to be shaved. Put on a pair of thin shoes in the even ng when you go to call upon your girl. Fail to change your shoes and stockings

Fail to change your snoes and stockings after coming in on a rainy day. Have your hair cut and shampooed just as a change takes place in the weather. Wear one of the ladies' new cutaway coals without a chamois or flannel vest

That, however, is nothing to the treatment nderneath.

Throw your overcoat open on a bluster ng winten day to show off your nice new ecktie. Send the children out in autumn for

xercise in short, thin stockings and short kirts Take a hot bath in the evening and sit

plexioned young lady who was punched as an elderly "male," slim and with light eyes and hair and a chin beard. Tourist passengers on the overland trains often derive great amusement from a comparip in your room to finish the last pageso a exciting novel.

Throw off your heavy coat when you each the office in a great Lurry and put son of notes, or, rather, of tickets, but their that they cannot secure return passage on the tickets when they have been wrongly n your thin knockabout. Go down to breakfast without a wrap on

a chilly morning before the fires have got fully started. Put the window of your sleeping-room up before you go to bed, especially if the window is near the bed.

The tendency of the present day is the Run a square to catch a street car and take off your hat for a few minutes, to cool laxity of conversation permitted by many ladies in society in their male friends. This ff, when you catch it.

Go out into the lobby during a theatrical latter evil is one of very rapid growth, and performance and prome has spread in many cases from the married ut your overcoat. Do your back hair up high when you

women even to the girls, who think that they can make themselves as agreeable to the men as their successful rivals, by ave been accustomed to wear it low and adopting the same style and allowing the

go out on a windy day. Take a long bicycle ride and stand for a while describing and showing off the beau-tics of your machine. same freedom of conversation. This, to a great extent, is attributable to the rage for beautiful women, which for some time now has been dominant in London society;

Come in from a rapid gallop on horse back and stand talking in the open air to a friend for five or ten minutes. If you are bald headed or have a very asceptible back, sit during grand oper ear one of the side doors.

A Marrying Market for 100 Girls.

to make her reign as successful as possible until a brighter star arises and eclipses her, permits and encourages that loose kind of The Panhandle of Texas is a body of territory running up at the extreme north-west corner of the State between the Indian Territory and New Mexico. It is now filling up with people, and in Crosby county, where the largest gathering of onversation that is so attractive to many nen. This rage for beauty has been a reat bane in London society for some ime, and has rightly been a source of time, and has rightly been a source of annoyance to the younger unmarried mem-bers of families who hold their position by right, for it is an undoubted hardship for them to feel themselves shelved and neglected by the men in favor of the fashion-able beauties, and some of the sillier of them think that they can improve their position by copying the ways, manners and conversation of these piratical craft. Society has lately advanced a stage further, and the beauties of London society whose ounty, where the largest gathering of opulation is, there is a town which has aken the name of Panhandle. Somebody has started a newspaper there, and in a recent issue of it appeared the following : "Wanted—Immediately, 100 single young vomen who are prepared to re t for a time to come to the Panhandle narry our thrifty young men who have ocated on 640 acres of land and are now and the beauties of London society who ving in dugouts, tents and cabins. We an speak a good word for every one of the poys; they are all noble American citizens xccept one, and he is a little unfortunate n being the son of an English lord. Girls, 'face is their fortune " are now "face is their fortune" are now finding rivals in successful showmen, whose merits as pets of the fashionable world are not properly appreciated in their own country. This same worship of a successful show-man is in close analogy to the latter and more rotten days of the Roman Empire, when the gladiators were the favored ones and pets of the Roman ladies. Society again is open to all who have the cider this is a good chance. Besides this, married life will beat single blessedness every time. In a few months' time the dugouts will be turned into cellars and comfortable houses created when the railroads bring in lumber." There is no place like a new country for the fair sex. There again, is open to all who have the golden key; and if any aspirant who does not happen to have a beautiful face, or to be a every woman is a belle and every good

THE JUDGE'S WIFE.

Her name was Nita Dominique; she was in Italian by birth and just 17. Friendless Much complaint has been made in con-equence of the introduction of a new ticket ystem on overland roads to California, and alone in her case. Yy, she had come to America to seek the assistance of an uncle who had emigrated to try his fortunes some time previously. But instead of being met at the steamer's dock by her uncle she Th th icket given at the Missouri river by the overland agents contains what is called a "punch photograph" of the holder. This was greeted by the sad news of his death, and found herself utterly alone in a land of is supposed to be a complete description o the passenger. Along the margin of the ticket is printed, in a straight column, the This is the story Lucy Keene told to

This is the story Lucy Keene told to Judge Devereux when he called. "But she did not give up," said Lucy. growing more earnest as she narrated Nita's simple story to the judge. "She was determined to earn her livelihood somehow, and as they all told her New-York was already crowded with applicants for every sort of work she resolved on keep-ing on to the country. But her money was spent and the storm came on, and, poor creature, she was worn and wearied

The passenger is photographed on the cket bearing his signature by punching ticket bearing his signature by punching out all the words that are not descriptive of him. If for a male, the word "female" is cut out by the punch; if he is slim, the words "medium" and "stout" are punched; if his eyes are light, the word poor creature, she was worn and wearied out, and, when night came on, she fell fainting at our door and we found her

following words in small, black type:

Male-Female. Sim-Medium-Stout. Young-Middle.aged-Elderly. Eyre.-Light-Dark. Hair.-Light-Dark. Beard-Moustache-Chin-Side-None.

"She is very intelligent," added Mrs. 'dark" is stricken out; and if he wears to beard, the word "none" is left stand-ng, while "moustache," "chin" and 'side" are punched. Now, it is readily Keene, 'and has, she tells me, been edu-cated in an Italian convent. I wish we could find her a situation as governess or content instructions in some cominery or resident instructress in some seminary or school."

Judge Devereux listened quietly, without expressing any opinion. He was a hale, handsome man, somewhere about 40, a rich widower, with two or three little children, often becomes a rank caricature. Even and report spoke favorably as to the possi-bility of Miss Lucy Keene being some day promoted to the dignity of Mrs. Devereux, of Devereux Terrace. Lucy herself, a modest little rosebud of a where the punch-marks faithfully portray the features and figure, the female pas

senger cannot always preserve her good temper on looking at the picture drawn for her. A well-developed lady of an uncertain age is not likely to con-sider it a compliment to be labelled in cold type as "stout" and "elderly." creature, scarcely dared to think of this listinction in store for her, yet Juage Dev ereux's daily visits shed a sort of subdued sunshine on her life. For it was a quiet, received by a Boston girl on her way to California, who was "photographed" as being a "female" of medium build, middle-aged, dark eyes and hair, and a side beard. nonotonous sort of existence, boasting of little variety and less excitement, as most lives are when spent within the precincts of a country village. To this hundrum succession of days and

This description, while containing evidences of careless, free hand portraiture, is not, however, as bad as that of an olive comnights Nita Dominique came like the gor-geous bloom of a fire-hearted cactus in a sober bed of daisies, or a tropic dream, or a meteor glowing athwart the midsummer starlight, or aught else that is new and strange and lovely. Her broken English, like the lispings of a child first learning to talk; her pretty surprise at the manners and customs of the western world; the strong attachment she manifested toward Lucy Keene and her eagerness to assist the widow and her daughter in each and every one of their household tasks very soon en-deared her to them. portrayed by the train agent.-San Fran And even Judge Devereux, the staid.

grave, stately man, grew to notice Nita, and chat with her, and be amused with her

"Yes," he said, one night after he had

gravely sat and watched her for some time, "she is beautiful; and it is no ordinary type of loveliness, either." Lucy Keene looked up from her sewing

and for a moment, one moment only, the crimson rushed to her cheek and a keen

ang seemed to piere through her heart. "Am I growing jealous?" she ques-ioned herself, hurrying away to the soli-ude of her own room. "Jealous! and of

poor, friendless, solitary Nita! Oh, surely, surely I am not so base as that !" But, nevertheless, Lucy Keene drooped a little after this, as a white lily droops when some unseen worm is gnawing at its

It was a week or two after this when

Judge Devereux came into the sitting-room of the Keene cottage just at dusk. The

of the Keene cottage just at dusk. The doors and windows stood wide open to admit the perfumed air and scent of early June, but there was no one in the apart-ment, and, although the judge could hear the silvery voice of Nita Dominique thrill-ing soft Italian barcaroles down in the garden as she wandered by herself he did not turn in that direction, but threw him-self on the sofa in the bay window, where the fluttering musin curtain half con

the fluttering muslin curtain half co cealed him, and, with his hands cross

beneath his head, fell into a dreamy sort of reverie. Probably it was succeeded by something

very like slumber, for when he came back to a consciousness of the world around him, there were voices by the opposite window—

Lucy and her mother, enjoying the quiet

twilight together. "Hark!" said Lucy, softly, after a mo-

Nita singing in the garden? What a thrush-like yoice she has! Mamma, Nita

is growing restless; she thinks she ought to have something to do." "Lucy," said Mrs. Keene, "did it never

tude of her own room.

oots.

findin

m, to Fay especially. who led rather a lonely life.

Erle was such a pleasant companion; he was never too tired or too busy to talk to her. He was so good natured, so frank and ffectionate, so eager to wait on her and do her any little service, that Fay wondered what she would do without hin

Hugh smiled at them indulgently. It always pleased him to see his wee wife happy and amused; but he thought they were like two children together, and secretly marvelled at the scraps of coversation that reached his ears. He thought it was a good thing that I ay should have a companion for her rides and drives when he was too busy to go with her himself, and someho

Bugh was always too busy now. So Fay and Erle scoured the country to-gether, and when the frost came they skated for hours on the little lake.

Sir Hugh stood and watched them once and they came skimming across the ice to meet him, hand-in-hand, Fay looking like a ld rings that loaded them. "How is a bright-eyed bird in her furs.

It was delicious, Fay said, and would not Hugh join them? But her husband shook his head. When other people came to skate, too, and Fay poured out tea for her friends in the dewock devices received to the former but the teach of the state of the state of the former but the state of th in the damask drawing room, he always kept near her, as in duty bound; but he tool no active part in the festivities, and people wondered why Sir Hugh seemed so grave and unlike himself, and then they glanced

ar Fay's happy face and seemed mystified. Erle in his heart was mystified, too. He had always liked his cousin and had looked up at him, thinking him a fine fellow; but he noticed algreat change in him when he fore breakfast." came down to the old Hall to pay his re-spects to the little bride. He thought Hugh looked moody and ill: that he was often irritable about trifles. He had never noticed that sharp tone in his voice before. His Erle cheerfulness, too, seemed forced : and he had grown strangely unsociable in his habits. Of course, he was very busy, with his own estate and his wife's to look after; but he wondered why Fay did not accompany him when he rode to some distant farm, and why he shut himself up so nuch in his study. The old Hugh, he rememin his study. The old Hugh, he remem-bered, had been the most genial of com-panions, with a hearty laugh and a fund of umor ; but he had never heard him laugh

nonce in all these ten days. Erle felt vaguely troubled in his kind-hearted way when he watched Hugh and his little wife together. Hugh's manners did not satisfy Erle's chivalrous enthusiasm. He thought he treated Fay too much like a child. He was gentle with her, he humored her and petted her; but he never asked her opinion or seemed to take pleasure though she were a ball room decoration. I think she seems a frivolous sort of crea-

in her society.

"Why on earth has he married her?" he suid once to himself as he paced his com-fortable room rather indignantly. "He is not a bit in love with her-one sees that in a moment, and yet the poor little thing lores him. It makes one feel miserable to see her gazing at him as thoughshe were worshipping him : and he hardly looks at her, and yet she is the pretiest little crea-ture I have seen for a long time. How Percy would rave about her if he saw her : but I forgot, Percy's idol is a dark-haired goddess." "Why on earth has he married her?" he "All the same," went on Erle restlessly

life at Belgrave House to Fay. She was shrewd little person in her way, and her quaint remarks were very refreshing. He even thought that he would confide in her after a fashion, and hint at & certain diffipang shot through her at Erle's careless re nark

It had never occurred to her simple nind to question her husband's right to seep so entirely aloof from her and to give culty and complication that had come int his life; he was rather desirous of knowing her opinion; but he began in such a round-about fashion that Fay was quite perplexed. She understood at last that he was talking er such fragments of his time. But now as Erle spoke, a dim unconscious feeling came over her that another was usurping his rightful place; that it was her husband who ought to be riding and driving with about two girls, who both seemed to influ-ence him, and for whom he had special lik-ing; but for a long time she could not find out which was the chief favorite. her, and not his young cousin, but in her wifely loyalty she stiffed the feeling, and spoke firmly, though with crimsoned cheeks, like the brave little woman she really was. She grew impatient at last, in her pretty

She grew impatient at last, in her pretty, imperious way, and put a stop to his unsatis-factory rambling style of talk, by asking him a few downright questions. "You are terribly vague," she said, wrinkling her forchead in a wise way and folding her little white hands on her lap; they looked absurdly dimpled and babyish in spite of the brilliant diamond and emer-"Why, you extremely foolish boy," she said, "don't you know that Hugh has something better to do with his time than waste it on me ? You see," she continued, with much dignity, "he has my estate to ook after as well as his own, and it is a arge one, and he has no reliable bailiff." "Dear, dear," replied Erle, with much

emnity. ' And he has to ride over to Pierrepoint person to understand all that rigmarole? Perhaps I am stupid, but you talk so fast, you silly boy, and now tell mexactly what this Miss Selby is like. I think you said on magisterial business ever so often," and here Fay stammered slightly over the long world, but recovered herself in an stant ; " and he visits the infirmary, and

this Miss Selby is like. I think you said her name was Evelyn." "Oh, I am not good at descriptions," re-turned Erle, pulling Nero's long, glossy cars. "She is an awfully jolly girl, plenty of go in her, lights up well of an evening and knows exactly what to say to a fellow —keeps him allve, you know; the sort of a girl who will dance like a bird half the night and get up early the next moring ooks after any of his people who are ill Here Erle again said, "Dear, dear ;" but his provoking smile died away after a glance at her face.

glance at her face. "And," continued Fay, her mouth quivering a little, "you must see how proud I am of being his wife, and must not think that I am sorry that he is able to $^{\circ}$ spend so little of his time with me, for I would not night and get up early the next morning and have an hour's canter in the Park be-

"Ah," in a mystified tone, "she seems a very active young person; but you have not made meesee her. Is she tall or short, have him neglect his duty for the world in the no, no, he is far too good and noble and useful to waste his time on me;" and Fay's face work a superstance of the sup

face wore such a sweet tremulous smile as she spoke that Erle whispered under his breath. "You are a darling," and went out silently, and perhaps for the first time in his life forgot to hum as he put on his furling cost Well, she is not the tall, scraggy sort

"Well, she is not the tail, scraggy sort, neither is she a 'diminutive creature, like your ladyship. Miss Selby is medium height and has a good figure." "Yes, and her face?" demanded Fay with a baby frown, "you are very bad at description, Erle, very bad, indeed." "Well, she is not dark," returned Erle desperately. "not a brunette I. mean; and And Fay, standing alone in her little esperately, "not a brunette, I, mean; and

And Fay, standing alone in her little room, whispered softly, "No, no, my bonnie Hugh, your Wee Wife loves' you far too well to keep you all to herself," but during the remainder of the day she was a little quieter than usual; and Erle missed the gentle fun that rippled into such a stream of girlish talk. He had no idea that every your and than his words came back to her she is not fair, like the other one, she has he is not fair, like the other one, she has rown hair—yes, I am sure it is brown—and ood features. Well, I suppose people call er exceedingly handsome, and she dresses well and holds herself well, and is altogether ow and then his words came back to he ith a little throb of pain, "You have your

Well and holds nersell well, and is stogether i pleasant sort of young woman." Fay's lip curled disdainfully. "I do not think I admire your description much, sir. Plenty of go in her: well, who cares for that? And lights up well of an evening, as husband, Fay." Yes, she had her husband; but would

Yes, she had her husband; but would the time ever come to the girl wife when she should know she had him, but that she could not hold him, when she should learn that he had given her everything but his heart, and cry out against him in that bitter waking that all was worthless to her but that? "Oh, no." replied Erle eagerly, for this o her but that ?

CHAPTER XVI. FAY'S DILEMMA.

Blessing she is : God made her so ; And deeds of week-day holiness Fall from her noiseless as the snow; Nor hath she ever chanced to know That aught were easier than to bless Lowel And through the windows of her eyes

saintly sour. rene, and sad, and sorrowfi sorrowing for lost Paradis Gerald Massey

not make a fuss. "The Ferrers are the only people who have not called on us, and Hugh would not like me to go there.

"Nonsense," replied Erle, impatiently; " Nonsense," replied Erle, impatiently; what does that matter in a case like this. suppose you think that good Samaritan ught to have left his card first before he elped that poor traveller?

Fay tried to laugh, but it was rather an effort. "You do not understand," she said, gently; "Hugh used to know the effort. "You' do not understand," sne said, gently; "Hugh used to know the Ferrers, and he says they are very nice people ; he is the blind vicar of Sandycliffe and his sister lives with him. I do not know whether they are old or young; but Hugh said that he had had a misunderstanding with them, and that it would be very awkward to renew the acquaintance ; he does not wish me to visit them." ""Perhaps not. I daresay the Samaritan

"" Perhaps not. I daresay the Samaritan and the unfortunate traveller were not on visiting terms afterwards, but under the present agreeable circumstances we must certainly avail ourselves of the first shelter that offers itself. Hugh would quite approve of my advice, and in his absence

you must allow me to judge for you;" and there was a slight peremptoriness in Erle's voice, to which Fay yielded for she offered no resistance when he lifted her from the

no resistance when he litted her from the ground with his old playful smile. Fay was very small and light, but her furs were heavy; still, Erle was strong and wiry, and he carried her easy enoughhe actually had breath to joke _whil

the two dogs bounded before him barking joyously, and actually turning in at the Grange gates of their own accord-at leas Pierre did, and Nero followed him.

Erle looked up curiously at the old red brick house, with its picturesque gables and mullioned windows, and then, as he leposited Fay on the stone seat inside the

porch, and was just raising his hand to the knocker, the door opened, and a very tall man in clerical dress appeared suddenly on the threshold. Erle's hand fell to his side, the threshold. "Erle's hand fell to his side and he and Fay exchanged puzzled glances it must be Mr. Ferrers, they thought, and of course he did not know any one was there. He stood with his face turned it the wintry sunshine, and his grand massive looking head bowed a little. The next

mon:ent Pierre jumped up and licked his hands, and tried to put his huge paws on hands, and tried to put his hugé paws on his shoulder, whining with delight. Mr. Ferrers started slightly. "Why, Pierre, my fine fellow, I ought to know that rough greeting of vouve her this?"

greeting of yours by this time; it is a lor time since you have called at the Grange whom have you brought with you, Pierre? stroking the dog's noble head.

forward at once. ". My Erle came cousin, Lady Redmond, has met with rather an awkward accident in one of the lines—she has sprained her ankle, and is in great pain; may I lift her on that comfortable oak-settle by the hall fire while I go in search of help. I am Sir Hugh's. consin, Erle Huntingdon." "Lady Redmond," ejaculated Mr. Ferrers ; and Fay wondered at the sudden

the dauphin to her execution. One or results of the Peterborough Exhibition shadow that passed over her host's fine be the erection of a home memorial of her in the cathedral there, where she was buried face. "Oh, yes, bring her in, Mr. Hunting-don, but we must find a softer couch than originally.

nan is little less than an angel. The showman, with flowing locks and wild appearance, can judiciously get taken up, and is willing to spend unlimited money, his or her success is also ensured — London Saturday Review. ough men of the frontier know how to appreciate the intrinsic excellence of the ex.-New Orleans Picayune.

Printers' Pie.

Affectionate Relations of Three Royal Sisters.

How to Grow Plump.

digested that nourishes the system and rounds the bodily contour.—The Epoch.

Superstition Dies Hard.

isco Chronicle

Beautiful Women as a Bane

for now a woman, if she is extremely lovely, and can get an introduction, is sure to be a star in society for a time, no matter what her position may be, and whether it

entitles her to be feted and made much o

by the great ones in the land, and wishin

A respected olergyman of the Church of England in this city writes: Are you aware of the origin of the word "pie" as used by you printers, I believe for con-fusion in your types. The term is derived either from pinatz, a tablet, or from pica, a magpie. The allusion in the latter is to the varying colors in which the directions or calendar of the Church's service books were set forth. The directions of the It is well known how attached the thre aughters of the King of Denmark are to each other. His Majesty is fond of relating an instance of this attachment. While the Princess Thyra was still unmarried, the Princess of Wales and the Czarina with their children came on a visit to Fredensout on a very early expedition and user, mined to go to his daughters' rooms to bid mined to go. When the father " good-bye." When the father were set forth. The directions of th calendar, which in its simplified form now precedes the Book of Common Prayer, were so complicated that one of the first duties of the Service Books Revision Co mittee in Edward VI's time was to sim-plify them. So involved were the rules that the title by which the body of direcdoor he got no answer, and opening i found her room empty, and on going to the Czarina's he knocked with the same symbol of perplexity and confusion. Hence perplexity and confusion in printed matter has become known as 'pie' — an equivalent originally to ".calendar." Archbishop Cranmer said before the Revision Comresult. On arriving at Princess Thyra's simple bedchamber he found his two elder married daughters had each taken a mat trass from herown splendid guest chamber and established herself thereon in the young girl's room. They were all chattin merrily, but were girlishly anxious to con-ceal the escapade from their ladies-in-wait-ing.—Modern Society.

Cranmer said before the Revision Com-mittee: "The number and hardness of the rules called the 'Pie,' and the manifold changings of the service, was the cause that to turn the book only was so hard and intricate a matter that many times there was more business to find out what should be read than to read it when it was found ut." The famous Mr. Banting, who reduced his weight by more than fifty pounds in one year, found that sugar was the most fattening thing he could eat. Hence, to increase your weight eat cakes, puddings,

European Dress in Japan.

The Court of the Mikado is being gradu lly stripped of every vestige of its Orienta coloring. It was only the other day that the Empress made the European fashion of female attire obligatory on the Japancese ladies admitted to the Court receptions, and the domestics of the palace are now be rigged out in liveries imitated from the worn by the servants of the Imperia household in Austria. Prince Komatsu who has spent the last few months in Vienna, was so taken with the appearance of the Court servants that he asked per mission to have copies made of the differen liveries. This was, of course, readily granted, and the models are now on their way to Japan, where powdered periwig and silk stockings will no doubt before lon be as regular a feature in the economy not only of the Court, but of every household which respects itself, as they are in our own part of the world.—Japanese Herald.

At Fotheringay.

anything to show that the editor is aware that the age of astrology has passed : "I always build my fence when the horns of The Mary Queen of Scots tercentenary besides the exhibition of relics more or le always build my fence when the horns of the moon point up, and stake and rider it when the horns point down; the two draw together, and my fence never falls. The moon should govern is in all our opera-tions. Our school house, contrary to my advice, was roofed in the light of the moon, and last winter nearly all the children onnected with her at Peterborough, has had a quaint dramatic recognition. At the little North Hants village of Fotheringay, the scene of her execution, the other day many hundred visitor's witnessed a serie of tableaux vivants done by ladies of th don experts, depicting the chief sciences in the Queen's life, from her marriage with and last winter nearly all the children-had the measles, and now the roof is leakng badly.

One of th To the novel colors invented for women's clothes of "crushed strawberry" and 'whipped cream" has been added the color of "slapped baby."

strike you that-that Jud beginning to rotice Nita Dominique a good deal ?' "Yes, mamma." Lucy's voice was

changed a anged and constrained now. "Do you think he is in love with her,

" I think he is, mamma.

"But Lucy," said-Mrs. Keene, with a "But Lucy," said-Mrs. Keene, with a listurbed tone, "it is not right. I thought -I hoped-Judge Devereux was growing nd of you."

"Mamma, darling"-and by the sound of Lucy's voice the judge knew that she had left her seat and was nestling close to had let her sea and was nesting close to her mother's shoulder—"it is right. Judge Devereux has been most kind to us, but we must never presume on his kindness. He has never given us real reason to suppose him anidet but a warm formation and warman him aught but a warm friend and ge neighbor, and if he does love Nite Domique she will have gained a true and noble sband.

"I shall never endure the sight of Nita again if she is to take the brightness out of

again if she is to take the brightness out of your life, Lucy," faltered the mother. "Mamma, darling, hush !" coaxed Lucy. "Ought I to grudge poor Nita the one drop of sweetness in her bitter cup?. Come, mamma; don't let us talk of this any more. The piano is open in the back room and I have not sung you the Italian can-zonet that Nita taught me last night." The mother and daughter went away, and when they returned, half an hour later, with candles lighted, the room was empty.

empty. "Lucy," said Judge Devereux, a day or two afterward: "I have been thinking of a pice situation for Nita." "What is it?"

There was no bitter jealougy in the soft eyes she turned up toward his face, only the sweet, friendly interest one young girl might feel in the welfare of another.

"What do you think of her as a com-panion and instructress to my little girls?"

Increase your weight eat cakes, puddings, syrup, honey, candy and pastry, always taking care that it be crisp and digestible, for indigestible food is a chief cause of leanness. New England pie-crust is probably responsible for the appearance of the typical gaunt Yankee." Other fattening articles of food are tender lamb, salmon and eels, milk and cream, corn bread and butter, and those vegetables which grow underground and of which sugar is made-beets, turnips, etc. Boiled or baked nota. "I think Nita Dominique's compan onship would ennoble and improve any beets, turnips, etc. Boiled or baked pota-toes, mashed on the plate and seasoned with salt and fresh butter, make a delicious dish, rapidly fattening. Eat often and very slowly, for it is not the quantity that is eaten but the amount that is thoroughly ne.

"Lucy!" "Yes, Judge Devereux," she rejoined.

"Nita has promised !" "I congratulate you!" she said, with choked accents.

oked accents. "And I think I deserve congratulations. "And I think I deserve congression that i have secured a good governess, ow that i have secured a good governess however want a am not yet content, however

"A wife, Judge Devereux ?;

The following note appears in the agri ultural department of the New York The following note appears in the agin-ziltural department of the New York *Tribune* without a word of comment, or anything to show that the editor is aware Yes, a wife, Lucy, and no one but your respect. My little treasure, I have loven year long and truly—will you trust me with

your heart?" And Lucy Keene's protestations were drowned in the tender accents of her voice

The ar esian well at Pesth, the deepest one in the world, supplies hot water for public baths and other purposes. It is 3.120 feet deep, and supplies daily 176,060 gallons of water heated to 150 degrees

ahrenheit. The Princess Fignatale is now a waiter girl in a second class Vienna cafe. She quarrelled with her relatives last winter and tried life in a London music hall for a bilef period.