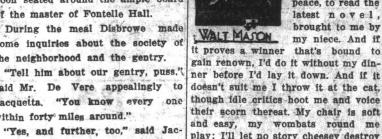


Vere: and the red lips seemed wreathed into a mocking smile, and the ning to whistle. flashing eyes seemed to deride him as they met his. The head was half starting up, shocked at his want of turned, as if she were looking back- thought. "I deserve the bastinado for same wicked; half-defiant; half-laugh- said, as he hurriedly began to arrange within forty miles around." ing grace his tiolet. and quite forgetful of the flight of you," said Frank, seating himself. py to take Cousin Alfred around and reading; when you are tired you quit. time, he stood there and looked at it. "Jack advised uncle to send up one of introduce him. First, there's the and take the nap you're needing, or What thoughts' were thronging the kitchen maids to help you to but that's no matter—and there are queer, your soul he may embitter, but

dark, loathsome pit, at the bottom of Jack's picture. Which would you there's Miss Arethusa Desmond, a miracle of triteness, that made old which, her high pride laid low, she take to be the oldest, now-Jack or limp young lady, on the beanpole pat- Noah quail. You heard old bores rewas to lie at his feet? Did he think Gus?" said Frank.

of it afterward, in the dark days that "Miss Augusta, of course," said Diswere to come, when he knew a doom browe, surprised at such a question. worse than death was hers- that fair, high-spirited young girl, whose bright chuckle; "but she ain't, though. daren't sneeze in her presence. Then my stories printed, with pictures, in face smiled on him from the wall Gusty's only eighteen, and Jack's there is Miss Betsy Boggs and her a book, with covers bravely tinted,



quetta. "And I shall be only too hap- my happy day. And it is thus with Brontes-their real name is Brown, watch the jazzbirds flit. But when a Did he think of the prediction of the you so long. So they've put you in the Star Chamber, have they? There's eighteen for the last five years. Then politeness, you listen to a tale, a tern, with white hair and eyes. Then peat it when you were young and fair; there's Mrs. Flartle, a 'furriner,' the moths have tried to eat it, and whose name in the original Greek is O'Finherty, and who snubs her hus-"I knew it," said Frank, with a band-worthy little soul-till he and trickle down your beard. I like and blurbs where'er I look, Give me





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CHAPTER VI.

the Honorable Alfred Disbrowe stirred not-still he stood gazing on that picture, quite forgetful that he was to sixteen," said Disbrowe. "She cerarrange his dress, and that the bell tainly does not look that." had rung ten minutes before, and that, in all probability, the original

was waiting downstairs, and in no makes her look like a little girl, wear-very sweet humor at that same waiting

A sharp knock at the door startled ing it up as Gusty does."



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twenty, and more, for all I know. She two sisters, all of whom will make a blue or red one, a volume large and looks younger, don't she? But that's dead set at our handsome cousin"- fat; and if it proves a dead one, I'll because she's so small and fair-fair and Jacquetta bowed, and smiled throw it at the cat. long interval had succeeded, but still people always look younger than across the table, in the old malicious way -- " and capture him or die in the

attempt. Think how it would look "Younger! I hardly took her to be when Lord Earnecliffe would read it in the papers: Married-By the Reverend Jedediah Spinitout, Capt.

fancy."

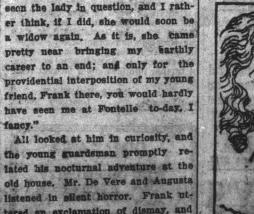
"She is, then, and she makes no Alfred De Vere, late of Her Majesty's bones of telling it, either; and then it Guards to Miss Betsy Buggs, eldest daughter of Simon Peter Boggs, cf Poggs' Hcle, Jersey.' * curls, instead of braiding it, and fix-

Here a roar of laughter from Frank nterrupted Jacquetta. "What a malicious little imp!" hought Disbrowe, inwardly wishing

the wicked fairy ten feet deep in Thames' mud at that minute. "That's all, I think," said Jacquetta, reflectively. "Oh, no! there's Mrs. Grizzle Howlet, an estimably

lady, and mighty pretty to look at, WARSAW, Aug. 6 .(A.P.)-Active who lives over there among the f.ogs military service for all able-bodied in the swamps somewhere. It's not males reaching their twenty-first birthday, has been fixed by law at likely you would fall in love with her, two years. Privates in the cavalry or as she's a widow, and you might ob- artillery, however, have to serve 25 ject to a second-hand wife." months. In case of war all males be-

"Oh, I am not particular!" said tween 19 and 50 years will be drafted. Disbrowe, carelessly, "but I have



old house. Mr. De Vere and Augusta listened in silent horror. Frank utered an exclamation of dismay, and quetta puckered up her ros mouth and-whistled! "The atrocious old hag!" exclaim

d Mr. De Vere. "Good heavens! that uch a den should so long have exsted in a peaceable community!" (To be continued.)

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