

ever only a few minutes, and then Dolores bravely resolved to make her little sacrifice. She ran up-stairs, and, speedily donning her bonnet and mantle, walked across the square to Mrs. Featherstone's residence.

The lady had just returned; she looked surprised as Dolores entered.

"I came to say," began Dolores, crimsoning as she spoke, "that I will do my very best to finish the shawl. I am afraid I can't promise it in time; but I will try to get it done."

"Does it really take so long?" said Mrs. Featherstone, good-naturedly. "I wish I could give you more time. You seemed to think it quite impossible a little while ago."

The blush deepened on Dolores' cheek.

"I did think so, because uncle promised to take me into the country this week. I—I—have thought since I could go some other time."

"You are a dear little thing!" said Mrs. Featherstone, warmly. "I must try to make up for your disappointment. Oh, I have thought of a plan! Would you like to go down with me to Casterton? It would give you plenty of time to finish the shawl; and you are such a quiet little thing, I am sure you could amuse yourself at the Manor."

"I should very much like to go," answered Dolores, her face brightening.

"You see," continued Mrs. Featherstone, meditatively, "your aunt and cousins will be coming down in a week or so, and you could easily return with them. In the meantime my little niece Maudie will be delighted to have a companion."

"Dolores' happy thanks touched the selfish woman, who was taking her to Casterton principally to gratify her own vanity."

"You forget, my dear, the obligation is on my side. We must not, however, conclude you are going until we obtain your aunt's consent."

Dolores walked home a happy girl, for she little doubted Mrs. Featherstone's power of winning her aunt's approval for her proposed trip.

Dolores accompanied Mrs. Featherstone to Casterton upon one condition—she was not to join in any of the gayeties. A series of balls, picnics and other amusements was to take place during the races; these were to be succeeded by others on the return of the young Earl of Casterton, whose coming of age, it was expected, would be celebrated with unusual *elalut*. Mrs. Wynne declared she could make no additions to Dolores' wardrobe, and strictly enjoined the young girl to keep out of sight of the guests at the Manor, and spend her time chiefly in the nursery with Maud—which she did.

The shawl being duly finished for the great lady, Dolores' time was entirely at her own disposal, and she determined to spend the rest of the day with little Maudie in Casterton woods—for every one was away at the races, and the Manor was very solitary. Nurse having made up a basket of sandwiches and other eatables dear to Maudie's heart, the two girls set out for the woods.

"I wonder," remarked Maudie, "if we shall meet Lady Blanche; she is very often in the woods."

"Lady Blanche! Who is she?"

"Lady Blanche Casterton, to be sure, the young Earl's mother," answered Maud, tossing back her curls, and raising a pair of arch gray eyes to the other's face. "She is a great friend of mine. Oh, dear, yes!" continued Maud, with an air of superiority. "I am a great favorite at the Castle. I remember the wicked old lord very well. My mamma was alive then."

"Who was he?" inquired Dolores.

"Why, old Lord Casterton! Have you not heard of him? He was a dreadful miser," said Maud, with solemn emphasis.

"Was he?"

"Yes," answered Maud. "He was very wicked, and would not allow his nephew, the present Earl, to have even a penny. Nurse told me so. But he is dead, and his nephew has it all now. I am so glad, for Lord Casterton is nice; he brought me a box of bonbons from Paris for my birthday—I was nine last birthday, you know. He is not a miser"—with emphasis.

"I should like to live in the Castle," said Dolores, as they paused to look at the beautifully-kept grounds. "How lovely those trees are! And the deer, what gentle creatures! Yes, it is nice to be rich"—with a sigh.

"Oh, yes, I dare say," said Maud, impatiently. "But do let us get on. I see that park every day, you know, and I am tired of it. Do let us go to the woods."

The woods reached, Maud and Dolores spent the long, happy hours roaming beneath the wide-spreading trees, or searching for ferns, or chasing butterflies, or gathering wild flowers. No picnic dainty could have been more enjoyed than nurse's sandwiches, eaten beside a clear, running brook, under the shade of a willow. The two girls were returning home, laden with spoils, when they passed a pony-chaise, driven by a lady. Maud ran toward it.

"Lady Blanche! Lady Blanche!"

The chaise stopped.

"What a wild little girl!" said Lady Blanche, laughing, as she stooped to kiss the heated little face. "What is it, dear?"

"I have brought you a fern," panted Maud—"the very kind you wanted. See!" giving her one of a rare species from her basket.

"Thank you, dear. Won't you introduce me to your friend?"—smiling at Dolores' shy blushing face.

"Miss Dolores Wynne," said Maud, in her sedatest manner—"Lady Blanche Casterton."

"You must be Arthur Wynne's daughter,"

remarked Lady Blanche, presently, after some conversation had passed between them. "It must be so, the resemblance is so striking. I knew your father well," she continued, on hearing Dolores' reply. "He was one of the dear friends of my youth. It is many years since I saw him; I am afraid to say how many" with a charming smile. "It is only when we count them that we know how fast the years can fly. You must come and see me, dear—Maud will bring you; and I hope to see you both soon."

After more conversation, they parted, and the girls returned home.

A few days later Lady Blanche called at the Manor, and considerably astonished Mrs. Featherstone by her warm admiration of "little Dolores."

"Oh, yes," answered Mrs. Featherstone, with indifference, "she seems nice in some respects; but she is excessively childish, and rather silly, I think. Her aunt was in despair over her want of common-sense when she first came to her; but she is considerably improved since then. Living abroad has a tendency to—to—"

"To keep her simple and unassuming in many respects," supplied Lady Blanche, "I agree with you that it is often the case; but I cannot see that it applies particularly to Miss Wynne. In what respect do you find her silly?"

"In many ways," was the reply. For instance, when she first arrived, she actually lost her luggage—unpardonable stupidity for a girl of her age! It appears she was simple enough to lend her carpet-bag to some men at the station, who doubtless stole it."

"Were no inquiries made?" asked Lady Blanche, smiling.

"Of course; but some injudicious friend had given her a book of fairy-tales on the morning of her departure, and I dare say she thought of nothing else; at all events she could not remember the name of the station where the bag had been left. There was also some confusion with regard to her train; she was carried in a wrong direction, and reached home quite ill from fatigue and fright, very late at night. You may imagine how angry Mrs. Wynne was—for they are notoriously poor; and you may be sure little Dolores did not hear the last of that adventure for a long time."

Lady Blanche said very little more about Dolores; but a few days later there arrived a special invitation for her to the Casterton ball. Mrs. Featherstone put it aside to await Mrs. Wynne's arrival and decision.

Dolores and Maud spent many pleasant afternoons at the Castle. Lady Blanche was charmed with Miss Wynne, whose gentle nature expanded beneath affection as a rose beneath the warm rays of a summer sun. With Lady Blanche and Maud she was another creature, as sweet, gay, and joyous as a bird set free from the cage against the bars of which it had wildly beaten its wings. Only too soon the week passed away, and with it many of Dolores' pleasures. Mrs. Wynne and her daughters arrived at the Manor, and her walks were prohibited; but worst of all was her refusal to allow Dolores to accept the invitation to the Casterton ball. It was of no use going to the expense of a third dress—which, moreover, Mrs. Wynne declared, it was impossible to get made in time, even were she inclined to countenance such needless extravagance. The matter thus settled, there was nothing for it but for Dolores to bear her disappointment as best she could. Maud's indignation knew no bounds, and when Dolores refused to listen to the expressions of her anger against Mrs. Wynne, she took her troubles to the Castle, and confided in Lady Blanche, whose sympathy Maud knew would be entirely with Dolores.

"Your uncle is coming down, and he will make her let you go," said Maud, hopefully, when all else failed.

Dolores shook her head.

"It would be of no use, for I have no dress."

The eventful night came round at length. Dolores' clever little fingers were in request everywhere. Matilda Wynne was seated before the glass; the maid was dressing her hair.

"Dolly," implored Annie, "it is half-past nine; do come and uncurl my hair. I shall never be dressed, for Matilda's hair takes ages to do."

Dolores put down the flowers she was arranging and came to her cousin's assistance. Deftly she released the long glossy curls, so like her own, from the papers, and proceeded to arrange them in a simple style which well became Annie Wynne's piquant beauty.

"You are a dear," said Annie, surveying herself in the glass when the operation was concluded, "and I do wish you were coming with us. Are you not awfully disappointed? You dress hair so nicely, Dolly; you shall always do mine when I go out."

"You would not enjoy the ball if you did come," put in Matilda, viewing her profile with the aid of a hand-glass. "You can't dance, and a ball is stupid for wallflowers."

"I can dance," Dolores replied, quickly. "I used to dance in the Linden Gardens, before papa died."

"We don't have that kind of dancing here," said Matilda, carelessly. "Do make haste with those flowers; they'll never be ready."

They were dressed at last; and, with their soft white cloaks on their arms, they descended. A few minutes later they were driving to Casterton Castle.

Dolores stood at the window of the dressing-room watching the departing carriage till the faint twinkling lights were out of sight, and then sat down in an easy chair close to the fireplace.

She felt very solitary. A few tears stole down her cheeks in spite of her resolution to be happy. It was of no use thinking of her disappointment, however; so, bravely wiping away the drops that glistened on her lashes, she drew her cloak round her, and, tucking up her feet Turkish fashion, opened her favorite book of fairy tales.

"It is just like Cinderella," she murmured, with a wistful smile through her tears; "only the fairies never come to me. I wish I could go to-night—I wish I had a kind godmother."

A knock at the door disturbed her fancies. Maudie's nurse entered.

"A parcel for you, Miss Dolores."

"A parcel for me!" cried Dolores, springing to her feet, her eyes opening wide with amazement as—wonder of wonders!—they rested on her own long-lost carpet-bag.

There was no mistake; she recognized it at once. She remembered its contents perfectly—the shabby dress, the worn shoes, the old gloves. Where could it have been hidden all this time?

"It's to be opened immediately," said nurse, with a peculiarly conscious smile.

The leather straps were soon unfastened, and Dolores took out the loveliest ball-dress she had ever seen. She stared in stupefied amazement at the glistening folds of white satin, half hidden beneath costly lace.

"There is some mistake—this is not for me!"

"It is for you, sure enough," replied nurse, with the same merry smile, which would have told a more suspicious observer that the surprise she manifested was not genuine. "And there's more to come, miss."

There was more. A complete suit of delicate linen, little white gloves, silk stockings, a charming fan, and a lace handkerchief—nothing had been forgotten. At the bottom of all lay a folded paper, containing these words—

"At the touch of the fairy's wand Cinderella's old clothes underwent a marvellous transformation. Obedient to her godmother's command, she arrayed herself for the ball."

Did anything so delightfully bewildering ever happen before?

"If you please, miss, the carriage is waiting to take you to the ball," said nurse, assisting Dolores in her toilet.

"Am I asleep or awake? Is it a real carriage, do you think, nurse, or will it turn into a pumpkin?"

"'umpkin! Lor," commented nurse, "it ain't no pumpkin; it's a carriage, sure enough. Let me do your hair, miss—it's late."

The brown curls required little arrangement. The silk stockings were on, when—

"I have no shoes!" cried Dolores. "I can't—I can't go in these old ones."

"I'll look again in the bag," said nurse.

She found them in the pocket by themselves—the daintiest of satin shoes—and they fitted beautifully. Dolores kissed them in a rapture of delight.

"My dear fairy godmother, how dearly I love you!"

Her toilet was speedily completed. The glass reflected a lovely vision as she stood before it while nurse fastened a bunch of drooping rose buds in her hair.

It all seemed like a delicious dream, and she did not quite wake to its reality until Lady Blanche met her in the hall of the Castle.

"You have not been long, dear," she said, kissing Dolores' glowing face.

"Did you expect me? Did you send me these things?" asked Dolores.

Lady Blanche laughed.

"Your father never told you that I was your godmother. Confess that I am as good as Cinderella's."

Dolores' reply was unintelligible between her kisses.

"I have another surprise for you, child. Lyon, come here."

A fair-haired young man came forward. Was it really the Lyon she had seen at Revelwood Junction? The doubt lasted only a moment; it was dispelled as soon as he spoke.

"Let me introduce my son. Lord Casterton—Miss Dolores Wynne."

"So you are really Cinderella!"

"Yes," she answered, laughing; "and you—" She blushed.

"I am the prince to-night," he said, merrily, "so you must let me have the pleasure of the next dance."

"Tell me when the clock strikes twelve, for I must run away then," she said, as they entered the drawing-room.

"Your godmother is more generous," he replied; "you are not going away at all. She has prevailed on your aunt to allow you to pay us a long visit; so you see there is no chance of your leaving your slipper behind, Cinderella."

"They are too pretty. I shall take better care of mine."

"If you knew how hard it was to get them small enough."

The waltz had commenced; so he placed his arm round her waist, and, as she danced, she met Matilda's and Annie's amazed glances. But better than all was that smile on her uncle's face as he watched her delight.

A few months later there was a gay wedding at Casterton, for Mrs. Featherstone had insisted on Dolores' being married from the Manor. She declares to this day that the match was entirely of her making.

PETER COOPER'S children announce that they will add to his gift of \$100,000 for Cooper Institute an additional \$100,000 for the same object.

A TREASURED SORROW.

I had a sorrow,
I cast it away,
And sought a joy
In its stead to stay.

I found it not;
But a longing pain
Bade me turn, content,
To my sorrow again.

Old loves clung round it,
And memories sweet;
White were its wings,
Though bleeding its feet.

No more forsaken.
No more to part.
I treasure my sorrow
A joy in my heart.

MISCELLANY.

IN the Tewksbury controversy, Governor Butler made some impression the other day by publishing comparative figures showing a large increase in expenditures since 1862. Mrs. Leonard, to whose high competence as an authority we have heretofore alluded, has now shown that Butler's statistics are entirely fallacious, the comparison being made between what are virtually two different institutions. Since 1862, a reorganization of the State institutions has occurred, making Tewksbury what it is at present, a great hospital for the sick, insane and helpless poor. The young and healthy were sent to Monson, the vicious and most able-bodied to Bridgewater, and the sick and broken-down were gathered at Tewksbury, together with a large number of chronic insane. In 1862, one nurse sufficed for all the inmates, while at present nineteen are inadequate for the needs of the unfortunates who are there cared for. This change in the character of the inmates, coupled with the increase in the cost of many of the things essential to the running of the institution, accounts for the increase in the annual outlay. Butler was doubtless quite familiar with the case, but he thought his figures would make an impression upon those who did not know the facts.

POLITICAL HONORS IN CHINA. In order to secure even the first-fruits of political emolument, a mode of procedure diametrically opposite to that which obtains in most nations, and especially in the United States, is required. Instead of money or its equivalent in "backers" and "heelers," *brava* is there required, and an exceedingly well-balanced and disciplined brain at that. In no other nation upon the earth are political honors based upon scientific attainments in all branches of study as they are in China, wherein are illustrated the true principles by which talent and wisdom are honored and rewarded, literature, science, morals, and philosophy encouraged, and a nation's happiness and prosperity secured.

The avenues to station and power are open alike to all. There are no distinctions save those of education: none relative to nationality, color, or previous condition of servitude. All are alike free to seek, and, if competent, to obtain, positions of honor, from that of petty magistrate of a village to Grand Imperial Secretary—an office second only to that of Emperor.

Few there are, it is true, who possess the fortitude to undergo the necessary educational training consequent to, and upon which depends, his sole hope of success. Of his studies there is no end. To diligence he must add patience, and to patience continuity, else will he fail to secure the coveted prize.

—THE action of the pope toward the Irish agitation has no doubt been more or less suggested by a portion of the Roman Catholic laity in Ireland as well as in England. The Catholics of rank and influence in the former country are not numerous, but they are very influential, and include a number of persons who have long been exceedingly opposed to the attitude of that section of the clergy which finds its most prominent representative in Archbishop Croke. The representation of such men as Lords Kenmare, O'Hagan, Emly and Granard—the latter two are seceders from Protestantism,—who were the intimate political allies of the late Cardinal Cullen, and regular residents in Ireland, always eager to promote there the interests of the Vatican, could not fail to have considerable influence with the Pope. Add to this the fact that the latter naturally views in Mr. Gladstone the statesman who has struck the last shackles off the Roman Catholic, who has given to Ireland its first Catholic chancellor in the person of Lord O'Hagan, and who, if he has not made a Catholic viceroy of Ireland, has sent one to India. In addition to this, the Pope himself long since pointed out that there is scarce a country in Europe where a Catholic can in every respect pursue his way of life subject to less interference than in England, which at this very moment affords an asylum and livelihood to thousands of men and women driven by the French Republic from their native France. Naturally, when the Irish brought their war into England and began to dynamite public edifices there, the English Catholics joined in a warm remonstrance with their Irish brethren; and in representations of the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Bute, and other persons of character, station and wealth, went to strengthen that of the leading Irish Catholics.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY DISEASES.

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great pulled up pretended cure.