# A GREAT MISTAKE.

I think I did until"—blushing brightly—"until we came to Barlaston. And at first I was a little dull here too, and used to wish we were rich again. But then I found Bee, you know, and that made me quite happy!"

"You pretty child!" George thought restraining a mad desire to catch her to his hurrying heart. "I can understand that," he said, with praiseworthy tranquility. "And then you had made some work for yourself too; and that is the best cure in the world for dullness. Don't you think so—to be busy about other people, and to forget our own small grievances?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Lucy eagerly. "And the children seemed to come to me for help. I was not seeking them, or thinking of them at all, I am sorry to say. But of course when they came so near me I could not send them away, and they made me very, very happy, Doctor March!"

Lucy's voice faltered ever so little as she spoke; and the Doctor laid a consoling hand on hers for just one happy second.

"We must only hope that you will not be long separated from them," he said. "All sorts of things are happening every day, you know; and in the meanwhile you will not forget your promise to me, to work on bravely without any hope of an immediate reward; and, besides, there are those stories too for Mr. Trevelyan to be busy about!"

"Oh, please don't laugh at me, Doctor March!" cried Lucy hanging her head. "I think I am a little bit ashamed of my stories; but I am very proud of the money I get for them all the same and it does seem wonderful to see the very words I have scribbled on the hearth-rug, or at the sewing machine under my work, appearing in print—and with such gorgeous pictures. I should never know my heroines again, they all have such big chignons and long trains!"

"I dare say the stories are all fresh and readable," said George, smiling down into the charming flushed face at his side.

"I know I would not read them if any one else wrote them," declared Lucy, with a frank burst of laughter. "Why should I, when I can read Thackeray or his sweet minded daughter, or George Eliot, or Black, or Hardy? No; please don't imagine that I think they are worth any thing, my poor little stories; they are only pot boilers, as the artists say!"

"Oh for the day," thought George, "when my darling's pot shall be set boiling for her by stronger hands than those two little white ones of hers!"

"Do your heroines talk as frankly as you talk, Miss Thrale?" he said in a gentle voice "Because, I think, if they do, you must let me read the despised little romances."

"Oh," cried Lucy, alarmed, "I hope I don't talk too frankly, like some of the terrible little heroines of the day!"

"I don't find you terrible, I admit," declared George temperately; and she laughed, reassured.

"Once I tried to put a copy of one of them into a story,' she confessed; but it was not as easy as it looked."

"And how did you set about it, pray?"

"Oh I thought of every possible situation in which a woman would least like to be found, in which the novelists of some years back would have died rather than place their heroines. I let her be seen, especially by the hero, in all manner of questionable plights—hanging to a tree by her skirts, skimming her soup into her neighbor's plate, like Dosia—do you remember?—or putting her tongue out at the clergyman in church."

"That ought to have been successful," decided George gravely.

"Then I let her cry a good deal and redden her nose—it is old fashioned to talk about pearly drops or dewy eyelashes, you know, Doctor March—and I made her ask baby questons, such as—such as" Lucy reflected for a moment—"oh, such as why lovers like to kiss each other, and if shaking hands is not just as good?"

George smiled.

"Is that a baby question?" he asked. "Are girls supposed to know such things by instinct?"

"Grown up girls, of course," returned Lucy seriously, but blushing too. "It is nonsense to pretend they don't."

Then something which George was no longer capable of keeping out of his face startled her, and the frank blue eyes dropped just as Mrs Throgmorton entered the library to see what the young people were about—another stroke of ill luck for poor Lucy.

"We are going out, darling," cried Bee, starting up from the fire. "We are just going across to the mere; we shall have time before tea. Come, Lucy; come and get on your things."

"I am going to ask Miss Thrale to write a little note for me to her aunt," intertupted Mrs. Throgmorton, as Lucy started up and came forward at once, followed leisurely by Doctor March, "if she does not mind."

As the merry party of young people crossed the snowy pleasance, Lucy, who was hiding behind her bed-room curtains, peeped out and watched them go, with a great barking of dogs, and a pleasant confusion of voices and laughter. Bee and George March were walking together; Lady Sarah was lagging behind with her cousin Barry; Ted Ackroyd and his big Irish setter brought up the rear

Lucy felt very forlorn when at last they were all lost to sight beyond a clump of snow laden firs, and the barking of the dogs had died away in the distance. It would have been pleasanter to walk to the mere than to stay by herself for the rest of the evening; but she felt she had done right, after her talk with Mrs. Throgmorton, to stay home.

It was the first time the kind-faced woman whom she loved at a distance as Bee's mother had ever said six words to her; and now, when Lucy had gone with her to the dressing room to receive the little message which she was to send to aunt Letitia, Mrs. Throgmorton had spoken to her so nicely, and had quite taken her into confidence about Doctor March and Ada.

"I feel sure we may count on your assistance," she had concluded, "in securing your cousin's happiness. And the best way of doing that just now is to bring the lovers a little more together. Doctor March is only waiting his opportuninity to declare himself. I am sure Mrs. Ackroyd is very glad to have you here, and Bee will be quite lost without you, my dear Miss Thrale; but——"

"I will go home to morrow," said Lucy quietly "I would do much more than that to make Ada happy."

Upon which Mrs. Throgmerton kissed her on the forehead assuring her that she would never repent this little kindness to her cousin, and Lucy had gone away to her room to write the note to King's Road which was to announce her return next day. And as she finished writing it the young people and the dogs had passed by, and she felt very forlorn.

"They are all very happy," she thought wistfully. "No one misses me but Bee. I will go home to morrow."

She could not read, though she tried. She could not help thinking, though she tried to squt thoughts out by singing and walking up and down her pleasant bed room, which was next to Bee's.

"Yes, I will go home to-morrow," she repeated; "and I will not go downstairs again to-day. I do not care to dine. I will say that I have a headache and am lying down."

It was a great relief when presently four little feet came patteing down the long gallery outside her door, and two eager little voices began clamoring for Lucy.

Pamela and Dotsie had come to carry her off to their nursery, and to remind her of a promise made the day before to tell them stories.

"I will tell you the loveliest stories you ever herrd," the girl cried, running off with a little hand in each of hers. "But you must pay me. Kisses down, remember."

Sitting on the hearthrug before the nursery fire, with the children on her lap, Lucy began to feel at peace again. Her strong need of being loved was satisfied by the baby caresses that were lavished without stint on their dear Miss Frale. No doubts crossed the little ones' minds as to whether she deserved those caresses or not. They only saw the sweet kind face, and heard the gentle voice, and they judged with baby instinct that these could not lie.

And kind nurse Roberts sided with her children. Miss Thrale was a very welcome guest at all times in the nursery.

The afternoon wore away very quickly after all. It was almost five o'clock. Pamela invited Lucy gravely to bread and milk; Totsie offered to relinquish her mug with the cockatoo on it to their guest.

"I will stay if I may," said Lucy, willingly yielding to the little arms that held her down. "It is pleasantest of all up here."

And then there was a little bustle at the door, and the children ran to welcome Oppity, who with his hostess and Mrs. Trogmorton had come to pay the nursery a little visit.

Lucy started up from the hearthrug, and drew back into the shadow of the tall chimney piece, as if hoping to escape notice; but it was too late.

"So you have been stealing Miss Thrale, you little rogues!" said the young man, who was looking very cold and eager and blown about after his walk. "I do believe this is the cosiest room in the house," he added, going over to the fire to warm his hands over the tall nursery fender, which was casting long flickering bars of shadow across the firelit floor.

Only he himself knew what delightful visions were being conjured up by the simple little scene around him. The fair heads of the children flitting into the fireshine and back into the shade, as they trotted about, excited by the presence of visitors, and eager to display a fracture in dolly's head for Oppity to mend; the pretty girl and her gentle ways with them; the cosy homelike charm of the half-light; even the drowsy ticking of the nursery clock and the glimpse of two little white cribs visible through the arched doorway that led to to the night nursery—there was nothing very romantic in all these; but from what material cannot a man in love create fuel for his flame?

"Lucy has been telling us stories—I love Lucy!" said Pamela, with her two fat arms round Miss Thrale's white throat. "Oppity, isn't she like the Princess in my story-book?"

"Me love Lucy!" echoed Dotsie; and another little pair of still fatter arms met round Lucy's neck, nearly smothering her.

Nurse Roberts was putting the cups and saucers on the table.

"You love Miss Thrale indeed! I find it very hard to believe that," declared George, coming to the rescue.

"I thought you were lying down with a headache, Miss Thrale," said Mrs. Throgmorton somewhat coldly.

Lucy moved away at once, and got to the door like a sad little ghost in a blue gown.

"I am going away now," she said simply, trying to smile. "I did not mean to stay so long."

"We are all going," put in Doctor March eagerly; and placid Mrs Ackroyd held out her hand as the girl passed her.

"Come down with me," she said kindly. "Captain Sugden has been looking for you. He has some wonderful holly berries for you."

But Lucy shook her head, not trusting herself to speak, and went away.

George March caught up Pamela in his arms and buried his face in her amber fleece.

"Oh, Oppity, Oppity!" the little thing cried, pulling his beard with both hands. "Oh, don't love me quite so much! You take my breath away!"

### CHAPTER XXXV.

Doctor March did not see Miss Thrale again before he left Croome. In vain he watched the door that evening as he drank his cup of tea; in vain he dressed rapidly, and was the first to enter the drawing room before dinner. The slender virginal figure he was looking for so eagerly did not appear; and at last Bee, coming down very late, brought word that Lucy's headache was worse, and that she had gone to bed.

George hoped then that she would at least come down in the morning early enough to allow him to say good-bye to her before he started for town; but he was again disappointed, for Miss Thrale, he was told, had taken her breakfast an hour before, and was already out in the grounds with the children and Miss Throgmorton.

So the young man was obliged to drive away with only the remembrance of the previous day to live on until he should be able to steal another few hours at Croome from his duties in Barlaston.

Lucy's little note to King's Road had been duly written and posted, she herself having slipped it into the letter box in the billiard room on the evening before, while they were all at dinner. But, when the answer arrived, and it was announced by Bee that Miss Thrale was going away five days earlier than had been intended, almost as soon as she had arrived, such an indignant protest was raised, headed vigorously by Ted Ackroyd, that between tears and laughter Lucy was fain to take refuge with Mrs. Throgmorton and beg that lady to obtain her release.

But Mary Throgmorton felt that it would injure rather than help Ada's cause if she were to excite a popular demonstration on Lucy's account, and, reflecting that Doctor March's week day visits to Croome must necessarily be of rare occurrence, she told Lucy, kindly enough, that, as Mrs. Ackroyd was so kind, and as aunt Letitia was pretty well, it might be better for her to remain for the week, as originally arranged.

"Oh, may I?" asked Lucy delighted. "It is so nice to be here, but I could not enjoy it if you thought I was selfish in staying so long away from home."

"A few days' delay will not matter much, to Ada," said Mrs. Throgmorton with a significant smile; and Lucy ran away, singing for joy, to tell Bee that she was not to go home just yet.

Bee was standing on the steps in her habit, feeding her horse with sugar. She was surrounded as usual by a crowd of men, who were just starting for their day's sport, and the news was received with a cheer that made Lucy blush like a rose.

Miss Thrale was very much admired by Mrs. Ackroyd's masculine guests, and particularly by Mr. Oliphant, the handsome rector, whose nice deaf mother had also taken a great fancy to the girl's beauty and simplicity. Indeed Lucy was a general favorite. Being so badly dressed, and so childish for her years, even women liked her, and forgave her her charming face and her fresh and thrilling voice, which it was a happiness to hear ringing about the old house from morning till night. She seemed like one of the children almost, she was so much with them.

In the bright cold afternoon admiring men who were making their way home from shooting often met her driving the roomy old pony carriage, laden with the babies and their nurse, about the bare brown roads The pretty group would trundle by, followed by the dogs, with many wavings of little hands, and Lucy, in her blue Normandy cap and her warm furs, would smile and nod and blush like a half blown rose among the buds.

It was so that George March met her on the day of his return to Croome, as he was walking up from the station. He had stayed away a day and a half, and considered that by that feat of self denial and prudence he had earned a dinner with his darling and as long a talk with her afterwards as fate would allow. Mr. Oliphant, who had been talking to Lucy with his hand on the little carriage had lifted his gat and gone on his way. The Doctor, when he came struggling up the hill in his great coat, met him and scowled a little jealously at the Rector's handsome well bred face as they nodded to each other.

"Oppity, Oppity! Oh, Miss Thrale Here is Oppity!" the children cried when they saw George; and then of course Lucy was obliged to stop her ponies again, and allow him to speak to Pamela and Dotsie, and to the three dogs, who also loved Doctor March in their different ways.

Lumbering stolid old Grouse, with his black jaws and nose, wagged his tail calmly and allowed George to make the advances. Nell, who was coquettish and mischievous, showed all her white teeth in a laugh, and jumped up to kiss him. Rip, the contemplative and pensive, rubbed his head against the young man's hand, and looked at him with melancholy affection

"It is nice to find that somebody is glad to see me again," declared George, with infinite contentment. "How do you do Miss Thrale?"

Lucy held out her hand quietly enough—he looked in vain for some of the pretty perturbation he had detected on Sunday—and began to talk very glibly about the dogs.

"They are the dearest old fellows," she said. "I should not be afraid to go anywhere so long as they were with us; they would take care of us—wouldn't you dogs?"

She stooped down to pat them, each impartially.

"I think Grouse must be a merchant in a dog-world, Doctor March," she added gaily, "with a big bank-account and eye glasses, just look at his important air."

"And what is Nell, Lucy?" asked Pamela, solemnly, who believed every word of Miss Thrale's stories.

"Nell? Oh, Nell is a little burlesque actress, I think, always saying pert things; and Rip, dear old Rip is a poet whose books don't sell."

"But how can he write without pen and ink?" asked Pamela, puzzled.

"I am fondest of Rip," said Lucy, who seemed to find Doctor March's grave silent gaze somewhat oppressive. "He is a little bit lonely and out at elbows, but he was Lucy's old Boofleums for all that; wasn't he, Rip?"

She stooped down again to pull the poet's long ears. He evidently understood the absurd pet name, for he sighed with pleasure and looked a little conceited.

"Oppity," cried Pamela, "you must get in; there is room enough. You can take Dotsie on your knee."

"Oh, no—no!" Lucy exclaimed, distressed. "I have to go to the village for Mrs. Ackroyd. I want to order some spotted muslin and some lemons, and all sorts of things. Doctor March would be terribly in the way! They are playing tennis," she added hurriedly, gathering up her reins. "You will be in time for a game before it gets dark."

"You see, Pamela,—" said the young man, just a little mortified—"you see Miss Thrale sends me about my business."

And, before the children could remonstrate, the pony carriage had driven off, the dogs divided in their opinions as to which side to follow.

George looked after the blue cap and the bright hair with a somewhat wistful sigh, before he went on his way towards the house.

"Patience," he thought. "She is worth waiting half a lifetime for. How can I expect her to feel all at once for me what I feel for her? I will give her time."

But, his sensible resolutions notwithstanding, Doctor March found it rather hard to bear with entire equanimity the very apparent change in Lucy's demeanor towards him from the moment they met again in the drawing room before dinner.

He watched the door with a nervous intensity that a week before he would have believed himself incapable of, until she came in with Bee. Evidently she had delayed doing this until the last moment that was decently possible, just as she had avoided the tennis ground when she had returned from the village, and had apparently shut herself up in her own room. She clung to her friend too in an unusual way as they entered the softly lit drawing room.

Ordinarily Lucy was too simple to be shy: indeed her unconscious frankness with young men, her way of looking them straight in the face, and of talking to them as if they were all her brothers, had earned her, among more sophisticated damsels, the reputation of being a skilful coquette. But to-night she would not look at the young men at all, nor talk to them. She went straight to Mrs. Throgmorton's side, with some blushing little speech, which was kindly received, and stood there for the few seconds that elapsed before dinner was announced.

She wore a high white muslin gown of Bee's and some knots of white ribbon. There was a broad band of black velvet round her throat, and her bright hair was rolled up into a low coil at the nape of her neck.

George thought he had never seen her look so pretty before; and he tried not to feel vexed when she was sent in to dinner with somebody else.

The party was a large one, and was divided at two tables. Miss Thrale and Doctor March happened to sit at separate tables. Even the satisfaction of opening the door when the ladies rose was denied him. He was too far away; and some beardless lad among the "London fellows" was the recipient of Lucy's little laugh and word of thanks as he disengaged the lace of her sleeve from some point in which it had caught.

Doctor March was not more fortunate when he got back to the drawing-room.

Lady Sarah was playing a waltz, and the younger ladies, instead of spending the feminine manvais vuart-d'heure in listless expectation of the first man's appearance, were blithely indulging in a little carpet-dance among themselves.

George saw Bee and Lucy float by, the two tall pretty heads close together. Bee gave him a little nod as she passed, Lucy looked through him apparently at the opposite wall.

"Has any one been saying anything to her?" thought the young man a little fiercely.

Men were crowding into the room and saying it was a shame. Captain Sugden and the little fellow who had touched Lucy's sleeve insisted on separating Miss Throgmorton and Miss Thrale; and soon, in the very laziest hour of the whole day, the great room was full of whirling couples, who were dodging the tables and ottomans and taking and giving bumps with cheerful unconcern.

Lady Sarah played on and on with her good-natured tired smile.

"You are not dancing, Doctor March?" she said, as George went and stood by the piano, following one couple with kind anxious eyes.

George shook his head.

"I wonder if you would mind asking Barry, my cousin to come to me for a moment?" continued the young lady, speaking involuntarily in waltz measure, and marking the time with little nods as she looked up at him—Captain Sugden was Miss Thrale's partner. "Would you?" insisted Lady Sarah kindly; and the young man's face brightened as he started off across the busy room.

"He is too much in love to be polite," thought Lady Sarah, playing very loud so as to encourage the dancers, who were beginning to flag. "He really must have a turn with that pretty child with the milk-white skin whom he adores. I like Doctor March very much."

Bee came running up to take Lady Sarah's place at the piano. Ted made a bow, and was understood to ask for the honor of ——

"Go away, both of you," she said, looking over her shoulder; "I will play for ever. I do not mean to dance at all, Mr. Ackroyd. Oh, they are surely not going to stop!"

For, as Barry Sudgen was seen obediently making his way to his cousin, the couples dropped off one by one into the hall or the conservatory at the other end of the long drawing room, and the impromptu ball came to a close as suddenly as it had opened—not however before Miss Thrale had expressed to Doctor March her determination not to dance any more that evening.

"I am tired," she declared abruptly, as George looked at her with a kind puzzled gaze; but her blue eyes were fairly dancing in her head with the pleasure of her waltz, and her breath was hardly quickened.

"Are you afraid I should not make as good a partner as little Captain Sugden?" asked the Doctor superbly. "I had a good deal of practice, I assure you, in Vienna, when I was a lad."

Lucy colored.

"Oh, no!" she declared hurriedly. "Only I—I don't want to dance any more, thank you."

She did not look at him as she spoke. She was biting her lip and tapping her foot on the ground, and watching uneasily for some chance of escape; she almost turned her shoulder on him.

"I thought you always spoke the truth, Miss Thrale?" said George abruptly, in a low voice that had a sound of bitterness and pain in it; and then she lifted her head and met his eyes for an instant.

She did not seem angry; she only looked at him in a kind of wonder.

"I always try to speak it," she said simply; "and it is true that I don't want to dance any more. I love waltzing; but it would not be any pleasure to waltz again now."

George felt puzzled. Was Miss Ludlow's cousin indeed a coquette—and what fantastic change had come over her during the two days he had been away?

"Let me take you out of this warm room," he said quietly, resuming his usual protecting and brotherly manner to the pretty girl. "Come into the conservatory and look at the hyacinths; they are very fine."

But Lucy still held back.

"No, thank you," she said, not offering any excuse only a simple refusal.

"That means that I am to go away," returned the young man, with a short laugh. "You may think me very stupid, but I did not understand until now."

"I promised Captain Sugden that I would go and look at the hyacinths with him," said the coquette, turning as white as her gown.

Doctor March walked straight into the conservatory, where he fell into Mary Throgmorton's hands.

"George, please don't look so miserable," she said, laughing. "I have no doubt you find us all very uninteresting out here; but it is not my fault that there is not an agreeable surprise awaiting you."

"Indeed?" George sat down moodily on the edge of a great green tub and thrust his hands into his pockets. He was not listening or thinking at all of what his friend was saying.

"You know, Miss Thrale was to have gone home yesterday; but my dear little Ada has begged her to remain; and really I think the young lady is making hay while the sun shines."

For just then Lucy appeared on Barry Sugden's arm. She was still very pale, George saw, and her disengaged hand hung quite listlessly at her side.

"My favorite flowers," she was repeating absently, as they came to a stand still on on the other side of Doctor March's orange tree "I have so many. I think different flowers suit different moods; don't they?"

"And what is your present mood?" demanded the vivacious little scholar. "I will search the whole conservatory for the flower that will best express it."

"I am in a bad temper," admitted Lucy, with a sad little laugh, "and I have not quite made up my mind what is the proper flower to go with bad temper, unless it is rue, and that doesn't grow in conservatories, Captain Sugden."

"If it did you should have nothing to do with such a lugubrious plant. No; I will get you something that shall express my mood instead. I am invariably in the best of tempers when I am with you, Miss Thrale."

"Or with any one else," retorted the girl, smiling. "I think you are always good tempered, Captain Sugden. No, please, don't get me any flowers. See, I have a white chrysanthemum already that Mr. Ackroyd gave me."

"That is exactly why I venture to offer you these," said the little gentleman, lowering his voice. "I don't like Ackroyd's taste."

"I am sure I don't know what he would say to yours," returned Miss Thrale, laughing. "I can't put all those into my belt; and, besides, your flowers don't blend."

"Don't blend?"

"No. They set my teeth on edge. You have made a discord"

"A discord—really?"

"I like a perfect perfume-chord in a bouquet—scents that harmonise like notes in music."

"Oh!" The Captain's voice sounded rather puzzled. "And to-night, apparently, it is to be a minor key?"

"I think all flowers, except roses, are in a minor key," Lucy responded listlessly, with a sigh. "Violets, heliotropes, lilies—there is something tearful in all such scents, don't you think so, Captain Sugden?"

"A very pretty little flirtation, whispered Mary Throgmorton to her companion, who seemed lost in thought.

George started for the tub.

"No," said the sweet voice on the other side of his orange tree; "I won't have them. I want only a little bit of rue; I won't have anything else."

"Mother, where is Lucy?" cried Bee, running in eagerly and knocking down several little flower-pots with her long skirts "We want her to help us about the tableaux. Oh, Doctor, you come too! All suggestions thankfully received!"

"Now, Bee," said Mrs. Throgmorton reproachfully, "I thought it was understood that the tableaux were to be put off until Ada came? Mrs. Ackroyd says that Lady Sarah has consented to stay for another week.'

"But when Ada comes Lucy will be gone, darling," pleaded her tall girl, kneeling down and putting her arms fondly about her; "and I do want her to enjoy her holiday. It is the only one the poor little thing has had."

"Did you ever hear of such a case of infatuation?" demanded Mary Throgmorton resignedly of Dector March, who had been absently watching the movements of a certain white dress through the shrubs as it moved farther and farther down the green vistas of the conservatory.

"Never," retorted Bee gaily—"except at Addison House thirty years ago! Darling, it runs in the family. You fell in love with Letitia Butler at first sight; so did I with Lucy Thrale. You can't blame me for following your own example."

"But Letitia Butler was worth falling in love with."

"And so is Lucy Thrale, dear, though you won't acknowledge it."

"I certainly never thought"—a touch of pathos trembled in the mother's voice—"that my own daughter would go against me in such a matter!

"I dont, darling!" urged Bee, covering her cheek with kisses. "I am not against Ada I am only for Lucy. Oh, here is Ted coming to look for us! Will you go into the library with him while I hunt up Lucy, mother? There she is! I see her white dress down there by the hyacinths.'

Miss Throgmorton went a few steps along the middle walk of the conservatory; then she stopped and looked back.

"Doctor March," she called softly, "you come too, please. I want to consult you about something of the greatest importance!"

Mary Throgmorton shrugged her handsome shoulders.

"You will only be in the way down there by the hyacinths, George," she said, as she followed young Ackroyd back into the drawing room.

But Doctor March obeyed the young lady's summons.

"What is the important matter?" he said; and Bee, nodding, declared that she wanted him to rescue poor Lucy from Captain Sugden's clutches.

'She hates him," she added abruptly; and he will never leave her alone."

"Does she hate him?" said George quietly.

But he noticed as he spoke that there was no flower in Miss Thrale's slender white belt but the one chrysanthemum that Ted had given her; and it struck him that the young girl was looking more listless than before She started however when he and Bee appeared, and she began to express a good deal of sudden interest in the surrounding plants.

"Oh Lucy," sighed Bee, breathing in the fainting odor of the great tiers of many colored hyacinths before which they stood, "how Maria's eyes would glisten at such a sight; wouldn't they?"

"That was just what I was thinking," whispered her friend, a smile breaking across her pale face. "It seems to me rich people ought to give half their flowers to the poor. They are different from money. Money can be made, but flowers seem to come fresh from heaven with every change of season, and to belong by right to the poor."

"Bee," suggested Doctor March quietly, "why should not you come some day—you and Miss Thrale—to the children's ward in my hospital and bring them a feast of flowers? I have seen a mugful of buttercups make a sick child happy for days."

Bee uttered an eager exclamation of assent. Lucy said nothing; but she clasped her hands together, and looked wistfully at the young man and back again to Bee.

"Might we go?" Bee asked. "I am sure Ted would send us any quantity of flowers. I will speak to mamma about it, and you shall take us some day when we go home. Won't that be delightful, Lucy?"

"I cannot go, thank you," Lucy answered quietly; and she turned away and sauntered on in front of them at Captain Sugden's side.

They found the library busy with an animated group, who were searching books and portfolios and photographs for ideas in subjects and costumes.

"Ah, here they are at last!" exclaimed Lady Merrion, who seemed to be superintending the whole business. "We can do nothing at all without Miss Throgmorton and Miss Thrale."

Both the girls were immediately surrounded by an admiring crowd of young men, eager to suggest various characters in which they would excel But Lucy declared quietly that she would take no part in the tableau; she wanted to be able to look at Bee from the front.

"That is all nonsense, my dear Miss Thrale!" declared Lady Merrion with a decisive air. "You will certainly have to share the honors with Miss Throgmorton."

Mary Throgmorton began to tap the carpet with her shapely foot.

"What have you thought about? What have you decided on?" asked Bee. "What is Lady Sarah to be?"

"Aunt Di has consented to leave me out," said Lady Sarah. "She knows I always laugh and spoil everything."

"Oh, Bee, you must be Beatrix Esmond!" cried Lucy in an eager whisper. "Captain Sugden, would not she be superb in the scene where Esmond comes in to tell her of the duel and finds her surrounded by jewellers and holding the great gold dish in both arms?"

"By Jove yes!" returned little Barry, making a note of the suggestion. "We can get up a magnificent background—tapestry, carved oak, brocade Then the startled faces of the attendants, you know, and Miss Throgmorton in old lace and patches! Give me another idea as good as that, Miss Thrale! And, I say, Ackroyd, where can I find a Thackeray? Let us read up the scene while we are about it and arrange the other characters. You will have to be Colonel Esmond yourself, by Jove!"

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

Bee helped Lucy next morning to accomplish her modest packing, before breakfast, without any one suspecting what they were about.

It was agreed that they were to walk quietly down to the station together about noon, when all the men would be out shooting rabbits, and that Bee was afterwards to explain to Mrs. Ackroyd the reason of Lucy's sudden departure, and to convey her farewells and thanks to that kindest of hostesses.

"It spoils all my plans," declared Miss Throgmorton mournfully, "to say nothing of the tableaux. But I know, when you have once made up your mind that a thing is right, I might as well talk to the wall as try to move you."

"If you only knew how sorry I am to go!" said Lucy, casting a wistful look round the pretty chamber in which she had been so happy, and then at the still white morning world that lay glistening in the sunshine outside her windows. "Oh, Bee, let us have one walk more together!" she cried, catching up her warm jacket. "We have plenty of time; and see—there are the children going towards the mere! I promised Pamela I would show her the swans and the solan geese swimming round and round to keep a space from freezing."

The perfect silence of the woods was broken by an occasional bark from the dogs. Through the trees, when they drew near the water, the girls saw glimpses of little scarlet cloaks and fluttering locks.

"There they are!" cried Bee. "Let us have a run, Lucy!"

As they got clear of the woods they saw two children and their nurse standing at the edge of the frozen mere and trying to entice the ducks to them with pieces of bread. Then, a moment later—they could never distinctly rememember the rest—Rip, Ted's huge Irish setter, came bounding by; there was a terrible scream; only one little scarlet cloaked figure was visible on the bank, and nurse Roberts was wringing her hands and crying for help, and rushing aimlesslessly backward and forward.

"Dotsie!" panted Lucy; and it seemed as if all in a flash of time she was by the brink of the mere, and was plunging in among the frozen reeds and broken pieces of ice, and was clutching the little unconscious drenched shape in her arms and wading back to land.

The water was only breast-high—it was not a very great feat; but Lucy's courage had perhaps saved the child's life.

"Wrap her in your shawl," said Bee firmly to the bewildered nurse, "and make haste home—through the shrubberies is the nearest way. Run, Pamela—run fast! I will take care of Miss Thrale."

Lucy's teeth were chattering. She laughed and sobbed together with excitement. Her clothes were wet and draggled with mud; and they clung to her slender limbs in the keen morning air, numbing her with intense cold.

"We will have another run now," said Bee speaking as coolly as she could. "Come, Lucy, make haste, or you will catch your death of cold."

Hand in hand they set off for the house. They saw Lady Sarah and Ted walking briskly up and down the terrace; and they turned and went in by the kitchen offices.

"Don't tell any one," said Lucy, when they had reached her room unobserved, and Bee was helping her to undress and to get rid of her drenched clothing. "Bee, you must lend me a dress to go home in. My poor blue gown!"

"You will not go home to-day," said Bee calmly. "Now, Lucy, it is of no use your pulling such a melancholy face; I say you will not go home to-day."

"And the prediction proved to be correct. Mrs. Ackroyd, startled out of her usual placid good-nature by the danger from which poor little Dotsie had been rescued, took the law into her own hands, and insisted on coddling her young guest to her heart's content. Lucy was made to go to bed again, and to drink hot drinks, and to look upon herself as a little heroine, much against her will. Even Mrs. Throgmorton, who was going back to Barlaston to see after her house and her neglected Tom, came and said good-bye with very unwonted kindness as Lucy lay, restless and impatient among her pillows.

"Oh, if I could only go home too!" the girl said, completely won over by her kiss. "Oh, Mrs Throgmorton, if you would only take me! What will Ada say?"

"You must keep quiet for to day," said Mary Throgmorton, to whom Bee had revealed Lucy's thwarted intention; and she thought, half reluctantly, how pretty the pale eager face was that looked up at her. "I will explain it to your cousin, and—and I think we must be better friends my, dear—you and I."

Lucy put her arms around the beautiful matronly throat, and squeezed her new friend in a convulsive embrace.

"Do you forgive me at last," she whispered, bursting into a great fit of sobs and tears. "Do you believe now that I would do anything in the world to make Ada happy?"

"Yes, I believe it now," returned Mrs. Throgmorton soothingly, as she stroked the loosened hair that fell over Lucy's shoulders. "And she is going to be made happy, poor girl, at last! But that is a secret just yet, Lucy, between us—you understand?"

"I understand," said the girl, choking her sobs and holding up her sweet mouth "Kiss her from me, Mrs. Throgmorton. Indeed she deserves to be happy!"

And so Lucy was left to doze and dream and to remember Mrs. Throgmorton's words, and to receive little visits from Bee and from Pamela and her mother, who came to tell her how Dotsie was getting on, and what Doctor March said about his tiny patient.'

"I wish you would let me bring Doctor March to see you too, my love,'' said Mrs. Ackroyd, looking a little anxiously at the girl's flushing face and parched lips.

But Lucy declared with vehemence that she was perfectly well—that she would like to get up—that she would not see any doctor. But, as night drew on, and she was left alone to try to fall asleep, Lucy wondered why she could not draw her breath, and what horrible band it was that seemed to be tightening round her chest. She was obliged to sit up in the bed lest she should be suffocated—her head was burning—a voice somewhere kept saying over and over again, "Ada is going to be made happy at last; but it is a secret—a secret—a secret!"

All the night she spent thus, wakeful, panting for breath, feverish, and, when nurse Roberts stole in very early with a cup of tea, she found Miss Thrale up, and trying confusedly to pull on her little slippers and to bind her falling pretty hair out of her eyes, as she leant against the side of the bed.

"I am going home," the poor child said piteously. "Ada will be wanting me, and I am afraid I am going to be ill. I can't be ill here; so I am going home."

Nurse Roberts got her back into bed, and Mrs. Ackroyd came in, kind and alarmed and a little fussy.

"Send Adams for the Doctor at once," she said; but Lucy caught convulsively at at her arm.

"Not Doctor March!" she cried in her choked voice. "I—I won't see him! I hate him so! Please don't send for him!"

"Dear, dear!" said nurse Roberts, lifting her hand; and Mrs. Ackroyd, greatly upset, went to consult with her husband as to this singular freak on the part of the sick girl.

Then old Doctor Marley from the village was summoned, rather than excite Miss Thrale in her feverish condition; and George, arriving later in the day to see his little patient in the nursery, was told that Miss Thrale was very ill—with congestion of the lungs, it was feared—and that she had made Mrs Ackroyd promise sacredly that no one should see her but old Doctor Marley.

Lucy was very ill, suffering cruel agonies, for many long weary days, during which time even Bee was not permitted to see her—indeed Mrs. Throgmorton came and took her daughter home. Lucy was not always able to think quietly or reasonably during that time; but every day, and many times a day, she implored of Mrs. Ackroyd, to remember her promise to keep Doctor March away.

"It is the fever," nurse Roberts would say pitifully. "The poor dear child does not know what she is saying."

But the promise was kept; and George very white and haggard and anxious, was obliged to trust for all news of his little suffering darling to old Doctor Marley's reports of Lucy's progress, and to his hurried talk with Mrs. Ackroyd as he came to see Dotsie, and hastened away to other sick-beds, where he was anxiously awaited. The young man went about like one stricken by some terrible judgment. His face frightened poor Mrs. Ackroyd.

"Do you care so much?" she said timidly once. "She will not see you. I promised her—how can I break my promise when she is not able to speak for herself?"

At the first news of her cousin's illness Miss Ludlow had prayed to be allowed to take Mrs. Ackroyd's place in the sick-room. Her mother was willing to let her go, she declared with tears in her gentle eyes, and to endure poor Susan's clumsy ministrations until Lucy was pronounced out of danger; but Mrs. Ackroyd would yield up her place as nurse to no one.

For a forlorn little thing such as Lucy believed herself to be, much anxiety and kindly care was felt and displayed on her account. She had won a great deal of love during her brief stay at Croome; the servants were eager to serve her in her illness: the gay Christmas party was broken up, and Lady Sarah and her aunt had gone away, without any approach to a declaration from Ted; but no one dreamed of complaining. Mrs. Olifaunt sent to inquire about Lucy every day.

At last the danger was over, and the girl came to herself out of a horrible nightmare of suffering and wandering thoughts, and wondered to find herself still alive.

"I fancied I was dead," she told Mrs. Ackroyd, looking up wistfully with unnaturally large blue eyes, "and that Ada and—another person—used to come and stand by my grave and talk about me. And it did not seem hard to lie there in the convent graveyard and hear their voices above me through the grass."

To such words Mrs. Ackroyd's only answer was to administer more jelly and chicken and wine, and to urge the child, with many motherly caresses, to try to grow strong for her sake.

And so at last, when Lucy was able to be lifted, white and helpless as a baby, to the sofa near the fire, she was allowed to see her cousin and Bee, who could not help crying at the sight of the poor little wasted face, and Mrs. Throgmorton, who held her in her arms, feeling many remorseful pangs for the by-gone words and thoughts which could never be recalled, but for which she was now determined to atone. Had not Mrs. Ackroyd confided to her, in her bewilderment, Lucy's petition about George March, and could there any longer be the faintest doubt as to the poor child's sincerity in wishing to secure Ada's happiness?

"Doctor March is only waiting for leave to call, Lucy," her new friend said, when she was going away. "Am I to tell him that you will see him now? Perhaps he will have some more to tell you about our little secret."

A sudden blush burned in Lucy's wan little face.

"I am going home soon," she answered hurriedly. "I would rather not see any one here, dear Mrs. Throgmorton."

But, in spite of all her prayers and entreaties, in spite of the fact that she had been able to leave her bed room for nearly two weeks, and that it was February now, and no longer January, Miss Thrale remained a guest at Croome.

TO BE CONTINUED.

—Norwegian fisheries this year have been extraordinarily successful.

## ART IN MANNERS.

### The Difference Between Culture and no Culture.

As there is all the difference between good manners and bad manners, culture and no culture, good address and indifferent, we purpose inquiring in what way art can help us in this sometimes neglected acquisition. Art should have as large a share of consideration in the cultivation of manners as in personal adornment or in the higher accomplishments. A face may be fair to look upon, yet the picture may be totally spoiled by an ugly frame work of ill manners. Civilized society has laid down certain rules, to which all its members, consciously or unconsciously, conform; and the more these rules are observed, the better claim they give to refinement. As the social scale ascends the more definite and imperative these unwritten laws become, until, in the highest circles of all, they rule with a despotic sway. We do not possess a Ritual or Academy of Manners, as do the Chinese; but under the name of Etiquette we have laws equally binding. Nor are these confined to civilized nations. Savages have their manners and customs, however uncivilized they may appear to us, but it would not be thought friendly, much less good breeding to pull the fingers of those we salute till they crack, as do some negro tribes. A curious account is told of two dusky monarchs who, when making a visit, greeted each other by snapping three times the middle finger. Although this is an example of two kings, it is scarcely worthy of imitation. Some savages take the hand or foot of them they salute, and with it gently rub their face—this must be rather wearisome to a devoted monarch—while others vigorously apply the nose against that of the person they are greeting. Other salutations are equally incommodious and painful, and would require some practice to enable a stranger to be polite in the society of such eccentric pagans. Herbert Spencer has shown that there is nevertheless, always a reason for these strange customs.

Still, etiquette is necessary in royal palaces for keeping order at court; though in Spain it was carried to such lengths that it made martyrs of their kings. One of them was once seated by the fireside; the firemaker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the poor monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, yet his dignity would not suffer him to rise from his chair; nor could the domestics presume to enter the apartment, because it was against etiquette. At length a courtier appeared, and the King ordered him to dampen the fire; but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by etiquette to perform such a function, for which a brother noble ought to be called upon, as it was his business. This nobleman was unfortunately away from the palace, and the fire burnt fiercer; yet the King endured rather than lessen his dignity. The result was that his Majesty became heated to such a degree that fever set in the following day, and he died a martyr to the rules of etiquette.

A great deal has been said and written lately about Culture; and yet on the other hand, the fashion to be a plain spoken person seems to be growing. This endeavor to cultivate a somewhat rough honesty generally ends in downright rudeness, and certainly does not come under the head of culture. All honesty, in the expression of thought is to be highly commended when an opinion is asked; but there is no use nor can it be desirable, to intrude uncongenial thoughts or disagreeable opinions when not wanted, for no other reason than to display the courage of expressing them. True politeness is a consideration shown to the feelings of others; not only outward polish, but kindness in small matters.

## PULQUE.

Pulque is the national drink of the Mexicans. It is produced by the fermentation of the maguey or Agave Americna. This plant has been considered deuretic and antisyphilitic There is no authentic record as to who first made pulque or neutli. Many are the traditions extant among the Mexicans concerning its first manufacturer. It seems, however, to be the more general belief that it was Xochitl, daughter of a nobleman called Tapanaltzin, eighth king of the Toltecs. From time immemorial pulque has been considered to contain medical virtues in a very high degree as well as the other products of the maguey, and at one time the maguey was even said to hold a spiritual life and was held in reverence. To-day pulque is esteemed by the ignorant classes as having a variety of curative powers, and physicians use it for its alcoholic and nutritive properties. It is held as stimulant, tonic, and antispasmodic. They recommend it to the infirm, weak, anæmic, and nursing mothers.

### ITS COMPOSITION.

It is obtained by fermenting the juice expressed from the central portion of the maguey plant. After expressing the juice between rollers, or as was formerly done by means of suction, it is carried to the vats for fermentation. These vats consist of raw ox hides loosely suspended in a strong wooden frame, with the hair on the outside. These hide made wheels contain the cryptococcus or ferment, which is a residuum of the former fermentations. After a few hours fermentation is fully established and the pulque is drawn off, always leaving a residuum in the vessel for the next fermentation. The liquid obtained from the maguey plant has a density varying from 1·029 to 1·042, and contains in 100 parts 0·553 of sugar, 0·540 of gum and soluble albumen, 0·726 salts, and 89·181 of water, holding in solution resinous matter, fats, albuminoids, starch, dextrine, and glucose.

According to Don Jose Ramos, its salts contain potash, soda, and lime in moderate proportions, and magnesia and alumina as chlorides, carbonates, sulphates and silicates; hence the great value in which it must have been held in former times and in which it ought to be held at the present day.

From the composition of the juice of the maguey one may have an idea of the therapeutic effects of the pulque, allowing for the change which these constituents may undergo through fermentation. Pulque has no definite proportion of alcohol, for one may readily see from the way it is manufactured that it cannot have any definite standard It, however, contains a very small proportion of fusel oil, and carbonic acid in large quantities. Considering that its manufacture is not based upon any standard of purity, or even with ordinary care, its density cannot be given with any certainty, though it varies from 0·9943 to 1·0200 ("La Esquela de Medicina"). To day it is attracting the attention of the medical fraternity because of the evil effects upon the liver caused by its excessive use among the lower classes, not, however in the light of pulque as a compound, but because of the evil effects of the alcohol which it contains. It is therefore, proposed to adopt some other form of manufacture that a much lower percentage of alcohol may enter into its composition, according to a fixed standard, and thus avoid the evils of alcoholism.—Therapeutic Gazette.

## GLOOMY PICTURE OF A KANSAS LIFE.

(New York Tribune.)

Mr. C. E. Carpenter, of Jamestown, Cloud, Kan., sends to an old friend in Peekskill, under date of July 24, the following gloomy picture of the agricultural prospects of his neighborhood: "I was in hope that by this time I could give more favorable reports of Kansas and our prospects for the future, but I am sorry to say that our hopes are blasted and to day the prospect is darker and more unfavorable than at any time since we came to the State. For the two years we did raise a little by hard labor—enough to sustain life—and even up to two weeks ago the corn bid fair to be an immense crop notwithstanding the dry weather; but the heat and drouth increased so that last Tuesday and Wednesday it seemed as if the heavens were of melted brass and the earth was almost a burning furnace. On Wednesday the thermometer averaged 114 in the shade. The wind blew strong from the south—what is called the hot wind. It seemed as though it was blowing off from a burning furnace, blasting everything before it. It may be if we get rain in a few days that there is a small piece of very late corn here and there through the country that would make perhaps one quarter of a crop. There is very little wheat through the whole country. Most of the wheat was winter killed and the spring wheat was all killed by the chinch bugs. You may think this a dark picture, but it is not so bad to read about as to experience. There is hardly a living garden vegetable in the whole country around here. I have not a grain of wheat or rye, only a few bushels of oats, which would last my team six weeks perhaps—not even any potatoes. I don't know what people will do, for there is no work one can get to do here as there is in the East; but I am trusting in the Lord, and believe that there will be some way provided.

—The fact that neither cats nor back fences are struck by lightning indicates a close relation between the two. It suggests that either the fence protects the cats or the cats protect the fence.

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

### A Fisherman's Meteor.

The fall of a meteor in the bay near Goat Island, from the description given to a Call reporter by various persons on the water front, must have been a sight seldom witnessed by man. Hearing that an old fisherman had been on the bay near where the aerolite fell, the reporter looked him up, and got the following story: "Yes," said he, "I was near the place when the meteor fell, and let me say right here, I don't want to be there when the next one comes down. I tell you what, young man, I've been in a good many close places in California, fighting grizzlys and standing off Mexicans in '49, but I never said my prayers as many times in a second as I did when that meteor lit out for the bay this morning. I was going across the bay to the Oakland flats to set my nets, as I do most every morning. Well when I got almost opposite the island, all of a sudden it got so light that I thought the whole electric light business had exploded right over my head. I pulled for the island as hard as I could, for I always had a holy horror of making fish bait of myself. I had not made two strokes when it got all-fired hot, and I looked around and was just in time to see the grandest and terriblest sight these old eyes ever looked upon. Not ten feet from me the meteor struck the water. It looked as large as a horse. When it struck you could have heard the hissing almost a mile. I never heard anything like it before. Almost as soon as it went under my boat was over the spot, and the water was bubbling and steaming as though a young volcano had broken out." "Do you think you could find the exact place where the meteor struck?" asked the reporter. "I don't know. As soon as daylight came I went back to see how things looked, and found a number of dead fish floating around. I think it was about 200 yards from the island, a little east of south. I was so badly scared that I can't say exactly." "How old are you, and what is your name?" "I was born in Maine in 1823, and my name is John Small," answered the lone fisherman. The reporter called upon Prof. Hanks, at the State Mining Bureau. The professor was out of town, but it had been reported by several parties that the aerolite had been seen by quite a number of persons. Prof. Davidson was also called upon, but was out. This is, without doubt, one of the largest aerolites that has visited the earth for some time past.—San Francisco Call.

### He Wanted to Express.

A stranger passing by the Race street entrance to the United States Express office, the other day, saw the good-natured Munson sitting in his sentry box, smoking an after-dinner cigar, and he rushed up to him hastily and said, "be you an expresser?"

Munson expresses himself to the effect that he was there for that express purpose.

"Well," said the stranger, "I want to express——"

"Certainly," said Munson, "you've struck the right place, U. S.—united we stand—right over the door."

"I say I've called to express ——"

"That's right," said Munson; "what have you got to express? Where is it going?"

"What I mean to express ——"

"Well, if you mean to express, why don't you go ahead and do it? The entire express service of the United States Company is waiting on you," said Munson.

"But will you allow me to express——?"

"Certainly," said Munson, "express all you want to, from a pin to Cleopatra's needle, and from a June-bug to an elephant."

"Well, then," said the stranger, preparing to take a walk, "I want to express my satisfaction over the agreeable change in the weather," and he dodged out just in time to escape a call-book that Munson flung at his head.—Griswold.

### Defective Logic.

Gabe Snodgrass owns a farm near Austin, and Jim Webster asked Gabe the other day what he was doing with his farm this year.

"I has rented it on sheer to Sam Johnsing. He gets half a dollar outen ebery dollar he makes outen de farm."

"But how does he know he gibs yer de kerrect amount on what he makes? He kin keep back some and you will nebber know it."

"Dar aint no danger ob dat. Don't yer see de more dollars he brings in ter me, de more half dollars he gets. You bet he ain't gwaine ter keep back none. He ain't no fool. He wouldn't get no half dollars outen de dollars he would keep back."—Texas Siftings.

### Two Affectionate Rivals.

There were several men clustered around the stove in a back room of a Galveston saloon, and somehow or other the subject of newspapers came up for discussion. One man said that editors were more jealous of each other than any other class; that they never had a good word for each other, etc.

A long haired youth, with a solemn look, spoke up, and heavin a sigh, said he had had some experience with editors, and he found them the reverse of jealous of each other; that a Texas editor was always willing to deny himself comforts for the benefit of a brother editor.

"Where did that happen?"

"It happened in a western Texas town where I lived," sighed the young man.

"I had dashed off a little poem of ten or fifteen stanza about 'Beautiful Spring.' There were two rival papers in the place—the Bugle and the Trombone. I had heard that the editors were deadly enemies and sighed to shed each other's gore, and I was afraid that if I let the Trombone publish my poem first there would be a deadly encounter."

I finally resolved to have it appear simultaneously in both papers. When I called on the editor of the Trombone he said the editor of the Bugle had a large family, and that he would prefer it would appear in the Bugle, as personally he loved the editor of the Bugle. I went then to the Bugle man, and he said the editor of the Trombone was his warmest personal friend, and that he would be glad if I would let him have the poem, as it would be putting bread in his mouth and clothes on his back.

So, owing to the love those two editors had for each other, I couldn't get my poem into either of their papers, and it hasn't been published yet. I never saw men so anxious to help each other out of "distress," and once more the long haired poet sighed like a bellows.

There was a pause and the old man with a frost bitten nose drawled out:

"Yer never tried them same editors with a cash advertisment, did yer?"

The poet answered in the negative, whereat the audience significantly nodded their heads and winked at each other.—Galveston News.

### A Peculiarity of the Nevada Moon.

For several nights past the moon has presented a peculiar appearance. There has been the appearance of a mock moon partially overlapping the true moon, now in crescent shape. The upper horns are joined, while the lower ones stand apart, making a fork. This curious appearance was first observed five nights ago by Will Thomas, watchman at the C. and C. shaft. He called the attention of the miners coming off shift to the moon, asking them if they saw anything peculiar about it. After taking a look the first thing each man did was to rub his eyes and consider within himself whether or not he had at any time within the last week taken too many glasses of beer, for he seemed to be seeing double. There is not only the partial doubleness, but a peculiar bright mist or haze close in about the moon that adds to the perplexity of the observer. Many persons (among those who were astir at a sufficiently late hour) have been observing this strange appearance of the moon for several nights. An amateur astronomer, who has been watching for two nights, gives it as his opinion that the moon is "growing" on atmosphere. He says the bogus moon has precisely the appearance of a reflection of the true moon cast out into the bright haze. He believes that a part of the tail of the comet has been attracted to and settled around the moon, forming a thin gaseous atmosphere. The first impression of everyone in looking at the moon is that there is something wrong with his eyes—that they are misty. Old and young, however, find the same appearance, and make the same kind of drawings in trying to represent what they see. Mr. Thomas may be cheated out of the reward to which he is entitled as the first discoverer of the comet, but he has scores of witnesses to bring forward when it shall come to the establishment of his moon discovery.—Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

### How a Theater is to be Lighted.

One of the most important features of the new theater of this city is to be the system of lighting. The architects believe that no gas burners should be allowed to meet the eye of a person at the play It distracts his attention, they say, and so they have devised a system of lighting which will obviate the trouble. The parquette will be flooded with light from a prismatic chandelier in the dome, which is said to contain 22,000 prisms, and which will be lighted with electricity. Four sconces will also be placed on the walls, and in addition to this two powerful reflectors have been arranged in domes excavated under the balcony. While the performance is going on not a light will be visible to the audience unless they seek for it in the chandlier above, there will be no lamp posts in front of the building, but the street will be illuminated by clusters of lights resting on four brackets attached to the wall of the theater.—New York Times.

### A Wedding in Lapland.

A wedding is announced at the church, whose bells are pealing. We invite ourselves. A score of us enter the building. It is, like most Lutheran churches, plain; but there is an altar, with seven candlesticks and candles; a large cross, perfectly white; a pulpit midway, and commodious pews and seats. The hour is 2 in the afternoon, not in the morning, though as to lighting the church, it is all one. Some dozen or so of the natives, all females, with handkerchiefs upon their heads, are present. Our party is seated at the front. I remain at the door. My wedding garment is not up to the highest style, but as the procession enters the front door I fall in behind with the small boy of the family. The bride is a tall girl, with inflammatory hair and cool demeanor. The groom is a thick set, stout man, whose hair is erect, and whose imperturability is quite equal to that of the woman whom he holds, we hope gently, by the hand. She is dressed plainly in black. A long white vail depends from her black hair, held by a circlet of ivy, a plant in great request and reputation here in Norway. The friends of the bride and bridegroom, including parents, pass up to the platform with them and take seats on either side. A priest comes out from the saytum and stands before the altar silently, with his back to us, while the precentor from a side platform raises a sweet song, with whose music there is not so much accord by the audience. Then the bride and groom kneel, a prayer is said and the two are one and all are happy. The bride is arrayed at the door, and the scene is concluded.

### Uncle Remus' Aphorisms from the Quarters.

It don't take no prophet to rickerlec' bad luck.

Dey don't hab no loafers in de martin box.

De wire-grass lubs a lazy nigger.

Dar's right smart 'liglon in a plow handle.

Twelve er'clock nebber is in a hurry.

Nebber 'pend too much on de blackberry blossems.

Don't bet on a 'tater hill befo' de grabblin' time.

Heap o' good cotton stalks gits chopped up fum 'sociatin' wid de weeds.

Many a nice corn silk winds up wid a nubbin in de fall.

A chicken roos' is de debbul's steel trap, an' a grassy corn row is his flower garden.

De mornin' glories aint pertickler lubly to a man wid de back ache.—Scribner.

### The Surf as a Place for Sentiment.

It has been said by those who are not posted that the surf is no place for sentiment, no spot for love. Such ephemeral nonsense has but little elbow room among the roar of the breakers, that's a fact, but as we sat on the sands, drawing diagrams for paragraphs with our cane, watched the undulating swell of old ocean, and listened to its rhythmic time beat on the shore we heard above the noise of waters: "Jane, my love (swash-siz z) I've often longed (swash siz z) to tell you (swash siz z) of the affection (swash siz-z) of my heart (swash siz z) for your purse (swash-siz-z). Oh, wilt thou (swash-siz z) be mine, mine (swash-siz z) forever?" and in a gentle voice the answer wafted to the shore. "Oh, John, my dear (swash-siz-z), my mouth's full of (swash-siz z) salt water and (swash siz z) my ears are stopped up with (swash-siz z) bubbles and I can't hear (swash-siz z) a word you say (swash-siz z)." But all the same, they promenaded the piazza to the music of the band in the evening, and stared the moon out of countenance till long after the old folks had begun their nightly battle with the seaside mosquitos.—New Haven Register.

### A Romantic Story.

A romantic story comes from Plainfield, N. J., where Mr. Kebbing Crompton and wife were astonished at the entrance into their house of a son of whom they had not heard in nineteen years, and whom they had long given up for dead. Before the war he was a druggist's clerk, and, joining the navy, he was attached to the surgical staff. In 1862 they had a letter from him, when he was on board a ship taking sick soldiers to New Orleans. They learned indirectly that he had landed in that city, but no further tidings had reached them. He said he was drugged in New Orleans, and found himself on board a slaver at sea. After one unsuccessful attempt, he made his escape in an African port and reached Cape Colony. Here he settled down, married, and had one child. He drifted from there to India and other parts of Asia, and finally to Australia, and came home from there to see his parents once more. They were completely overcome by the return of the wanderer, and his mother fainted with joy. His friends and relatives in Plainfield all recognize him. He says that he wrote three letters home, but he dreaded to return for fear of being arrested as a deserter from the navy.

## CAPTURED IN A CAVE.

From the Denver Tribune

A telegram from Leadville, published recently, gave an account of the attempted suicide of a man named Layton. The report set forth that he was the Harry Layton who murdered Sam Anderson in West Denver seven years ago. This is a mistake. The Leadville man is not the one who made himself notorious in Denver at the time poor Anderson met his death. Harry Layton was killed and buried in this city, and the County of Arapahoe and Elbert County paid Charley Wilcox—now of the police force—$1,300 for his capture. The story is not lacking in interest. Seven years ago Harry Layton, a professional painter and violin player, stabbed with a knife one Sam Anderson, a saloon keeper and also a violin player, in West Denver.

Anderson died a few days afterward and Layton was thrown into prison to await trial. At about this time two men in Elbert county, named Evan E. Hall, and William Wilder, had shot and killed a Deputy Sheriff of that county, while he was attempting to arrest them for misdemeanor. They were captured and brought to Denver for safe keeping. While in the jail Layton, Hall and Wilder laid a plot to kill the jailor and his deputy, take their firearms and take to the highway, as Billy the Kid has since done, and kill every man who should attempt to pursue them. Before leaving the jail they wrote a letter stating their bloodthirsty resolution and left it for whoever it might interest. Ed. Holtz was the jailor and Lee Sopris his deputy. By some means the prisoners obtained an iron bar and at midday watched their opportunity, and with their murderous weapons felled the two jailors to the floor.

Fortunately they were not killed. The three desperate men then made good their escape. They went immediately to Elbert county, and secreted themselves in a cave in the rocks at a point near Gomer's Mill. Here they were to remain until a companion, living in the vicinity, should furnish them with horses with which to get out of the country. The whole country on the divide was terror-stricken. A reward was offered for them, and Charley Wilcox, then a deputy-sheriff of Arapahoe county, took four men as a posse and went in pursuit. He soon found their hiding place and seized their agent, the man who was to supply them with horses, and by threatening his life intimidated him into assisting them in capturing the trio of villains. When night came Wilcox and his men placed themselves in ambush at the approach to the cave, then forced the decoy to enter and say to the men within that everything was in readiness, and that their horses were waiting at the door. Not suspecting the trap the desperadoes walked boldly out.

The man who betrayed them remained behind, knowing that the three refugees were to be shot down. As they stepped out of the cave a volley from the guns of the sheriff and his posse stretched them out on the ground. Hall and Layton were mortally wounded and died in a few moments. Wilder, although bably wounded, recovered, and out of smypatny for his great suffering was afterward dismissed. The bodies of Hall and Layton were brought to Denfier, identified and buried. This story will bring a tingle of joy to the blood of the old timer. It was the sensation of the time.

## MYSTERIOUS DEATH

### A Fatal Bruise—Foul Play Suspected.

GALT, Ont., Aug. 17.—A man named Jas. Kennedy, a knitter by trade, was found this morning lying in an unconscious state, with a bruise on his head. He was immediately conveyed to his boarding house, and medical aid summoned, but it was of no avail. He remained unconscious till death, which occurred about noon. A coroner's inquest was held, but was postponed till to-morrow evening to enable a post mortem examination to be held and witnesses summoned. Foul play is suspected.

—The wise man keeps his money out of the pool box.