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death ; only the date mentioned, but not the place. The world had almost forgotten Clinton Deverell's existence ; he was known vaguely to be "abroad," and to be a ne'er-do-weel ; no doubt Max did not regret his death.

But how was this that Beryl Deverell had returned home ? Perhaps, after all, it was a mistake, a mere *canard*, that she had run away ; she had really gone to see some friends. And then came a bombshell—it went the round, as Max took care it should—that Beryl had, with her husband, visited Willow Cottage—nay, that she had stayed there two or three days with him. Then there must be a huge error somewhere ; it was, of course, impossible that Deverell's wife would go to see his mistress, and actually stay in the house with her. What and who was the mysterious tenant of Willow Cottage ?

An answer to the question, and in some sort an explanation, was afforded one day in February, when astonished readers saw the following obituary notice in the daily papers :

"On the 5th inst., at Willow Cottage, Bramley, near Rickmansworth, Lillian, wife of the late Clinton Deverell, of Deverell Court, —shire."

"Then, after all, Max Deverell had been cruelly aspersed. It was the wife of his worthless brother whom he provided for, and not a mistress, that took him to the cottage in Hertfordshire.

"It only shows," said Mrs. Weston, "how difficult it is to judge people ;" though of course she was quite ready to judge anyone the next moment upon grounds far less suspicious than those which had caused her to condemn Max Deverell.

Deverell's pride never stooped to any more direct exculpations than these ; but they were sufficient.

His name was cleared, and it was evident that Beryl had fallen into the general mistake, and had left her home until assured that her just suspicions were without foundation in fact. Why she had not known of this remained a mystery.

But then the marriage was certainly a secret one, and Max might have been under some promise to keep it so, or was unwilling to speak of a sister-in-law who was perhaps not quite immaculate, or was, at any rate, lowly born. Everyone knew what an intensely proud man Max Deverell was.

By the time Christmas came round again, the whole thing was well-nigh forgotten, and it was remembered at Deverell as the happiest Christmas that had been "since old Squire Roger's time," and that was "anigh sixty year ago," so there were not many who had been present at the festivities in those days.

And on Christmas night, when the sounds of rejoicing had died into silence, the "music of the bells" had it all its own way, jangling joyously in the frosty air, and Beryl and her husband, standing together in the great bay-window of the holly-bedecked hall, listened in silence, with hearts very full of peace and happiness, and thronging memories of Christmas last year, when they had met after such cruel parting.

They would never hear the Christmas chimes without recalling that night.

And then, after a time, Beryl lifted her face to her husband's, her lips all quivering, the tears on her long lashes ; and he stooped and kissed those tears—not sorrowful tears—away ; and then folding her very close to his breast, laid his lips on hers.

THE SELFISHNESS OF BAD MANNERS.

The old fashioned division of society was into superiors, equals, and inferiors. One of the rarest things in American society is genuine courtesy toward superiors. Toadyism there is plenty of, and it is a disgusting habit which it is unnecessary to condemn here.

The more common and less conspicuous mistake is withholding through selfishness the deference which is due superiority. Let a person of a little more culture, a little better position, larger experience, be thrown among us and we too often assume a cold dignity. The glorious doctrine of the equality of all men we quote in self-defence. Unselfishness would alter this manner and tell us to do the honest thing—and the only polite thing—give his worth its due and ourselves the opportunity of gathering what we can from his broader life. This principle is constantly ignored in our villages and towns. The sharp lines which are drawn between cliques is really often, if not as a rule, the fault of those who feel their social position to be less than that of another set and who assume a rigid formality when thrown into their company.

The manner which shows deference combined with self-respecting independence is one of the most charming good society sees. The great strain on this principle undoubtedly comes from association with equals. A man is polite to his daily associates in proportion as he lays aside his own claim for consideration and substitutes theirs. But it must be spontaneous, natural, unpretending unselfishness. An affectation of unselfishness—giving up a thing in so pronounced a manner that everybody will see that a sacrifice has been made—is never good form. It calls attention to the doer. It suggests to all who see it that they have missed an opportunity to do a polite thing.

It is in better taste to omit doing an unselfish thing which one sees the opportunity for, if it is going to make others feel that they have been rude or careless. Good manners are like dress, that is in best taste whose harmony is so complete that nobody thinks of it. Respect for opinions, tolerance with eccentricities, kindness toward the uninteresting, willingness to give up comforts, readiness to join in suggestions for social entertainment, ignoring unpleasantness, the daily practice of social niceties, sharing pleasures, generosity in admiring, these are but a few of the lines on which unselfishness works in daily life.—*The Chautauquan*.

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