

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

By Lucille Hollis.

[illegible]

But, at least, Bessie knew enough not to
 "denial." And so it happened that one night
 when there was a little dance after a dinner
 at the parsonage alone for a time, save for her
 sister, quite, at one end of the big parlors,
 when up walked Leonard Darrell. She
 "perceived" to see that he had. He and his
 wife had come in late. She flushed rose-
 red, like a sky at sunrise, and her little
 hand trembled as she laid it in his extended
 one.

"Bessie!"

"That was all Dr. Darrell said, but he
 could look down into her face with such
 penetrating eyes that she had longed long
 for a strong man's clasp, while the girl trem-
 bled, unable to gain the cool self-control she
 had told herself she should always show
 when she met him. And of course Darrell

Besie, the love-mad girl, thought of drawing
 a few meaning looks had passed be-
 tween the named spectators. And when
 talking about trivial matters, but in
 that fascinating way of his, and in the
 sweet voice, with caresses in his ex-
 pressed, she had not noticed that he
 was as she had been wont to listen and
 answer two years before.
 "I must introduce my wife to you, Besie,"
 he said, at last, rising. And when the
 little girl's white teeth he bent above her
 and whispered, passionately:
 "Don't look like that, Besie. It break-
 your heart."
 And to Essie, he turned to meet her
 the—after the way of the world—had
 come from the little country girl an
 adored woman.
 Her Darrell was condescendingly pleas-

and chatted gaily with—or, rather, at—the little heires for a few minutes, and then declared that she must hasten to fill another engagement.

"I'm sorry to take the carriage, doctor, and keep you waiting," she said to her husb.

And, 'though, perhaps, you won't be minding me," she said smiling to Bessie. "But I will tell Maria to drive back for you."

"No; don't trouble yourself," returned Arden. "Miss Greenleaf starts past our house; I'm sure she will kindly give me a lift in her carriage."

And what could Bessie say but—
"Certainly—with pleasure."

And so Drrell rode home with her; and the next morning he and his wife came to look her to a musical tea evening. And there she saw the Darrells very early, and the doctor fell into the habit of calling on her almost daily, and singing with her.

telling her what books she ought to read, and chatting in a pleasant desultory way. There was nothing in the intimacy of alarm Bessie—unless she had been old enough and experienced enough to distrust her own heart—it's fatally sweet to be reassured—until, one day, in the sweet spring season, Darrell asked her to ride with him that afternoon.

"Oh! Ought I to?" she questioned, a little fidgetingly.

"Why not, Bessie! Would I ask you—if I thought you ought not to go? Say yes, Bessie!"

His face was dropped so near to the girl's that his pulsing breast beat against her neck.

eyes seemed drawing her soul out from her bosom. Poor Bessie! She had no power to resist.

Mr. Greenleaf mentioned it before her father, and he said, "I'll tell you, Bessie, no, no! The little old lady can't do that. It is a pleasant day for driving, dear." Ah! if only some one had been there.

Along Fifth Avenue, and through the park, Dr. Darrell drove with the little flow-ers in the back seat beside him. Men met them and bowed and smiled at them. Women stared and stared, and bowed with sweet smiles at Dr. Darrell, and avoided Bessie's eyes.

"What a lovely day for country driving," they came back the stars were reflecting their little lamps in the purple April heavens.

"Do you know that I have been trying to get you to go to the country with me, and now to you to-day, and, now I seem to see that was with you?"

"Why, Bessie? What difference does it make? Are you jealous of me, little one?"

"No, oh no! But I was afraid it was because you were so beautiful, and I was afraid it was that it was wrong for me, and I was afraid it was wrong for you! And why should they bow at you?"

"I think the whole thing is imagination, Bessie, on your part; for we love each other; we love to be together!"

"But I am not a child, and I have been so close upon them. Is another the reason there was an interlocking of wheels, a meeting of the wheels, and Dr. Darrell held a small white face, and Bessie Greenleaf was laid away in Wood-ward; but society smiles as sweetly as ever in the world. Dr. Darrell—after the way of the