CHAPTER VI The last stroke of eight dies out from e old clock in the hall as Seaton Dysart

enters the drawing room. The extreme dinginess and gloom of that melancholy apartment sinks into him as he moves rather discontentedly, but with a man's unfailing instinct, toward the hearth-rug

and advances about the eighth part of an ordinary foot toward him.

They are wonderfully alike, the father and son, and yet how wonderfully unlike. It seems impossible that with expressions so utterly at variance so strong a resemblance can exist, yet it is there. The one, the old face, mean, cringing, suspicious, wicked; the other, cold, honorable, earnest and beautiful. The girl, watching him with distrust in her eyes, reluctantly acknowledged this last fact. "I'm extremely sorry if I've kept you waiting for dinner," he says, advancing at a quicker pace, once he sees the pretty

half gay, half serious. "And don't be long," entreats Vera, with a sudden rush it trivial if a man you deadly earnest. There is that man all over the place, let loose, as it were, for my discomfiture, and if he turns up in this part of the world I suppose I shall have to talk to him."

"What a calamity!" says Griselda, with a little feigned drooping of her mouth. "In this barren wilderness even manna may be regarded with rapture—even Seaton! Better any man than no man, say I."

"So say not I, then," with great spirit.

at a quicker pace, once he sees the pretty But the fact is I was dreadfully tired

The likeness to his father seems clearer to her as he speaks, and kills for her all the charm of his face.

"Very; but I don't fancy my absurd fit of laziness arose from that. Rather from the fact that I haven't had a wink of sleep for the last two nights."

"Two nights!" says she with a faint accession of interest. "Toothache? Sick triend?"

"Oh, no. Ball-cards," returns he, con

You are Griselda, I suppose?" says

with a faint smile.

"True. Why should 1?" returns he, laughing. "Perhaps because," with a steady look at her, "I have been told that my cousin Griselda is a person possessed of a considerable amount of—of charac-

Priselda is self-willed," says she, calmiy.

And as it is evident you think I look the part also, I am afraid you must prepare courself to meet two self-willed cousins— am not Griselda."

If she had fancied that this announce—

ent would have put him out, she is unved in a me

"No?" says he, looking distinctly amus-ed. "There is comfort in the thought that I cannot again fall into error, because you "Yes, I am Vera," slowly.

"I fear you will find it very dull down

"Your father has been very good to us; nore than kind," interrupts she, gently, but with decision. "He has given us a

"I should think he would be very glad to get you here," says he. At this moment Griselda enters the room. A charming Griselda, in white, like her sister, and with a flower in her sunny hair. She trips up to Seaton and gives him her hand and a frank smile, that has just the cordesire anything of the kind."

says he, interrupting her remorselessly.

"But they can hardly be classed with those in which the caim confidences of one sister are exchanged with the other. And why should you apologize? I assure you, you need not. I do not seek for or desire anything of the kind." ect amount of coquettish shyness in it. A man, to Griselds, no matter out of what obnoxious tribe he may have sprung, is always a creature to be gently treated, smiled upon and encouraged. "So you've come at last to this Castle

of Despair," says she, saucily. "I must say, you took time to look us up. But 1 don't blame you; life down her is too lively for most. It has quite done up Vera

ner gong breaks in at this instant on Gri-seida's speech. They all rise and cross the hall to the dining room, but just in-side it a momentary hesitation takes Dysart going to the foot of the Vern stops short, as if in some se, to look at him, question in her You will take the head of the table

I hope," says he, in a low tone, divining her perplexity.
"But—" quickly, and then a pause.
"If you wish it, of course," she says, with a swift uplifting of the brows and an al-

nost imperceptible shrug. Her manner somehow irritates him.

wish it, certainly," says he, coldly. "But I wish still more to see you do only that which you like."

She looks round her and loses herself a little in the touch of fairyland the room presents. It is, as it were, an echo from the past, a glimpse into the old life when her father still lived, that she hardly knew was dear to her until she had lost it. The glitter of the silver, the glass, the intense perfume of the glowing flowers, the rich tint of the fruits, all seem part of a dream; a sweet one, too.

Griselda, and indeed they have barely time to put on a carefully unconscious demeanor, when Seaton Dysart darkens the door of the summer house, and looks coldly down on them.

"They told me I should find you here." he says, speaking to Vera. "I have come to say good-by."

"But surely you are not going so soon—not before dinner, not to-night!" originally the says. onten magnificated in the discount.

She looks round her and loses herself a
ttle in the touch of fairyland the room

diously polite.
"Do you stay long?" asks Griselda presently, looking at her cousin.
"I don't know how you may view it.

"I don't know how you may view it. and beams upon him with gentle entreaty in her eye.

I return to town the day after to-morrow—very early on that day. Whether I must or must not work for my living is a thing that does not concern me. I "If you must go, do us one service first," she says. "Do you see that rose?"

—a rather unkempt and straggling specimen of its kind that trails in unadmired disorder just outside the door. "It has baffled me many a time, but you are tail, oh, tailer than most; will you lift these

your father will not let us see anyone,

that Tom Peyton would have given several years of his life to possess; but Dysart is disgracefully unmoved by it, and, opens the door for her. As a passes him he says, easily: unnot tell you everything at once, to lift the drooping tendrils and reduce them to order.

"I can't," gasps Vera, fearfully.
"You must," insists Griselda, sternly.
It's impossible to know what sort of man be is. If revengeful, he can play

Without waiting to explain what par ticular game this may mean, or the full significance thereof, she steps lightly out-side and gazes with undisguised rapture upon Dysart's work.

Dysart returns to the summer with all the manner of one in mad haste to be gone. It is merely a part of an un-pleasant whoie, he tells himself, that he must first say a chillingly courteous word or two of farewell to the girl who has openly declared toward him such an un-

dying animosity.

"I am afraid," says Vera, speaking the brand he thinks he wants if his with cold precision, as one delivering herself of an unloved lesson, "that you are going away thus abruptly because of half and two million brands of cigars what you heard me say this morning."
"You are right. That is why I am go-

chapters the drawing room. The extreme dinginess and gloom of that melancholy apprement sinks into him as he moves rather discontentedly, but with a man's notalling instinct, toward the hearth-rug. It is not all gloom, however, as he presently discovers, in this dreary place. Some one rises languidly from a low chair—a serily discovers, in this dreary place. Some girl, a lovely girl, as he instantly admits—and advances about the eighth part of an ordinary foot toward him.

They are wonderfully alike, the father and son, and yet how wonderfully undeadly earnest. There is that man all like. It seems impossible that with expectations, as it were, for pauses. "Did I make myself so specially in the swhy I am goling, replies Dysart, calmiy. "Yes?" in a chilling tone, and with faintly lifted brows. "I regret exceedingly that I should have so unfortunately offend you, but to go for that—it all down her book. "So you won't take my advice? Very good. Go on, and you like to go for that—it all should have so unfortunately offend you, but to go for that—it all down her book. "So you won't take my advice? Very good. Go on, and you like to go for that—it all can do otherwise. Why should I make you uncomfortable? But you may call it trivial if you like, to talk of deteating of anxiety. "Don't, now. Yes, I'm in a man you have only seen for an hour or two, and who in those hours—" He pauses. "Did I make myself so specially pauses. "Did I make myself so specially objectionable?" demands he, abruptly, turning to her with something that is surely anger, but as surely entreaty, in

'Why, indeed!" He regards her ab-

"By the bye," he says, "I am afraid you will have to put up with me for a few hours every week. I shall promise to make them as short as I possibly can. But my father likes to see me every seveu days or so, and I like to see him. Do you think," a slight smile crossing his face, "you will be able to live through it?"

But in the run of trade these are an almost vanishing minority."—New York Sua.

COST OF BEING IN CABINET.

To Live in Good Style a Man Must Spend Three Times His Balary.

A member of the Cabinet to entertain

"I have lived through a good many things," says Vera, her dark eyes affame. "That gives you a chance here; prac-tice makes perfect. I am sorry to be obliged to inconvenience you so far, but if I stayed away, I am afraid my father

"Why should you take it for granted that I desire your absence?" cries Vera, her voice vibrating with anger. "Come, And it was thus that they parted. (To be continued.)

KEEPING YOUNG.

German Mother of Ten Did It with

per's Bazar. She pictures a little Gernan woman, the mother of ten chil-

She was as fresh in color as a girl her hair without a touch of gray, her themselves. A member of the Cabinet

"How do you keep so fresh young with all your great family?"

She looked at me a moment, and then laughed her merry little laugh. "You see," she said, "I haf my von

"Your what?" I asked, puzzled to un-

derstand her.
"My von little naps," she repeated. "But tell me. I do not understand." sald.

"Vy so," she said, in her pretty broken English, "aboud twelf o'clock or maybe von or maybe two, as you like is besser, I takes de baby, vichever iss de baby, and I goes to de room and takes my naps."

"But if the baby won't sleep at that time?" I objected.

sleep all right." "But there are so many things to do

while the baby sleeps," I went on.
"I vil haf my naps," was her smiling answer.

Then she did stare at me. "There could not noting happen to dose children vorse dan I not get my von little naps," she said, indignantly. I gave it up. This closed the argu-

And the writer hands on the advice to all other tired mothers to try the little naps, even if it upsets to a degree methodical housekeeping. Method is good, but if it comes to be a whip which makes rest impossible, it should

Hens Didn't Have to Work. Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," comprehensive though it is, would have been broadened and enriched by this anecdote, which is indefinitely credited

country house, where she played the role of chatelaine to the manner born according to her own ideas of the part. One day some of her old-time friends came to see her, and she condescended to show them all over the place.

"What beautiful chickens!" exclaimed the visitors, when they came to the poultry-yard. "Yes. All prize birds!" haughtily explained the hostess.

"Do they lay every day?"
"Oh, they could, of course; but" grandiloquently, "in our position

As men are said to lead lives and follow occupations, the performance as a whole would appear to be a game of

Quality Counts Little with the Average Burer, Says One Dealer.

brand of eight that the eight-store proprietor didn't have.

"But I've got something that's practically the same smoke," the dealer said, taking out a box.

The man smiled wisely and indulcently and went out again, and the dealer awore. "There are times," he said, "when

this business makes you a trifle tired. about? Now, I'd bet everything that I've got in the world that that chap couldn't have told the cigar I offered him from

half and two million brands of cigars sold in this country, and your average smoker thinks that every brand means a different kind of tobacco. As a matter of fact, 150 is an outside estimate of the different kinds of tobacco that can be procured from all sources, and even experts can't tell some of these apart.

"As for the average smoker, not half of them have any idea as to the quality of the cigar they may be smoking. The vast majority of tobacco users smoke with their eyes and their eyes

"The shape or size or color of a ciga strikes their fancy. It burns easily

"As I told you before," indifferently, "one says foolish things now and then."

"Would you have me believe you did not really mean what you said?"

"I would not have you believe anything," returns she, haughtily. "I only think it a pity that you should curtail your visit to your father because a chance remark of mine that cannot possibly affect you in any way."

"Is that how you look at it?"

"Is there any other way? Why should you care whether or not I detest you—I, whom you saw, for the first time yester up the use of tobacco altogether. ing is done with the eyes it is only she liked black eyes." up the use of tobacco altogether.

"So it's a perfectly well-known ax-"Why, indeed?" He regards her absently, as if trying to work out in his own mind the answer to this question, and theu, suddenly:

"Nevertheless, I do care," he says, with a touch of vehemence. "It is the injustice of it to which I object. You had evidently determined beforehand to show me no grace. I defy you to deny it! Come, can you?"

Miss Dysart is silent. The very impetuosity of his accusation has deadened her power to reply, and besides, is there not truth in it? Had she not prejudged?

"By the bye," he says, "I am afraid almost vanishing minority."—New iom in the trade that the quality of a

A member of the Cabinet to entertain largely should have such a house as usually rents from \$6,000 to \$12,000 a year. Senator Depew pays \$1,000 a month for his house. On the other side, Secretary Wilson, who is comparatively a poor man, lives in a house that rents for not more than \$75 a month. Postmaster General Smith spent his entire salary of \$8,000 a year and was compelled to write magazine articles remain, or stay away forever -what is it and to add to his income in other ways to maintain his establishment. He finally wearled of the struggle and took

apartments at a hotel. Each cabinet minster is expected once a year to entertain the President and his associates at dinner. Beyond this he can cut out dinner-giving. The Secretary of State, in addition, must part of the secret—seems to be reveal- give a breakfast once a year to the e" diplomatic corps. Secretary Day resign-

low the social pace. Carriages and horses are furnishe by the Government to cabinet ministers. All other expenses they must pay maintaining his own house would have to expend at least \$15,000 a year, or nearly double his salary, to keep up even ordinary appearances.

Attorney General Knox, upon taking up his residence in Washington, began by purchasing a house costing \$140,000 and bringing with him a team of horses that cost \$12,000. His expenses will be vastly in excess of \$15,000 a

James S. Clarkson, when he became First Assistant Postmaster General, rented a bouse at \$3,800 a year. His salary was \$4,000. Mr. Clarkson laughingly said to his wife: "What shall we do with the remainder of my salary?" "Rent a telephone," was the reply .-New York World

Skating Mentioned by Early Writers Skating while not classed as a co petitive sport, although there are plenty of competitions to which it leads, is the most generally practiced of all winter pastimes. When skating first began is something no one has yet fully discovered. But at any rate, writers in the twelfth century mention the pastime and describe the skate then in use as the brisket bone of an ox fastened to the sole of the foot and bound around the ankle, while the person thus mounted pushed himself along the ice by means of an iron-shod stick. And it is said that in the museum at Cambridge, as well as in the British Museum, there are bones thus ground for use as skates. Later came the wooden frame, with an iron or steel runner. This was some time in the fourteenth century. In the sixteenth century there is a well-remembered record of the time when the Dutch feet was frozen in at Amsterdam and Don Frederick attempted with his men to take the vessels. His men were put to rout by the Dutchmen, who came out on skates, and thus had every like to stop cannibalism, advantage of mobility.

Busy Angels.

Little Lulu G., aged 4, does much to make a certain Columbus home one of the brightest to be found anywhere, Not long ago little Lulu saw a small colored child for the first time in her life, and the little black mite interested her greatly. She asked her mamma a great many questions concerning the colored girl, and then for a time she remained silent. Suddenly Lulu querled with new interest:

"Mamma, does little black girls go to hevun?" "Yes, dear," replied the mother, "of ourse they do.

Lulu was quiet for a time, then she ald aloud but apparently to herself: "Doodness, they must be offul bizzy keepin' their wings blacked up!"-Obto State Journal.

you don't you'll have the old man down FEW GOOD JUDGES OF CIGARS. HUMOR OF THE WEEK

The man came in and asked for a STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

> Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day-A Budget of Fun.

First Walter-What are you thinking

whether to lay myself out for a tip from that man or not. I can't tell whather it's his wife or an actress he's got with him.-Philadelphia Press.



"Who giv me de black eve? I guy it to meself; 'cause me loldy fren' said

"How bald-headed Uncle Henry is pa!" exclaimed Willie Boerum. "Yes," responded Mr. Boerum im

pressively, "to look at him you would never suppose that your Uncle Henry was once a famous football player."-Brooklyn Eagle.

A Suspicious Circumstance. Mrs. Hokorn (sympathetically)-Why, what in the world's the matter, Sa-

manthy? Mrs. Hayrake (sobblingly)-Oh, dear, Hiram's driftin' away from me, au'boo-hoo-I'm sure there's another woman in the case.

Mrs. Hokorn-Why, what put sich a silly idear in your head? Mrs. Hayrake-He went tew a bar-

ber's yesterday tew git his hair cut. instead uv lettin' me cut it, as he always done before.-Puck.

Betting Him Right. He Pshaw! There's nothing markable in knowing how to cook. She-That's all you know about it. There is everything in the making of hash.-Chicago News.

A Bright Outlook. Clara-These autumnal days make me sad. Clarence Oh, cheer up, dearle; we've

got half a load of coal left over from His Meaning. It was after the church fair, and be

was surveying his purchase. "Why do you speak of the cost as The Charge of the Light Brigade?" she asked. "It seems to me the charge

was a heavy one." "True," he admitted; "but every girl at that table was a blonde."—Chicago Evening Post.

A Man to Despise. Guy-Are you making a good start

for 1902? Percy-That's what. I've got all my next Christmas gifts bought and paid

An Essential Difference. Old Lady-You are looking for work.

presume. Dusty Rhodes (in a burst of confi dence)-Well, no, ma'am, not exactly; I am trying to look as if I were looking for it.-Somerville Journal.



Why did you let yourself get into the clutches of the watch last night? You could easily have dodged him." "'Twas my only move. Otherwise I'd have got into the clutches of my

The Cook's Tresses. "Don't you think the new cook is lynched the wrong man only a few pretty, dear?" she said.

"H'm! rather." grumbled D. Spep-

The Reason Why



Jack-It's no use; your father won't listen to me, and yet you assured me that he wanted to get you off his

Helen-Perhaps that's why he won't Consoling.

Penelope-1 cannot see bow Ethel can bear to have her fiance play foot Constance-Oh, Ethel is one of those people who would look especially well

in mourning. - Brooklyn Eagle. Dr. Reaper-I tell you, those automo biles are great. I can make twice as many calls as I formerly could. Castleton - Well, I always thought

those machines were bound to increase the death rate.-Judge. In Africa. First Native-The missionaries wou

see why a man shouldn't eat according to the dictates of his conscience. Over the Teacup. "Milton had an ill-tempered wife, he said, "and she finally left his

Second Native-They would? I don't

"Yes, dear," replied his wife, "and when she was gone he wrote 'Paradise Lost.' "-Atlanta Constitution.

His Refusal. "That man once offered me money for my vote," remarked the practical politician.

"And you refused it with scorn?" "I did. My conscience wouldn't per-mit me to take it. It wasn't more than half of what is customarily paid, and I couldn't have looked my fellow members of the Legislature in the face if I had cut prices."—Washington Star.

Northern Visitor-And you say you

hours ago? Heavens! Something ought to be done. Southerner-Something is bein' done.

they was on the right track now.

Hash's Only Rivat "In your vermiform appendix," the surgeon told him after the operation

was over, "we found, strange to say a small brass tack." "That proves I was right," feebly an swered the sick man, "when I said it was something I had eaten in mince

ple."-Chicago Record-Herald. Natural Error. Desk Editor-Well, that's rough. Desk Editor's Wife-What's the mat-

Desk Editor-Oh, I wrote. "A Scene of Rare Beauty" for a headline over the story of a ball, and the proofrender has let it go. "A Scene of Bare Beauty." Somerville Journal

A Still Country. "These moonshiners are very quie while they are giving the alarm about the approach of the revenue officers. "Sort of a still-alarm, ch?"-Chicago

"And pray, sir," said the prospec tive father-in-law, "what do you expect to settle on my daughter, and what are you going to live on?" "Oh," rejoined the matter-of-fact youth, "I intend to settle myself on your daughter and I am going to live

Straight from the Shoulder.

on you. See?"-Chicago News. A Shameless Maid. Miss Highupp—I think Miss Globe trott ought to be ashamed of herself. She says she found the paintings of the old masters dreadfully stupid. Miss Wayupp-So do many others. Miss Highupp-Yes, but she says so New York Weekly.

Busy Angels.

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"Mamma, does little black girls go to heaven?"

"Yes, dear," replied the mother, "of course they do. Lulu was quiet for a time; then she aid aloud, but apparently to herself:

"Doodness, they must be awful busy keepin' their wings blacked up!"-Ohio State Journal. Subsidy in Hungary. Under a law passed two years ago

the Hungarian government may subsidize almost any kind of manufactury. Farmers in Civil War. Of the soldiers in the Civil

per cent were farmers.

DOOM OF THE FROCK

COAT IS SOUNDED. Does the present-day wearing apparel represent the maximum of comfort and warmth with the minimum weight? In addition, is it the most becoming we

can wear? To these questions Lord Rounid Sutherland Gower recently in London gave

an emphatic negative. "I have no wish to design a dress which shall be beautiful at the expense of utility, nor do I wish only one class of society to benefit," said Lord Gower. "With slight modifications the proposed reformed dress could be worn by all classes. It is only a question of material-not of cut.

"To begin at the top. The silk bat must go. I feel especially strongly



EVENING AND BUSINESS SUIT

about this article of headdress. It is heavy, bideous and unhealthy, and should be discarded in favor of a Homburg, for instance, or a soft felt hat, something between a cavaller's and a New South Wales Lancer's in shape." "You say that the silk but is the only one that can be worn with the frock

"Granted-but why retain the frock cont? It suits very few men, and its length adds to the weight on the shoulders. Let the man who would dress sensibly dispense with tails and wear a rather short coat-not too abbreviatedin which I am sure he will look well and feel comfortable. "My most radical recommendations apply to the nether garments. The un-

graceful trousers should be replaced with close-fitting knee breeches, coming below the knee and fastening with three buttons, and silk stockings and seat buckled or laced shoes would complete a serviceable costume. "As for the ladies, I cannot criticise

their tollet. They slways look charm-Lord Ronald frankly admitted that he had not the courage to adopt his reformed costume at once. However, be has not worn a silk hat for years, the last occasion being a royal garden

party. "I don't think the present period is the ugliest in the history of man's dress," he admitted, "but that is not saying a great deal. In 1840, to my opinion, the high-water mark of down right ugliness was reached; but we are

nearly as bad to-day." "The only way to get a sensible style of dressing generally adopted," con-cluded Lord Ronald, "is to wear it in one's own home and among our intimate friends. Then a body of us may visit a theater in reformed attire-but it will need a lot of courage."

Lord Ronald is forming in Grea Britain a league of dress reformers, in the hope of bringing about a revolution in men's attire.

WIND MOTOR BICYCLE



The Bettis "wind motor" may be de scribed as the paramount curiosity of the Stanley bleyele show in England. It consists of a rotating fan, set in motion on meeting a wind, and two sets of beveled gearing at the ends of a revolving shaft. The spindle of the fan is attached to the upper pair of cogs, which turn the shaft. This operates the second pair, which are in front of the crank bracket, and they in turn engage with a toothed wheel which sets the crank axle in motion.

London-Made Clothes in Gotham. London tailors make a fortune in New York every spring and fall. They send their representatives over from London and the latter put up at the best hotels in New York City and take innumerable order for suits of clothes from the younger members of the swell clubs who cannot go over and who desire to own English clothes with the

English mark in the neck of the cont. Wherein It Fulled. "Why dida't the tenor sing to-night?

He has such a sympathetic voice.' "Well, the reason he didn't sing was that his voice wasn't sympathetic enough to touch the manager for a week's salary overdue."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

Dodged the Question.

"What is your name, you lazy vaga-

bond?" exclaimed the new woman whom Dusty Dan asked for lunch. "P-pardon me, madame," he stammered, edging away, "but I am traveling incog."-Ohio State Journal. Glasgow's Telephone Service.

The new Glasgow municipal tele-

phone service has underground wires 10,500 miles in length. It provides for 20 000 anhacribers. When a man and his wife dress for a party at the same time, it means that

she is kept busy waiting on him, and throws on a few articles and hairpins between times.

Griselda passes him he says, easily:

"I cannot tell you everything at once, you see; but I dare say there will be time given me. As for my father, he is eccentric, and, I fear, hard to live with. But if ever I can help you, call on me."

Griselda gives him a smile for this, and follows her sister into the drawing room.

"Accer all, he isn't half bad," she says, "Mow's your time!" she says. "Bay something. Do something. It doesn't matter what, but for heaven's sake amouth him down one way or another! If

see a father and son so like?" asks Vers.

CHAPTER VII.

"So say not I, then," with great spirit. She has leaned forward upon her elbow, and her eyes are brilliant with a little suspicion of anger. "Give me a desert "The day is warm," says she, coldly.

"The day is warm," says she, coldly.

The likeness to his father seems clearer to her as he speaks, and kills for her all call him so familiarly 'Seaton,' passes

that has turned the corner of the summer house, and is looking in at them with a

house, and is looking in at them with a curious expression round his mouth? Grissida is the first to recover.

"Isn't it absurd?" she says, smilling rather lamely. "But I assure you, Seaton, your sudden appearance quite took away my breath. You should stamp when you come to a house like this. The grass all round is so thick."

"Too thick!" says Dysart, with a swift glance at Vera, who has lost all her color. giance at Vera, who has lost all her color.
"For the future I shall try to remember.
I am very sorry I startled you." He has addressed himself entirely to Griselds.
unless that one lightning glance of contemptuous reproach cast at Vera could be counted. "But I was on my way to one of the farms, and this is the lowest, the nearest path to it. the nearest path to it. I shall never cease to regret"—here he stops dead short, and turns his eyes unreservedly on Vera— "that I did not take the upper one." He makes both girls a slight bow, and

He makes both girls a sight bow, and walks swiftly onward on the unlucky path he had chosen.

"Oh, Vera, do something!" cries Griselda, in a small agony of consternation, clasping her hands. Vera, thus admonished, springs to her feet, and, driven half by honest shame and half by impulse, rushes out of the summer house and runs after Dysart as he is fast disponearing through the shrubs. Beaching

and runs after Dysart as he is fast dis-appearing through the shrubs. Reaching him, panting and pale with agitation, she lays her hand timidly upon his arm. "I am so grieved," she says, her charm-ing face very pained, her lips white. "There are moments when one hardly knows what one says, and—" "There are such momenta, certainly," says he, interrupting her remorselessly. "But they can hardly be classed with those in which the calm confidences of

desire anything of the kind."

It almost seems to her that he has shaken her hand from his arm. Drawing back, she sees him proceed upon his way, and then returns to Griseids.

"I really think I hate him," says Vers, whemantly. The recollection of his vehemently. The recollection of his con temptuous glance, the way in which had disdained her apology—above all that slight he had offered her when had displaced her hand from his arm—a had displaced her hand from his arm—all rankle in her breast, and a hot flow of shame renders her usually pale face brilliant. "There, never mind him," she says, with a little frown. "He is not staying long, fortunately, and this episode will bear good fruit of one sort at least. He will not trouble me with his society while you are away. Now hurry, Griselda, do." Griselda, with a light laugh, drawn irresistibly by the gorgeous loveliness of

resistibly by the gorgeous loveliness of the lights and shadows of the land below, runs down the pathway and is soon lost to view.

When she returns over an hour later she discovers to her amazement, that You are miserable about that wretch "Never mind it. If you will come to din-ner I primise you to do all the talking, and as it has to be endured I do entreat

"I have few likes and dislikes," replies ahe, still in that utterly emotioniess tone; and sweeping past him, she seats herself at the head of the table.

As for Griscida, the little jar in the social atmosphere around her goes by unnoticed, so overcome is she by the unwonted magnificence of the sight before her, a decent dinner table at Gravaguer.

and as it has to be endured I do entreat you to keep up your spirits."

"Oh, yes. There isn't a decent chance of escape," says Vera, wearily.

"Sh!" cries Griscida, softly, putting up her hand; the sound of coming footsteps, slow, deliberate footsteps purposely made heavier, smites upon their ears?

"Godd heavens! Here he is," says "oGod heavens! Here he is," says Griselda, and indeed they have barely

ers, the rich tint of the fruits, all seem part of a dream; a sweet one, too.

Mr. Dysart is wondering why both girls should have taken so instantaneous a dislike to him. As a rule, women were civil enough; yet here were two to whom he was an utter stranger, and aggressive was the only word he could apply to their looks and words, though both were studiously polite.

"But surely you are not going so soon—not before dinner, not to-night!" cries Griselda, thunderstruck by this solution of their difficulty, and a little sorry, too. "I am going now. Good-by," holding out his hand to her with a determination not to be changed. Griselda takes it and shakes it genially, nay, warmly. His humor is decidedly hostile, and if he acquaints the old father of their incivility—diously polite. Anything to propitiate him, she tells her self, will be the correct thing, and she self, will be the correct thing, and she grows positively friendly toward him, and beams upon him with gentle entresty

are charming," saya Griselda,
"You talk like a book—a blue
But you have not told me why

She is smiling divinely at him, a sm

might want to know why. He might even be so absurd as to miss me."

Her "Von Little Nape."
The secret of prolonged youth—or a described by Clarissa Sergeant in Har-

face without a wrinkle, and she felt, I am sure, as she certainly looked, far younger than I. So I asked her, final-

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, he

"But," I urged, "supposing some thing happens to the other children while you and the baby are asleep?"

be dropped.

to "an English newspaper:"

A young woman of Sheffield came into a fortune and promptly hunted up a

isn't secessary for them to do so."

"And such beautiful hair. I wish I "Be patient," said he, as he examined a forkful of hash, "and no doubt we'll both get it by degrees."-Catho-He Standard and Times