Plagiarism is an occult science. Plagiarism is the act of plaguing. It is the state of believing differently from the majority of people.

It is the act of telling falsehoods about an opponent. It is downright meanness. It is having the disposition to fight. It is something made correct by usage. I do not know unless it relates to the power of witching.

Define pedagogica Pedagogics is femail teachers. It relates to petty rulers. In that case there is something about pedagogics in the history of Europe, also history of the United States and the Bible It is the history of one's good or bad deeds. Pedagogics is an old teacher that's cranky

What are metaphoric rocks? They are rocks composed of little animals called metamorphoses

What is the derivation of the word "polypus?" It is derived from poly (many) and pus (puss); many cats. What is anatomy? Anatomy is extinct

in a dead boddy. What can you say of the use of pain and pleasure? Pain is of no use, but it is bad for the health. Pain gives the physician practice. Pain tells us that all is not right in the region where the pain is. There are many kinds of pain, enough for every one to have some. Pleasure is get-forget the past." useful because it promotes health, it lets us enjoy ourselves while the pains are

Describe the bee. The bee has 2 wings, leggs. It has I part at the end of the boddy not the head that is poisonous. He is classed among flies.

Give an account of Horace Greeley. He led the Greeley expedition into the north, turned cannible, eating up their members when provisions gave out .-Youth's Companion

Why People Get Married.

Though it is very common to reproach old bachelors with their celibacy, and to pity old maids as if single blessedness were a misfortune, yet many married people have seen fit to offer apologies for having entered into what some profane wag has called the "holy bands of padlock." One man says he got married to get a housekeeper, another to get rid of bad company

Many women declare they got mar-ried for the sake of a home; few acknowledge that their motive was to get a husband. Goethe averred that he got married in order to be "respectable." John Wilkes said he took a wife "to please his friend." Wycherly, who espoused his housemaid, said he did it to 'spite his relations."

A widow who married a second husband said she wanted somebody to condole with her for the loss of her first. Another, because she thought a wedding would "amuse the children." Another, to get rid of incessant importunity from

Old maids who get married invariably assure their friends that they thought they could be "more useful" as wives than as spinsters. Nevertheless Quilp gives it as his opinion that nine-tenths of all persons who marry, whether widows or widowers, spinsters or bachelors, do so for the sake of-getting married.-London Tit-Bits

The Lumber Business of Three States. The value of forest products, not manufactured at the mill, in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, 1890, aggregates \$30,426,194, value of mill products, \$115,-699,004; value of remanufactures, \$21,-112,618-making an aggregate value of products in three states of \$167,237,816. The capital invested to produce this value was \$270,152,012; men employed in forests, 95,258; women, 99; children, 10, animals, 32,491. In the mills the product required the labor of 87,939 men,

women and 653 children. The amount represented in operation of machinery and chemical appliances, 1890, was \$23,539,834; the expenditure of sufficient to lift 3,500,000 tons one foot in one minute; 1,262,151,180 cubic feet of merchantable timber were removed from natural growth: \$7,890,254 were invested in vessels and other means of transport, and \$90,688,256 were expended for wages, subsistence, supplies and miscellaneous

The aggregate increase of product since 1880 is reported to be 29.66 per cent. in quantity and 75.92 per cent. in value. -Harper's Weekly.

As Odd Use for the Pin. An odd use that the pin was put to long ago was that of checking the intemperate habits of the English. St. Dunstan conceived the idea of dividing the tankards out of which the liquor was drunk into eight equal parts, each part | declared, grimly, marked with a silver pin. The cups pin to pin was haif a pint, and the regu- had taken himself away.

lation was that the drinker "stop at a Roisterers, however, prevented the purpose of good St. Dunstan and estabed the rule of "good fellowship," by which the drinker was to stop only at a pin. If he drank beyond he had to go He had desired, indeed, to make some on to the next mark. As it was difficult substantial acknowledgment of her serto stop exactly at a pin the vain efforts vices to his son, but when he spoke of always excited much mirth, and the this, in a private interview, not long trial usually ended with the draining of after Nicholas return, Roxanna took fire. the tankard.-Table Talk.

A Man Who flad Eighty Overcouts. There are dozens of New Yorkers who have a passion for buying clothes, and they count their suits by the hundred. Pierre Lorillard has a great assortment of clothes, and so has A. M. Dodge, the latter probably having as varied a collection of garments as any gentleman in done me good; an' I'm boun' ter speak the city None of the fashionable set has ever excelled the late W K. Soutter in the size of his personal wardrobe. Mr. Soutter was known to have had eighty

overcosts. - New York Sun. Three months ago an Indian prisoner named Almirente, charged with murder, cut a hole in the Ensenada isil and escaped. No trace of him could be found.

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY. ("KAMBA THORPE,") "Four Oaks," "Little Joanna," Etc.

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"He had nothing to do with it!" cried Missy indignantly. "Brer Nicholas wrote of his own accord; he said never a word of your 'Mawse Gin'ral Fletcher.' I won't be indebted to Capt. Fletcher. We've returned all he did for Brer Nicholas, and there's an end of him. "Is dasso?" said old Gilbert regretfully. Well! well! Tubbe sho!"

"Hukkom you is so sot beginst de capen all of a suddent?' Glory-Ann remonstrated. "Times I is beerd you say Chaney can't mek waffles fitten fur him to eat, en' now you talk lak he wuz good

chile, Missy; dat you is." "I wish I were a child," Missy sighed, with a vague, unwilling apprehension of the truth of her Aunt Elvira's declaration that the old joy could never come again. As the day for her brother's return drew near she had discovered in herself, to her sorrow and confusion, an inexplicable shrinking from that long delayed meeting, a feverish eagerness to

have the agony of joy over and done

In her anxiety to eliminate as much as possible of the element of pain and embarrassment that she could not but feel waited upon this first meeting, she essaved to coax her father to his best behavior. "You will not look stern, my father?" she entreated, with a smile that struggled to express a confidence she did not feel. "For the old time is over; for-

The colonel frowned impatiently; but a little time ago this same inordinate Winifred had declared that to forget was

"I have written Nicholas to come home; I have made no conditions," he said, a little coldly. "I never do things by halves, and I shall not behave in a manner unbecoming a Thorne." Missy sighed and said no more.

It was a dark and stormy night when Nicholas rode away from Thorne Hill, young, buoyant, ardent, defiant; he returned on a bright spring day, broken, sobered and saddened. And he came not alone; he brought with him not only his wife and child and the redoubtable Roxanna-he brought with him also the shadows of the long, sad years of absence and estrangement. They wrapt him about as with a mantle; they made themselves visible in his hair, prema-

turely gray; in the deep lines that marked his handsome face, in the sadness of his eyes, in his drooping figure, and in the carclessness with which he were his shabby, threadbare clothes. Missy would never have known him, and the shock of finding him so changed went nigh to break her heart.

It was a meeting in which sorrow inevitably outweighed joy. The colonel would have preferred to see his son first alone, but his pride and his shyness made him shrink from exacting this; and when the carriage that brought Nicholas drove to the door he stood on the piazza erect, composed, with Miss Elvira trembling on one side of him and Winifred trembling on the other, while old Gilbert and Glory-Ann, in jealous rivalry, maintained a re spectful distance in the rear. But at the sight of Nicholas, as he came up the steps, this father forgot his injured pride, his anger, his disappointed hopes; he remembered only that this, his son who after Nick, all ter get him home agin, was lost, was found again, and he took the exile in his arms.

And there was a great silence, broken at last by old Gilbert's devout ejacula- past, tion, "Praise be ter Glory!" for which Glory-Ann rebuked him with a vigorous thrust of her elbow, and the inquiry: "Is you plum forgot de manners you tuk

away fum Thorne Hill?" Dosia, beautiful still, with a certain majestic grace, in spite of her poor and faded dress, stood apart, proudly shy; for at this supreme moment no one thought of her or the boy, whom a gaunt, grim giantess held in her arms with an air of determined proprietorship.

To Missy her brother looked like a stranger, but when he turned to her she threw herself into his arms with a passionate burst of tears that had, alas! litsteam and water power was reported as the kinship with joy. This was not the brother she had lost. The past was never to return.

The colonel gave his son's wife a more gracious welcome than Missy had dared to hope, and he took his little grandson in his arms and kissed and blessed him; but for Roxanna White his only greeting was a stiff bow.

Time had made his mark upon this vigorous amazon since the day she attacked the colonel on the road side; but she still carried her head high, and the fire in her eyes was not quenched. Plainly, in spite of time, here was the same Roxanna, unterrified and uncompromising. When Missy would fain have found a likeness to her brother in the little boy, "He's the bawn image of his grandfather, Job Furnival!" Roxanna

But this declaration, made for the colwere generous affairs, holding two one's discomfiture, failed of its effect, so Consequently the quantity from far, at least, as he was concerned, for he

It was soon manifest, however, that Col. Thorne was not vulnerable to Roxanna's thrusts; he had the air of looking over and beyond her into space, and to a certain extent he ignored her. Not that he held her devotion to Nicholas cheap.

"Pay me?" she shricked. "Is that yo' meanin? You can't pay me! The war ain't cleaned you out entire, Col. Thorne, but you can't never give yo' son an' yo grandson mo'n what I've give 'em. They an' Dosia together have had the heart outen my body; what kin pay me fur that but theyselves? I spoke my mind once pretty free, Col. Thorne, which hit hit free some mo'. Don't you go ter believe hit was all Nick's grit what hilt him back from you so long; he ain't never got yo' letters, 'cause I kep 'em from him!"

"Woman!" exclaimed the colonel, choking with indignation. "Yes, I'm a woman," returned Rox-

caped. No trace of him could be found.

Last week be cut four men in a row at
Alamo and revealed his identity. He
has been returned to Ensenada to answer

I tuk 'ein fur mine, an' I'm got a grip on
'em what can't be shook a-loose. Whar anna, with composure. "That's how 'em what can't be shook a-loose.

"But, Lor' A'mighty bless yo' soul, I've toted my load 'long o' Nick Thorne, shrilly. an' I mek no doubt you've toted yourn. Accounts is squared now; you let 'em declared, with burning cheeks. stay squared. Hit's a po' business ter be son," she added mentally),

as had been feared. Miss Elvira, in ex- ter be onpleasin' ter the colonel." plaining the situation to the friends of "He is not coming again," Winifred riddance! You is jes' ez onsartin ez a

Isfled."

teach Mawse Nick's boy?" Glory-Ann demanded, in dudgeon. "Po' white trash! Lawd, how times is changed!" "She allers wuks ter do right," said old Gilbert, charitably.

hit?" retorted Glory-Ann. "No, hit ain't," old Gilbert admitted "But lack o' bein' quality ain't gwan hender her fum gittin' ter hebben, ez I

"Hit's dis yeth what I'm discussin'," said Glory-Ann, with supreme disdain.

> CHAPTER XXXIII. A WARNING.

thank me, an' p'r'aps you won't; but I'm where Bess Herry spent much of her boun' ter open my mouth in 'cordance time—and all this had come to pass with-with my lights."

"About what?" Winifred asked, with nore amusement than curiosity.

They were sitting under the scuppernong arbor, where there was little or no danger of interruption, and yet Roxanna looked around cautiously to make sure there was no one near.



"Little sister, this friend of mine tragic whisper, with a bony finger on Winifred's arm, "as how the colonel was a-writin' an' a-pesterin' constant after he done turned him adrift?"

"Yes, I know," said Winifred, reluctantly. She did not wish to speak of the

"Lawd, you needn't git riled," said Roxanna. "I ain't riled, not now; but them days I hadn't got my cawnsent ter tek up my roost on this Thorne Hill, an' I was on the watch cawntinual, so ez never one o' them pesterin' letters o' the colonel didn't come inter Nick Thorne's

"You wicked, wicked woman!" cried Winifred, up in the vehemence of her

"No, I ain't wicked," said Miss White, complacently. "Management ain't wick- glad to see him. edness; an' I'd a squar right ter manage, seein' ez I'd picked Nick up. I was dead sot beginst him comin' home; but how you reckin I come ter change my mind?" "You repented, I hope," said Wini-

fred, severely "No, I didn'. You seddown an' lemme tell you. Ez nigh ez I ken mek out, hit did I tell you, Winifred Thorne?' she was a Yankee.

"A Yankee? "I said a Yankee. Lawd, they've been fur a Yankee that minute he opened his mouth; they can't talk nach'ral, like us southerners. This Yankee was a huntin' Nick Thorne," pursued Roxanna, significantly. "Praps you know somethin" bout him.

"I know nothing whatever about it,"

said Winifred, stiffly. "Well," Roxanna continued, "I was skairt ter ask what fur he was a-huntin' of Nick; but I kep' my eyes skint, an' 1 found out he was preachin' ter git Nick ter mek hit up with the colonel, an' then I was riled! I had brung Nick ter my way o' thinkin' that he could live an' die thouten his kin, an' I didn't want no Yankee meddlin' with my business. Mo'over, I s'picioned the colonel sont

"No such thing!" Winifred contradicted, hotly,

"No: I foun' out mighty soon ez hit warn't the colonel," Roxanna said, and paused; but her listener sat with averted countenance, and would give no sign; whereupon Roxanna boldly declared, "Hit was you!"

"That is not true!" cried Winifred. "Bless yo' soul, no!" returned Roxanna, compactly. "No need ter git riled. He ain't said so; but Lawd, child, hit don't always need word o' mouth ter git yo' arrands done; an' when that air gab gifted Yankee argyfied with Nick Thorne that you held yo' heart sot on gittin' yo' brother home agin, I give in, an' confessed them letters, an' I told Nick ter write home, pintly, which I hadn't ex-

pected ter do nothin' of the sort." If she expected any show of gratitude, was doomed to disappointment. "Do you mean to tell me," said Winiindignantly, "that my brother would not have written without your

"No," said Miss White, with sober decision; "I ain't no sich a fool ez ter undertake ter tell befo'hand what the onsartin sons o' Adam mought or moughtn' tunity to say good-by." do; but this I kin tell, an' I ain't doubtin'

they go, thar I go; whar they stay, thar ter say hit: Ef ever that circulatin' Yankee gits back ter Thorne Hill, hit won't be ter argyly with me, nor vit with Nick Col. Thorne, I ain't layin' up no grudge Thorne, though hit mought be with the beginst you 'long o' what's past an' gone | colonel p'r'aps." And she cackled

"He will never come again!" Winifred

"Some is easy got rid of an' some aint," openin' new trade with trouble; I ain't said Miss White, sententiously. "I ain't no objections ter be stayin' here 'long o' blind, an' in these six months what I've you all, fur I don't eat no idle bread no been ter Thorne Hill I've seen one what whar. An' bein' you're a bawn gentle- ain't comin' back-not in a hurry, Paul man, you got no occasion, as I kin see, Herry ain't. I know the looks of them ter set me a-drift-(bein' how I ain't yo' kind. I don't set up ter be a prophet, but hit weights me heavy ter give you The colonel had no desire to set Rox- this warnin', Winifred Thorne-when he anna adrift; he acqueisced in her pres- comes, that friend o' yourn," and Roxence with dignity, if not with cordiality; anna stretched out her hard and bony and, happily, she did not prove so un- hand to clasp the girl's soft fingers, "I comfortable an element in the household dunno nothin' bout you, but hit's goin'

the family, was accustomed to say, with insisted. "We don't want him." And a neat little air of commendation, that she drew her hand out of Miss Roxanna's Roxanna White "knew her place;" but sympathizing clasp and went away in a Roxanna stated the case somewhat dif- tumult of painful emotions. She conconfessed to none, hardly even to her-"I ain't claimin' ter belong ter the self, that her brother's return had not Thorne family," she said; "all I ask 'em brought back the old joy of her childis, gimme space ter myself, an' lemme hood. "Brer Nicholas" was at home have the raisin' o' that chile, an' I'm sat- again, but she was lonely still; something was lacking, she knew not what, "An' what manners is she fitten ter or would not seek to know. Yet, as the uneventful days went by,

and season gave place to season, Winifred, if she was not glad with the old joy that once she hoped for, in her brother's return, had begun to find a sweet "Dat ain't gwan render her quality, is content. She understood at last that her ardent soul had demanded more than was possible under the circumstances,

and she no longer expected from Nicholsa the absolute devotion she had given him. She had learned the sobering lesson that life, even the most securely ordered life, is subject to the inexorable law of change. Lottie, the cousin she loved best, was

living in a distant town; Paul Herry, "I got somethin' on my mind ter tell who had declared himself heart broken Winifred Thorne," said Roxanna at his pretty cousin's obduracy, was White, mysteriously: "an' p'r'aps you'll married now, and settled in Savannah, in two years after Nicholas' return. Yet, though Winifred's life in these days was not gay, neither was it dull; for no life is dull that is filled with duties. This sacred truth had Winifred learned from her old aunt in New York, and she had the wisdom now to make to herself many sweet, small duties that kept her hands busy and her heart at rest. Hardly a day passed that she did not visit old Gilbert and Mom Bee with some little offering-a practice that excited Roxanna White's vehement disapproval. "Them two old free niggers," she was wont to declare, "will devour the colonel's substance, lessen that girl marries somebody what kin moderate her. But hit'll rile the colonel the day she makes her choice." The trees were bare for the second

time since Nicholas' home coming, when Winifred went out, one afternoon, to visit Mom Bee. The wintry sun was reddening the west when she came back: the air was crisp and invigorating, and she prolonged her walk through the grove, where she sat on the horse block to await her brother's return from town, just as she had done, many a time, when child. The happiness of those blessed days seemed, all at once, to come again, and she sang aloud for joy. Soon Nicholas rode in at the great gate.

and he was not alone; it needed but a glance to reveal that her brother's companion was John Fletcher, and in an instant the joy that had inspired her light hearted song became a dead thing, and a wild, tyrannical exultation took its place. "Why did he come again?" she sighed, trembling. "I was content." She rose up, pale but composed, as the

horses halted and their riders dismounted: but it was a cold little hand and the ghost of a smile that she gave John Fletcher when Nicholas said:

"Little sister, this friend of mine is no stranger to you. I fourd him just in time to snatch him from Mrs. Theodore Scott. Thorne Hill is the only place for John Fletcher when he comes south, eh. Winifred?"

"I shall hope for a welcome in your brother's name," said John Fletcher, with his grave smile; and Winifred, hardly comprehending, as yet, that she was not dreaming, assured him that her father, her aunt, every one, would be

Col. Thorne had a courteous, if some what startled, welcome for his guest of two winters agone; but Miss Elvira's

greeting savored of the question: Come you in peace or come you in war? But Roxanna White was jubilant over the fulfillment of her prophecy. "Wha said, triumphantly. "Now you heed what I say; many an' many's the time plenty enough of late! I knowed him hit's shadder; but I'm yit ter see thet spitin' of love can lessen the shadder."

To Dosia she said: "I been a-preachin grit ter Winifred Thorne in morial expectation of this same happenin'. Fur hit'll rile the colonel."

And she laughed with settled satisfac-



Yes," said Winifred, and she put her hand in his again "Do you know why I came back?" said John Fletcher abruptly one morning, corridor,

with Winifred. They were in that rigidly arranged parior, with the same table between them | ness of cold draughts!" across which he had stretched his hand, that she would not see, two years before. Winifred looked up, but before she could frame a reply he went on, hurried-

"You know I did not have an opporsaid that he had heard that we had a PO ME CONTINUED. house to let. Instantly we were all in

THE MYSTIC HOPE.

That, when no star from out the darkness born

Gives promise of the coming of the morn; When all life seems a pathless mystery Through which tear blinded eyes no way can see When illness comes, and life grows most forlo Still dares to laugh the last dread threat

scorn, nd proudly cries. Death is not, shall not be? wonder at myself! Tell me, O Death, If that thee rul at the earth: if "dust to dust" Shall be the sud of love and hope and strife, From what rare land is blown this living breath

That shapes itself to whispers of strong trust.
And tells the lie—if 'tis a lie—of life? -Minot J. Savage

MY AUNTS HOUSE.

We were very well off until our aunt. who wanted to do us an ill turn, died, and left us ber house. Of course we were very pleased at first. It was a pretty, rambling place, with a low veranda quite covered with ivy and trim straight borders and neatly kept gravel paths.

There were three of us-Matthew Jane and L. Matthew was a clerk in a bank when he was younger, but as our father had left us each a little sum of money when he died we persuaded Matthew to leave his work, for he had never been strong, and now that he was getting elderly we could not bear to see him coming back pale and tired from his desk in the evening. We were very happy together. We had a nice garden to our house, where Matthew spent most of his time, and though we lived in a small way it never occurred to us to wish for more. But now that this unexpected stroke of good fortune had befallen us we began to consult what we should do.

"I think we had better live in the house ourselves," said Jane. "Tenants are always a trouble, and it would be so nice to have that pretty place."

Jane is quite young-hardly more than 40-and it is necessary to check her when she is too forward in giving her opinion; but Matthew is always very lenient with her, and he said at once, Yes, the garden would be very pleasant in the summer, and we should have no rent to pay."

I always have to think for them both, and I spoke up decidedly: "There could not be a more foolish idea. Live in it, indeed! What should we want with a great place like that for dust and mice to run riot in? We must let it of course, and the rent will make a nice little ad-

dition to our income!" I am the eldest, and-I say it without both the others put together; therefore once all had been so neat and beautiful. they generally fall in with my opinion, even though they may not altogether agree with me.

'Let us go and look at it," said Matdo for the best."

My aunt's house stands about three miles out of the town, in a pleasant litit, so that it would be a most convenient place for a gentleman of business.

summer afternoon, and I could almost echo Jane's wish that we should make it our home, but I knew better than to indulge such thoughts, and turned my mind to practical considerations. "Lot gaged, and both bills paid off. us go over it," I said, "and see what repairs it will want."

"There is something wrong with the water pipes evidently," said Matthew, as he pointed to a large pool in the middle of the kitchen floor.

place must be painted and papered; it will never let while it looks so dingy as it does now."

down the partition and make a nice drawing room." I generally snub Jane at once; it answers best in the end; but this remark had so much to justify it that I could

not but listen to her, and Matthew took up the idea eagerly. Well done, Jane!" he said. would be a grand improvement; but if we throw that piece of the passage into

the drawing room how shall we get round to the dining room?" ·We must make another passage, Jane decisively.

"Yes, but we cannot make a passage without a place to make it in."

I had been silent so long only because I had been revolving something in my mind. "Listen to me a moment," I said. "We will carry out your idea, Jane, but with an addition. We will throw the passage into the drawing room and run up an outside corridor, with French windows opening into the sitting rooms." "Capital!" they both exclaimed

once, and the matter was settled. We agreed not to employ an architect, but to engage a working builder to carry out the plan under our own directions. It was a much pleasanter way of doing it; there was no estimate to frighten us, for we determined to take one thing at a time, and only go as far as we found it necessary. It was a constant amusement to go over to the house and see how things were getting on, and I think we both agreed with Matthew when he said, "Really, I shall be quite

sorry when the work is done." It was not so pleasant, however, when the bill came in. How it had mounted up so enormously we could not tell, but the sum total fairly staggered us. I undertook to write to the builder and demand an explanation, but when it came we could understand it less than the bill

"I think we had better put it into lawyer's hands," said Matthew. To this, however, I would not give my consent. "We shall only lose more in the end," I said. "We must pay an in-

stallment now, and when we have let it we can pay the rest out of the rent." "When we have let it!" The words passed into a household phrase before that longed for day arrived. We put an advertisement in several papers, and many people came to see it, but they all had some objection or other to make. Some thought it too big, some too small,

some too far from the town, and some too near; some wanted more bedrooms, and some even disliked our delightful when he chanced to find himself alone

"Very pretty! Oh, yes, very pretty indeed?" said one lady as we pointed it out to her; "but it is a perfect wilder-We were silent; we could not deny it.

Matthew said something rather feebly about coccanut matting, but the lady left without listening to him. Things were getting very desperate when one day a gentleman called and

the highest state of excitement. Jane and I flew to put on our bonnets, and Matthew reached down his hat and stick.

The gentleman told us that his name was Wilton; that he had seen our advertisement in the paper, and that he wanted a house some little way out of the town, as his children were not very

strong. "How many children have you?" inquired Matthew.

"Oh, several," replied Mr. Wilton. 'Is this the house? It looks very pretty.' We had become so accustomed to hear the house found fault with that our hearts warmed to him at these words, and we parted mutually pleased, after showing him over the place. We heard from him in a day or two, accepting our terms. Our house was let! We could scarcely believe our good fortune.

We took an early opportunity of walking out in that direction, and paying a call on a friend who lived in a house not far from ours. The conversation soon roses, and an old fashioned garden, with turned upon our new tenants, and Miss Caxton's words confirmed our worst

"I am so sorry you have got such a tribe of rampaging children into your and tried the door; it was open, and we house," she said. "I was going by the rushed in. The empty rooms echoed to roof of the corridor. Their mother was had run away, and we were ruined! leaning out of the window trying to through the glass. You never heard youd a doubt that our fears were corsuch a set out as they made in your life." rect his first words were, "Now we Our hearts sank to zero. The Wiltons must think how to meet our creditors." had taken the house by the year, and we garden a wilderness. It was not alto-

Mr. Wilton had decided to leave the the world." neighborhood, and would be much obliged if we would release him from our agreement. We gladly consented, though with a little outward show of reluctance. But we could not quite understand why the

Wiltons were so eager to be off. They

had had the house remarkably cheap,

considering their requirements, and it seemed ungrateful, to say the least. They were no sooner gone, however, than we found out the cause of their haste. Our house was a wreck. The term may seem a strong one, but it is and I did not even try to advise Matnot too strong for the truth. Both pa- thew. The sky was so dark and gloomy per and paint were practically gone, tiles off the roof, windows broken, pipes out pride-I have more common sense than of order-everything was a ruin where

We watched the builders at work this time with very different feelings. There was no pleasure in it now, and though the bill was not so heavy as it had been thew, "and then we can decide what to before it made no difference, for there were no funds to meet it.

What was to be done? Matthew suggested that we should sell out some of tle hamlet; a branch line runs out past our capital, but that was clearly impossible, for we should then have little left to live upon. It was a difficult It certainly looked very pretty on that point, but as usual I hit upon a solution. We would mortgage the house! Matthew did not altogether like the plan, but, as he had no better one to propose, I carried the day. The house was mort-

Months passed away, and still the house remained unlet. One gentleman was very much inclined to take it, but there was no coach house, and though we were sorely tempted to build one we thing left for us to do. Jane has gone dreaded bricks and mortar too much to out as companion to an old lady, and I "Yes, they must be thoroughly looked venture, unless he would have taken the take in needlework and keep our tiny to, of course, and I think the whole house for at least seven years. A widow cottage in order for Matthew and my lady offered to take it if we would let | self. her have it free for the first two years, "I must say the rooms are very small," that we had not closed with the prosaid Jane. "Don't you think while the posal, for there seemed no chance of workmen are here they might knock anything else turning up. Meanwhile from his scantily paid labor, and think we had to reduce our expenses daily to meet the drain of the interest.

"The next thing will be that we shall not be able to pay our debts," said Matthew gloomily, but it is always the darkest hour before the dawn, and only a them her house.-M. B. Wheting in Bosfew days after he made the remark we had an offer that bade fair to remove our difficulties. A gentleman and his wife came down to stay at an hotel in the town and look about for a house. Directly I heard of it I got Matthew to go with me to call upon them, for I felt that such an opportunity might not occur again. Mr. and Mrs. De Courcy were most pleasant people; one could see at once that they had been accustomed to move in the very best society; there was an ease and grace about them that contrasted pleasantly with our local manners. They received us most kindly and made an appointment to see the

house. "I can hardly hope that they will take it," I said, as we walked home; but contrary to my expectations they were enchanted with it, and fell in with all our wishes with the most surprising readiness. I did not wish to say anything about a repairing lease, for I was afraid they might not like it, but Matthew had been so alarmed by our previous advent-

ure that he insisted upon it. Mr. De Courcy was most gentlemanly, I must say. "I should have proposed it myself if you had not thought of it," he said, with one of those bows of his that made me feel that my bonnet was very shabby and that there was a darned place in my Sunday shawl.

Such politeness required a like return, and when he asked us if it would make any difference if he paid the rent yearly instead of quarterly, as it would be a good deal more convenient to him, we

could only reply that it would make no difference at all. "It will be awkward, all the same,

said Matthew to me afterward. "We

have had to go into debt already, and if

we are to get no rent for a year we shall have to go in deeper still." "I know that, but what could we do We might have lost them altogether if we had refused, and with such excellent

references our money is safe enough." When a thing is done there is no use in discussing it; we had got our tenants, and I think we were glad to get them at any price. No people could have been more pleasant than they were; they made no difficulties about anything and were always friendly and cordial whenever we saw them. Again and again we congratulated ourselves on our good fortune.

We were very glad all the same when the year drew to a close, for of course we had been obliged to pay the interest as usual, and as we had only our regular income with which to meet it we had gone into debt on all sides.

"The year will be up in a fortnight now," I said, when Matthew was grouning one day over our unpaid bills.

The next day was fine and bright, and I proposed that we should go out and call upon our tenants. We thoroughly enjoyed our walk; the pleasantness of the day, added to the near prospect of relief from our difficulties, raised all our spirits, and we chatted gayly along the road

until the house came in sight. "I think they might keep curtains in the windows," said Jane as we reached the gate.

"Nonsense, Jane!" I replied sharply, "You are always finding fault about

something or other; no doubt it is the latest fashion to have no curtains." "The house does look rather odd. though," said Matthew; "in fact"- He broke off suddenly, and quickening his pace went up to the dining room window and looked in. Jane and I followed,

The room was bare! Not a stitch of furniture was left; carpets, curtains, all were gone. Jane burst into tears.

and pressed our faces against the glass.

"Jane, how stupid you are!" I exclaimed angrily, but more because of the growing dread at my heart than that I really thought her stupid. "Of course they are house cleaning. Matthew said nothing. He went up

other day, and heard a great noise, and the sound of our feet; the bare walls there were two boys crawling over the seemed to mock our misery; our tenants Whatever Matthew's faults are I must reach them with a broom, and as one of admit that there are sparks of nobility them got away from her he put his foot in his nature. When we had proved be

"Matthew," I cried, in a sudden burst did not see how to get rid of them at a of remorse, "it has all been my fault moment's notice; yet before six months Oh, I wish we had never had the house -much more a year-had clapsed our at all; but you shall do just what you poor house would be a ruin, and our think best now." "Very well," said Matthew, "we will

gether with disappointment, therefore, sell the house and pay off the mortgage, that in a few months' time we heard that and then we will see how we stand with I felt it was right, and I said not a word to hinder him, but it was not the

affair of a moment; nor when the house was sold at last were we in any better position than we were before; for in addition to the back debts which still had to be paid there were the legal expenses. I was not at all surprised to see streaks of gray in my hair, nor to notice how many new lines had appeared on Matthew's forehead. As for Jane she cried all day, which only made me cross. I

that it seemed impossible for any light to appear. "I suppose we shall have to go through the bankruptcy court?" said I bitterly one day.

could see no way out of our troubles,

"No," said Matthew; "there is another way, and I want to consult you about it. If we sell off some of our capital we can pay off all of our debts." "But how shall we live?" I exclaimed. "We must take a little cottage and keep no servants, and I must try to find

some work as a copying clerk. I am afraid that is all I am good for now." "Matthew! You a copying clerk again? I cannot let you do it." "There is no other way," said Mat-

thew cheerfully, "and so we must make the best of it." I said no more; no, not even when I found that after all our debts had been paid we should not have enough to live on, unless Jane and I found some employment. I knew that Matthew was right, and that it was the only honorable

We are not quite unhappy, in spite of and we were rather sorry afterward all our troubles, but we feel the break up of our home keenly, and when I see of the happiness he used to enjoy as he went about helping those in poverty and distress, I feel that the best wish I can bestow on any one who has an aunt is that if she should die she may not leave

ton True Flag.

A Reminiscence. There are lullabys for babies and waltzes for young maidens there are drinking songs for the wild oat sowers and love songs for them that love to tarry in the gloaming But I heard Sunday the one piece of music that twanged upon the heartstrings of the

married people. Gilmore's band was playing "Reminiscences of Mendelssohn," and a thousand heads were wagging an accompaniment. Suddenly, by way of finale, the "Wed-

ding March" struck up. The effect was electrical. All over the audience toe wedded pairs looked at each other and smiled tenderly. It was a reminiscence. What happy visions it called up! Here was a couple, homely, raw, from the country evidently, who had just started out to guide the plow together. The march had been played for them in

the little village church not long ago, but now they heard it played indeed. They leaned a little closer together, and her big hand, fixed out to kill in cotton mits, which showed the wedding ring, sought his and held it.

And all through the audience I saw signs of the pictures called up by that fragrant and alluring bit of music. Old couples and young, rich and poor, those who live like cats and dogs together and those who have learned the pleasant alchemy of forbearance in wedded life, all were for the moment bewitched.

Ta, ta, tara-rara, tum tiddle de dum de di do. It fairly makes me reminiscent myself, though they played Wagner at my blessed wedding.-New York Herald

Clothes That Royalties Wear. What funny people royalties are! If I were to visit a Persian in his home it would never occur to me to put on a flowing robe and a sheepskin hat and to expect the Persian to receive me in European garb. But royalties never seem able to meet without exchanging clothes. For instance, when the emperor arrived at Port Victoria his majesty made his appearance in the garb of an English admiral, and the Prince of Wales responded to this delicate attention by donning the dress of a Blucher hussar, while his brothers and son masqueraded as German hussars and Uhlans.-London Truth.

Why She Married the Tenor. "So the beile of the choir has married the

"I thought she favored the bass?" "Yes, but she got some high flown notions into her head and threw over the bass for the

"For what reason?" "Because the tenor was more high toned." -Boston Courier.