

OLD MAN GILBERT.

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY, ("KAMBA THORPE," "Little Joanna," etc.)

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"He had nothing to do with it!" cried Missy indignantly. "Brer Nicholas wrote of your 'Maw's 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! Tubbs sho!"

"Hukkom you is so not begin to capen all of a sudden?" Glory-Ann remonstrated. "Times I is heard you say Chaney can't mek waffles fitten for him to eat, en' now you talk lak he wuz good riddance! You is jes' ez onartin' ez a child, 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 with.

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 essayed 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; forget—forget the past."

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

"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, prematurely gray; in the deep lines that marked his handsome face, in the sadness of his eyes, in his drooping figure, and in the carelessness with which he wore 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 respectful 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 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 ejaculation, "Praise be ter Glory!" for which Glory-Ann rebuked him with a vigorous thrust of her elbow, and the inquiry: "Is you plum forgot do manners you tuk away from 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 sionate burst of tears that had, alas! little 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, untrifled and uncompromising. When Missy would have found a likeness to her brother in the little boy, "He's the bawn image of his grandfather, Job Furnival!" Roxanna declared, grimly.

But this declaration, made for the colonel's discomfiture, failed of its effect, so far, at least, as he was concerned, for he had taken himself away.

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, but he desired, indeed, to make some substantial acknowledgment of her services to his son, and when he spoke of this, in a private interview, not long after Nicholas' return, Roxanna took fire.

"Pay me?" she shrieked. "Is that yo' meannin'? 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 nothin' what I've give 'em. Them 'Dosia together have had the best heart outen my body; what kin pay me for that but themselves? I spoke my mind once pretty free, Col. Thorne, which him done me good; an' I'm bound ter speak his free some mo'. Don't you go ter believe him all Nick's grit what hit 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 Roxanna, with composure. "That's how come my heart ached an' burned for Nick an' Dosia when you flung 'em off. I tuk 'em for mine, an' I'm got a grip on 'em 'en what can't be shook a-loose. What they go, thar I go; what they bless you, thar I stay."

"But, Lor' A'mighty bless yo' soul, Col. Thorne, I ain't layin' up no grudge beginnin' you 'long of what's past an' gone. I've toted my 'long o' Nick Thorne, an' I mek no doubt yo've toted yours. Accounts is squared now; you 'em stay squared. His's a po' business ter be openin' new trade with trouble; I ain't no objections ter be stayin' 'ere 'long of you all, fur I don't see no idle bread no whar. An' 'en' yo're a bawn gentleman, you got no occasion, as I kin see, ter set me a-drift—'en' how I ain't yo' son," she added mentally.

The colonel had no desire to set Roxanna adrift; he acquiesced in her presence with dignity, if not with cordiality; and, happily, she did not prove so uncomfortable an element in the household as had been feared. Miss Elvira, in explaining the situation to the friends of the family, was accustomed to say, with a neat little air of commendation, that Roxanna stated the case somewhat differently.

"I ain't claimin' ter belong ter the Thorne family," she said; "all I ask 'em is, gimme space ter myself, an' lemme have the raisin' o' that chile, an' I'm satisfied."

"An' what manners is she fitten ter teach Maw's Nick's boy?" Glory-Ann demanded, in duodecim. "Po' white trash! Lawd, how times is changed!"

"She allers wuz ter do right," said old Gilbert, charitably.

"Dat ain't gwun render her quality, is hit?" retorted Glory-Ann.

"No, hit ain't," old Gilbert admitted. "But lak o' 'em' quality ain't gwun render her fum gittin' ter hebbin, ez I kin see."

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

CHAPTER XXXIII. A WARNING.

"I got somethin' on my mind ter tell you, Winifred Thorne," said Roxanna White, mysteriously; "an' p'raps yo'll thank me, an' p'raps you won't; but I'm bound ter open my mouth in 'cordance with my lights."

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

"They were sitting under the scuppernon 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 is no stranger to you."

"Spose you know," said she, in a tragic whisper, with a bony finger on Winifred's arm, "as how the colonel was a writin' an' a-peterin' constant after Nick, all ter get him home agin, after he done turned him adrift?"

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

"Lawd, you needn't git riled," said Roxanna. "I ain't riled, not now; but them days I hadn't got no cawment ter tek up my roost on this Thorne Hill, an' I was on the watch cawntinall, so ez never one o' them pesterin' letters o' the colonel didn't come inter Nick Thorne's hands."

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

"No, I ain't wicked," said Miss White, complacently. "Management ain't wickedness; an' I'd a squar right ter manage, 'seem' ez I'd p'cked Nick up. I was dead set beginnin' him comin' home; but how you reckon I come ter change my mind?"

"You repented, I hope," said Winifred, severely.

"No, I didn't. You sedown an' lemme tell you. Ez nigh ez I ken mek out, hit was a Yankee."

"A Yankee?"

"I said a Yankee. Lawd, they've been plenty enough of late! I knowed him fur a Yankee; that minute he opened his mouth; they can't talk nactral, like us southerners. This Yankee was a huntin' Nick Thorne," pursued Roxanna, significantly. "P'raps you know somethin' 'bout him."

"I know nothing whatever about it," said Winifred, stiffly.

"Well," Roxanna continued, "I was skait ter ask what fur he was a huntin' of Nick; but I kep' my eyes skint, an' I 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 'bouten his kin, an' I didn't want no Yankee meddlin' with my business. Mo'over, I sp'icined the colonel sent him."

"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 gifted Yankee argyued with Nick Thorne that you held yo' heart set on gittin' yo' brother home agin, I give in, an' confessed them letters, an' I told Nick ter write home, pinter, which I hadn't expected ter do nothin' of the sort."

"If she expected any show of gratitude, she was doomed to disappointment."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Winifred, indignantly, "that my brother would not have written without your consent?"

"No," said Miss White, with sober decision. "I ain't no sich a fool ez ter undertake ter tell be'hand what the onartin' son o' Adam moulted or moughted; but this I kin tell, an' I ain't doubtin' it."

CHAPTER XXXIV. FOR WINIFRED'S SAKE.

"Yes," said Winifred, and she put her hand in his again.

"Do you know why I came back?" said John Fletcher abruptly one morning, when he chanced to find himself alone with Winifred.

"They were in that rigidly arranged parlor, with the same table between them 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, hurriedly:

"You know I did not have an opportunity to say good-by."

"I think we had better put it into a 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 installment now, and when we have let it we can pay the rest out of the rest."

"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 corridor.

"Very pretty! Oh, yes, very pretty indeed!" said one lady as we pointed it out to her; "but it is a perfect wilderness of cold draughts!"

We were silent; we could not deny it. Matthew said something rather feebly about cocooning matting, but the lady left without listening to him.

Things were getting very desperate when one day a gentleman called and said that he had heard that we had a house to let. Instantly we were all in

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 turned upon our new tenants, and Miss Caxton's words confirmed our worst fears.

"I am so sorry you have got such a tribe of rampaging children into your house," she said. "I was going by the other day, and heard a great noise, and there were two boys crawling over the roof of the corridor. Their mother was leaning out of the window trying to reach them with a broom, and as one of them got away from her he put his foot through the glass. You never heard such a set out as they made in your life."

Our hearts sank to zero. The Wiltons had taken the house by the year, and we did not see how to get rid of them at a moment's notice; yet before six months—much more a year—had elapsed our poor house would be a ruin, and our garden a wilderness. It was not altogether with disappointment, therefore, that in a few months' time we heard that Mr. Wilton had decided to leave the 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 not too strong for the truth. Both paper and paint were practically gone, tiles off the roof, windows broken, pipes out of order—everything was a ruin where once all had been so neat and beautiful.

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 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 our capital, but that was clearly impossible, for we should then have little left to live upon. It was a difficult 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 mortgaged, and both bills paid off.

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 dreaded bricks and mortar too much to venture, unless he would have taken the house for at least seven years. A widow lady offered to take it if we would let her have it free for the first two years, and we were rather sorry afterward that we had not closed with the proposal, for there seemed no chance of anything else turning up. Meanwhile 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 few 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 adventures 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 groaning one day over our unpaid bills.

The next day was fine and bright, and I proposed that we should go out and

THE MYSTIC HOPE.

What is this mystic, wondrous hope in me, That grows no star from out the darkness here? Give promise of the coming of the morn: When all life seems a pathless mystery Through a high star-blessed eye no way can see; When illness comes, and life grows most forlorn, Still dares to laugh the last dread threat he morn.

And proudly cries, Death is not, shall not be! I wonder at myself. Tell me, O Death, If that thou'rt at the orb; if "Just to die" Shall be the end of love and love and strife. From what rare land is blown this living breath That shapes its course, and life grows most forlorn, And tells the lie—if it be life?

—Miss J. Savage.

MY AUNT'S HOUSE.

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

There were three of us—Matthew, Jane and I. 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 she 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 addition to our income!"

I am the eldest, and I say it without pride—I have more common sense than both the others put together; therefore they generally fall in with my opinion, even though they may not altogether agree with me.

"Let us go and look at it," said Matthew, "and then we can decide what to do for the best."

My aunt's house stands about three miles out of the town, in a pleasant little hamlet; a branch line runs out past it, so that it would be a most convenient place for a gentleman of business.

It certainly looked very pretty on that 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. "Let 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.

"Yes, they must be thoroughly looked to, of course, and I think the whole place must be painted and papered; it will never let while it looks so dingy as it does now."

"I must say the rooms are very small," said Jane. "Don't you think while the workmen are here they might knock 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. "That 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," said 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 at 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 itself.

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Things were getting very desperate when one day a gentleman called and said that he had heard that we had a house to let. Instantly we were all in

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"—His brow set suddenly, and quickening his pace went up to the dining room window and looked in. Jane and I followed, and pressed our faces against the glass. The room was bare!

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

"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 and tried the door; it was open, and we rushed in. The empty rooms echoed to the sound of our feet; the bare walls seemed to mock our misery; our tenants had run away, and we were ruined!

Whatever Matthew's faults are I must admit that there are sparks of nobility in his nature. When we had proved beyond a doubt that our fears were correct his first words were, "Now we must think how to meet our creditors."

"Matthew," I cried, in a sudden burst of remorse, "it has all been my fault. Oh, I wish we had never had the house at all; but you shall do just what you think best now."

"Very well," said Matthew. "We will sell the house and pay off the mortgage, and then we will see how we stand with the world."

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 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 could see no way out of our troubles, and I did not even try to advise Matthew. The sky was so dark and gloomy 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.

"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 Matthew 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 thing left for us to do. Jane has gone out as companion to an old lady, and I take in needlework and keep our tiny cottage in order for Matthew and myself.

We are not quite unhappy, in spite of all our troubles, but we feel the break up of our home keenly, and when I see Matthew come in, worn out and weary from his scanty piece of labor, and think 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 them her house.—M. B. Whetling in Boston True Flag.

A Reminiscence.

There are lullabys for babies and waltzes for young maidens there are drinking songs for the wild old 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 "Wedding March" struck up. The effect was electrical. All over the audience the 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, 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 reminisce 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 shespekin 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