



CHAPTER III.

In the twilight June and her mother were sitting. June was by the window, trying to work in the fading light.

"Come here, my darling," said her mother. "I want to talk to you. It is about Tom."

"Has he been talking to you?" cried June, flushing up. "How unfair of him! He promised me not to say a word to any one for six months."

"Do you want to have any secrets from me?" asked Mrs. Rivers gently.

"But," said June, in a troubled voice, "how can I promise anything when I do not know my own mind? I like him—I am very fond of him—I wish he was my brother; but I am sure," with a little involuntary shudder, "that I do not love him."

It was impossible to approach the subject of Tom any more that evening, but as Mrs. Rivers had invited him to come and hear the result of her embassy, she felt it absolutely necessary to have something to tell him. She therefore attacked the subject when June came into her room next morning, and the result of the interview was that June promised to weigh and consider the matter seriously for the next few months, and that on Christmas day she would either consent to be engaged to Tom, or would finally tell him that he must abandon all hope.

Tom came to the Rose Cottage in the highest spirits and went away crestfallen; he had expected wonders from the intercession of June's mother; indeed, he had almost dared to hope that June would be waiting with smiles and blushes and her mind prepared to accept him. Now he was absolutely not one step nearer than before. June had already promised that six months hence she would consider the matter; it was the thought of that harassing delay, and the uncertainty at the end of it, which had prompted his appeal to Mrs. Rivers. He was dreadfully mortified at what she told him.

Mrs. Rivers felt for him—felt, too, as if she had been to blame in not having been a more successful mediator.

"You must remember, Tom," she urged gently, "that June is only eighteen, and has seen nothing of life yet."

"I suppose it will never be," he said, at last, turning with a sigh that seemed to rend his broad chest.

"I should be sorry if I thought so," answered Mrs. Rivers, softly. "But," with an encouraging smile, "I cannot share your gloomy views."

"Is there anything in the world I could do to make her like me?" he said.

"You will be rather surprised if I tell you what your best plan would be."

"What?"—eagerly.

"Try not to let her see that you are so devoted to her."

"I could not act a part," he answered. "And surely deceit is not the way to a good woman's heart."

Not long afterward Tom took his leave. He was going to the rectory to ask his aunt to give him some luncheon; he could not keep away from June any more than the moth can help circling round the light. At first he walked slowly and with downcast eyes, but, as he drew nearer the spot where his love was, his feet involuntarily stepped out faster and hope began to smooth his ruffled brow. Just within the gate he met Agnes, basket and scissors in hand, cutting flowers. She smiled at him very sweetly, for she had two smiles, one when she was really pleased and happy and another when she was spiteful or annoyed and wished to conceal her feelings.

"I am so glad you have come," she said, and pulled off a garden glove to give him her hand. "You won't mind holding this basket for me, will you?"

Tom took the basket. He always felt obliged to do what Agnes asked, because, utterly devoid of vanity though he was, he could not help being aware that she was fond of him in something more than a cousinly way; so he was especially careful not to slight her.

"By the way," he remarked, "I have brought you and Madge a fairing from London. I may as well give you yours now." And he produced a gold bangle wrapped in tissue paper.

"Oh, Tom, how kind you are!" said Agnes. "You never forget any one. How beautiful! It is really too much."

But all the time she was jealously wondering what he had brought June; for, if June's present were handsomer or costlier, it would take all the pleasure out of hers. "Put it on my arm," she said; and then, looking up and letting a little tremor steal into her voice, she murmured:

"You know, dear Tom, how I shall prize this."

"Oh," replied Tom, briskly, "it is quite a trifle. I am glad you like it. I'll go and find Madge and give her hers."

Tom hurried to the spot where June and Madge were playing lawn tennis. Madge greeted him with loud welcome. June was a trifle distant. She wished him to know that she was displeased at his having presumed to speak to her mother, and he noticed the change in her manner, guessed the cause of it, and, foolish fellow, was much cast down and humbled.

"Here, Madge," he said, presenting his offering—"here is something for you from London."

Madge uttered a scream of delight, and, without further ceremony, flung her arms round her cousin and kissed him.

"Oh, you dear, sweet, delicious Tom!" she cried. "How truly heavenly of you! I will never, never take it off as long as I live, not even to wash, and it shall be buried with me." Then, with startling suddenness, "What have you given Agnes—and June?" And she caught both June's wrists to see if either were similarly adorned.

"Tom brought me a locket," said June, blushing a little.

It had been decided by her mother that she might keep it, but had better not wear it for the present.

"Then, why haven't you got it on, you ungrateful wretch?" cried Madge. "Or," suspiciously, "perhaps you have, inside your frock."

Tom's heart beat a shade faster. How he would like to think of his offering lying nestling against her fair neck! But June shook her head.

CHAPTER IV.

One morning, about a fortnight later, Madge was careering down the road to the Rose Cottage to meet June. Almost before her cousin came within earshot Madge shouted out, "I have seen him!" and when she arrived within reasonable distance, she continued, still in a high key:

"I have seen the lovely seraph!"

"Well," said June, in her usual voice, "and what is he like?"

"I deeply regret to say," she answered, grudgingly, "that he is good-looking, and that he does not resemble a hair dresser's dummy. But," reflectively, "I have always from the first moment intended to call him La-di-da, and I shall, whether it's appropriate or not."

"Oh!" said June, looking rather disappointed. She had quite made up her mind not to like Mr. Broke, because she considered that he stood in Tom's light and was a sort of treacherous Jacob in diverting Mrs. Ellesmere's affections from their legitimate course.

Later in the morning, when the cousins were engaged on a French exercise, Agnes being also of the party, Madge looked up suddenly and said:

"I say, June, I wish I was going to dine at the Hall to-night. It will be awful fun, I expect."

June rested her chin on her hand reflectively.

"I don't know about fun," she answered. "I think I shall feel dreadfully nervous, as I have never been to a real dinner party before."

"Don't you think you had better go on with your exercises?" said Agnes, acidly.

"Both exercises!" retorted Madge, plunging both hands into her curly hair. "There isn't a dinner party at the Hall every night. Juny, I wonder if La-di-da will take you in to dinner? Tom can't, of course."

"I suppose," remarked Agnes, looking at June with what Madge called her crocodile smile, "Tom will be cast off like an old glove now."

"Why?" asked June, looking her cousin full in the face.

"Oh," returned Agnes, "people who are so fond of excitement and fresh faces generally treat old friends like old gloves."

A flash came into June's eyes and a slight tremor to her voice, always a sure sign with her of rising temper.

"I think that is a very poor simile at the best," she said. "People generally discard old gloves when they have done with them. I never heard it was a virtue to go on wearing them after they were torn or dirty."

"Yes," echoed Madge, "and Tom isn't likely to get old, or torn, or dirty."

"And," continued June, now that her blood was up, "I think a person must have a very small heart or mind who can only like or be amused by one friend or one set of ideas."

"As this is supposed to be lesson time," said Agnes, coldly, "I think it would be more conscientious to work than to argue."

The evening arrived, and June, equipped for her first dinner party, was awaiting with nervous impatience the advent of her uncle's carriage. She was to go with Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Ellesmere and Agnes, her mother having declined the invitation on the score of her health.

How June's heart beat as she entered the drawing room with Agnes in the wake of the elder pair, and how Tom's face beamed with pride and delight at the sight of his dear love looking more beautiful than he had ever seen her look! Not even the transient disappointment of remarking that she did not wear his gift could mar his joy at sight of her.

True to the part she had laid down for herself, June smiled at Tom, and looked in his face with so kind an expression that he was in a seventh heaven. Some of the guests, seeing this, said to themselves there was no doubt how matters stood between the young people; and June, who

was more ardent than judicious in her companionship, would have been quite content to know that she was thought to be fond of him. She tried not to see Mr. Broke, but, when Tom was forced to leave her to greet some new arrivals, she involuntarily glanced in his direction, and met his eyes full. Instantly she averted her own, and was miserably to feel the sudden mantling of blood in her cheeks. Oh, how furious she was with herself, and how helpless she felt!

The party went in to dinner. Mr. Broke did not take June, but was placed on her other side, seeing which, she kept her face sedulously averted from him, and talked with the greatest apparent interest to her neighbor, every now and then shooting a kind glance at Tom, which he invariably met and returned with ardor.

"I am not going to be won over by this Adonis; have no fear on that score," said her eyes; and Tom, though not a thought reader, translated her look and felt his heart swell with happiness.

Toward the end of dinner, by an accident which June deeply deplored, she let her fan fall on the side of Mr. Broke, and in a moment he had stooped, picked it up and presented it to her. She could not but thank him and look gracious, and he, having once attracted her attention, did not mean to lose it again just yet. He had seen that she wished to avoid him, and, being unaccustomed to such treatment, was piqued.

"What a charming old place this is!" he said, plunging into conversation with the first remark that occurred to him; and June replied by the monosyllable "Yes." "I had no idea it was so pretty," continued the Guardsman. "You know I have not been here for ages—not since I was quite a little chap. There was a family quarrel or something, and my mother and Aunt Vi didn't speak for years. You are—don't think me inquisitive—but you are a sort of cousin of Tom's, are you not?"

"No," answered June. "His uncle and aunt are mine, and that makes us forget sometimes that we are not actually related."

"What a good chap he is!"

"Yes," she answered, with enthusiasm, "that he is. We missed him so dreadfully when he was away, and we were so delighted when he came back."

Tom, as soon as he entered the drawing room, went straight to June. Duty made no more calls upon him for the present; now he could take his pleasure. So he marched boldly up and sat down beside her, and she welcomed him with her kindest glance, and perhaps was not any more aware than Tom that she was acting.

"How nice you look!" he whispered, with a gaze of devouring admiration—"much nicer than any one else here. I wish you had worn my locket, though. But you will some day," in a happy, confident tone.

"Hush!" said June, smiling, but involuntarily feeling a little shock of coldness.

"You must all come up and play lawn tennis to-morrow afternoon—Madge, too. I have got another court marked out; and when Jack comes home" (the rector's son) "we are going to have a cricket match. Dal was in the Eton eleven, you know."

"What an Admiral Crichton your cousin seems to be!" remarked June, with the nearest approach to a sneer which she had ever accomplished in her life.

"Come, you must not set yourself against him," said Tom. "That would be almost as bad as if you liked him too much."

(To be continued.)

NO WONDER SHE KILLED IT.

A Mischievous Parrot That Doomed a Young Girl to Be an Old Maid.

And so you never heard why Miss Elden killed the parrot? said the kindly old lady to a reporter. Well, I'll tell you.

Miss Elden's father, you know, had been a seafaring man. He was a big man, had a hot temper that he never curbed, and a voice like a fog horn. He was not choice of his language and seemed to care little for anything in existence except his daughter and a parrot with a temper like his own, which he had brought with him from the East. That bird seemed to have human intelligence. It not only picked up sentences with the ease of most children, but uttered them in the tones of those from whom they had been learned. It could imitate them all.

As a young girl Miss Elden was very pretty, though a little self-willed and haughty. Because of these qualities and because the captain thought no one was good enough for her, none of the young men found things very comfortable for them at her home. The captain thought nothing of making them get out and stay out. At length she rebelled against this way of treating her beaux, for her chances of marrying were dwindling. In the city she had met a very desirable gentleman and they were so congenial that he came out here to spend a few days so as to be near her. He went to the house with some fear, for the captain had a reputation. They were scarcely seated on the veranda when that bird roared: "Get out of here, you scoundrel, or I'll break every bone in your body." The youth never waited for his hat and before morning was out of town. She promptly wrung the bird's neck, but that was her last beau.

When Greek Meets Greek.

Hold-Up Man—Your money or your life.

Book Agent—I have no money—but here is a copy of the "Life of a Millionaire" that I am offering at the low price of \$5, payable in weekly installments of 50 cents. May I have the pleasure of adding your name to my list?

Benjamin Franklin was born in 1706 and died in 1790. His active labors, political, scientific and literary, covered a period of about sixty years.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

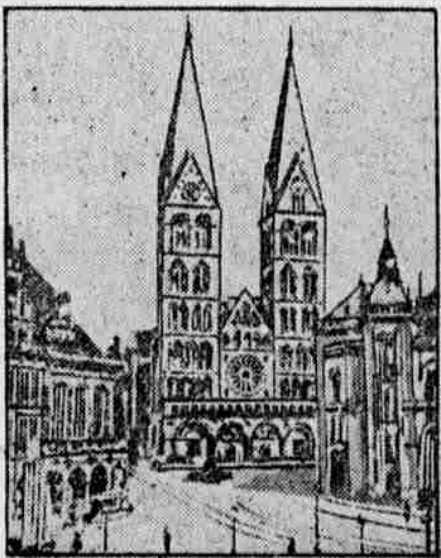


Old Father Time: "Dan, if you can't do better work you should shut up shop. One marriage in three winds up in a wreck nowadays, the newspapers tell us."

THE CITY OF BREMEN.

Its Historical Attractions and Its Growth and Beauty.

Bremen is one of the beautiful cities of Europe. Its cleanliness, no less than its attractive buildings, streets and squares, is noticeable. The Germans stand first in exemplifying this virtue and Bremen is the highest type of this characteristic. Nothing is allowed to accumulate in public that would detract from good looks, and



CATHEDRAL AT BREMEN.

dirt falls to find lodgment in even out-of-the-way places.

The city lies upon both sides of the river Weser, and before the era of big steamships, her wharves were lined with ships. Her maritime career began in the fourteenth century when vessels of light draught were used to transport goods over the northern seas. Her sailors once disputed with England, Holland, Spain and Venice for the prizes held out to daring and skillful seamanship. She suffered severely from war and saw her population reduced to a mere handful and property leveled by the millions by fire before the invader withdrew. But she survived these setbacks, recovered the ground lost, and under the benign influence of peace has thrived wonderfully. Bremen to-day has more people, greater riches, and far more comforts than ever before in her history. She is progressive and some of the finest commercial structures of the old world are found in her streets.

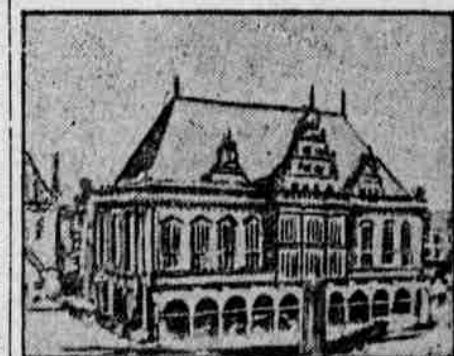
While the commercial ramifications of Bremen are worldwide, its greatest business is with the United States. The departure of immigrants to our country is a big share of the total, as every vessel leaving there now has hundreds and, in the case of big ships, thousands seeking a home with Uncle Sam. Last year nearly 150,000 came to us from Bremen, three-fourths of whom were from Poland, Russia, Hungary and Bohemia. The Germans were comparatively few, as these people have ceased to emigrate in anything like the number that sought us before and after the Civil War.

Bremen is over 1,100 years old. It has had its share of the ups and downs which have marked the venerable cities of Europe, and when piracy was looked upon as a semi-respectable occupation Bremen sent out her quota of buccaners. Of her industries ship-building is foremost and gives work to thousands. The city has an old quarter and a new and both are marvelously clean. The old cathedral has been standing 900 years and was taken

over by the Reformers when Bremen embraced the doctrines of Luther. There is also a venerable church near it which continued in possession of the Catholics. The Town Hall is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, is very old and the most historic pile in the city. Beneath it is the Rathskeller, the most celebrated wine cellar in Europe. Rare old wines of the vintages of 1640, 1720, etc., are to be found in its vaults, through which visitors are escorted. A restaurant which accommodates hundreds is located in the basement. Every stranger goes to the Rathskeller, and at night it is particularly animated.

Bremen was founded by Charlemagne, had a conflict with the church and deprived it of temporal power 300 years before the Reformation, and acted quite differently from other cities in dealing with public questions. Her people have ever been noted for independence and bravery. The Danes conquered them once, but yielded after a time when Bremen regained its sovereignty. It was the first city to back up Luther in his contentions with his ecclesiastical superiors and remained staunchly Protestant—190,000 of the 200,000 inhabitants professing that belief at the present time. The Swedes sent powerful armies twice to capture the city, but each time failed to do it. Bremen was the unswerving enemy of Napoleon Bonaparte when other German cities were passive or fawning to gain the good wishes of the great captain.

The twin towers of the cathedral—326 feet high—are unique in that they have six stories before the spire proper begins. Another peculiarity of this edifice is that the cellar furnishes such a dry atmosphere that bodies placed within it do not decompose, nor do birds or fishes, several examples of which are there to substantiate this claim. There are a number of mummies



BATHHAUS IN BREMEN.

in the cellar which have been preserved for several centuries. Even during the hottest days of summer it is very cold in the cellar and visitors do not tarry unless wearing the garments of mid-winter.

The Rathhaus is at once the oddest and the most ancient-looking building in Bremen. It has been standing several centuries and the city legislators used to meet here and make laws for the town and province long before Columbus set eyes upon the new world. It is as strong to-day apparently as when it was put together in the middle ages.

Fierce Polar Animals.

"Now, then, children," said the teacher, who had been commenting upon polar expeditions, "who can tell me what fierce animals inhabit the regions of the north pole?"

"Polecats," shouted the boy at the foot of the class.—Philadelphia Press.