

M.A.B.

Story of a Love Thrice Offered and Twice Rejected.

(From the Arroyo.)

CHAPTER II

Four years had passed. A very silent family sat at the breakfast table this August morning; the head of the family had descended in an irritable mood; and his women-folk, ob-

"They have fancied lately that he meant to marry you." I turned sharply away. Bending over the sweet-peas, I plucked a sweet-scented, many colored handkerchief. "But he can't marry you if he insists on getting eaten by snakes and crocodiles in Central Africa."



"MAY I COME IN?" HE ASKED.

his hand, and my hand was still in his when he sat down on the seat beside me. "I hoped I should find you alone," he said. I smiled in acquiescence; his tone had a gentle meaning as, of late, it had often had; but I would not understand it.

"I am sorry you are going," I said, steadily, in the regretful tone in which a friend may speak; "sorry for your sake. But for your sake I am glad. It will be such a splendid opportunity."

"I don't want you to advise me." I looked down at me steadily. "Mabel, you know what I want—you know as well as I do. I have tried again and again to speak to you—you know that, too. You have always prevented me. But now I must speak. I love you, Mabel; if you will give me any hope, I will stay in England, but if not—if I am to use your words, if there is no hope for me—I may as well go."

grateful to me; he had longed and striven to pay the debt of affection which, unasked, I had bestowed. And his heart had answered the demand he made upon it. He loved me, I had watched his love grow, read it in the softer glances which nowadays he gave me, heard it in the gentler, less masterful tones with which he spoke to me. But such love was humiliating—more humiliating than his indifference had been. He loved me, not inevitably, but of deliberate, anxious desire.

"I do believe," I said, "I think you love me—but I think, too, that if you try you will forget me."

"I draw my hands from his, and put them lightly together behind me." "No!" I cried, "I have you thought? Have you fancied I still care for you?" He hesitated for a moment. Then, "Yes," he answered, truthfully, "I have thought so. You have often been cold to me, and sometimes a little cruel; but I believe in your heart you love me; I have read your love in a thousand ways."

"I am not sorry to get back again," he says; but he says it in that sober, matter-of-fact tone which admits of no flattering personal interpretations. "You are tired at last of traveling?" "Not of traveling—but of country house visits," he replies, with a grave yet humorous smile. "Yes, I believe you are right; he admits, after a moment, smiling quickly but gravely again, "I am tired of wandering."

"I am not an old maid yet, papa," she says. "Thirty!—Well, I suppose an old maid is useful in a family." I laugh. "I am not an old maid yet, papa."

thing, I admit, of splinter-like sharpness as I reply. "I feel quite as young as I desire to feel." "That is satisfactory. It is not every one who at thirty still feels herself to be an ornament in the matrimonial market."

"I have carried the pin into my making to a distant window. I, too, profess to be deaf to the words which I will not hear."

"I start and turn my head. Round the path behind the summer-house Ned had come suddenly upon me, he stands close beside me, holds out his right hand and smiles in calm, friendly, unembarrassed fashion. "Thank you, you remember my birthday, then?" "Yes, my memory is very good, you know. It is part of my equipment as a son-in-law."

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glances, a tone, that has made me wonder whether the love I refused to take is dead? Nine years ago I put happiness away from me proudly, impetuously. For nine years I have known regret, loneliness, bitter heartache. To-day I have, perhaps, too little pride, as nine years ago I had too much. If I thought he still cared for me, his silence should not stand between us; I would let no conventionalities, no conventionalities spoil our lives.

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FOREIGN FRAGMENTS. In China less than 30,000 old-fashioned coffee to rule, in a most perfect manner, one-third of the world's inhabitants. The old-fashioned coffee has been raised on the sandy plains of Brandenburg this summer, much larger and finer than those of the Alps.

A SERVICE of carrier pigeons is to be established between Zanzibar and Lake Nyassa, in Africa. The stations will be thirty miles apart.

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regularly embellished upon it in precious stones. Mrs. ESTHER BLAINE, nee McCur-nick, paid \$1,700 for her new baby's bracelet and brooch. The furniture of the table is backed in ivory, bound with the family monogram, variously inserted in silver, turquoise and small diamonds.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's New "Life of Christ." A book which is sure to have great popularity, and immense sale, both because of its interesting style and its superb illustrations is "From Manger to Throne," a new life of Christ and a history of Palestine and its people, including Dr. Talmage's account of his famous journey to, through and from the Holy Land. The work which is splendidly printed, contains nearly 700 large sized pages, 9x11 inches. It is illustrated with more than 400 grand illustrations, among which are accurate copies of nearly 200 of the famous paintings of the old masters which have so long enriched the galleries and cathedrals of Europe, but were never before published in America.

PAID OF NEW YORK DIVINES. BISHOP POTTER receives \$3,000 a year with a house rent of \$2,000. REV. DR. RAYBURN of St. George's Church, gets \$8,000 and a rectory. REV. DR. BROWN, of St. Thomas Church, is paid \$5,000 with a rectory. REV. DR. DONALD, rector of the Church of the Ascension, receives \$6,000 and a rectory. REV. DR. KETTERIDGE, of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church, receives \$10,000. REV. DR. THOMPSON, of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, gets \$10,000 a year. REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., has a salary of \$10,000 and collects as much more from his editorial work. REV. DR. MONROE, rector of Trinity Church, has a salary of \$12,000 with an allowance for a house of about \$3,000. REV. DR. HUNTINGTON, of Grace Church, receives \$5,000 in addition to the use of a rectory, which would net him \$4,000. REV. DR. ARTHUR BROOKS, brother of Phillips Brooks, gets \$6,000 and a rectory as the pastor of the Church of the Incarnation. REV. DR. SATTERLEE, of Calvary Church, is given the rent of a handsome rectory overlooking Gramercy Park and \$6,000 in cash. REV. DR. GREEN, of St. Bartholomew's P. E. Church, receives \$8,000, his house rent and the premium of an insurance on his life of \$50,000. REV. DR. JONES HALL receives a salary of \$10,000 a year, in addition to a house in Fifth Avenue adjoining his church, whose rent would be at least \$6,000. REV. DR. W. M. TAYLOR, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, receives \$10,000 a year, in addition, his congregation is said to pay the premium of an insurance on his life for \$50,000.

NEW RESTAURANT. Canyon City, Or. M. J. Chambers, Propr.

ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE. In malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess powerful properties in expelling bile from the system. Price, 25cts. Sold everywhere. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

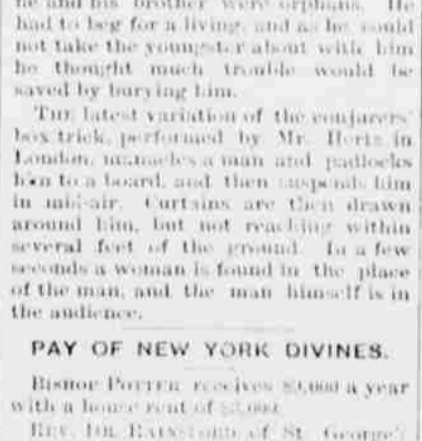


"NEED, ONCE YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME!"

destroyed it. He would like to hastily pile up the brush. "I don't get over it, Ned," I say in the lowest of tones; and then, having been the boldest of women, I suddenly become the silliest, and burst into a flood of hysterical, foolish tears. And ten minutes later Ned and I are sitting around the rustic table; his arm is around me and his strong clasp holds me close to him. "You loved me nine years ago when you refused me," he says, individually, repeating a statement I have just, with laughter and tears, faltered forth. "Yes, but I thought you loved me out of pity. I thought you would easily forget."

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