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Dare's cheeks grew hotly red.
"I have seen Mr. Hawkins," she mur-"I hate him. I wish he was not

"He will not stay long, only till after supper. I will see to it that you are not annoyed by his presence, "Mrs. Townley said soothingly. Dare stopped short on the lowermost stair, prisoner to an almost overpowering impulse to turn and flee, for in the door fronting her a man stood, devouring her girlish beauty with a gaze such as she had never till then encountered-a tall man, lithe and well made, with drooping lidded eyes, a bean



TO COM Liceran

"The pleasure is mine. Mr. Cleve, this is my little niece, Dare Overton." tiful, cruel mouth and the look of one unused to be gainsaid. At sight of her he had stopped short, even fallen back a pace from the threshold he was in the act of crossing. At his elbow a ruddy bronze personage was staring likewise, but with round, innocent, blue eyed stare, wholly unlike the other's burning gaze. Between the two Hawkins peered furtively for a half second, then thrust himself forward, saying, with his best

'Mrs. Townley, Holtham here is struck dumb or seems to be, so let me make known to you Mr. Cleve, whose money we hope to have for neighbor if it should turn out that we can't have

"Delighted, I'm sure," murmured Mr. Cleve, his eyes still upon Dare. Mrs. Townley put out a hand to him and said, with it still in his grasp:
"The pleasure is mine. Mr. Cleve,

this is my little niece, Dare Overton.'

CHAPTER XV

As the hall clock struck 10 that night Hawkins, who stood hat and whip in hand, ready to make his adieu, said low

"Really it begins to look as though what began as a speculation may turn out a grand passion.

"Heaven send it to be mutual," Mrs. Townley said, with the faintest possible inclination of her head toward room's farther side, where Royal Cleve still bent upon Dare that burning regard. "You had better take him away. she went on. "I am afraid he will frighten her. By the way, what did he

say to your scheme before he saw her?" Took it first as an American joke," Hawkins said. "But I had got pretty well the length of his foot and knew how to convince him that there were millions in it for all of us.'

Mrs. Townley darted at him a keen suspicions glance.

You told me this man Cleve was very,

very rich," she said. "If that is the case" — A look finished the sentence, so that Hawkins made haste to declare: "He is rich. Mrs. Townley, rich

enough to want very badly to be richer. You see, his father is a big iron master over there. There are just two sons, this boy and another, and their ambition is to become iron kings. That's why they are looking for investments here. "This one is handsome and well bred,

but looks dissipated. That I don't like, Mrs. Townley said conservatively. Hawkins smiled a grim smile.

'No doubt he has gone the pace," said, "but that only makes him the readier to settle down. Clearly he thinks so. The girl is charming, and he has got it worse about her than even".

"Whom?" asked Mrs. Townley as he stopped short. Hawkins did not answer. He was lost in rage at the memory of Allen Fauntleroy, of delight in the thought of how well his wrong at that young man's hand was likely to be avenged. Hawkins knew, what was as ret a secret, that Allen, while apparenty accepting Major Overton's refusal, arranged affairs that the old man's death would make Dare sole owner of the property in dispute. When she was Mrs Royal Cleve, no doubt Fanntleroy would kick himself for his overscrupulosity. And that she should be one way or another-fairly, if pos-



He had hung at her side the evening through.

sible. The way was plain and easy if Cleve's ardor did not frighten her. Mrs. Townley was right, though it would never do to leave him uninterruptedly in the girl's presence. Striding across the room, Hawkins said, with affectation of jocular terror:

"Mr. Cleve, please don't shoot me for saying it—we really must be riding."

Cleve started a little, but said. with a

light laugh: "Oh, go away, Hawkins! You talk like a member of parliament. I have only had five minutes with Miss Over ton, and you speak of leaving at half past 8

"Half past 10, you mean, with 15 miles to ride," Hawkins said, showing his watch. The other frowned.

You are an unmitigated nuisance with your hours and distances." But he got up, looked lingeringly at Dare and his adieu with what grace he might.

Dare rose, too, and went up to her The girl's cheeks were damask roses, her eyes starry in their dark dila-She seemed to herself all one tion. throbbing pulse of new sensation, not wholly pleasurable, but wildly strange. Royal Cleve was unlike aught she had ever seen or dreamed of. Her favorite heroes even were quite put out of court. His voice was music itself. He had a smile that glorified his face. Yet some how the girl shrank a little from the memory of him, shivered at the thought of those too persistent eyes.

He had hung at her side the evening through, with eyes, ears, for naught She wondered vaguely if it were not because she was a new species, some-thing wholly different from any he had hitherto known. In all the story books she knew grand gentlemen had a habit of amusing themselves with the country girls they chanced to meet and then riding away, leaving their victims to death or desolateness. Mr. Cleve should not do that; she was too wise in the ways of his kind. Besides she went no further even in her thought, though the quick red flushing over neck and brow pro claimed some mighty postulate un

Mrs. Townley saw the blush and misread it to suit her own desires. As she kissed her niece good night she said, lightly touching the smooth cheek:

"I think this face might charm ever cruel fate. Do be careful of it, child. Ill fortune has lain in wait for us so long that it really behooves you to try to change the family luck."

Dare lifted her eyes and asked:
"Aunt Mel, am I really extraordi-

"Judge for yourself, my child," Mrs. Townley said, turning her to face the long pier glass, that surely had never reflected loveliness more winsome. For a minute both looked in silence at the fair image. Then Dare gave a low cry, the elder woman screamed aloud, for there, faintly, from the half lit depths behind her, a man's face showed, white

and set, in the mirror over her shoulder. Next minute it had vanished. Dare rubbed her eyes. Mrs. Tewnley said, sharp tremor in her tone:

"Did you see anybody? Whose face was it? Dare did not answer at once. When

she did speak, it was to say: "I thought I saw something, but no

doubt we were both mistaken. We must have been. There is no one here but ourselves.

"Not a soul," said Mrs. Townley, shivering violently. "It must have been the flickering of the light."

Dare said nothing. Instead she walk ed away with tingling pulses. She had no fear of, no belief in, ghosts or visions. Her eye was too true and keen for optical illusions. She had seen a face, a face she knew well. It was Allen Fauntle roy who had looked at her from that clare obscur s

A little later Hawkins reined up from their hand gallop to say to Royal Cleve:
"No need to ask if every prospect 'Pon my life, man, you came near to making a spectacle of yourself."

Cleve shook the other's hand impa-

tiently from his sleeve, saying rather coldly:

"Stop the, Hawkins, I am imm ly obliged to you for the initial sugg tion, but please remember that while I am always ready and willing to hear you on business I prefer to escape discussion of my personal affairs."

Hawkins gave an angry whistle and said roughly:

"See here, Mr. Royal Cleve, it's quite too late for you to take that tone with Remember we have drawn and signed a few papers, papers that would be awkward reading for a young lady I could name. You went into this on busi Now you want to shift to sentiment. Very good, but you'd better keep a civil tongue. By turning my hand over I can put a lion in your path-another -beside whom you would have as much chance of winning this Overton girl as I have of going straight to heaven just as I stand. I meant no harm, no disrespect to you, to her. I am as anxions nearly as yourself that you shall marry her, but I won't get in the dust and take kicks and cuffs at your pleasure to bring it about. The sooner you understand that failure or success for von rests wholly in my hands the better it will be for both of us."

Royal Cleve swore a great oath under his breath. Aloud he said, half mock-

"Is it so, my good Hawkins? Now listen to me. I hope you are my faithful ally. Certainly I will do all that I can have said, but I recken surely on on thing. This girl, Dare Overton, shall be my wife in spite of everything.

Through the bright moonlight Hawkins smiled sourly, saying, half to him-

"I hope you are a true prophet. The day I know she is to be your wife that day makes her heiress of Overton's

CHAPTER XVI.

Dare went to her room so filled with tense expectance as almost to stop the beating of her heart. She went straight to the toilet table and saw, with sense of surprise, a handful of field flowers laid loosely upon it. At her touch they fell apart, letting her eye rest upon a scrap of paper, bearing in Jubilee's best flourish:

'misS dare, this Toe say, wil yo

cum toe gait wil bee Thair twell Arfter Midnight.

Drawing her curtain, she looked outside. The "gait" was almost half a mile away. You came through it from the highway that ran past Exeter. The dis tance was as nothing to her quick feet. Even had she not been absolutely fearless, all abroad was now such silver shining as mimicked day. But ought she to heed a message so vague? Her aunt, she knew, would disapprove. Did not honor forbid her to do under her roof the thing which would be against her

But the case must be urgent, the need strong, to bring her thus a secret mes-What had Jubilee to tell that the whole world might not hear? The boy was sharp, shrewd beyond his years, and Allen's sworn advocate and worshiper. In leaving Ridgeley her last word had been for him, bidding him bring her instant news if anything befell the household. Most likely that was what had brought him to this midnight confer ence. Still that face in the glass. Spite of her bravery, her firm nerves, she shivered, recalling eerie tales of apparitions forewarning death or peril.

She must go. Below stairs she heard the clang of closing doors. Running hastily down, she said to the servant:

'I'll fasten the west door. I want to sit on the small porch awhile and see the moonlight and the mists along the

"As you please, Miss Dare. Better take de key outside wid yo'. De do' falls shet sometimes. You might fin yo'self locked out," Black Patsey said, adding after a minute: "You don't look lik' yo' mother. I 'member her. I hear 'em say, Aun' Jincey say yo' des de livin image of her mistes, yo' gran'pa's mother, dat died so long ago."

"I am like her portrait more than any one else," Dare said, impatient to be off, but not daring to show it. After a little she said, as though the thought had just come to her: "Shut the door, Patsey; then nothing can get in, no matter how moonstruck I may happen to be With the key I can come in whenever I please.

"Young ladies mos' giner'lly want ter watch de moon when good lookin beaux des gone erway," Patsey chuckled, obe-diently closing the door. Dare dropped down upon the steps and for 10 minutes watched the faint ghostly mists writhe up from the babbling runnel and hover waver in the full leafed tree tops.

As she stepped lightly to the grass a low growl fell on her ear. She saw in the moonlight a big, shaggy white cur standing full in her path, gently waving his tail and looking at her with the air of a stern but loving guardian. eyes full on his she went straight up to him and laid a hand on his head, saying very low: "Nice fellow! Big dog! Come and walk with me!"

Half reluctantly he yielded to her impulse, stood aside and at last walked soberly behind. Keeping well in shadow, darting from tree to tree, from covert to covert, Dare gained the carriage way and ran so swiftly along it that, almost before she thought of it, the gate barred her way.

Not for long. As she stopped breathless and panting it swung open, and Jubilee's voice said:

"Oh, Miss Dare, if you please, procress outside. Those dog is too expicious here in the plain moonshine."

In silence Dare followed him to the shade of a big oak that stood a attle to one side of the highway. As soon as they were well within it she said very

'What brought you here, Jubilee? Are you by yourself? Tell me quick. Is anything wrong at home?"

'My two feet brought me here," Jubilee said, with a grin. "That is to say, I pedestrianed since 12 o'clock today." Why did you come? Is mammy sick,

or grandfather, or anybody in trouble?" Dare asked hurriedly. "That was only



She went straight up to him and laid a hand on his head. three hours after I left. Surely nothing happened in that little time.

Jubilee looked down and began to speak very low, in his earnestness for-getting the dictionary and relapsing now and then into the dialect of his race.

A Queer Deposit.

Julius Howe has a peculiar deposit on his farm in East Brookfield, Mass, It covers about an acre and lies at the bottom of a ravine in a bog. about one and one-half feet thick and is twelve inches below the surface. It has been analyzed and found to consist of the petrified shells or bodies of minute flies or beetles. Upon being burned it crumbles into a white powder, valuable for scouring metal.

The Green Park club, formed a few years ago for the convenience of lady cyclists in Battersea park, is about to enter upon the occupation of handsome new premises in Grafton street, Picca-The list of members at present includes the names of the Countess of Londesborough and Mrs. William Court A hundred new members are about to be enrolled. - London Speciator.

UNANSWERED PRAYERS.

Like some schoolmaster, kind in being Who hears the children crying o'er their

And calling "Help me, master," yet helps Since in his silence and refusal lies Their self-development, so God abides Unheeding many prayers. He is not deaf

To any cry sent up from earnest hearts; He hears and strengthens when He must He sees us weeping over life's hard sums.

But, should He dry our tears and give the What would it profit us when school were

And not one lesson mastered! What a world

Were this if all our prayers were granted! Not in famed Pandora's box were such As lie in human hearts. Should our de-

Voiced one by one, in prayer ascend to And come back as events shaped to our wish, What chaos would result!

In my fierce youth I sighed out breath enough to move a Voicing wild prayers to heaven for fan-

cied boons Which were denied, and that denial bends My knee to prayers of gratitude each day Of my maturer life. Yet from those prayers

I rose alway regirded for the strife And conscious of new strength. Pray on, sad heart! That which thou pleadest for may not be

given, But in the lofty altitude where souls Who supplicate God's grace are lifted, Thou shalt find help to bear thy future

Which is not elsewhere found. -Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Cosmo politan.

WEDDING GIFTS.

"Pooh! Presents!" said the Old Married Man to the bridegroom. "Don't think you'll get what you want. I'll tell you my experience.

"As the time for our marriage drew near I used to call at the house every available evening and whisper confidentially to the curly head which exactly fitted my shoulder that I was the luckiest fellow on earth. On one occasion Agnes sighed and murmured dreamily that that was just what she

"That was on the 5th.

"On the 12th I stopped in a minute at noon to see if she loved me as much as at 11:15 the night before. She replied that she did-that love was unalterable-but that she must hurry upstairs now or the dressmaker would get her skirts flute-shaped instead of organ-

"On the 14th the present began to arrive-also the relatives. It became an unsettled problem which of the two were more numerous. Aggie had cousins once removed. I had several uncles and aunts. All were well off; in fact, it was a curious coincidence that we were the only poor branches on our respective family trees. I was in an insurance office-fire insurance, not life insurance-and when I had communicated to her the news of my recent promotion she had declared in the face of her family's unaccountable preference for Henry Walker (who was not so good a fellow as I am by any manner of means) that to be Mrs Joseph Lounsbury and live in a small house on a very small income and bliss was precisely her ideal of existence. So we were not marrying as a specula tion; nevertheless, since marriage comes so seldom in one's life, we had hopes that our moneyed relatives

"They did. First came a complete set of knives, forks and spoons in a polished wood case. They were from the cousin Aggie had been named for. 'Such a sensible present!' said her mother; 'they will last a lifetime.'

'Yes,' said I, 'it will take us a good while to wear all those out two at a

"'Don't you suppose we're ever go ing to entertain any company, Joe? asked the girl of my affection, tapping me on the cheek with one of the forks.

"The same night I had a note from her saying, 'Dearest Joe, you ought to see the lovely after dinner coffee spoons Second Cousin Milly has sent-no two alike. Orange plush case. Isn't it exciting? Don't tell, dear, but I almost wish they'd been something else, for I think some the girls are going to give me spoons.' The rest of this letter was not interesting-to you.

"This was the beginning of an avalanche of spoons-Charter Oak spoons nutmeg spoons, soldiers' monument spoons, witch spoons, bust spoons, portrait spoons (I called these last our picture gallery, and suggested that they should be framed in ribbons and hung in the parlor). One of our friends sent a pair of salted-almond spoons, hoping that we would exchange them if they were duplicated, but it turned out that those were the only ones we had. The sugar spoons were all marked. There were five of them.

"It is a time-honored custom in our office when one of us is married for the rest to 'combine' and buy a picture and you could generally tell what year man's wedding came off by a glance at his parlor wall. Williams, who was married in '84, had 'Far Away:' Brown's, a few years later, was 'The Three Fates.' Ours was, of course, the

latest thing out. It had a silver frame "As the days went by and pieces of silver piled up on us I was more than once reminded of the couple whose courtship was confucted in Browningese, and who were fitted out by their admiring friends with a Brown Ing tea set, with quotations around the china, but a good deal of it got broken | two minutes the front of the chest fell | leaner this summer.

the first year. The Smiths' specialty was etchings; they had enough for every room in the house-only, they never had a house; they boarded ever since they were married. Finally the climax came, when my old Uncle John sent us a solid tea set. I hadn't expected anything from him, unless perhaps a Bible of a Webster's Unabridged, for he didn't enjoy giving anything away. Aggle was getting too tired to be very enthusiastic, but her mother was delighted, and it was no use thinking that I would just as soon have had the

"This makes 163, dear-nine more than Susie Fish had,' said her sister. 'One hundred and two,' said Aggle. "'No, dear, 103-102 came this morn-

"'Oh, I know I shall never get this list right? exclaimed Aggie, diving for her blank book.

" 'Look out, or you'll be handing that book to the parson for a prayer-book, sald I. 'Wouldn't be a bit surprised,' she

answered, smiling; Aggle could smile when she was tired.

"Well, we were married. A man breathes easier when it's over with. But, Aggie,' I said, as the carriage door slammed on us, 'if it ever happens to us again, let's leave out the heathen superstitions.

"I know it,' said Aggie. 'I begged them not, but they would smuggle some in. See any in my hair?

" 'Some in your hat brim.' I brushed her off, and she seized the newspaper I had carefully brought along to look like an old married man, and conjured with it a minute, holding it out by an improvised handle. 'Here,' she said, the very childen in kindergarten know how to make paper dustpans-now brush the carriage seat.' When we got out I gave the hackman a dustpan of rice with a bill on top. 'There, burn it,' said I.

"'Did you see him chortle in his joy?' said Aggie, giggling; 'Joe, do you feel like a married couple?

'Lots,' said I. "Our ten days in Washington had only one bogie-the blank book. Aggie said she must finish her notes. All I could do was to sit by and fret, and put on the stamps; and she told me I hindered her more than I helped, and she was awfully glad to have around, it made her feel better.

"We began housekeeping in a cheerful way in a little house on a new street. It was something like to come home to one's own dinner table. We had so much silver that it looked funny with our plain china-nobody had given us a lot of ice-cream sets and things. I tell you, marriage is a lottery when it omes to wedding presents. I liked seeing Aggle's face in the sugar bowl. though. Every night the little maid (Imported, to live up to the spoons) brought them and all the rest upstairs on a tray and we packed them away in the chest we had made and a pretty penny it cost, with its combination lock, which went into the end of the closet where nobody could get at it, One night we came home at 12 from reception, and as we stole upstairs not to wake the sleeping handmaid, Aggle so sleepy herself that she tripped on her wedding gown and I had to hold her, we came upon the whole array on the floor outside our door.

'Isn't it imposing? so safe!' said I. but Aggle said, desperately, 'I shan"t care anything about going out evenings any more if I've got to put that silver away after I get home. 'Let it stay there.

"'Oh, I can't. Mamma thinks we're so careless. We don't appreciate things enough. She says, if anyone had given her such elegant things when she was married she wouldn't have dared to close her eyes!" "Take more than that to keep my

es open.' But I helped Agnes shove the tray under a chair, and drape the train of her wedding dress over it. 'What on earth are you doing, Aggie? I asked, on coming in for dinner

one day. All I could see was one foot and a skirt ruffle in the closet. "Aggie scrambled up enough to catch me round my knee. 'Oh, Joe, I'm so

glad you've come!

'What is it? You're ready to cry.' " 'That's what I like about you; you lon't have to be explained to. Henry Walker wouldn't have known I felt like crying if I'd screamed it at him!" That made me feel pretty good though dinner wasn't ready).

" 'It's the silver! I came up to change the forks and spoons so they should get worn alike, and I've shut the pape with the combination in the chest, and can't remember what it was."

"I got down beside her. It was hoter than Mexico in that closet. I turned and tried the lock. 'Do you kee your dresses out of my way, they tickle the back of my neck.' No good. guess we'll use the old forks to-day. said I; 'I don't believe they'll fade away yet awhile."

"Oh, I'm so sorry-but-they're every one shut up in that chest." laughed. What else was there to do? It was funny when Deming came hom with me to ten-we'd asked him som days before. It wouldn't have been funny with some girls. The table look ed principally white china, and the kitchen knives and forks didn't go round. Ever cut omelet with a pewter spoon? It is grent.

"It wasn't quite so funny when three hot days had gone by and we had near ly smothered sojourning in the closes and no news of the combination, 'Don't tell mamma? pleaded my wife. gan to think I should have to call in a locksmith, when one evening Aggie startled me by jumping out of bed

crying, Tve got it! I've got it!" "Got what-a nightmare?"

" 'I've got the combination! I've been working on it all the time, and it just came to me in my sleep. Get right up, edge, 'Oh, the little more, and how much it is." The Fords had a run on don't set anything on fire." In another

down, and behold our houshold po If anybody wants to steal them tween now and daylight, they that's all,' said Aggie; 'but I'm not ing to shut that lock again to-night anybody!

"In the fall there was burglar see about town, and Agnes' mother ex over and gave her a lecture upon la ing the windows. She said we re ought to have a burglar alarm. please her, I had one put in. Elect night I went down to town telling gie not to sit up for me, for I she wait for the returns. It was 1 o'clo when I opened the front door w softly, not to disturb Agnes. Beet

ke-plunk! I forgotten the alarm. "Before I had time to say a word even turn down my coat collar. wife appeared at the head of the star She pointed a pistol at me. Her he hung loose, and she was in her-w never mind; but she looked distracti ly pretty.

'If you come one step further fire!" she cried.

"'It's Joe, Agnes,' said I, meekly, " I don't believe it! Take of hat!

"I took it off, and made her a bow. 'Don't shoot your husband: be doing the best he can.' "Agnes laughed hysterically.

Joe, I was so frightened." "I rushed upstairs and caught her took away the pistol, and wrapped up in her dressing-gown.

lars in this costume?' I inquired. blushed. 'I never thought of that "And to think you should pob pistol at your own husband." " 'It wasn't loaded, Joe.' " 'Agnes Lounsbury,' said I, 'do;

think you ought to appear before h

aim at me with a pistol that we "But I shouldn't have fired it a

mean to say you were so rash;

way: it wasn't cocked.' Well, this ends the watchman b lar alarm business,' said I. 'We're about as much of it as we want morrow we'll decide what silver want to use every day, and the

shall go down to the bank." "We're able to breathe now. The ver stands on the sideboard, and as nobody has carried it off; if the Agnes' mother will say she expe it, for we aren't the careful people; used to be in her generation, 020 a while Aggie quarrels with me cause some dish or other that w make a show for company is a bank, and I don't see my way de bring it home under my arm. You have them all home and trust if you'd rather,' I say.

'I'd rather they were at the because then I should have then

know. " 'Don't see it,' said I; 'but it's ju you say. "When our anniversary cames

we had a present and a note fro

of Agnes' elderly frients. Them this way: "My dear Mrs. Lounsbury: W you our best congratulations of anniversary. My husband will his little joke, you know; and, as one told him that the Louisbur had so much silver given them a wedding that it was a positive a rassment to them, he says you to be ashamed of being such plum

at your age, while the older gest has not even accumulated set spoons, and sends you this little to remind you of the fact-'Oh, Joe! it's silver!' for I punched a hole in the paper. isn't. It's a pudding dish, or for ters, you know. How kind, An ed, too. It didn't cost much, le

" 'A few dollars, I should think "'How good! Perhaps evel

"'Perhaps so; It's rathe " 'Isn't it delightful? We'll some oysters in it to-morrow m

ask them over to tea. "I should feel dreadfully to have taken,' I heard her murmur th "What for?"

" 'Because it's such a comfort!

one thing that you don't care it's stolen or not.' "You're getting sleepy, Aggs I know one thing that 'goe on forever.

"'Our storage rent. I recks few years we'll have paid for the outfit, and then we'll fetch it is keep open house for burglas lean conscience.

'Pon't be ridiculous, Joe.' wife."-New York Tribune.

Destruction Caused by Bar A Scotch Highlander, d and carrying a set of bagy his arm, appeared at Bar H other night and next me o'clock strolled up Main street of a good place to try the ba natives. It is years since the music of the canny Scot has b ed there, and it had a wone the first tune causing no less simultaneous runaways am and the wrecking of two w sets of harnesses. The bagply in the middle of the tune to and after he saw the dest one tune had wrought be k out of the pipes and took 'clock boat for Bangor.

ossip is a pleasant way ng yourself. No man ever that you are not liable to de

Half the mistakes of this nade by people who this correcting mistages of other

About all the people F know have lots of children

Nearly all the fat men