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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

each day seemed to be double its own length. Kitten neither ate, nor slept, erly woman, move nor spoke. She lived in a sort of dull Kitten's welfare. dream, and did what she was told. Brian naturalist was to be buried in Westminmade no objection.

She never even expressed a wish to go up to London to gaze once again upon the dead face of her ather. Brian marveled at this, for to most women "last looks," 'last days," a "last farewell" are things which have a morbid fascination; but Kitten was above and beyond all this. Her father's face as she had last seen it in life, full of eager thought and bright with the intellect of his great mind, was a sufficient memory to her. She did not wish to efface that pleasant image in her mind by any

more painful vision of him. "If I could get him back," she said to Brian, "I would walk barefoot from here all the way up to London to see him; but what is the good of my going to see what would not be my Daddy at all, but only a sad shadow of what I have lost!"

So she stayed at home by herself all day, in the cottage with its white drawn blinds, while the choristers were singing solemn requiems in Westminster Abbey over the dead man whose funeral hundreds of great men came from miles

away to attend.

Outside, the July sun came hotly down in the cottage garden, the bees murmured drowsily as they buried themselves in the brown bosoms of the sunflowers. The dog lay stretched asleep in the sun on the stone steps, the cat, curled up on the kitchen window sill, purred contentedly to herself; there were gossamer threads spun across the lawn and the flutter of winged creatures through the bushes and among the trees. Kitten peeped out from behind the blinds, the deathlike stillness of the house oppressed her; presently she stole her new crape into the garden. breathing more freely and naturally when she was under heaven's own blue once Her heavy, sable skirts brushed behind her across the grass as she walked-she had nothing on her head, the sunshine came down upon her yellow hair and lit up the small, childish face that looked all the younger and worter for the deep black of her garments. Keziah saw her go with a groan. "She might have waited for an hour," said the old woman to herself, with indignation, "then the ceremony would have been over and I could have drawn up the blinds all over the house. It's hardly decent for her to go out now, and there she goes with her new crape a-sweeping all across the grass and gravel, with never a thought in her to pick it up out travagant lass, with no thought to take care of her things."

CHAPTER IX.

Desmond was beginning to be considerably exercised in his mind. The problem concerning the fate of his ward now nearly a fortnight since Professor Laybourne's funeral, and he had been able to come to no conclusion whatever, as yet, about his daughter. He had gone Cottage, staying there, generally, not longer than twenty-four hours and then returning to London to look after her temporal interest. Everything was now fairly in order. Kitten was not left a pauper; when all came to be settled it was found that her fortune amounted to get rid of that danger for Roy." about nine thousand pounds, which was left in trust to herself until she was twenty-one, or until she married, when it reverted entirely to herself. In these days, when he came down to

the cottage, he was very pre-occupied and very silent. There was a hush in the empty rooms, a perpetual gloom in the unlittered chamber where so lately the naturalist's books and papers and instruments were strewn about, And Kitten herself was silent. She moved about the house like a little white wraith, with dark circles about her blue eyes and a piteous droop of the rosy, childish mouth. But, little by little, as the days wore on, her youth began to reassert it-

It was on the occasion of one of his brief, although frequent visits, that soon after his arrival at the White Cottage a letter was brought to him. He opened it and with some surprise read these words:

"Dear Sir-As an old friend of the to you to ask you to come and call upon me, in order that we may consult a little concerning the future of his daughter. in whom I take a sincere interest. As me? Oh, my Rosamond!—never mine!" a woman of a certain age and of some he sighed, but the sigh ended in a smile, in whom I take a sincere interest. As think I am presumptuous in this offering out for him by the garden gate. to give you my counsel-the poor child's condition seems to me at present to be somewhat melancholy. Perhaps if we were to talk it over together we might be able to arrive at some conclusion concerning her. Will you come and see me at Frierly Hall at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning? Perhaps it would be as well

"MARGARET GRANTLEY." A man who is driven to his wit's end by perplexity will, like a drowning one, at any straw that is likely to ald him in his need. Brian wrote briefly back by the messenger that he would walt upon Miss Grantley at the appoint-

Frierly Hall, as he approached it in enough to please any man's taste-the small white hands clasped upon red-brick building slept venerable warmly in the golden light, a belt of thick wood formed a dark, dreamy background to its pointed gables and quainttwisted chimneys.

You will not send her to school,

erossed upon her handsome brocaded The next week passed away sloly, gown. There is a kindly smile upon her lips. Brian thinks she is a sweet, motherly woman, moved by a real interest for

"No; I do not think I can do that, Desmond went and came, backward and Miss Grantley. I do not think my poor forward, from town to cottage. The friend, her father, would have wished funeral was to be in London, the great it; besides, Kitten is both too old and too young for a fashionable boarding ster Abbey. The nation wished it to be school. She would be shappy, and it so, and Kitten, when she was asked, would spoil her; she is so young and fresh, and original."

"What can they see in that Ignorant, ill-brought up child?" thought Margaret impatiently, but aloud she murmured: "No doubt—no doubt! But then, since you say the relative you wrote to is unable to give her a home, what do you propose to do?"

"I have no plans. I am going abroad. suppose I shall take her with me."
"Alone! My dear Mr. Desmond, forgive me for saying it, but it is impossible that you can travel abroad with Miss

Laybourne-not by herself." Would she want a maid, do you

"A maid-that would go for nothing. a staid middle-aged governess or companion, perhaps,'

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Brian, what a terrible suggestion! You could not expect me to travel with a governess, Miss Grantley,'

"You cannot travel with that girl alone, Mr. Desmond," persisted Margaret firmly; "she is too young and too

pretty." "I never thought of that;" he leaned back in his chair and looked both per-

plexed and annoyed. Margaret looked down at her lap and smoothed out the folds of her brocade

with thin white fingers, a little smile stole into her quiet, even-colored face. "There is one idea, but perhaps it has

not occurred to you; perhaps I ought not to mention it." "Nay, pray do; I shall be thankful indeed for any suggestion."

For half a minute or so she was silent, still looking down at the silk she was smoothing out; her fingers shook a little too and her heart beat. Margaret Grantley was actualy nervous.

"Why don't you marry Kitten Laybourne?"

He was silent for very amazement. He old only sit still and stare at her for a few moments; he was absolutely speechless. Then he got up and slowly paced once up and down the room.

"I hope you are not angry with me. Mr. Desmond?" said Miss Grantley softly.

"Angry! my dear Miss Grantleyno, certainly not-but-but I confess such an idea has never occurred to me before-and-and it has taken my breath away," and he laughed a little.

"There would be nothing wonderful in it, you know," she continued, encourof the dust. But she always was an ex- aged because he did not seem to be annoyed: "she is very young, but then you would have the pleasure of forming and training her, and she is pretty, and the daughter of your old friend, and she has a little money, and altogether-oh, no, it would not be unsuitable at all."

"I think," said Desmond, slowly, "that seemed more insoluble than ever. It was if you will forgive me, I will go away now. I think I should like to think it over a little by myself. You have been nd and very straightforward with YUTT down a great many times to the White grateful to you." And then he took his leave of her.

"He will do it," said Margaret to herself, as she watched his tall figure walk quickly away down the lime-tree ave-"He had never thought of it be nue. fore, but now he will do it, and I shall

As to Brian, he was walking away to ward the White Cottage with a very storm of confusion at his heart. "Why not? why not?" he said over

and over again to himself, and he recalled the golden sommer week of his first visit to the Cottage, where he had wandered loverlike with her through the fields, when he had told himself that if he choose he could wake the lovelight in the grave child eyes, "I could make her love me!" he said to himself now, with a certain exultation.

And then across the waste of years that lay between, there came back the faint echo of words which long ago he himself had spoken. "I will never marry," he had said once, and once more there came back to him the glow of answering joy in those dark passionate eyes that he had once loved so well.

He dashed away the memory with o "All that is over, why should frown. condemn myself to eternal solicitude for the sake of a past that has faded? And all these years—six whole yearslate Mr. Laybourne's, I venture to write and never a line! Heaven only knows if she is even alive. One can love but once like that in a lifetime, but why should I not make the best of what is left to experience in life. I trust you will not for he caught sight of Kitten looking

CHAPTER X. The days slipped away, and still Desnond said nothing to his ward. Perhaps he dreaded and deferred the moment which was to commit him forever to a ourse of action from which his heart recoiled. Perhaps he only waited with not to mention to your ward that I have the faint and forlors hope that something written to you. Yours faithfully, would happen to decide his fate for him. And then one day, Kitten herself, with her own unconscious words, cast the die of her own future.

He found her in her favorite seat, between the guarled arms of the cherry The small black-robed figure and tree. coiled up just above the level of his head. Her hat had fallen to the ground, her derly Hall, as he approached it in favorite poet was upon her knee, her morning sunshine, looked bright gold-crowned head was drooped, her edge of the open page she studied. She was intensely still-a sort of warm alience, the soundless calm of an August afternoon surrounded her. An insect hummed swiftly by, a leaf stirred upon the tree above her, or a distant bird utthen?" Miss Grantley asked, her face tered , jaint and tremulous note, but a little bent forward and her quiet hands Kitten herself was as absolutely motion-

less as though she had no life in her. He came up quite close to her and spoke her name.

'Kitten!" he was certain that she had been quite unaware of his near presence, and yet she did not start nor move. Only her eyes flashed up suddenly from her book, and fixed themselves gravely upon his face, "Strange self-contained child!" he said to himself, "who could fathom her nature, or understand the hidden workings of her mind," "Kitten, your eyes remind me of those of the Holy Child in Raphael's picture at Dresden," he said, speaking his thoughts aloud; "they are inscrutable, full of strange dreams and forebodings. What are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking about Happiness," she

answered gravely.
"Happiness!" he repeated, who can tell what it consists in 7 Your dear poet could not tell," he said, tapping the edge of her book lightly with his finger.

"No," she said reflectively. "He did not know, neither did Solomon, nor any other wise man or old. I have heard my Daddy say that not one of the sages philosophers could define it."

"And yet Kitten Laybourne thinks she wil ltry and solve the mystery," he said lightly. "I don't think you really care to

know," she said reproachfully, turning her face a little away from him. "Do I not? Try me then-I prombe not to laugh at you, and what is more,

if your notions of happiness are to be gratified by mortal man, I will endeavor supply the coveted article." "Will you? Will you really?" she eried eagerly, and a bright color leaped up all over her fair, small face. "Ah! and you can-you only can-now that

my dear Daddy is gone it is you only who can prevent me from being unhappy."

"My dear little girl, what is it that I can do for you? Why did you not tell me before? You know that it is my duty as well as my pleasure to make you happy."

Along about Thanksgivin' time, when all the leaves are down. And all the fruit's been picked and all the hills are turnin' brown. There's somethin in the air that seems to stir your blood a bit. That makes you glad you're in the world and that you're part of it:

The song the wind goes single in the ever green's sublime.

He was touched by her simple eagerness-touched and remorseful, too,

ness—touched and remorseful, too. in that in some way he must have failed already in his trust toward her.

"Why do you go away then?" she answered him quickly, lifting her pure, grave eyes up to his. "Are you not my guardian, as if you were my father? Am I not your ward—your child? Does a father leave his child? And you go away so often, so often; and when you go away so often, so often; and when you head it with your heel you caudin! hardly tell the sittle from the lingle of a little silver hell. swered him quickly, lifting her pure, grave eyes up to his. "Are you not my guardian, as if you were my father? Am away so often, so often; and when you are gone it is like death! Stay with me

are gone it is like death! Stay with me always, always; let me be with you, and then I shall have happiness. I know of no other to wish for."

A moment or two of intense silence. He looks away from her face over the lash green of the garden—a bee, heavy laden, boomed noisily by; the faint cry of a child far away in the village broke the stillness. Years afterward he could hear these sounds again, and the wild hear these sounds again, and the wild storm that raged at his own heart. And It's almost like a miracle to see the first

the ground as he told her, and as she the ground as he told her, and as she did so, the passion of the man's nature along about Thanksgivin' time there's flashed into life within him the same thin' in the air. did so, the passion of the man's nature flashed into life within him—be caught the light figure in his arms; the soft gold of her hair lay upon his arm; her sweet face rested against his breast, and he held her close open his heart. The be held her close upon his heart. The sweet rapture of her presence filled him with a mad sense of joy and delight; he bent his face to press his lips upon hers, but with a sudden effort put her away - 8. E. Kleer, in Chicago Record Herald. from him again-in very manliness he could not abuse her sweet innocence and

childish purity. "Child," he said, "there is but one way in which you can be always with me, Miss Grantley, and I am deeply me. The world is cold and hard and cruel, and in no other manner will it agree to leave us in paace together-my Kitten, my fairy, swee, ontid-woman, you must be my own-my wife. Do you understand me. Kitten?"

(To be continued.)

"Do you remember that five I borrowed last year, old man?"

"I certainly do. Going to pay it?" "No, I want you to give me a recelpt to show that we're square."

"But we're not square." "Beg pardon, old man, but we must be. Didn't you tell Smith that it was

worth that much to find out the kind of a man I am?"-Detroit Tribune. Natural Thought.

the city boy, tasting milk in the country for the first time.

cow. "O, I thought they'd made a mistake

it"-Yonkers Statesman. Those Russian Names.

"They have changed one of those very prominent Russian army corps poor clerk and married him. commanders again." "What's the new man's name?"

shiftless." name of his predecessor yet."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. At the Seashore. "Being from the West, Mrs. Briese, you have never before heard the boom-

ing of the breakers, I suppose?" "No, but being from the West, I ers-many a time and oft!"-Cleve footman in great haste to the do land Leader.

Experience Uncoveted. "Do you know the sensation of being kicked by a mule?" "No I don't-and please don't try

to show me what it is,"-Cleveland Leader. No Room for Doubt. White-Why do you think Smith looks upon marriage as a failure?

Gray-I heard him say not long ago that he would never go to the penitentiary for bigamy. His Last Hope. Knicker—So Henpekt is going to

sue for breach of promise? Bocker-Yes; Mrs. H. once promised not to marry him .- New York Sun.



's ginger in a Thanksgivin' time a man along about

then a spoke, a little consteadily and uncertainly:

"Come down from that tree, Kitten; how can I talk to you up there? Here, put your little foot into my hand, so, and give me that hateful book and jump down."

She obeyed him, springing fightly to the ground as he told her, and as abe

## EDIE'S MISSION.

"Susie, to-morrow's Thanksgiving." Lower over her sewing drooped the golden head, and a tear trembled on her eyelash as she answered: Yes, darling."

"Aren't we going to have Thanksgiv-ing?" continued the child, "a little bit of a Thanksgiving, Susic? How mean Uncle Ralph is to let you work so

"Hush, Edie! you must not talk thus. Uncle Ralph is very kind in letting us have this cottage rent free, otherwise my needle would not support us."

But little Edle could not help thinking of the great grim house upon the hill and the great grim man who utterly ignored his poor relation. She thought so long and so intently about it that last a daring resolution entered her carly hend.

"I'll go and see him and tell him all Natural Thought. about it, so I will! I'm not afraid of "This milk is warm, mamma," said him if he is big and grim and cross." And without pausing to consider the

doubtful undertaking, away she went in "Yes, my son," replied the parent; the direction of the stately mansion dark I suppose it is just fresh from the and gloomy which was the home of the misanthropic uncle, who from being one of the pleasantest of young fellows, in bygone days, had changed thus andly and put hot water instead of cold in Rumor said for two reasons because his herrothed, beautiful Nellle Clyde, had deserted him for her German teacher, and because his petted, idolized young sister had fallen in love with a

"I will never forgive you, never," he had said to her, sternly, "not because "Go. 'long-I haven't mastered the your husband is poor, but because he is

And she had gone, proudly, with brave trust in her young husband-alas, but to find her brother's words prophetic. The knowledge broke her heart, and she died, and was soon followed by her drunken husband, leaving their two daughters in bitter poverty.

Edle rang the bell of the great house have heard the breaking of the boom- with such violence that it brought the "I have come to see my Uncle Ralph,"

"I suppose be's she said, breathlessly. in his study? Oh, you needn't show me the way; I know it," and she coolly ran by him up the polished stairway-for had not her mother told her of nook and cranny in the old home?" At the far end of a gloomy room i fire glowed sleepily, and a gray-haired

man sat in an armchair motionless before it. Edie crept in softly. As she neared him she perceived that his face was very sad and weary looking. Some look upon his face made her think of her dead mother, and, almost before

chubby arms about his neck and klased his cheek. To say that Ralph Morley was surprised but weakly expresses it; he was thun derstruck, and gazed down in the dimpled little face in mute amazement.

she knew it, she had flung both her

"Edie, little Edie!" he cried; "is it ! little Edie, a child again, and come back

Yes," said the child, clinging about his neck; "I was mamma's little Edie. and I will be yours if you will let me." Then he comprehended. It was not own little sister, but it was her child; it was her gentle, loving spirit speaking to him through her. And his hard heart became tender, as he folded the child to his breast and bowed his head upon the soft, fair curis and wept. . . . . . .

Suste wearly wending her way homeward, pondering how best to expend the small change which she dared spare for a Thanksgiving dinner, was overtaken by Karl Schilling, her own true love. "Oh, Susie!" he cried, breathlessly, "what/do you think has happened? Look! here is an invitation to Bleak Hall, from my employer, requesting the presence of my mother and myself at his Thanks-

giving dinner to-morrow. What is the world coming to?"
"I'm sure I don't know," smiled Suste. "Uncle Ralph is no doubt beginning to

appreciate you, Karl." "But he was that cross this morning. he resembled an icicle more than any thing else. There must be some mistake

"No," said Susie, gravely; "it is a very kind lavitation, and you must accept "Oh, certainly; but how very surpris-

ing. What will mather say? Our paths divide here. Susie, so, for the present I will say good-night."

His mother surprised! If she was, she betrayed it only by a sudden paleness, then a slight color, and placing her bowed head in her hands she subbed

"By forgiving my former cruelty and loving me a little, and wearing the pretty things your maid has selected. It

will please me to have you wear them. And when Susic entered the parlor in ber lovely trailing blue satio, Edia sprang from her uncle's arms with a little cry of rapture.

"Oh! how beautiful you are, Susle?"
The sound of carriage wheels here diverted her attention, "It is Karl" she eried, rouning to the window.

Yes, it was Karl, and the surprise hefelt upon meeting his betrothed, robed like a princess, in her uncle's parlor, Increased when he presented his pale, lovely mother to his employer.

"My mother, Mr. Morley," he began, then paused, for a glance at his employer's white, agitated face; and his mother's downcast and softly-flushed, told him they had met before, "Nellie! Nellie Clyde!"

"Yes," she answered, softly. "Nellia-Clyds Schilling, a widow, old and poor, to whom you went an invitation to a Thanksgiving dinner,"
"Nellie!" he repeated, eagerly, "you

would not have come to muck me in my solitude and loneliness, unless unless the past was to be forgotten! Shall I not be as it was, twenty years ago?" "1-1 did not suppose you would feel thus, at this late day," she said, in con-

fusion. "I only thought we might be friends once more. And so we will," he cried, "the very best friends the world has ever known. Oh, what a Thanksgiving you brought

The Thanksgiving Day Spirit. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred there-

with. And that applies to the Thunks-

me, little Edie."-The Hearthstone,

A HANDFUL OF TURKEY THOUGHTS.



The gobbler grows rotund,
And so we shout "Hooray!"
And burl our hat
On high thereat
And romp and frisk and play,
And sigh, by sudden repture stunned:
"Alack, a well a day!"
While thus we flip.
Fiap o'er the sand
And raily skip.

Finp o'er the sand
And gally skip
Joy's sarsband.
We watch him spread his tall
As on he proudly struts,
And see him puffed
And crisp and stuffed
With bread and sage and nuts,
Till we would on the fork impale
His choicest julcy cuts—
While Fancy's breeze

Fills on a saleh

While Falley's treess
Fills as a sigh
With argustes
Of golden ple.
Oh, bird of rare renown

That makes the eagle look To all intents Like neven cours,

You're greater whon the cook, Who knows just how to do you brown, And knows I like a book, Makes you in give A roasted dram. A symphonee Of bilsa supreme!

Full soon are you, blittle fewl,
The knife and fork will clash;
And first we'll hold
You hot, then cold,
And later in that hash
Which whisks the whiskers off the scowle
Of sorrow like a flash;
While hand in hand
We sigh and awoon

We sigh and awnon fairy and Beneath the moon - R. K. Munkittrick, in Sonday Magazine.

Suale, hastening homeward, behald a ringe at their humble door, and Eilie, with bright, eager face, came bounding to meet her. Oh, Busie! I've been to see Uncle

Ralph, and oh! he loves me, he does truly, and you, too, and and you're to come with me in the carriage, you know, me after you." "Are you mad, Edie?" exclaimed the

incredulous elder sister. "No, no; get in, right away-do get

in," commanded the excited child, and herself to be assisted into the carriage. "I went to see Uncle Ralph, and all about our hard times, and about that

were to live in his home after this, and he would take care of us," "It is a fairy dream, Edie." "No it isn't either; it's true; and there

It was no dream. Susie renized it forcibly when the grave, stern man campe quickly forward and took her gently in his arms and kissed her tendecty, and in a kusky voice bade her "welcome home," Such a dinner as was ordered! Buch light, and warmth, and beauty, as filled the mansion throughout! Edie was in ecstasies and danced hither and thiftier ike a stray sunbeam. Her levely dress and dainty slippers burdened none; she enjoyed them among the oth er good things that had befallen them.

But Susie protested feebly. "Indeed, Uncle Ralph, you are more than kind, more than generous, how can I ever repay you?"

giving dinner as well as to any other pair of superb horses and an elegant car- feast. No costly or shillfully prepared viands can make up for the lack of that genial affection and sympathy which we all understand through sympathy, but which is so difficult to describe. you cannot extemporize this sentiment, you can avoid doing the things that prevent it from having free play. There to his house; he said so, and be sept in a season for everything; and the season for those truthful remarks or justifiable actions that might provoke resentment and ill feeling is not on such a day as Thanksgiving. It is remarkable how much the coldness, indifference as one in a dream Susic Green allowed or failure to enter into the spirit of an occasion may do to spoil its whole atmosphere and to make the feast a dismal kissed blm, and he kissed me, and called failure. Whatever else you are on these me 'his little Edie,' and-and I told him high festivals at home, do not be a "kill joy." Do not suffer your pride or vanpain in your side, and about Kurl and liry, or even your desire to lead others to his invalid mother, how you leved such adopt courses that you regard as best other, and—all. Uncle Raiph said we for them, make you indifferent or unsympathetic to the mood of the hour. There ate many occasions and Thanksgiving day is one of them, when our highest is Uncle Ralph on the steps awaiting upon other people, but to contribute to duty is not to impose our consciences the common stock of happiness and sympathy .- The Watchman.

Somewhat of a Dampener.

Mrs. Jimpson-Just see what mother has sent us a lovely hig turkey for our Thanksgiving dinner! It came by express this morning.

Jimpson (joyfully)-Bless her heart! That's just like her!

Mrs. Jimpson-And she sent a note ing she would be here to help us

dimpson (not quite so joyfully)-The dirkens! That's just like bar, too!-New York Times.