THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1891.

OLD BURTON'S BRIDE.

From N. Y. Weekly:

Six months after, Mrs. Burton sat in her private box at the Metropolitan Opera House, with her aged husband by her side. She was glorious with jewels, and her dress was one of Worth's most costly and attractive garments.

Yet people whispered among themselves that, in spite of carriages, horses, opera-boxes, French toilets and jewels, the bride of the millionaire looked worn, and restless, and unhappy, and that the beauty which had won "Old Burton" from his life long bachelorhood was speedily vanishing beneath that look of care.

Suddenly the door of an opposite box opened; a tall, handsome young man entered, leading a lovely creature dressed in bridal white. Her golden hair was drawn away from her fair, low brow and oval face, caught by a circlet of pearls, and left to ripple over her shoulders in a profusion of large soft curls. Her large blue eyes were always slyly seeking the face of her husband, to droop before his fond, admiring gaze. The pair were so young, so happy, so evidently and honestly in love with each other, that every glass in the house was turned that way—the women envying the bride, the men the men the bridegroom, and some, indeed, among the latter, not scrupling to say so openly.

Mrs. Burton looked also, and the iron entered her soul at the sight of her old lover, so fully enraptured with the beauty of his young wife that he did not even know, or care, that she was in the house.

Old Burton looked, too, and sighed as he marked the shy yet clinging affection betrayed by the lovely bride. Not in that way had his beautiful wife ever locked on him since the day when she promised to be his.

"So romantic, isn't it?" said Garrison Palmer, who had accompanied the ill-matched couple to the opera. "He was disinherited by his old uncle Stephen, and all the money left to that girl, who was a distant relative of both; and George Howard went east on busines, saw her, fell in love with her, and married her, and never knew that she was the heiress of his lost fortune till a month after the wedding-day. It is like the things one reads in a novel; but you don't expect to see those things in real life, do you, dear Georgina?"

Mrs. Burton shook her head. She could not have spoken. In that one moment of supreme emotion her rejected lover—had he cared to know it—was most bitterly avenged.

A COUNTRY CIRCUS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

From New York Ledger:

"Cut, cut, ca-daw cut! Cut, cut!"

Thus caroling her way, the speckled hen flapped wildly around among Miss Terebinth Rockwell's dahlias and carnations, with that fair maiden following close in pursuit, her checked sun-bonnet waved above her head like an ensign of war. Leander stood and watched the pursuit, with the cool, impartial smile of a disinterested spectator, until the speckled fugative bethought herself to dart headlong into the sunny angle of the stone wall where the scarlet spheres of ripening tomatoes basked on a huge wooden frame. At the supreme second, he swooped noislessly down from his unseen vantage point, and seized Old Speckle by her fluttering wings.

"Here's your foul, Terebinth," said he.

"Well, I declare!" said Miss Terebinth, according a reluctant admiration to the deftness of the capture. "And I've been chasin' the creature for this ten minutes! I'm goin' to have a fricassee for dinner."

"Company comin'?"

"I mean to ask Elder Atkinson and his wife."

"Don't ask 'em," said Leander. "Put it off till some other time. Terebinth."

"For goodness sake! Why?"

Leander drew three squares of yelloy pasteboard from his pocket

"Look," said he. "I've got tickets for the circus to-night—for you and me and Ally Ames."

Miss Terebinth's careworn visage brightened up. To these simple country-folk, the annual visitation of the circus signified opera, theater, polo and athletic games all in one.

"Good!" cried she, releasing the struggling hen. "Then I'll let old speckle go this time. But, Leander, have you asked Alice?"

"I'm going there now."

"Are you sure she'll go?"

"Of course; why shouldn't she?"

Terebinth hesitated as she tied the sun-bonnet strings under her chin.

"Perhaps that young English tourist that boards at the hotel—Captain Cassell they call him, don't they?"

Leander's handsome, sun-burned visage darkened.

"What of him?" said he, sharply.

"He may have asked her. Don't be vexed, Leander," she added, pleadingly. "Folks do say she's dreadful took up with him, and I don't know's I wonder so much arter I heard him talk t'other night, to Mary Bailey's Chinese party. He's travelled most everywhere; and if you could hear him describe the tigers he killed in Ceylon and the elephants he's hunted on the Niger River——"

"Oh, hang the tigers and the elephants!" impatiently broke in Leander. "I don't believe a word of it. I dare say he's all very well: but, for my part, I haven't much opinion of a fellow that loafs around a hotel piazza in hay-making time, doing nothing, with a white scarf on his hat, and a sash, for all the world like a girl's, tied around his waist!"

"It's the fashion," said Terebinth.

"A queer fashion, I think," commented Leander.

"He's a very brave man—a regular hero," went on Terebinth. "He served in Her Majesty's White-Heeled Horse once, during a London riot, and——"

"And did wonder, I don't doubt," interrupted Leander. "But I don't see what all this has to do with us and Calumet's circus."

He took up his hat from the grass where it had been reposing among butter-cups and white clover blossoms all the time, and started off at a brisk walk. Terebinth looked dolefully after him.

"Poor Leander," said she, half aloud, "I'm afraid he's going to be badly disappointed."

Alice Ames was sitting on the porch, under the green, shifting shadows of the hop-vines, shelling Lima beans to dry, as Leander Rockwell's tall, fine figure came swinging up the path. He was very handsome, thought the girl, but he lacked the ease and polish of the dapper little captain of "Her Majesty's White-Heeled Horse." His clothes bore evidence of country cut—his boots were powdered with dust, and his face was bronzed with August heats.

"How do you do Alley?" said he; and Alice, remembering the differential manner with which the captain always addressed her as "Miss Ames," answered, with a toss of her head:

"I'm pretty well, I thank you!"

"I've been gettin' some tickets for the circus to-night, Alley," said he, plunging can amore into his subject. "Will you go with me?"

"Thank you, ever so much," said she, stooping for a fresh handful of velvety, green pods, "but I've promised Captain Cassell to go with him!"

"Humph!" observed Leander, "so I'm too late?"

"Yes, a little too late"

"Is it to be always so, Alley?"

"I don't know what you mean, Leander."

"You used to care for me a little, before this boasting captain-of-horse came here."

"I like you well enough now, Leander."

"Well enough to marry me?"

"I don't think you're justified in asking me any such question," said Alice, jumping up and retreating hurriedly into the house.

"I understand," remarked Leander, grimly. "I don't stand any show alongside of the tiger-hunting hero. It's a pity we haven't a few wild beasts in these woods to kill. The captain must miss his occupation. Well, goodafternoon, Ally. Terebinth and I will have to go to the circus alone, I suppose."

The mammoth tent on Durkill Common was crowded that night. Calumet's circus was a local celebrity and had been widely advertised. The rural population had not many opportunities of enjoyment, and did not propose to let this one go by default. Every one was there, from Elder Atkinson and his wife, down to the little Mitchael Ryan, the cobbler, and his pinched looking better half. Captain Cassell and pretty Alice Ames occupied a conspicuous front seat, and a few rows back sat Leander Lockwell with Miss Terebinth and her friend Hannah Binns beside her, a plain little seamstress body, who had been asked at the eleventh hour; "sooner than waste the ticket," thrifty Miss Terebinth had said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"Hello! Tom. Glad to see you, old fellow! It's almost ten years since we were married. Sit down: let's have an experience meeting. How's the wife?"

"Oh! she's so-so, same as usual,—always wanting something I can't afford."

"Well, we all want something more than we've got. Don't you?"

"Yes; but I guess 'want will be my master.' I started to keep down expenses; and now Lil says I'm 'mean,' and she's tired of saving and never having anything to show for it. I saw your wife down street, and she looked as happy as a queen!"

"I think she is; and we are economical, too,—have to be. My wife can make a little go further than anyone I ever knew, yet she's always surprising me with some dainty contrivance that adds to the comfort and beauty of our little home, and she's always 'merry as a lark.' When I ask how she manages it, she always laughs and says: 'Oh! that's my secret!' But I think I've discovered her 'secret.' When we married, we both knew we should have to be very careful, but she made one condition; she would have her Magazine. And she was right! I wouldn't do without it myself for double the subscription price. We read it together, from the title-page to the last word: the stories keep our hearts young; the synopsis of important events and scientific matters keeps me posted so that I can talk understandingly of what is going on; my wife is always trying some new idea from the household department; she makes all her dresses and those for the children, and she gets all her patterns for nothing, with the Magazine; and we saved Joe when he was so sick with the croup, by doing just as directed in the Sanitarian Department. But I can't tell you half!"

"What wonderful Magazine is it?"

"Demorest's Family Magazine, and—"

"What! Why that's what Lil wanted so bad, and I told her it was an extravagance."

"Well, my friend, that's where you made a grand mistake, and one you'd better rectify as soon as you can. I'll take your 'bale,' right here, on my wife's account; she's bound to have a china tea-set in time for our tin wedding next month. My gold watch was the premium I got for getting up a club. Here's a copy, with the new Premium List for clubs,—the biggest things! If you don't want to win a premium, you've only to write to the publisher, and tell him what you want, when he will send it free, for your trouble. If you don't like a premium, he offers liberal cash prices for your services; and I will make quite a little pile myself, this way. Now, I'm off home, to show my wife how easy I can get a new dress!"

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