

WEN MELINDY TOL' ME YES.

Just two weeks from my big fall out with my first sweetheart, Lavinia... Did Melindy, my Melindy, tell me "Yes"...

UNDER A CLOUD.

I am Agnes Grey, or at least that was my name when one bright summer day, the sky as blue as though there never could be another cloud in it...

And thought that she looked like one of those fair saints the old masters were so fond of painting, blue-eyed and blond, and with mouths like those of smiling babies...

I thought of something else, also, as I suppose every girl who had been to that wedding did, could not but know the truth. I wondered whether it would ever be my turn to stand where Nellie stood that day...

At last I felt some one lift me off the ground, and opened my eyes to see that it was a great, swarthy, black-eyed girl of seventeen or so...

That name told me where I was. I was under a roof that I had never thought would shelter me, no matter what would come to pass...

I was but a baby when it all happened, but I could remember how the whole village was astir in search of the missing man, and how a body was found at last in the heart of Alcott's woods...

They were not poor people. The house was a substantial one, and there were more books and pictures and tokens of refinement within than country homes generally boast of...

forbade my removal. "I must go home—I must go away from this house," I said, angrily and feverishly.

And Madge Lee looking down on me as an Indian princess might, with her dark eyes aglow, said, in a bitter voice: "Never fear, Miss Grey, I'll not murder you!"

So when I was well enough to go away I took Madge's hand in mine and said: "How shall I ever thank you for your tender care of me?"

Your uncle Mathew—forgive me, but it is the truth—was a wild, bad fellow. He quarreled with my father, not father with him, and the debt was paid.

"It is hard to bear," he said; "hard to know that we must bear it all our lives; but if you only see the truth—if only, without proof, you will understand that we know no murderer was ever done by our dear father's hand—"

"I do believe as you do, and I always will." And so I went away; but I took their faces with me, their pleasant ways, their voices.

"Gideon Lee never killed any one," I vowed aloud to those who chided me, "I will not ban his children for the fault of others."

But there in the town were those who had been at the trial, and eleven of the jurymen and witnesses; and under a stone in the graveyard were the bones that had been sworn to as Uncle Mathew's...

I knew they were right enough, but I never faltered. I was as sure as Madge was that her father never killed Uncle Mathew.

They would not come to my home. Indeed, grandfather would have had the door closed in their faces, but nothing could keep me from them.

And I said: "They are the best people I have ever known. And even had their father done the deed for which he died, they would be no worse for it. As it is he was murdered, and you are all cruel to these poor children of his—cruel and unchristian."

So he left me angrily, and so many a friend left me, and all my comfort was to sit between Madge and Gideon in the quiet evenings and talk to them.

In the summer time we used to light no candles, and the moonlight fell through the ivy leaves upon us, and the old dog lay at our feet and put his curly head upon Madge's lap.

Just so we were sitting one evening, when grandfather walked into our midst and clutched me fiercely by the arm. No need to repeat the words he uttered.

But I never heard of him or from him, nor could I guess whether he lived or died, remembered or forgot me, for three long years.

But, despite this cobweb, I went down into the valley in which Gideon Lee's homestead stood before I had been at home a day. It was sunset when I reached it.

I had lost them, and what did I care that all the country place besides welcomed me home? Gideon's smile would have been more to me than all their greetings.

But at last, one bright morning, walking up the road to look at the desolate dwelling where I had learned to love Gideon Lee's children, I saw a change in it.

I knew Gideon's tall figure at a glance, but who was this—superb, glowing, beautiful, with a look of triumph on her face—who came toward me?

As I advanced I knew that it was Madge who ran to meet me—Madge, grown to be a magnificent woman—Madge, who kissed me as of yore, but more gladly, and who left me in a moment alone with Gideon and drew the stranger away with her.

"It has been long for me, Agnes!" he said. "And then there was a pause. He broke it by kneeling down beside me, with my hands in his as I set on the low step of the porch.

"You are Miss Agnes Grey," he said, "and the world honors you. I am the son of the man who was hanged. Even now, loving you as I do—as I have all this weary while—stands between us, a barrier you could not cross. Is it not so? Were I all else, and so worthy of you, I should still be Gideon Lee, and an outcast, branded with Cain's brand upon the forehead, and you could neither love nor wed me!"

Could I say "I love you?" It was not in maidenhood to do that. It was impossible. I trembled; I faltered; I only said these words: "It is an unjust brand—unjust and cruel. My eyes never see it, Gideon Lee!"

"Do you dare to do it, Agnes—to love an outcast man, to bring upon yourself contempt and hate; to relinquish wealth for the humble life of a simple farmer? Is your love strong enough for this? Will you never repent?"

"When your gold is gone, your land another's, your friends turned to enemies and your name, your very name, Agnes—that of the man who was hanged?" he asked slowly.

And I took my hands from his and laid them on his broad shoulders and said—but no matter what I said, I have forgotten the words that told him that I loved him too well to doubt my courage to bear anything for his dear sake.

"Gideon, tell me," I cried. "Could any earthly thing but one embolden me to speak as I have spoken to you?" said Gideon.

And I turned my eyes upon the old man, who had taken my hand in his, and knew that I looked upon my uncle Mathew.

The whole town knows the story now. He has told them how, yielding to his wandering impulses, he left, as he had done once before, the home and friends of his early manhood, and far from all news of Christian lands dwelt in the Arab's tent upon the desert and wandered with him over the burning sands.

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The mines of Laurium, now worked for zinc, lead and iron, are, he says, the very mines from which Themistocles drew the silver supply to fit out his fleet and beat back the Persian invader at Salamis (490-489 B. C.), and so to lay the foundations of the Athenian hegemony.

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At any rate, Thoricus was a free city before Theseus welded the Attic boroughs into a single commonwealth (that is to say, before the name of Athens appeared in history) and its importance must have been due to the mines; so that the mining industry at Laurium may possibly boast an origin as remote as thirty centuries back, while it is again in full blast today.

In walking through the French company's great mine at Camarea, in the heart of the Laurium region, one traverses here a gallery in active exploitation for zinc and lead and hard by another worked out by the old Greeks two or three thousand years ago.

Nearly All the Veterans Gone. In 1837 Napoleon III caused a medal to be struck in honor of the veterans of the first republic and the first empire.

Of the 13 veterans who are yet with us—men who have actually seen "le petit corporal" face to face—the youngest was born in 1800 and the eldest on July 28, 1786. He is therefore 136 years old.

ground to the first floor, which is drier, and allowed to improve their bedding. The cells are heated to 60 degrees, and the accused are permitted light throughout the night—at their own expense after 9. Up to the present their reading has been confined to Jules Verne's novels, supplied from the prison library.

FOR SUPERSTITIOUS READERS.

An Astrologist Casts the Horoscope of Lizzie Borden.

The New York World has "cast" what the illiterate sometimes call the "horoscope" of Lizzie Borden—that is, it has employed a female astrologist to do so—and the result is a horrible horoscope indeed.

After studying her charts and finding the positions of sun, moon, planets, etc., on the date of Lizzie's birth the seeress was horrified and refused to go on till assured that the visitor had no personal interest in the subject.

"It has been a terrible year to her. In the summer—July, I should say—there was a crisis in her career, some sort of a catastrophe which seems to be the misery climax of her life. Nothing worse will ever befall her, but the influence of that will last as long as she lives.

"So far any one familiar with the case could go, but the seeress went on to tell Lizzie's future: "This woman must die suddenly and by her own hand. I see her in prison suffering for some one else. She could go out if she would speak, but she does not, she cannot, although she is always conscious that a few words would free her.

"It was written from the first that she must die of steel and by her own hand. This is the only crime of her life, but I see her accused of many. Perhaps she consented to some of them, but her hand is only lifted against herself—to end a blasted life. She will never see another birthday."

TAME, BUT DANGEROUS

The Story of a Mountain Lion That Knew Its Master.

The author of "A Ride Through Wonderland" says that she was invited when in Colorado to visit a hunter's store and see a mountain lion, the only one, as its owner asserted, which had ever been tamed.

It appeared very much like a small panther, and behaved anything but tame, snarling at us as if it longed to spring. It was in awe of its master, however, and cowed down every time he cracked his whip.

"Come and kiss Miss Pussy," said the man, and the dog went up to it, laid a paw upon its neck and licked its face.

"Did you ever take her out?" "Oh, yes, she goes walking with me in the mountains sometimes. I take her chain off when we're out of the town, but I'm precious careful to follow her and never let her step behind me!"

The Panama Swindlers. The scandal in connection with the Panama canal has been the subject of many newspaper articles. The persons charged with fraud are now lodged in the Mazas prison at Paris. On their complaining of cold and of the regulation hammock on their arrival they were moved from the

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MAZAS PRISON.

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