

NURSERY RHYME FOR TOURISTS

Oh, we are little children Who love to go and play On that great playground over there, Three thousand miles away!

CHAPTER IX

So it happened that after having sought her father in a last hope of reconciliation and failed, inasmuch that the ending proved to be a stormy interview and wrathful parting, Miriam stole quietly out through the park to meet her future husband.

"Yours was a beautiful home," he continued, as she looked up with a smile of trust and confidence, "but you were not happy—perhaps never would have been—within its walls."

GARDINER'S ISLAND.

A Wilderness of Tangled Beauty and Indescribable Grandeur. Nowhere within one hundred miles of New York City can such a complete wilderness be found—a wilderness of tangled loveliness and grandeur—as is found in the vast forests of Gardiner's Island.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Poultry at certain seasons are sometimes over-stimulated by high feeding to make them lay. It must be remembered that fowls can be injured in this way.

MIRIAM. The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER. COPYRIGHT, 1888.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

A fortnight after parting from Arthur a note was handed her by a servant. It was from her lover, and stated that he had perfected his plans for leaving for the mines, and that he would be at the entrance to the park from the highway with a carriage for her on the morrow.

"Alas! alas! that I am one of you!" she exclaimed, with a tremor



of anguish in her tones, as she turned the last portrait of the doomed to the light. "You were a youngest child, poor Allan! and where are you to-day? Ah! my fair, noble-browed relative, I fancy some one will stand here some day and ask that same question concerning me; perhaps not so very far hence, either."

"I was thinking of—of mother," she answered, and he understood, for his vision was misty with emotion as he held her for a moment in silent caress.

Peggy Clarkson came up with numerous bundles and faltering step. This was to her a sorrow greater than that she felt for the dead mother.

But she bore up bravely for the sake of the beautiful girl before her and whom she loved as her own. Her own! Ah! yes; away across the channel, in the mother country on the shores of Killarney, resting peacefully, was Teddy. Dear little Teddy, who closed his blue eyes to this world in his third year, and was laid away forever, with his flaxen curls clinging to his white shroud.

Poor Peggy! Many sorrowful days had gone over the cycling arc for her, but this one seemed to her the hardest to bear. She wiped her tears away as she came up with her bundles and tried to appear cheerful.

All unconscious of treachery, Sir Rupert was taking his accustomed afternoon nap, and while his only child was leaving her home forever and caring but little for his gray hairs, he was dozing the hours away in his quiet apartments.

"Perhaps father may relent," ventured Miriam, as her lover handed her into the carriage. "Oh! doubt it, my darling," sobbed Peggy, wiping the tears away from her dim old eyes in order to get a last sight of Miriam.

"Oh! doubt it, but may the blissful Virgin protect ye, on your way."

"Do not feel so badly, I pray, Mrs. Clarkson," said Arthur, "if Sir Rupert never forgives us, surely you can trust Miriam with me, and feel that she will be happy, and that is more than she will be here."

"An' you're livin' right, me mon, Oi kin trust the childer wid yer; an' far be it from me to help ye on in yer runnin' affair, if Oi couldn't."

"Thank you kindly," replied he, taking her trembling hand in a last good-bye. "Cheer up; you shall hear of Miriam frequently. Have a care, Peggy," he added, in a lower tone, "that Sir Rupert doesn't ever dream of your being mixed up in this leaving-taking, or that you were aware of Miriam's going."

The old housekeeper answered him by an affirmative nod, and turned away to hide his tears.

With a final good-bye, away they whirled. Miriam waved an affectionate adieu with her handkerchief as the turn of the road shut them forever from the park and the tearful Peggy at the wicket.

"Och! hoo! and me old heart is broke intirely," moaned she to the silent landscape, while the clouds lifted and a ray of sunshine shot athwart its dullness.

The brambles and the heath by the wayside were tinged with a beautiful flush of autumnal scarlet, and leaves tinted with the faintest gold went flying hither and thither in the breeze. The sunshine which struggled through the gray canopy and cast a ray of promise across the day for Peggy, lay glinting on the sea for Miriam and her lover as they neared Hastings.

Arthur had invested what money he had in buying shares, under the supervision of his uncle, who had great experience in this matter, and who owned much mining stock. He was not going to the mines as a laborer, but sent in the interests of the company; he resolved to be faithful, and hoped to rise to positions of more importance, and double and treble his finances.

And when this was accomplished he would leave the mining districts and retire to comfort and happiness in some beautiful home near the sea, as his uncle had done. Then Miriam should be happy in her elegant home, and he—well, he would be the proudest, happiest husband in England.

Together the happy couple planned the future, as they occupied the pleasant, quiet compartment carrying them to Bradford.

"That seems a kind of happy omen, though," mused Peggy, watching the sunshine checker the dancing shadows at her feet. "Koinde o' happy, but me heart is broken for a' that," and she wrapped her withered hands in her linen apron and crept along stealthily toward the Hall.

"But the swate mistress is bound to have love and gude tharatement where she's goin', an' that's more than she would win from the darlint."

Through the clustering oaks she passed in fear of being seen by Sir Rupert, notwithstanding he was pretty sure to stay in his own apartments the remainder of the day. "An' conscience makes cowards of the whole av us," she muttered, slipping through the shrubbery like some guilty thing bound for a friendly covert.

Poor old Peggy! She had parted with all that was left her to love of the proud family which had known her as housekeeper for years.

The bonnie brown hair that Ancil had prized so much had grown white in the service of the great Hall.

She dragged herself into the servants' quarters, where old Auld was waiting her return in great trepidation, and sat down, moaning and rocking herself to and fro in the extravagant manner of her countrywomen, expressing her inconsolable grief. Ancil said nothing, but his bearded face, as he sipped his ale, and his little blue eyes filled with tears as he looked at his wife.

Sir Rupert, feeling weary and somewhat indisposed, had his dinner served in his own apartments, and never did James serve at a quieter hour.

Sir Rupert said but a word or two, and those were low monosyllables; the servants, knowing of Miriam's flight, went stealthily about their several duties, as if they feared the very walls would cry out and implicate them.

James came and went like a thief fearing detection, and whenever his master looked his way he grew pale with fear; but as Sir Rupert asked no questions he was glad that the revelation had not been his to make, and that the austere father remained in ignorance as yet of his daughter's flight and subsequent marriage.

"Oh! the disclosure," muttered he, as he came down stairs with the trencher, and he shivered in anticipation of the morrow.

"How mother! an' we'll put it off till the crack o' doom if we can," Peggy ejaculated later, when Sir Rupert had retired, and the servant had all hurried around her in the west wing to hear the details of Miriam's departure. Nothing suited her better than to entertain them in her graphic way and impassioned manner with weird and strange recitals of fortunes possible and impossible, and often she had held them spell-bound until the great clock of the central hall warned them of midnight.

"But ye all know full well," she reflected, "that the master will be knowin' uv it sooner or later, an' mark ye, 'movin' her right index slowly around the circle like the finger of destiny, 'mark ye, there's not a mother's son of ye knows a single wurrd of the runnin' away whin the master's wrath runs high.' And all promised with an accord to faithfully keep their knowledge a secret for the 'Swate childer's sake,' Peggy said, while her auditors knew full well that it was for her own sake as much, and more, than for Miriam's that they were enjoined to such secrecy."

"An' we must kape the saycret for the loife uv us," supplemented the housekeeper once more, as they were about to separate for the night; "ye know if ye don't we'll be whooped out o' the Hall quicken' a wink; on your way, maybe we'll be killt right on the spot, an' which is wurrust uv the two O'm not to say."

At breakfast the next morning Sir Rupert sat down to his accustomed seat and looked about him; he would wait for Miriam, something he scarcely remembered of having to do, she being an habitual early riser.

The butler stood respectfully near, quaking in every limb, in dire anticipation of the impending storm about to burst over their unlucky heads, and perhaps sweep them from Heatherleigh like chaff.

"Miriam is late," said Sir Rupert. "Call the housekeeper."

Clarkson was waiting in the next room, and at a look from the terrified James came forward as if by magic, halting at a respectful distance, demure and innocent looking enough to win the favor of anyone, however austere.

"It was evident that she was in better trim for the emergency than her fellow-servants were.

"Ask the maid if Miriam is ill," the master commanded, rather than said. Then he repeated into a silence to be felt. He was thinking that perhaps the disagreement of the day before had unnerved the almost heart-broken daughter. Perhaps he had been too harsh—ah! perhaps he had. Little did he dream when he asked for the maid that she had gone. Declaring that she would not stay to hear the anathemas sure to fall, little Mary Ferris had left only a few hours after her mistress went away; and, at the time the master of Heatherleigh called for her, she was relating again the instances in connection with the flight of Miriam to the dwellers of her father's vine-covered cottage, some three miles from the Hall.

Clarkson went, without a moment's hesitation, in search of the girl, whom she knew to be far enough away. "How mother," she murmured, as she went upstairs, "deft us in swate marcy! The master'll be for the killin' av us all in less an' no time. Oh! feel it in me bones."

Opening the door of Miriam's room she peeped in cautiously, as if fearing that the wretched fraud had taken form unto itself and was but waiting to slay the first intruder. Then, remembering the fair, proud face of its late occupant, Peggy went over to the bed and knelt for a moment in prayer, making the sign of the cross as she did so.

"Oh, me darlint, me swate mavourneen, an' it's a towerin' pashun yer faythur'll be in!"

"TO BE CONTINUED."

A QUEEN'S THOUGHTS.

The Philosophy of a Princess Noted for Her Philanthropy. Forgiveness is almost indifference; who really loves does not forgive. A man in love is like an ostrich; he thinks he is not seen because he does not see others.

Maternal love is an instinct, but there are instincts of Divine origin. A woman does not become a mother; she is one from her birth. A numerous family satisfies her vocation; it does not create it.

A household without children is a bell without a clapper. The latest source would be beautiful enough were there something to awaken it.

Jealousy in a lover is a homage; in a husband an insult. Friendship based solely upon gratitude is like a photograph; in time it fades.

Friendship diminishes when there is too much happiness on either side and too much misery on the other.

There is but one happiness—duty. There is but one consolation—work. There is but one delight—the beautiful.

Happiness when at a distance appears so great as to touch the sky. When it enters our door it so dwindles that very often we no longer recognize it.

Happiness is like the echo; it answers but does not create.

Seek consolation only in immortal things, in nature and in thought. The power of doing a good action is happiness enough.

Misfortune may make us proud; suffering makes us humble. We are always the martyrs of our own faults.

Great misfortune lends greatness even to an insignificant person. There is a sort of instantaneous brotherhood between victims of misfortune. When you have long been in mourning you feel attracted by every black cloak you meet.

The respect people show you in your misfortune diminishes long before you have begun to outlive it, and you are irritated at being treated as before.

One must indeed be unhappy to attempt suicide a second time.

Suffering is our most faithful friend. It often returns. Often it changes its garb and even its face, but we soon recognize it by its cordial and intimate embrace.

When you are young grief is a tempest which prostrates you; at mature age it is simply a north wind which adds a wrinkle to your brow and one more white hair to your head.

Suffering is sensitive and clairvoyant. Happiness has firmer nerves, but not so true an eye.

A beast in pain seeks solitude. Man alone makes a parade of his misery. When we have a sorrow which we do not wish to mention, we speak of others which we wish to mention.

Grief is a hot spring; the more it is repressed the more it spurts.—Carmen Sylva, in London Life.

A SYNDICATE of Philadelphia capitalists has purchased the graphophone rights for all countries outside of the United States, and Canada for \$500,000.

Will Carleton's Ready Answer. A story of Will Carleton which shows the popular poet's aptness for making a ready answer. He was recently the invited guest at a public dinner of jolly book-sellers and stationers. Upon rising to recite one of his poems he was exceedingly annoyed by the loud talking and laughing of a group at one end of the table who had indulged too freely in the beverages served. Seeing that a steady glance did not prevail the poet said: "You will pardon me if I wait; it would scarcely be polite for me to recite while those gentlemen over there are talking." At this the most boisterous of the group shouted across the table: "Go ahead, old fellow, we're going 'over the hills to the poor-house.'" Quick as a flash the poet answered his interrupter with: "Yes, and to the asylum, too."

The diners shouted at the next rejoinder, the boisterous member was crushed, and the poet proceeded to the rendering of one of his best poems.—W. J. Bok, in Boston Journal.

—The mouth of Calumet river, emptying into Lake Michigan, had moved east 2,800 feet since 1836.

ASHES AS MANURE. A Good Fertilizer When Applied in Limited Quantities. It has been abundantly demonstrated by analysis and experience that ashes of mineral coal are practically of no value as fertilizers, although the use of these in finely sifted condition is frequently represented as beneficial.

In such cases the benefits are due to the mechanical changes wrought on soils of a texture that required some such addition. It must be added, however, that this mechanical action of coal ashes is, in some soils, injurious.

With the ashes of wood the case is quite different, these being classed among the most valuable of fertilizers. The valuable ingredients of wood ashes are potash lime and phosphoric acid, potash leading in importance, according to the popular opinion. It is, however, sometimes difficult to decide to which of these ingredients the useful effect exerted by wood ashes is due, depending, as it does, on the amount of each that may have existed in the soil as plant food previous to the application of the ashes, for lime and phosphoric acid are as essential to plant growth as is potash.