

A LITTLE IRISH GIRL.

By "The Duchess." CHAPTER II—CONTINUED. "There's one at whom you shake it often enough, says the old woman reproachfully. "These ears ye don't do it once too often."

CHAPTER III. "When a man is old And the weather blows cold Well fare a free and a turned gown;

Soft wreaths of snow hang upon every bough, Nature has spread herself a mantle so white, so chill, that scarce one dares to dream of life beneath it.

A whole month! Thirty full days, and still the young man who had been brought in fainting to the old castle of the McDermots is the McDermots' guest. The doctor, summoned in haste, had pronounced him in a highly feverish state, and unfit for removal.

The McDermot, to whose sins inhospitality certainly never could be laid, had made his guest as welcome as possible. Lord Begmore, too, whose guest the young man was, had been assiduous in his attentions, calling every other day at first, and to the present moment sending flowers, fruit, and game.

And after all he has never proved an artist. He has never "wandered" in the sense Bridget had suggested; and certainly he has always had a grandfather and a roof over his head. In fact, he is a young man of family, and next heir to a title, his father being dead, and he an only son, and his grandfather Lord Branscombe. So there certainly is no doubt about the grandfather.

Yesterday he was well enough to be moved down to one of the lower rooms—a rather quaint, impossible room, that had once been a school-room to judge by the general break-up of the furniture. Miss McDermot had wished him to be brought to the drawing-room, the one decently if poorly kept up room in the house; but he had begged to be taken to some other place, where the advent of visitors need not disturb him.

"Well, how do you feel?" asked Dulcinea, coming into the room like a young spring breeze, all life and freshness. "Fixed—eh?"

"Only I don't want to go," says he, in a low tone, but boldly. "How good of you that is," says she, slipping into a chair at the other side of the glowing hearth, and spreading out her pretty white fingers to the blaze. "Just pretending, to please me, that we have made you comfortable. Well," with a sigh, "we've done our best, father and I, but it hasn't been much, I know that."

"And," he paused, "have you understood me?" "Hm," says she, using the light, soft questioning sound that belongs to her, and that has often struck him as being so delightful.

"No, you have not understood," says he, now. "Dulcinea, don't you know why I don't want to leave?—why I would rather be an invalid forever than leave? Don't you—don't you know?"

"Yes, No man must love me," says the girl, putting out both her hands, as if in renunciation of all affections, as if in renunciation of all affections.

"Engaged!" is all he can say. "Yes! yes! Indeed!" hanging her head. "There is so little joy in her announcement—so little of anything but grief in the hanging of her dainty little head, that grand courage comes to him."

"An engagement! What is that?" cries he, eagerly. "An engagement can be broken. Blessed thought! Now, if you had been married—though even so well; but an engagement?"

"Why not? And—who? Oh, Dulcinea! I think you might have told me, before, something about it." "It didn't occur to me," says Dulcinea, opening her fingers in her explanatory way. "Never! not for a moment."

"That! Nonsense," says she. "What didn't occur to me, was, that you were—were—," she glanced at him shyly and shamefacedly, "well—were you know?"

"Oh, no," cries she. Don't touch me. It is so absurd. You couldn't be in love with me in a month, could you?"

"Well, never mind what I have said," puts in Eyre quickly. Her sudden defence of the man whom she so plainly does not love has struck him as a touch of nobility in her character. He can admire it the more as it seems to prove to him that love has no part in her defence. "The thing I do want to know is—Dulcinea! look at me! Tell me if you will try to love me."

"Why should I try to love you?" says she, tears rising in her eyes. "Why should I try to love any one? I tell you I am bound to marry Sir Ralph, and—I must fulfil my promise."

"I can fancy a girl being told to do it. I can't fancy a girl doing it," returns he slowly. "You mean—hotly. "Never mind what I mean just now. You tell me it was your father's doing?"

that—rebelliously. "Why couldn't he have come to me direct?" "Why indeed?" "He said he was afraid, when I asked him," says the girl, with a frowning brow, and speaking as if addressing herself only. "But—afraid?"

"He must be a fool," says Eyre, with conviction; and might have said more, perhaps, if the dark blue eyes had not suddenly raised themselves with a rather menacing expression in them. "Didn't he guess?" asks he hastily.

"What?—that I didn't love him? No. There was nothing to guess about." "You didn't tell him?" "I told him I had no love to give him," says Dulcinea.

"He asked me then if I loved any one?" "Well—," "Well—I said I didn't." "Then?" significantly. "When he heard I didn't love any one he seemed quite contented."

Why the Watch of a Traveler Going West Seems to Be Fast. Turning upon its axis in the period which we divide into twenty-four hours, the sun appears to cross the meridian of each place on the globe once in that interval.

But the earth's path around the sun is not a perfect circle; it is an ellipse, and the motion in one portion of the ellipse is more rapid than in another, causing a slight variation in the intervals between the solar passages.

A few years ago every large city in the United States had its own local time, says the San Francisco Examiner, and this was for each place the true mean solar time obtained as above indicated.

"YOU SEE I HAVE NOT CHANGED!" tance and he could faintly discern her form half-hidden by the foliage of the trees. He walked quickly down the orchard path and found her leaning upon the rustic fence as she watched the last rays of the dying sun fade from out the sky.

"I have just finished the preparations for my departure early to-morrow morning," said he, as she turned to greet him with her usual frank smile. "To-morrow I will be back in the busy, bustling city and hard at work again."

The girl dropped her eyes and fingered the strings of the hat that swung carelessly on her arm. "Of course I shall miss you," she said, tremulously.

"I have learned to know you well," he said. "We might have known each other a year in ordinary social inter-

GORDON'S DAUGHTER.

It was a hot day in July when Walter Ainsworth left the dusty, noisy city for a few weeks' stay at an old homestead in the highlands. Barely had he arrived at the hospitable country home and exchanged greetings with Mr. West and his kindly wife when the children began to tell him of Miss Gordon, their boarder, who had been sent into the country for the benefit of her health.

"There she comes now!" exclaimed little Robert West, and, looking toward the woodland, Mr. Ainsworth saw approaching a slight, dark-eyed maiden, simply attired in a blue serge skirt with a pink cotton waist, while a broad brimmed hat of coarse straw was tied under her chin with white muslin strings.

As he seated himself at the beautiful supper table, Miss Gordon quietly entered, and, as an introduction was given, slipped into the chair beside him. Mr. Ainsworth chatted merrily with Robert, planning fishing excursions and long tramps over the hills, now and then addressing a remark to Miss Gordon, who listened with sympathetic attention.

Happy were the summer days as they flew by! Often as Mr. Ainsworth and Robert came home at night, carrying their fishing rods over their shoulders, with a basket of fish that was sometimes full and sometimes empty, Miss Gordon and little Mollie West would come over the hills to meet them, and enliven the long walk with jests and laughter.

One evening after the little ones were put to bed and Mr. Ainsworth was sitting on the moonlit porch talking to Miss Gordon, he complimented her on her never-failing fund of amusements with which she beguiled the children.

"It is a noble work," said he, enthusiastically, "and for a young woman who wants to earn her own living I should think it would be a pleasant occupation."

Finally came the end of all these dreaming summer days. The golden sun was just sinking behind the western hills, touching the roof of the old home with a mellow light and investing the landscape with new beauty, when Walter Ainsworth stood in the doorway looking anxiously about for Miss Gordon. His eye caught a gleam of pink in the dis-



"I wish I might dare to hope it has been as much to you as it has been to me."

"I have learned to know you well," he said. "We might have known each other a year in ordinary social inter-

course and yet not be as well acquainted as we are after three weeks in this unconventional atmosphere."

He took her hand with a strong protective grasp. "I shall not ask for a definite answer now. Let me come to see you at your home in the city. Let me have a talk with your father. Where can I see him?"

A smile dimpled her cheeks as she said: "I will write and inform you as soon as I return to the city. Father is away just now, but when he comes back I will ask him to communicate with you."

Two weeks had passed since his return to the city, and Walter Ainsworth was becoming somewhat impatient at the enforced separation, when one morning the mail brought him a daintily penned missive from Alice Gordon, stating that she was at home and would be glad to see him in the evening.

As he laid down the letter, after half a dozen readings, he mechanically opened another, which he noticed bore the printed heading of one of the largest business firms in the city. It was from Alice's father and contained a brief but cordial invitation to call at his office at an appointed hour in the afternoon. It was signed with the name of Silas Gordon, and as he glanced at the bold signature Walter Ainsworth sprang from his chair in astonishment.

Her simple dress, her natural, unaffected manner, and, above all, her statement that she was a kindergarten teacher, had given him the impression that her family were in only ordinary circumstances. Suddenly he recalled the fact that a number of wealthy girls in the city had instituted the free kindergarten system, and a few had even donated their services as teachers.

Summoning all his resolution, however, at the appointed hour he entered the offices of Mr. Gordon and sent in his name. He was immediately ushered into a handsomely furnished private room and a dignified, gray-haired gentleman rose to meet him.

As if to terminate the interview, he rose to his feet. "Suppose you come up to our home this evening? Perhaps Alice can settle this question."

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EFFECT OF A SERMON.

Confession That May Save an Innocent Man from the Gallows. An extraordinary charge of perjury has occupied seven days at Riom, says a Paris letter to the London Times.

An extraordinary charge of perjury has occupied seven days at Riom, says a Paris letter to the London Times. In August, 1892, a man named Louis Carvin was convicted of the murder of Mme. Moutet, a rich widow living near Marseilles, chiefly on the evidence of her maid servant, Marie Michel, 15 years of age, who stated that she assisted in the crime and who had previously been tried as an accomplice and acquitted.

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