CEPTILCE.

coming up beside her.

very happy there."

"She is quite well, and will be very

Clifford Marsden, the squire of Eves-

had succeeded his father while still a

schoolboy; the savings of his minority

since clapsed had been diligently occupied

He had lived with boundless extrava-

character was still fair, whose popularity

knew that his lands were heavily mort-

gaged; but society, as yet, only admired

his magnificence, without doubting his

for some time after attaining his major-

ity, Marsden bunted and shot in due sea-

His near neighbor and relative was

The beauty of the site had probably

induced the builder of Evesleigh House

to place that edifice on the verge of the

estate, for the stream above mentioned

was its boundary on this side. The farm

and residence of Brookdale had been pur-

chased by the squire's great-grandfather.

who settled it on his only daughter. This

lady had married a penniless soldier of

good family. Colonel L'Estrange was her

He had married in India, and soon after

somewhat suddenly, leaving him a baby

a grave, taciturn man, old for his years,

and unsociable in habits, lived on in his

humble home, finding consolation in sport,

Evesleigh as a mighty hunter, an unerring

When Leonora, or Nora L'Estrange,

who was a pet and plaything with her

father suddenly discovered she was to

which found favor in his eyes, was imme

diate marriage with a pretty, pale, timid

girl, the orphan daughter of a former

friend, whom he found in a dependent po-

sition, as companion to a rich old maiden

lady, in the neighboring cathedral town of Oldbridge.

The new Mrs. L'Estrange was barely

twelve years older than her step-daughter, and the Oldbridge gossips prophesied that

the young lady would be too much for her

old to be left entirely with her nurse. Of

The colonel.

girl of about five years old.

Colonel L'Estrange of Brookdale, the cot-

mat Evesleigh.

tage just described.

by him in creating fresh ones,

cottnge.

CHAPTER L

A glowing September morning was for his valet. pouring its golden light through the open | His visitor returned to the library, a | with out-turned toes, to beg, when a neut window of a morning room or study, in large sember aparement pervaded with a parior maid opened the door and said: the eastern wing of a picturesque old faint delightful odor of Russia leather. house standing half way up a hillside in and from one of the well-filled shelves in the drawing room. une of the Milliand shires. A background selected a book. Then putting on her hat, of beech trees framed in its mellow red she passed through the glass door by if to join him, but Nora cried; brick walls, and before it lay a wide, un- which she had entered, and stood gazing ed by distant dim blue blits.

A pleasunter room could scarce be loned, the curtains and carpet faded. The her. recess stood a table, spread with dainty uess in English landscape that you scarcea glass door admitted.

The sole occupant was a gentleman, a upward, with silky, wavy dark hair and abroad." musinche, and an unmistakable air "I have; yet I love Germany, too. I was of distinction

A pile of letters lay beside him, while he had pushed away his plate to make with a slightly contemptuous uplifting room for a book, which he was studying of his brows. apparently with deep interest.

Freeently he raised his eyes-"eyes of have been very, very sorry for the trouble knickerle-kers. next anboly bine"-and looked upon the of my friends, but not on my own acgoodly landscape which lay before him. count." some far distant object, and after a mo- pleasure grounds, and through a gate ment's thought, he took up a pencil and which admitted them to a wide, park-like began to scribble calculations on the back stretch of pasture, bordered at one side

"Yes." be murmured, "if it can be car- led. Soon the ground began to slope got over the ground quicker." ried out, I shall be a free man." Then steeply down to a shallow valley, at the opening the letter on which he had been bottom of which ran a small rapid river. scrawling, he turned over a page or two chating and murmuring among big, black, covered with small, firm writing, and read wet stones, and leaping gayly over an

"I shall do nothing about a second trus- pards above, where they struck upon the tee until after your festivities," ran the stream. A narrow, ivy-grown bridge hour ago, paragraph he had selected. "Besides, spanned the fall, turning toward which "Still, a every one is away at this season. Need

I say I have perfect confidence in you?" house, or rather cottage, on the opposite He folded it up and put it under an side. elastic band, which held some other let- "How thoroughly English this looks." ters together, and tearing the envelope said the squire. "It is Arcadian; but you into minute fragments, threw them into will be awfully bored after awhile, and the sight of your abode reminds me I the weste-paper basket beside him.

As he did so, a soft indistinct sound have not asked for Mrs. L'Estrange." from an adjoining room—the door into which stood open-caught his ear. He pleased to see you. paused and listened. The faint rustling drew nearer, and a pleasant voice began | you with my presence, but not this mornsing in a low tone, as if the singer ing. I have a pile of letters to answer, thought in song. The listener seemed to and an appalling amount of arrangements recognize the music or the voice. His to make. In short, I ought not to have face brightened; he half rose from his come so far afield with you. seat, but resumed it, as if he wished to hear more. The next moment a lady turned pausing on the bridge. practical to walked through the doorway and stopped "That I neknowledge. Now I have ing about?"

young lady, tall and slight, though I will say good-by. If I come and beg a round and graceful; she was simply dress- cup of coffee about eight or nine this evened in a maize-colored print and a pretty ing. I suppose I shall not be barred out?"

musilin and lace apron tied with brown "If the door is locked we will let you muslin and lace apron tied with brown ribbons, a such of the same marked her in through the window. hat adorned with a couple of pale-pink she walked away with a smooth, light about it chrysanthemums. The face it had shaded step down the path which led toward the was fair and fresh, and lighted by a couple of large dark-gray eyes eyes, lashes, eyebrows, all dark, compared to the light-leigh, was one of the fortunate individuals brown hair that curied in a small fringe | sometimes described as having been "born over her brow, and was gathered neatly with a silver spoon in his month." He

She gazed for an instant in frank amazement at the gentleman, who rose to greet enabled him to start clear of all incum her then a quick, bright smile curved brances when he came of age, and the her red-lipped, kindly month, and made a sixteen or seventeen years which had little coquettish interrogetive dimple in one check, as she cried:

"Why, how -when did you come, squire? We all fancied you we're in Scotland.

"Well, you see I am not," he returned advancing toward her with an outstretch- everything possible for a gentleman whom ed hand, in which she placed hers, "And what are you doing, I should like to know, invading my premises in this burglarious

You know very well I always come to the library for any books I may want, and 'by your leave,' too. You're such an absentee you ought not to be surprised if thieves did break through and steal."

"No, I am not in the least surprised," with emphasis

Well, I was, a little, when I found the library window open," resumed the young "but I thought Mrs. Storer having a thorough cleaning, so walked in, and, imagining she was in the room,

"Unearthed the master! I shall accept your coming as a good omen." His handsome, though somewhat worn, face was aglow with pleasure as he spoke, but her eyes were attracted to the pile of letters and the open book, and she did not notice "I arrived quite unexpectedly last night,

to the great disgust of my few faithful re-tainers," he went on. "Do you know, I have been planning great things?-things that will rejoice you, ma belle Leonore." Pray, don't give me my long name. she exclaimed, with a pretty impatient

rid raven tapping at the chamber door. What are your great things?" "Dorrington and Isabel are coming to

stay with me, and the Harveys, Algy Balfour, Mrs. Ruthven and a lot more, and I am going to give a big ball to the nobility, gentry, and even the cada, of the surrounding country."
"No, really?" with evident delight, "you a boarding school he would not hear, and,

are quite charming for thinking of such

cides with that of society in general." and I shall be delighted to dance at your Now I must go. How late you are! The breakfast things still on the table? and glancing at the book as she walked to the window, "What are your studies? Chemistry? Who are you go-

normal manufactal for a child to be so take en up with her step-mother. However, Colonel L.Tatrange baving

seen undered to some therman buch to are of thenoughling brought on he stand ing knew-deep in the river, beling, renoted his family, now increased by an other daughter, beyond the reach of Oldbridge goods, and, for remoins beer anow, to himself, let Brookdule for several

He was strendy half forgotten when the local papers automored his death at Dresden.

His widow continued to reside abroad with Mr. Winton about a passage in the till the term for which Brookdale had been Rape of the Lock," and I want to prove let expired, and had early returned, wit her own and her step-daughter, in the

The ladies of Brookdale had finished their midden ment, which was luncheson to He gathered up his papers, throst them their neighbors and slinner to themselves ato a bureau, which he locked, and rang | teaching a depressed looking Duchsbund Little Bentries, Nora's half-sister, was "If you please, ma'am, Mr. Winton is

Mrs. L'Estrange rose from her seat as

"We had better ask him in here. dulating plane, many colored, and bound at the wide landscape visible from the has been shooting, I suppose, and you may be sure he is hungry

"I will go and fetch him?" exclaimed "All this seems tame enough after confound, though the furniture was old-fash. | tinental scenery," said the squire, joining. Hea, jumping up and letting the bases. with which she had been bribing the bay window opened on a terrace, below "It has a great charm for me. There is Dachs fall on the carpet as she rushed which were pleasure grounds, and in its a sense of life, and freedom, and cheerful away. She was a delicate little creature of seven or eight, with big, dark eyes, china and delicate silver—the remains of [by ever find elsewhere." She descended and fair hair, an idle, clever, willful mon the brenkfast and a case of hot-house the steps to the graveled path beneath as key, with whom her mother strove in flowers, from a conservatory into which she spoke, her companion following, and vain to be strict, and who imposed a good dead on her step-sister.

"Ben is quite excited," said Miss L/Es-"You have preserved a large amount of slight, elegant looking man of thirty or patriotism in spite of your long sojourn | trange, laughing, and before the mother could reply the child returned, leading by the hand a tall, large-framed man of perhops six and thirty or more, tanned by ex-"Were you ever unhappy?" he asked. posure to the sun and wind a deeper red grown than was becoming with thick. short sandy hair, and light, gray, stern "Well, no. I do not think I ever was. I syes. He were a abouting jacket and

"I feel I am an introder," he said, shak ing hands with Mrs. L'Estrange and ther But his vision was evidently directed to So talking, they walked across the with Nora. "I did not intend to be so early. I heard you were in rown this morning, and calculated on clearing your luncheon hour, but the birds are very seechingly by a strip of woodland into which the path | wild, or I was less keen than usual, and

L'Estrange, with a friendly smile, "and I Her every word cut him. But slie did back in the cab, his mind was comdare say, if you have not already lanched, | not upbraid, even by institution. Her | pletely occupied. He never saw the you begin to feel the need of something to tones were full of tenderness. She shops, the pedestrians, the traffic anyabrupt rocky barrier, some few hundred eat.

"Thanks, no, I had some sandwiches an "Still, a biscuit and a glass of sherry,"

they came in sight of a low, irregular suggested Nora, insinuntingly. "Are not to be despised," replied Win-

ton, drawing a chair to the table, while one fair hostess poured out his wine and another brought the biscuit tin "May I have some of the pretty brown

feathers from those birds you left in the hall, for my doll's hat?" asked Rea. "I dare say your mamma will give them to you; I brought the birds for her. Were

you in Oldbridge, too, Miss L'Estrange ?" | more. "And I shall be only too glad to trouble he continued, looking up quickly, as she offered him the biscuits. "No. I have spent an idle, unprofitable andmorning, dreaming over the letters I was

pretending to write "You are a voluntary treant," she re practical to dream. What were you dream-

"The coming ball; the glories of Mrs. seen you to the edge of your own territory. Ruthven and her jewels."

"Who is going to give a ball?" in a surprised tone.

"Clifford Marsden." "Why, he is, God knows where!"
"He is at Evesleigh. Come into the

hands, one of which held a large garden with easy grace, stood looking after her as drawing room, and I will tell you all

Here Miss Ben was carried off by her German governess, not without loud remonstrances and reproaches addressed to Winton, who was always on the side of nuthority.

Soldiers Poor Cooks. In those Crimean days our soldiers

had no knowledge of cooking, being in this respect far behind the French and Turks. But even had our men been perfect cooks, they would have had been little opportunity of exercising their gance and self-indulgence. He had done skill. Camp kettles were issued at Kalamita Bay when the troops landed, is the proportion of one to five men. Now the kettle would cook fresh but not salt ment for five men, as more scales is required to extract the brine from salt meat than the kettle could hold and moreover, this number, five, repre-Evesleigh had seen little of its master sented nothing then, nor of late years, but in his boysh days, and in our regimental systems. sented nothing then, nor does it now

Most of the kettles had been dropped at the Alma, or in the subsequent march and the soldiers were reduced for all cooking purposes to the mess tin which each man carried on his buck These were inadequate. The lid, perhans, was most prized, for when the body is wet and cold there is a craving for a hot drink, and it took less time and fuel to roast the green coffee her eles in the 6d than to boll the salt mean in the body of the tin. It had not occurred to any one in the department then responsible for our commissaria; that to make a mug of coffee out of green berries, roasting and grinding apparatus was essential, and till Jan uary, when some roasted coffee was landed, our men might be daily seen pounding, with stones or round shot the berries in a fragment of exploded shell.-Sir Evelyn Wood, in the Fort and looked up to the young Squire of nightly Review.

Brains Versus Capital. There still lives in Philadelphia, as the age of 70 years, Frank O. Deschamps, the inventor of artificial legs. It was over fifty years ago when Mr. Deschamps, then an apprentice, was asked by his master to see what he could do for a foppish Frenchman who had lost a leg. At that time only wooden pegs were known, and the Frenchman was disatisfied with this by no means elegant substitute. In two days young Deschamps had finished a complete model of an artificial leg. with every movement of the natural limb duplicated. His master had it patented, and it yields him a fortune. Deschamps was paid 50 cents for his

Better one bite at forty of Truth's rind then the hot wine that d from the vintage at twenty.



TWO GUARDIAN ANGELS.



am wrong, and that every word you utter comes with the double forcefulness of truth."

"Ah, then, you are not yet the abject slave of this terrible gambles."

"Been flend." am wrong, and that ev- "Sultan, of course. You know, Stone, ery word you utter he must win. Oh, heavens! he must

fiend. Oh. Reg. give me ruptcy for me."
an earnest of your belief Richard Stone my words! Promise me he were endeavoring to suppress an into give up betting for ward chuckle of delight.

right. He could not bear to look into Stone jumped into a hansom and was "We will forgive you," returned Mrs. her anguish-stricken, pleading face, driven rapidly away. As he leaned pleaded with an intensity of live. Her thing. He was scheming. Deliberatevery soul was racked when she thought | iy formulating a scheme for his friend's of her lover's danger. And Reginald rain. Sultan must lose. Wellingford loved Madge.

in his arms, and kissing her upturned the eligible, he could woo and win her. lips fervently, "Madge, you have con. The result was worth an infinity of risk. quered. You are my little guardian Stopping his cab, he gave fresh instrucangel, now, as always. I will, for your tions to the driver. An nour afterward sake, as well as for my own, give up he was in the train. Tim Welter, the betting forever. After next week's lockey who was to ride Sultan, resided meeting, the turf shall know me no on the outskirts of the training town.

But why wait until then, Reg?" "My engagements are all made.

Reg." she continued, "I have something with honest indignation. else to say. Are you quite sure that | "Bar accidents," said he, "Sultan will Richard Stone is your friend?"

"How? I don't understand." "Well, Reg. I-I don't know, only I Stone increased his bribe. me the impression that he was deceitful, and that he was simply using you closely on their merits. Twenty-five

for his own purposes." "What purpose can Stone have?"

"Shall I be frank, Reg? Well-well he-he loves me, and proposed to me

and I were already engaged."

"Yes, but-but he pointed out that that you were being rapidly ruined on

brow clouding. "And when I told him that my life's mission was that of your guardian and so easy to obtain. He would consent

gel, as you so often call me, he became very angry. He said that soon you would be penniless, and that then your can point to Tim Welter and accuse him sense of honor would compel you to of-of chicanery. But-I-I will doset me free, and-" "And so it would."

have seen the look of hatred which was yours now and forever! But he laying every penny he possessed on As cannot injure you, Reg, can he?"

"Injure me! No. pet. Don't fill your mind with any more harassing thoughts. Next week, my gambler's life shall cease, and I will endeavor to make myself worthy of my guardian angel," and he stooped and kissed her

On leaving her house, Reginald Wellingford became lost in thought. He had left Madge behind, but her image followed him. He saw now more clearly than ever how reckless he had been. A cloud of revelation seemed to have burst over him. But he had at last given his promise, and made Madge happy! Why, then, was he so inwardly perturbed? There was one thought which was even now burning itself into his very soul. His pulse quickened and his brain throbbed in consequence of it. What had he done? Why, in a moment of insane folly, he had staked his all upon the favorite for the coming event. Rendered reckless by heavy losses, he had made this plunge in the hope of redeeming himself. And now he real ized what the following week really meant to him. Should Sultan winwell! But If-he grew hot, and his esty and confidence pictured there, he brain reeled under the contemptationif the favorite lost? Great heavens! He would be ruined, beggared, penniless! Further, he would have to re nounce Madge-his darling, his idol. What fiend had blinded him to these issues before? Would to God he had allowed his guardian angel to prevail coner! But-but Bultan must win, & owerful seemed the possibility of his have run away from his own thoughts

ON'T look at me so! "Well Wellingford they tell me you earnestly, Madge. I have a heavy pile on for the race.

Stone was not slow to perceive the

"Ah, then, you are not remarkable anxiety in Wellingford. "Been plunging, ch?" he asked. "All I have. His defeat means bank-

an earnest of your belief | Richard Stone winced, and the corin the rightfulness of ners of his mouth twitched as though

ever," and once more "Hope it will come off, my boy, but her little hand was placed lovingly in -but I'm a bit doubtful. Astoria, the his, and she looked into his face be- second favorite, takes my fancy. In fact. I've backed her rather heavily, plied: Reg Wellingford, her lever, had said Well, ta, ta; see you later," and Richard would be a beggar, and-and Madge "Madge," said he, suddenly taking her Telford would be free. Reginald out of Stone, the tempter, the treacherous friend, had business with him.

Within two hours of his arrival he was closeted with Tim. All the du-"Well, afterwards, then. Oh, my plicity, the craft and concentrated cundarling! thank you so much for your ning of his nature was exercised upon "Dreaming! I thought you were far too promise. Now I know that nothing can the trusted jockey, in order to induce ever come between us," and Madge him to "pulf" Sultan. For a long time caressed his hand lovingly. "Int. Tim resented the tempter's advances

win; but he'll have to gallop for all he's worth to beat Astoria."

"Your task will be all the easier." said be, "if Astoria can run blm so hundred dollars, Welter, cash down, Your promise to pull Sultan, and the money is yours at once."

Things had gone badly for Tim of late. The money! What could be not "Impossible! Why, he knew that you do with it? "Take it, you fool!" whis pered a tempter from within. For a moment there was a fierce struggle. Hight and wrong strove desperately for the mastery. Then Tim's better self-"The scoundrel?" exclaimed Reg this was overpowered, gagged, and bound

| hand and food. The money! The money! He must have it. It was

"Mr. Stone," said he, "I have ridden a straight course all my life. No man what you wish." Twenty five notes of one hundred dol-

"And his face, Reg! Oh, if you could lars each quickly changed hands, and Stone immediately left for New York. passed over it when I told him that I On his arrival he went secretly to work. toria.

But when Tim Welter rejoined his family after that private interview, his heart smote him. Regret and bitter remorse already had their bitter fangs upon him. Those bank notes, thrust securely in his breast pocket, seemed to have burst into flame, and were burning a passage into his heart. He could not speak; his accustomed cheerfulness had fied. For the first time in his life he was about to do a dishonest

But the climax of defection was reached when his boy, a child of six years old, clambered on to his knee and began to emulate his father.

"Gee up, Sultan," said the youngster, as he sat astride Tim's knee. "Sultan will win, won't he, dad? You know, I shall be there, and you always say that when you catch sight of your little guardian angel, you can't help but win. Won't the people cheer you, dad! No one could ride Sultan like you, could they? Gee up, Sultan."

His prattle pierced Tim to the heart And, as he looked into the lad's face and saw the beautiful innocence, honrelented. He would send the money back. He would ride straight. Then something whispered that he was a tender hearted fool, and the struggle began afresh.

There was no sleep for him that night He tossed restlessly about, and could not shut out that terrible act by which he was to earn the money he had received. The next day Tim wandered into the street. He had not gone far when his boy overtook him. Tim

little Jack found themselves on the down platform of the rallway station. lack released his hand from his father's, and was som emaged playing with a terrier, which exhibited a desire to scrape acquaintance with him. The frolly of the child and dog amused many of those who were waiting for the train, and among them Reginald Wellingford. who had come down to learn any news he could of the horse upon which he had so much depending.

Soon the train was in sight. The ponderous, snorting steam bonse rapidly drew nearer and negrer. Little Jack at that moment gave class to the dog. The train was entering the station. Scarcely anyone could have said how it happened, but suddenly a horrified shrick from the spectators rent the air. Jack, in making a snatch at the dog, stumbled, and, before aurone could prewent him, he fell from the platform on to the line in front of the rapidly approaching train. It seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could save him. There was one brave heart willing to risk it, however. With a bound, Reginald Wellingford cleared the intervening space between him and the child. A clutch, a sudden fling, then a quick jump aside, and little Jack was literally snatched from the jaws of death, Both were saved:

Poor Tim swooned and fell to the ground, and for a time the utmost confusion prevailed. Shortly, however, Reginald was induced to accompany Tim and the child home. The lockey

was profuse in his gratitude: "How can I ever thank you, sir?" he asked. "That boy is my idol; he is my guardian angel, and has done more to keep me in a straight course than all else besides."

"Has this man, too, a guardian an-

gel?' thought Reginald. "Yes," said Tim, "I owe you more than my life. How can I thank you?" Quite unconscious of the compact between Tim and Richard Stone, Reg re-

"Win on Thursday, Tim, and I shall be repaid. Lose-and-and-I am ruin-

Great heavens! how those words haunted Tim. For some time he stared. blankly before him and trembled visibly. But there was not much struggling now. What was the money to blm in comparison with the man who had risked his life in order to save that of his guardina child?

"Sultan shall win, sir," said he, "if I

perish in making him." From that hour, even up to the moment when the flag fell, those ominous word, "Lose, and I am ruined," surged through Tim's brain. And when the race began, that brave act at the station. bent Tim a further stimulus. Never had he striven as he strove that day. With spur and whip, but riding with his head, he urged the noble and responsive animal onward. The race was entirely between Sultan and Astoria. The two ran neck and neck up the straight, and the excitement was intense. Richard Stone watched with much exultation until the post was reached. Here, with a gigantic effort. Tim fairly finng Sultan's head in front of his rival and won

by a neck. Reginald Wellingford was saved, Stone was ruined.-Yankee Blade.

A Log Cabin Religion.

We hear much nowadays about the college settlements a practical Christianity devoted to the poor in our great cities. Somewhat of this nature is a noble enterprise that has just been started in North Carolina. The founder, Miss Susan Chester, a Vassar gradunte, intends to labor among and for the mountaineers, to better their condition, to teach them the beauty of home life, to lift them up spiritually, and to supplement in every way the work of A chapel near-by, which is open but four months in the year. Miss Chester Intends to interest some Northern people in this movement who are accestomed to summer at Asheville three miles distant. With some friends, she will live in a little log cabin, and, having studied thoroughly all social questions, will endeavor to extend her influence throughout the entire com-

Do Fishes Recollect?

Mr. Seth Green, an authority upon the rearing of fishes, kept in a pond a large number of trout that had been caught by means of a fly and barbless book. The men were ordered to take them quietly and gently, so that they had plenty of time to study the tackle by which they had been captured. Mr. Green believed the trout never forgot this experience of theirs. He used sometimes to walk by the side of the pond feeding the fishes, but carrying behind his back a cane and a fishingrod. The trout would follow him for bread, and when he suddenly waved his cane over them, though startled at the time, they soon returned for the food. Presently he would raise his fishing-rod, but the moment the trout saw it they darted to the far end of the pond, and remained in hiding for the rest of the day.

Boyalty in a Rage

The London Echo tells how various people act when they are angry. The Prince of Wales winks his left eye rapidly; the Emperor of Austria puffs out his cheeks; the Czar lays his hand flat on the top of his head; Mr. Gladstone turns swiftly on his heels, as if executing a volte face; Dr. Tanner lays back his head and swears; the Sultan of Turkey draws his hand rapidly across his throat; and Mr. Charles Mitchell shoots out his fist suddenly and forcibly in a horizontal direction

Hare almost as great poets, rarer perhaps than veritable saints and martyrs, are consummate men of business. Helps.

A woman isn't a dyed-in-the-wool scarcely knew where he was going. He thrifty housekeeper unless she patches walked mechanically. Soon, he said her dish cloths.