

ONLY A SHOWER.



how long it took him to get up town. For he last four days he had lost all interest in life, and time was no longer of low. any importance to him. He was young, yer; his mother had been a Van Rens- thing else." salaer-yet he sat moodily gazing at the handle of his umbrella, while the then she said hurriedly: years seemed to stretch away before htm in unbroken weariness.

He noticed it was beginning to sprin- deal since the other day, becausesle when they neared Twenty-third came into the stage and sat down dinectly opposite him. She gave a little fredly out of the window. Herbert atelyhad cogitated a good deal over which forced to take her in to dinner, but now her tender heart, and be cowardly besides. He knew she had a tender heart, although it did not beat for him.

again, and thought he would leave the any more, it's all right."

ERBERT REP- | simply. He thought he was getting on and have a look at him. plier stepped in- beautifully in his role of friend. They to the Fifth ave- were walking along Fifty-seventh nue stage at street. She was very near him under Bleecker street the umbrella. He hoped he would be one afternoon in saved from saying anything that he the early spring. would regret afterward. Fortunately, He did not care it would not be much longer.

"This is very kind of you after----She hesitated, and her voice was very whole affair has depressed and exhausted

"Not at all," he said in a cheerful bewasfine-looking he was a rising law- tone. "No one could have done any-

There was a moment's pause and

"I am glad of this chance to tell you that I have reproached myself a great

"Oh, you needn't think of that again; street, and then Cornelia Winchester you were as kind as you could be." Why would she talk about it?

She went on: "You took me so by start of confusion as he gravely raised surprise that I was afraid I was abhis hat, and then turned her attenion | rupt, and-and I answered inconsider-

"Oh, no," he interrupted; "you were would be the most trying way in which gentleness itself. I suppose I did starthe meet the girl who had rejected him. the you. I didn't say anything that I He had shivered over Gibson's man meant to. Perhaps a man never does."

"You know," she pursued, "you had that he sat opposite her in a Fifth ave- never given me any reason to think you nue stage he did not know what to do, cared for me in that way, and-I had a He could not bolt. That would hurt feeling you were speaking on impulse." "Impulse," he broke forth. "How

could you think that? Why, I'd never had a thought for anybody else since His eyes were lifted no higher than that day we first met. Every case I've the hem of her heliotrope gown, but he won has been for you. I've worked and any that it was the same one that she lived just for the day when I could and worn that day at Mrs. Vaughn speak. Impulse! Can a man feel like Ruthven, leading the way; and, nestling Smith's tea, when he had beguiled her that and not show it? I thought of into the corner of a large sofa, she pro into the conservatory to see the violets. course you understood-but"-he She had hoped that they might always | checked himself-'I beg your pardonbe friends, and he meant after a while. I ought not to go on in this way-only when he was a little more used to it, you see it wasn't impulse. I made a to go and see her, just to show her that great mistake, that was all. You be had no feeling. But it was too soon | couldn't help that, of course. It was as yet for him to find it easy to see her my own fault. But you needn't worry dam, if we thought we could find them," away from any approach of sentimental



That is a long price, my dear Mrs. Ruthwen.

Not too long. I think; there are some fields attached which insure privacy at present, and are worth a good deal as building land. Then there is a good deal of handsome old-fashioned furniture in the house."

"Oh! if your solicitors are satisfied, I have nothing to say against it. My business faculties are of the lowest order. I fear, however, that I cannot return before Saturday week. You will be sorry to hear that my friend De Meudon has been dangerously ill. I will try to return by Paris,

"Yes, I am sorry," said Mrs. Ruthven. "Then, I may only get on the track of your jewels, and have to go further a field to discussed. to discover them. By the way, have you any note of their size and weight?" Only of some-a few. But I wish you would not go off on such a wild-goose chase. As for me, I am weary of the subject, and inclined to let them go! The me. 1 feel pursued by an evil fate-as if everything was insecure-I never feel safe

"Merely morbid feeling, such as you accused me of indulging, and proves that you ought never to be left alone! Why do you think of going to so heathenish a place as Folkestone? My sister will only be too delighted if you will go to Ched-worth, Dorrington's place in H-shire. They will be there in about a fortnight, and get some pleasant people to meet 500

"You are very kind! But, at present,

rogatively, and Mrs. Ruthven replied with a smile.

"I beg a thousand pardons," said Shirley, a sullen look of annoyance clouding his face. "I thought you were alone."

"I assure you I am very glad to see cried Mrs. Ruthven, gaily. "I have been trying to feed my inexorable trustee, here, into good humor, to get his consent to my new purchase. Come and help me; and pray, take some luncheon.

"I have already lunched, thank you." 'A glass of Burgundy, then? This, I assure you, is not to be despised." Shirley condescended to take a glass-

and began to thaw. "Come into the next room," said Mrs.

ded to coquette with both visitors. "Mr. Marsden is going all the way to

Amsterdam, on the chance of finding my poor rubies," she remarked, after a little him?

said Shirley, gallantly.



igagement; but my head is quite too had to drive down to Twickenham. 11 would not be worth while going in a closed carriage, and with my neuralgin an open one is not to be thought of."

"Pray do not dream of incommoding yourself on my account," said Shirley. turning white. "But as you do not need me, I have business to attend to in the city, and will hid you good moroing." He howed to Marsden and went quickly H'M'DY "How cross he is " said Mrs. Ruthven.

as the door closed to him. "Yes, poor devil," returned Marsden

careleasly, "you treat him rather badly, "Why does he court had treatment? do not want him to come here."

"There is a strong dash of cruelty in you, charming though you are." "Do you think so?" looking down and

speaking softly. "Yes, I am capable of taking my revenge, believe me," her lips quivering as she spoke.

"I am quite sure these pretty velvety little hands could strike unflinchingly; but they could caress tenderly, too."

"Clifford!" she exclaimed with sudder then, correcting herself-"I emotion, mean Mr. Marsden." "No, no," he said, smiling on her, "you

have broken the ice, and I will not have the colder appellation." "Not yet," she said softly, withdrawing her hand which he had taken. . "I may call you Clifford one day-but not now. Tell me, when do you go on this rather wild-goose chase to Amsterdam?"

"To-night. I cross to Calais, and shall get to Amsterdam some time to-morrow. I shall not write, as I hope to see you so soon again. I trust you will go and amuse yourself somewhere. I can't bear to think of your moping in an hotel at Folkestone; do go to my sister."

"Well, perhaps I may, but I am anxious to settle about this place." "We must also arrange about a second

trustee: I feel my responsibilities too heavy.

"Oh! we can see all about that when von come back."

"Good-bye, then, my dear Mrs. Ruth-Wish me success."

looked in the glass, smiling at her own

image "I should never be alone," she murmared. "Does he mean to be my constant companion? I am to select another trustee. Ah! Marsden, if you but loved me, I could forgive anything. Sometimes I almost believe you do. Be that as it may, you are bound to me-for love or for revenge-I will never let you go."

CHAPTER VIII.

The result of Miss L'Estrange's selfcommune was very perceptible, at least, to herself. The careful watch she established over her own words and manner. discursive chatter. "Is it not good of however, was too delicately exercised to be in any way remarkable. She was bright eyes.

"We would all go further than Amster- and frank as ever, but she alid easily subjects, though talking readily on other am afraid of your horse."

the park. The meet is at Crowland Gate, and we will see the hounds throw off "By all means, I feel as if I wanted to ter in the open air."

Mrs. L'Estrange went away to her mayhold duties. Nora saunteres' into the drawing room and sat down at the pluno, but she did not begin to pluy for some moments. Was it possible that her quivt, cass-fish step mother had had rarilling experiences? She was so reasoluble, so wise in a simple way, that Nors could never imagine the irregularities and redundance which constitute romance gathering round her. How good she had always beent even from her first entrance into the family. How she had stood be prepare the ingredients, and have them taken every one and her imsband's nasty of special qualities in order to secure irritation, how much N ra herself owed the best results. Soap is made by hot to her justice and generosity. What a und cold processes, the latter being less good influence she had been, how much desirable because there may be impuripathetic husband, who looked upon her as thes, not to be recognized by the eye, a slave whom he had bought, and who but which, nevertheless, exist, perhaps had no rights, no title to consideration. In dangerous quantities. Long and whem he had married to be an upper ser thorough builting, while it greatly deful conscientions sick-nursing she had is not to be relied on to cleanse objechad, without the reward of gratitude or recognition! From how much she had saved Nora herself! How strong and it will not keep. It turns rancid, and

patient she had been

no woman would be as selfish and tron and one may be perfectly sure of its blesome as he was perhaps his had health made him worse. I wish I were busier' soda lye of specific gravity about 1.15. my life is too easy; it leaves me too much This is placed in a kettle and heated time to think; I must not think."

a radiant face, came to tell her it was about one pound of oil for three pounds time to get ready.

The walk through Evesleigh Woods one pint of oil to three pints of lye The and across the park was delightful. It kettle may be drawn a little from the was a soft autumnal morning, slightly fire, and the heat kept up slowly but leaden in coloring, like one of Wouver steadily. man's landscapes, as if nature gently. mourned her departed youth, the pines the surface and the soap will boil over the ground was thickly strewn with red. if the heat is continued. Let it graduwithered leaves from the beech trees, for ally cool until it merely simmers, then which Evesleigh was famous, and when keep it in this way until the froth disthe trio reached Crowland Gate, which appears, then add lye until the specific opened on a wide common, where the gravity of the whole is brought up to woods ended and an undergrowth of 1.14. This lye must be added in small brushwood and furge afforded abundant cover, a tolerable field had assembled, but boiling until it is perfectly smooth and not many spectators. The rector's daugh-ters on horseback, the curate's little chill simpy. Boil until it is transparent, dren, with their governess, on fost, the then scatter sait over it and allow it to banker's wife from Oldbridge, in her stand for some hours at a heat just besmart carriage, with a couple of visitors low the boiling point. Let it cool drain from London.

Every one knew every one else, and in a little fresh, strong lye and boll greetings were exchanged. Winton, who again. It may then be made into cakes He pressed her hand and was gone. Mrs. Ruthven grew very pale, as she stood for a moment in thought, and press-ed her handkerchief to her eyes, then she backed is the term of te

onshire, an old Indian cham of mine has asked me to share his hunting quarters is a splendid country. I hope I shall find you in town next month. You'll let tended to properly, they will not reme know your movements?

seems. We must do some plays when we meet. Good-bye, Miss L'Estrange." He stretched out his hand to Nors, who had taken a vantage post on a stile, pressing his horse with heel and knee to make it approach, but the animal kicked and resisted, glancing tound with wild, wicked cleaning the windows of a new house, res. "Consider yourself shaken bands with," and gives a pollsh unknown to the glass washed in the ordinary way.

said Nora, laughing and sbrinking. "I Another excellent method for giving nt the hounds car eried every one. Winton's horse, wildly excit. with this, and then polish as before "They've found; they're away," ed, tried to bolt, and strove by every de- with a clean, dry leather. Newspaper vice that could enter into the heart of a is also said to be an excellent "rubber horse to unsent his rider, rearing straight for glass on account of the printer's up, buck jumping, lashing out with his link; but whether this is true or not I heels, in vain. A hand of iron controlled cannot youch from personal experihim, and the firm grip of the knees was ence. Paper is certainly capital for not to be shaken. At last he darted off in the direction his rider chose like a bolt from a catapult. During the struggle Mrs. L'Estrange covered her eyes, Nora could not remove hers. She turned deadly white, for at one moment it seemed as if the horse would have fallen back. then she knew how little all her self-control had done to uproot Mark Winton from her head. How splendidly he sat. She had not observed before what a fine figure he had. Would he come back safe



Home-Made Soap.

In the manufacture of hard soap the stmost care must be taken to properly vant. What a life of suppression, of care reases the risks from impure elements.

"If I can reward her I will," thought has a disagreeable odor. Good tollet Nora. "I do hope Bea will be a good, sonp can be made at home at an infinloving child; she is like my father, but itely less cost than the purchased sort, almost to the boiling point, then select-And she applied herself diagently to a piece of Chopin's bristling with accident als and crabbed passages, till Bea, with of lye, or, according to the old formula,

> After a time a heavy froth rises on off all the liquor that will run off, put

"Very glad to have caught a glimpse of you. I am going off to-morrow to Dev thoroughly dusted every day, when the rest of the room is done-window sills, ledges, sashes and all. If this is atquire to be washed or cleaned nearly so "Yes, certainly. We shall miss you frequently. When the cleansing is invery much." "I hope you will, unlikely though it of whiting, and two wash-leathers. dump-not wet-leather, and finally

> brilliancy to glass is to damp a rag cleaning decanters, carafes, etc., so very likely the case is the same with windows.

stage at the club. That would be perfeerly natural. He could stand it until then.

If he had looked at her face he would have seen that she was not entirely at asse either. Her cheeks alternately dushed and paled as she gazed persistently out of the window. But he did not see that, as he lifted his eyes no. higher than the tip of her patent leath er shoe and the edge of that heliotrope cown. He was thinking of her as she boked when they went into the conhair colled under a bewitching hat-all green leaves and violets. She seemed the very incarnation of spring to him. I

The driver growied "Farel" down through his peephole. She started conscionsly and took out her purse. Her vis-a-vis held out his hand with "Allow me." and the purse slipped to the floor. Their eyes met as he restored her property, and she blushed vividly. He puzsled over this as he took his sent again after depositing the fare. "Why should abe be discomposed? She is sorry for me," he thought, "she is so sensitive." He must get out for ber sake as well as his own. Where were they, anyway? Only at Thirty-fourth street! The rain was now coming down heavily, and she and so umbrella! He could not get out. of course, unless he could leave his um trolla with her. But that would look so odd. Very likely, by the time they reached her street, the April shower would be all over. Well, he would ride onin while longer and see.

On they went-past Sherry's, where be had danced with her so often; past the club, where he saw Billy de Peyser and Remington looking out-Billy, whom he had decided upon for his "best man;" on, up into the fifties, past It. Thomas, where they would never married now. The rain was falling elentlessly. They were almost at her street. He had decided what to do.

Just before they reached Fifty-sevmth street he bent forward.

"Miss Winchester, please take my mbrellin." and he held the silver head wward her.

How she started! "Oh. no, no, thank gos," and she burriedly pulled the frap, without giving him time to do t, and fairly sprang out of the door. What could he do but follow?

As he unfuried the umbrella over her they were of the sidewalk, and he is inanely:

"You musn't spoil your gown, you

"Oh, I don't care about that," she sa

int it's too pretty to spoil," he went "I like that color particularly." I looked at him curiously. Her and, "I wonder if you remem-"-but her words were:

always sotice the

They were going up her steps now and he was holding the umbrella so that a little stream of water was trickling down her back. She did not seem

to even notice it. Neither of them spoke as he pulled the bell. Then she turned a face in which shyness and despair were mixed.

"But it isn't 'all right' for me!" He looked at her with such a bewildered gaze that she laughed tremulous- to his mistress, asked: ly. "You don't understand now," sae said, and then just as her meaning ame?" servatory that day, with her golden dawned upon him the April sun burst out, the butier opened the door, and they went in together .- Household ed: Companion.

Sterne's Plagiarisms

The following instance of Sterne's unblushing "conveying" has not, I think, been hitherto recorded. In "Tristram Shandy," Volume L, Chapter 12, is the following well-known pas-STR

"When to gratify a private appetite it is once resolved upon that an innocent and a helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket. where it has strayed to make a fire to offer it up with."

In the introduction to "Baconhana." London, 1679, T. T. O. e., Dr. Thomas Tenison), in comment on Bacon's words to King James, "I wish that as I am the first, so I may be the last of sacrifices in your times," writes as follows, page 16r:

"And when from private Appetite, It is resolv'd that a Creature shall be sac rificed; it is easie to pick up sticks enough, from any Thicket whither it hath straied, to make a Fire to offer it with.

There could not be a more audacious example of literary theft.-Notes and Queries.

Natural.

In showing how one sense is sharpened to supply the loss of another, Dr. S. Millington Miller writes that Alexander Hunter, of the land office at Washington, though entirely deaf, spelled without mistake 150 words read to him from the dictionary. He has become able to read the motion of the lips of those addressing him. The faculty is not rare among the deaf, and by means of it some of them, like Mitchell, the chemist of the United States Patent Office, have been able to understand the lectures necessary for their gradu-

ation at college

Coal is dearer in South Africa than in any other part of the world; it is cheap-art in China.

Fing of the Danes. The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in we sloce the year 1219.

If? Yes, that is just it. But it is too topics. The chief change was an increase far for a mere chance. By the way, how of animation and a tendency to mock at far is Amsterdam from Ostend?" asked what used to touch her. Mrs. L'Estrange Mrs. Ruthven, in a curious mocking tone. only noticed that Nora was in remarkably "I really do not know," returned Shirnsk?

Mrs. Ruthven was saved the difficulty of answering, as her courier came in be fore she could reply, and handing a card

"Will you receive the gentleman, mad-

"Oh, yes, show him up." Then, with a little confidential nod to Shirley, she add-

"This is my engineer!

"He has lost no time," he returned. "I shall not let him stay long. I will tell you all about him afterward"-to Marsden.

Shirley looked sharply at the door; but Marsden seemed too much occupied with his own thoughts to heed what was going

In a few minutes a middle-aged man, of average height, with iron-gray mustache and whiskers, his right arm in a sling, came into the room, and made a deferen-

tial, though clumsy, bow. "Good morning, Mr. Colville," said Mrs. Ruthven, who had risen, and was standing beside a table near one of the windows. "You have lost no time in answering my note."

I was anxious to thank you for your kindness in writing," he returned, in a low, hourse voice.

Mrs. Ruthven. "Let me see, she must be nearly eight?"

'No, ma'am, she is nearly seven, and looks less. She is a delicate, weakly little creature, that's why I am anxious to keep her away in the country."

"Very naturally. I am sorry 1 canno attend to you to-day. Mr. Colville," gra-ciously. "You see I am engaged with this gentleman and Captain Shirley, bending her head in the direction of the latter. "But if you will call to-morrow, I can give you half an hour; do not be later than twelve."

'I shall be punctual, and I thank you." "Wait for a moment," said Mrs. Ruth-ven. "I have a little gift here for my god-daughter." She went to her writing ble, and took from a drawer a small icket, tied with ribbon, which she placed in his bands.

"You are very good, madame," he said, as with another clumsy bow and a look at each gentleman, he left the room.

"Do you not remember him at all?" ask od Mrs. Ruthven

"No," returned Shirley. "I never saw him before, and I cannot say he looks the sort of man I should be inclined to

"You are too suspicious. The poor fel-low has been unlucky. His arm was broken in some machinery, and he is out

"I have a fellow-feeling with the un-very," said Marsden, rousing himself, "I've not had much good luck unyself." "Why, you seem to me a remarkably backy man," said Shirley. "By the way, Captain Shirley," began Here. Enthren, in a languid tone. "I here yes will encuse me for breaking my

good spirits. ley, gravely, and looking very straight at her, his face darkening. "Why do you prised, and bestowed more of his conver sation on his older acquaintance than he

> The quiet weeks went by swiftly, their stony broken by occasional dinners at the houses of the enthedral dignitaries at Oldbridge, where Nora's songs and lively talk, and Mrs. L'Estrange's gentle tact and sympathetic "listening" made both welcome guests.

October was more than half over, and hunting had begun-s congenial amuse ment which interfered a good deal with Winton's frequent visits to Brookdale. The rapid falling of the leaves, and a ccession of stormy nights, made Mrs. L'Estrange think seriously of spending November and December in town-a prosition which Nora originally urged. Mrs. Ruthven wrote at length, very

aminbly. She was detained in town by business she said. She was in treaty for a preify villa on the Thames, and would be de ighted to have Miss L'Estrange's counsel. and assistance when she set about furnishing.

Mr. Marsden had been so good in try ing to find her jewels, and had gone to Amsterdam in search of them, but all in Was he at Evesleigh? for no one ain. seemed to know what had become of

'Do you know, I think it would be very nice to help Mrs. Ruthven in choosing her furniture? Shall I tell her we are thinking of going up to town? Perhaps she would take rooms for us," said Nora, when she had read this letter aloud at breakfast.

"My dear Nora! she would not care for the trouble; and what a price she would agree to give for rooms! We must be very prudent; my little savings during the latter part of our stay in Germany will not go far.

"Oh, yes! I forgot. You are really a wonderful woman, Helen; I shall never be such an economist; but as to not car-ing for the trouble, I do not think you quite do Mrs. Ruthven justice; you and

Mr. Winton are always of the same opin-ion, and I think you have caught his prejudice against her." "I am not as much fascinated as you are, and I must say, I am a good deal influenced by Mark Winton; when I look back"-she stopped abruptly. Nora, who longed to hear her reminiscences, gazed carnestly at her, and Mrs. L'Estrange, her eyes suddenly, encountered raising those of her stepdaughter fixed upon her. those of her stepdaughter taked upon her, and colored through her delicate paie skin, to Nora's great surprise. "Some day," said Mrs. L'Estrange, quickly, and with some confusion, "I must tell you my little istory; every one has some touch of romance in their lives, even so prosaic a

erson as I am." "Do, dear; tell it to me now

"Now? Oh, no, I must interview cook, and pian the dinner; the romance of the past must give way to the needs of the present, vulgar though they be; some even-ing, by the firelight, 1 will prose about days gone by. It is fine and caim to-day; rive Bes a holiday, and walk across

after a run of such a vicious animal? (To be continued.)

The lok is Fading Away

made in this city were written in laks draw it from the water, pressing it a that are in great danger of fading out long before the lease expires," said a microscopist and expert in handwriting. "There is not an ink on the market but will fade seriously in thirty years. My business requires me to be informed, and I purchase samples of every ink I hear of and submit them to microscopic and chemical examination. I base what I have said on the results reached in those examinations. The inks made thirty or forty years ago were not so good as those of the preceding three centuries, for many

documents written in the latter are extant, the ilnes in which are clear and bright. The inks of the present day are

poorer than those of a generation back. because in this age of adulteration nothing escapes the adulterator. The same ingredients are used, but in a weakened form. Iron and aniline dyes

are the basis of most inks. Where iron is used time produces a process of corrosion and oxidation gradually fades to a pale brown. The logwood disappears. If documents written in these inks are kept in vanits where ventilation is bad, certain gases that are developed by the conditions act directly

on the inks and hasten their disappearance. If in the middle of the next century a future blographer wants to examine the correspondence of any Chicagoan living to-day it isn't unlikely he will find in it pleces of paper that once was covered with writing which has passed away, leaving only pale, faint lines. As to leases, probably there

is some understanding of these facts, for instruments that have a long time to run are now printed."

Sea-anemones and some other marine creatures of low degree increase their species by budding. A small knot or wart appears on the body of the animal, and by and by develops into a perfect. though minute, animal of the same spe cies, separates from its parent and sets

Delicate Dish of Cabbage,

Cut a large head of eabhage into four parts. Cut out the heavy stalks in the center. Plunge the cabbage into a large pot containing abundance of boiling water, into which a hamiful of salt has been stirred. Let it boll therein steadity for ten minutes after the water begins to bubble. Then remove it with a skimmer into a pan of cold water, "Some of the earlier 99-year leases and when it has thoroughly cooled little with the hands to extract all the moisture possible, and chop it into coarse pieces. Put it in a clean saucepan, add two large tablespoonfuls of butter, and when the butter is melled. a tablespoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of popper, and finally, after these have been added, a cup of milk. Stir the cathlage slowly, and when it boils set it back where it will cook slowly for threequarters of an hour. It should be frequently stirred.

Angel Cake.

Take the whites of ten or twelve eggs and beat them until they are foamy, add six ounces or seven eighths of a cupful of sugar and continue beating, using a wire whisk in preference to any other egg beater. Fold in half a cupful of pastry flour and a generous quarter of a cupful of cornstarch mixed together and sifted with a rounding teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a balf saltspoonful of salt. Add one tenspoonful of vanilla, and bake in an unbuttered pan in a moderate oven from fortyfive to fifty minutes. Wet the pan hefore the cake is put in, using the regular angel cake pan with the hole in the middle

A Dish of Lamb Chops.

Trim a dozen lamb chops and brown them lightly on each side in a very littie butter in the frying pan. When they are quite dry, for there must be a small quantity of butter, pour over them a little stock, or beef essence reduced in hot water; let them simmer in this, as lamb takes long cooking, turning them from side to side until this also is dried up and the meat quite tender. Put them into a dish and pour around them the contents of a can of button mushrooms that have been quickly heated, and a little butter added.

Arthur was a close student and excelled in scholarship. He was fond of athletic sports and husting.