



CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

She grew nearly desperate when she heard herself announced, and found herself walking into the room with Miss Ray in her wake. Walking into a room in which there were only three people—a gentleman and lady, whom she took to be the host and hostess, and Captain Edgecomb.

Nerving herself to the effort, she swept up swiftly to the lady, who was leaning in an attitude of careless grace against the mantelpiece, and was beginning to behave as a guest should, in spite of the gross negligence of the supposed hostess, when an exclamation from the latter checked her.

"Jennifer! Hugh, just imagine Jennifer being here and not letting us know she was coming! Why didn't you tell me?" Mrs. Hubert Ray continued, abruptly turning to Captain Edgecomb.

Then, as Effie looked Jennifer all over and questioned her closely as to the reason why of her being at Mrs. Campbell's now, when, on a former occasion, she had refused to come with her (Mrs. Hubert), Captain Edgecomb and Mrs. Hatton got over their meeting and greeting unobserved.

"You thought Mrs. Hubert Ray was my sister, didn't you?" Effie went on, half laughing at the mistake she had made.

And Mrs. Hatton, who was intensely mortified at having made it, answered, less smoothly than usual:

"I took it for granted that, as we are at least an hour after the time put on her cards, Mrs. Campbell would have been ready to receive her guests."

"Bell's often late. I tell her it's bad form in her own house. But, you see, most people who come here know one another so well, that it doesn't make much difference to them. You'll fall into the flow of the thing when you've been here two or three times. Do you know, I'm awfully glad to see you here to-night."

A little, vindictive gleam flashed from her eyes; but he was looking away at Jennifer, who had been drawn to the far end of the room by Mrs. Hubert, and didn't notice it. He only heard the tones, which were soft and smoothly pleasant.

Meanwhile, Effie had cat-tailed her sister-in-law.

"Who's that woman you came with, Jennifer? You live in her house, do you?" Flora always said Mrs. Campbell got queer people about her. Did you see she thought I was doing the honors and receiving Mrs. Campbell's guests? Wasn't that a deadly blunder on her part? A woman who could make that mistake would do anything. I stood like a stone, and never moved a finger; yet she would have gone on smirking and poliovering her way toward introducing herself if I hadn't called out to you. Look at Captain Edgecomb flirting with her now! Have you thrown him over, and is she catching him in the rebound?"

"I haven't thrown him over, but I think she is catching him," Jennifer said, indifferently.

And then the room began to fill rapidly, and presently Mrs. Campbell was gliding about among the guests, giving to one and all the right words of welcome.

"I suppose that man has just painted a picture or written a book, as Bell Campbell is erecting triumphal arches for him?" Effie asked, contentiously, and some one standing near told her: "That's the new American actor, Josiah M. Whittier."

Then a hum of approbation arose, as the American actor had agreed to give a recitation.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I hate recitations, don't you?" Effie said, shrugging her shoulders disapprovingly, as she saw the crowd swaying in the direction of the large drawing room, from one end of which the talented American actor was going to declaim to a delighted audience. "Come with me, Jennifer, into the ante-room or somewhere away from this herd. I've hundreds of things to say to you."

"I do like recitations, and the hundreds of things could have been said before, and can wait now," Jennifer replied.

"No, that's just what you can't do; and don't be luffy about my not having been over to see you yet. I literally haven't lived a moment's time to myself since I left Moor Royal, and I have been more worried in these weeks than in all my life put together before I married."

"What has worried you? Is Mr. Jervoise worse?" Jennifer asked, allowing herself to be drawn aside by the absorbing Effie in spite of her desire to hear the recitation.

"Oh, no; old Jervoise keeps about the same; it wouldn't worry me very much if he were worse, to tell the truth; he's no pleasure to himself, and he's the reverse of one to Flora and everybody else. What's so good and kind as she can be; I'd weren't for her I should never have

a penny in my pocket. It's dreadful for poor Hugh to be so short of money. Of course if we hadn't been driven out from Moor Royal we could have gone on living quietly there, making very little ready money do, till things arranged themselves; but, as it is, we have been driven out by Jack's marriage and other things, and the end of it is that we can hardly pay our way from day to day, and are getting fearfully in debt besides. I never heard of a girl being so badly treated altogether as I've been. And Hugh's family don't help him at all. All the help we get comes from my side of the house."

Jennifer winced under those words. Keenly as she felt the injustice of them, there was in them just enough surface truth to hurt her sharply. On the face of it there was a certain amount of hardship in Effie's being so soon deprived of the home for which she had married. That she had been so deprived was partly her husband's fault and partly her own. Nevertheless it was hard.

"I'm afraid Hubert's side of the house is in rather a pitiful plight, Effie; my poor mother has so little for herself that she can't help her sons."

"When are you going to begin to make money by your singing?" Effie went on, in her graceful, ruthless, unconcerned way. "Lessons are all very well, but if you don't utilize the lessons they're no real good, are they? If Mrs. Campbell would only ask you to sing to-night, the right people would hear you, and it would be ever so much easier for you when you do come out. If you had come with me instead of with that person who blundered the minute she came in, I could have arranged with Bell Campbell that you should be asked to sing. It's such an opportunity lost! But, as I was saying to Hugh to-day, the Rays have the knack of doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. Isn't it dreadful—a awful—for me, a married woman, to have to go to my sister for every penny I spend?"

"I didn't know things were so bad with Hubert," Jennifer said.

"You didn't know! How should you know, when you've gone off and never taken the trouble to inquire? Bad with Hubert? I should rather think they were bad! It makes me quite ill every time a bill comes in, and I buy nothing for myself out of the money he gives me. Surely your mother might let him have a little money, till he can screw some more out of that horrible Mr. Boldero."

"Would you take anything from my poor mother's pittance? Would Hubert do that?"

"Of course he must if he can't get it anywhere else," Effie retorted, angrily. "I hate the lodgings I'm in now. Lodgings are horrid, the best of them, and ours are not the best by any means. It's much nicer, and I believe quite as cheap, staying at hotels; but Hugh is getting so grumpy that I have to put up with being poked into any hole he happens to think suitable. Jack's behind hand with his rent for the home farm, too. Isn't that shameful?"

"What can I do?" poor Jennifer asked, in sudden, despairing rage. "Everything was left to Hubert. The rest of us are penniless and powerless."

"We all know that your mother must be robbing herself of nearly every comfort she has, in order to keep you in town for your pleasure. Lodgings in Upper Hamilton place are a cruel luxury for you to indulge in, if your mother pays for them. And with this parting shot, Mrs. Hubert Ray rose up and walked off, leaving Jennifer alone with many uncomfortable thoughts.

"You alone here! I've been hunting all over the place for you!"

It was Captain Edgecomb who broke into the midst of her miserable reflections, with a look of such genuine delight at having found her, that insensibly she brightened back into her better self.

"I saw Mrs. Hubert collar you and carry you off, and bitter experience told me I'd better not interfere with any little affair she might have on hand, so I hid my time."

"Bided it with Mrs. Hatton, didn't you?"

"No, I got beyond her borders ten minutes ago. She wanted to have the American actor made known to her, he being the newest star shining here to-night; so I caught Arch Campbell, delivered him and his wif up to her, and freed myself."

Then she told him that Effie contemplated applying to her mother for aid, and added:

"Her sons are making themselves thorns in her flesh, and I have no healing power. Poor mother! poor, dear mother!"

Then all in a minute it was done.

How it came to him to be so eloquent he never understood himself. The words seemed to form themselves, and pour themselves out with a fervor and fitting-

ness that astonished him. In a few sentences, spoken with inconceivable rapidity, he made Jennifer understand and feel that here, by her side, was a man ready and eager to brave all life's evils for her, if only she would let him. And not only for her, but for her mother also. If Jennifer would only take him for a husband, Mrs. Ray should never again lack filial attention and consideration from a son.

When he ceased speaking she roused herself, and the effort she made to do so was apparent to him. There was no surprise, no agitation, no trembling happiness in the manner in which she answered:

"You have said a good deal about the devotion and consideration, the respect and tenderness, with which you would treat my mother if I marry you. Do you quite mean it all? My mother is so much to me, she has had such suffering and disappointment through my brothers lately, that I am bound to make any bargain I can that may aid to her happiness."

"Bound to make any bargain?" he repeated, deprecatingly. "Don't speak of it as quite such a business transaction."

"But it is; that's what I ought to make you understand—that's what I must make clear to you before I can agree to what you ask. I like you very much, but I like my mother very much more. And if I thought she would be happier, if I thought you'd even partly fill the gap my brothers have made in her life, I'd marry you to-morrow. Isn't it better that I've told you this?"

"Much better, if on the top of it you tell me that you can love me well enough to try me."

"I don't think I know very much about love, Captain Edgecomb. I believe I was beginning to think a little about it when my father died, but his death knocked all that kind of nonsense out of me."

"And those were the kindest thoughts you had ever given to any man, do you mean me to infer?"

"You didn't belong to the present order of things, and you seemed to have forgotten all about me till quite lately. I thought you didn't care to have a girl who wanted to be a public singer, for a friend."

"You were right. I want her for my wife," he said, and Jennifer smiled at him, and marveled at herself for not feeling more emotion than she did.

Jennifer felt very grateful to Captain Edgecomb, her consciousness of having promised to be his wife slipping away into quite a secondary position by the side of her consciousness of his having promised to dutifully consider and protect her mother. In fact, the one feeling of anything approaching to pleasure which the girl had in her oddly-arranged engagement was this one—that it would open out a brighter and more hopeful vista for the woman whose sons had made her life a dull, arid plain of monotony and disappointment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mrs. Hatton was getting through the hours of the night very satisfactorily. She had not joined the crowd which had surrounded and swayed round Mr. Josiah H. Whittier during his first recitation. But some of the cadences and inflections of the American actor's well-managed voice fell upon her ear, and she knew, from the irresistible way in which his audience burst now and again into simultaneous peals of laughter, that he made his points well.

It was an opportunity not to be lost. Here was a distinguished man, whom to know would be a fame in her now limited circle, and by making a little effort she might know him.

She felt suddenly that she was the center of attraction and observation as Mr. Campbell made way for her to pass into the circle, and tried to gain Mr. Josiah H. Whittier's attention. For one instant she glanced round triumphantly, feeling that a becoming dress, excitement, and the sense of being of temporary importance, were combining to make her look almost as pretty as of old. Then she turned her eyes on the American actor, and all the pride and glory, all the harmless—almost pitiable—self-satisfaction went out abruptly, leaving a frightened, helpless, miserable woman in the place of the bright, beaming, self-complacent one who had come up to be crowned with the special honor of an introduction to Mr. Josiah H. Whittier.

"I'm ill in pain; let me go back!" she stammered out, withdrawing her hand quickly from her husband's arm. "No, no, don't come with me!" she added, hurriedly, as he followed her. "I must go home. These attacks—"

She sank down half-fainting on the nearest chair, but roused herself again directly, under the influence of the agonized dread she had that Mr. Campbell would call some one to her, and make her the subject of general remark.

"Let me go without a word," she pleaded, with a ghastly smile. "Don't come down with me. Tell Miss Ray I am ill and gone home, but don't—don't speak of me to anyone else."

Mr. Archibald Campbell promised readily, and then the poor stricken woman hurried away as fast as her trembling limbs would carry her, shivering as one who had received a death-blow.

An attendant met her at the door, and, after one glance at the pallid, wretched face, led her mistress in silence to her own bedroom.

There was not a word spoken by either of them until Mrs. Hatton looked up into Ann's sorrowful face, and the scolding, unrelenting tears rushed from her own eyes suddenly.

"You've met your 'trouble' again, I see," the servant murmured, sympathetically.

"Yes, it's a living one still; but, oh, Ann, he didn't see me to know me! Perhaps he'll never find me out. Oh, I never knew what peace there has been in all this poverty that I've passed through; I never knew how I hated him till to-night."

Then she told Ann how in the celebrated American actor, Mr. Josiah H. Whittier, she had recognized her own worthless, cruel, vicious husband, who had deserted her years ago.

"He didn't recognize me! He may never find me out!"

There was a fervent thanksgiving breathed in the first sentence. There was a passionate prayer in the second. No fiercely worded denunciation of him could have betrayed such profound aversion, loathing, contempt, hatred, and fear for and of him, as did these tremblingly spoken sentences.

Her hope was fallacious; her prayer was in vain!

Mr. Archibald Campbell had hardly regained the drawing room, after seeing his suddenly indisposed guest downstairs, when he was assailed by inquiries as to the reason of her abrupt departure.

"She looked as if she had seen a ghost," Mrs. Campbell said, addressing an audi-

ence "and I had been taking her for Miss Ray all the evening, and when I saw her looking so ill I asked for my brother, and found she was not Miss Ray after all."

"Who was your unknown guest?" Mr. Whittier asked, affably. "Mr. Campbell tells me that the lady was, up to the moment of her departure, extremely desirous of being introduced to me. I shall do myself the honor of calling to inquire for her, if you will kindly favor me with her name and address."

Captain Edgecomb, who had just joined the group with Jennifer, gave the lady's name and address in perfect good faith, and Mr. Josiah H. Whittier entered it in his note-book with American care and nonchalance.

But in spite of his being such a consummate actor, more than one of his fellow-guests, whose experiences of Americans at home and abroad had been many and varied, said of him:

"Whittier's the only American out who forgets his Americanisms in moments of excitement; his accent and English are irreproachable, when he doesn't remember that they ought not to be either."

Jennifer was not very long in following Mrs. Hatton home. The girl was neither agitated nor excited by the step she and Captain Edgecomb had taken this evening, but she was preoccupied by considerations as to whether she had done wisely and well in taking it at all.

(To be continued.)

HIS DISAGREEABLE JOB.

Bob Crawford's Peculiar Means of Earning a Living.

The last two years of hard times have developed a large number of peculiar methods of making a living among the poorer population of this city, says the San Francisco Examiner. One of the queerest of these has been adopted by old Bob Crawford, who manages to get a living out of the bottom of the channel by fishing for things that have been lost overboard from vessels. It is a most undesirable job, and brings in the smallest kind of an income, but Bob sticks to it on account of its delightful uncertainty.

Bob can be seen on the wharf along the side of the channel almost any day keeping his eyes on the different vessels.

As soon as one of them leaves her berth Bob watches the place until the tide goes down, and then climbs under the wharf and commences to "fish." He uses a rake of his own manufacture that has a long handle and teeth very close together. With this he scratches around in the foul smelling black ooze, and if it strikes any sort of a hard substance it is soon lifted to the surface.

Sometimes he only gets a teaspoon or an old knife, and sometimes not even that. But there are occasions when he finds such things as hammers, chisels, saws and other tools that have been dropped by men working on the side of the craft. Bob will stick to anything he can get, if it's only a rusty nail.

In addition to obtaining lost articles, Bob often gets a good-sized crab or an oyster that has fallen overboard from the schooners of the Morgan oyster company, and he does not take long to swallow it. He has been around the channel wharves for over a year, and the only money he has been known to earn was 25 cents, which a captain gave him for finding a copper saucepan a cook had lost overboard.

Advertising on Trees.

One of the most disagreeable of spectacles along village streets and country roads is the sight of noble trees disfigured by glaring advertisements and notices of various sorts. A splendid oak, which commanded the landscape long before the revolution, and arouses the sentiment of veneration in the mind of any one who has a love for the beautiful relics of the past, receives no respect from the village people.

To this tree a local tradesman attaches a hideous advertisement of a clothing store. Below that the advertiser of some fertilized, rudely printed on cotton cloth, flaps in the wind, of fending the eyes of human beings and frightening passing horses.

Upon the great elm in a village green are tacked all manner of announcements—of local concerts and meetings, of lost breastpins and jackknives and of auction sales. Its gray and venerable side is crowded and defaced by the nails driven there by several generations.

Seeing a tree served in this manner, the correspondent of a contemporary has proposed that a placard to read as follows be added to the rest:

LOST! THE DIGNITY OF THIS TREE THROUGH THE DISRESPECT OF THE TOWN'S PEOPLE.

This ill-treatment of old trees is generally the result of thoughtlessness, and not of deliberate intention, and it is possible that such a placard might lead people to think. There should certainly be a convenient place in every village for such advertisements as those described; but that place is not the most graceful and venerable tree in the town nor, indeed, any tree at all.—Youth's Companion.

Nurse Loses His Job.

Mrs. Ida Kulin, of Baltimore had her husband arrested for abusing her. She swore she paid him \$125 a week to take care of the children while she worked as a seamstress. He made a good nurse until he got to drinking.

"Can you give me change for \$5?" inquired the usually impetuous friend. "Certainly" was the unguarded answer. "Then lend me three."—Washington Star.

Every man feels the need of a good natured woman to grumble to.



The patient horse that pulls the load. Depends on us to build the road. Men who have conscience, smooth his track. Brutes ply the whip across his back.

Good Roads in Louisiana.

The aprons worn by horses bearing a protest against the condition of the streets of the city have become extremely popular among the owners of wagons and carts. Mr. Harry H. Hodgson, while discussing League matters yesterday, remarked that within two days he had distributed 300 of these aprons, and there is still a steady demand for them. Yesterday Mr. Hodgson ordered out an additional hundred, which will arrive during the week.

The good results of their use have shown themselves in two ways. It has attracted the attention of the entire city to the League and made them pay further attention to the real condition of the streets. The people have been looking about them to a greater extent and see now how bad the streets really are.

Then, too, the use of these aprons, bearing an inscription that a desire for good roads is in existence, has caused many riders to join the League, where they paid but little attention to the requests of League members before.—New Orleans Picayune.

Good Roads and Markets.

It is no uncommon sight to see at many of the Western shipping points numerous wagon loads of grain standing all day and oftentimes at night, because of the lack of transportation facilities to carry off the accumulation with which the various warehouses are already filled. Indeed, instances have been known where wagons were thus obliged to wait three or four days before they could be unloaded. The remedy for much of this congestion is to be found in the construction of good roads of such a character as not to be easily affected by the weather. Some railroad companies, appreciating the value of such construction, have offered to haul the necessary material from the quarries or other source of supply, to the various distributing points at extremely low rates, and in some cases without charge. It is probable that the adoption of a rule of free carriage within reasonable limits by all roads would prove a profitable undertaking. The advantage of a regularly distributed delivery throughout the year would largely offset the extra expense incurred by such a regulation. If to the free transportation of material could be added the employment of criminals upon the roads, instead of using them in competition with the artisans outside of our penitentiaries, an additional benefit would result. It is, of course, admitted that the adoption of this plan would increase the expense of the maintenance of the various institutions of correction and punishment throughout the United States, but that would cheerfully be met by the property owners, in view of the larger advantage growing out of road improvement. It would also do away with the competition between criminal and other labor, a competition that is now in some quarters severely felt and bitterly assailed.

This question is one which should be generally taken up by the local papers of each community. It is believed that railway managers are sufficiently advised of the advantage of such a movement to willingly cooperate with the local authorities wherever any well-directed effort is made. The work will necessarily make slow progress, and it therefore cannot be too early commenced.

SCHOOL A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Rigid Discipline Little Mary Fairfax Was Called Upon to Undergo.

It was not in this joyous fashion, however that school presented itself to another, and far brighter, little girl, Mary Fairfax, who was born over a hundred years ago, and who afterward became Mrs. Somerville and one of the most learned women in England. Mary was fortunate enough to live the first ten years of her life by the seashore, the happiest, wildest, shyest child that ever played all day long on the yellow sands, and made huge collections of shells, and weeds, and pebbles, and other treasures brought her as play things by the waves. When it rained, and her mother would not permit her to run out, she read over and over again the three books which formed her library—"The Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pilgrim's Progress." Now and then her father, who was an officer in the English navy, came home from sea; and finding his little daughter so ignorant as a child could be, he made her read aloud to him every morning a chapter of Hume's "History of England."

This was all her education until she was ten years old, when one dreadful day, her parents sent her to a boarding school, a small and very expensive boarding school kept by Miss Primrose, who was so stately and so severe that her pupils used to say they never saw her smile. Thanks to the healthy, out-

door life she had always led, little Mary was straight and strong as a young Indian, but that did not save her from the ingenious tortures designed for stooping children, and which she describes for us in her memoirs.

"A few days after my arrival I was enclosed in stiff stays with a steel busk in front, while, above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder blades met. Then a steel rod, with a semi-circle which went under the chin, was clasped to the steel busk in my stays. In this constrained state I and most of the younger children had to prepare our lessons."

Think of it, you luxurious little people who prepare your lessons loling on rocking chairs, nestling in sofa corners or lying comfortably on warm hearth-rugs before cheerful fires! Think of studying a whole page of Johnson's dictionary every day, spelling, definitions, even the very position of each word in the long columns, and all the while unable to lean backward or forward, or turn your head from side to side—unable even to see what the girl next to you was doing! That was a discipline which must have made home and the dear shining ocean sands a picture of Paradise, of Paradise Lost, is poor, tired, timid Mary Fairfax. And the worst of it was, she learned so little at Miss Primrose's school that, when she escaped for her first holidays, she covered herself with disgrace by writing bank notes for bank notes, and was severely scolded for being so idle, and wasting such golden opportunities.

She was taught to sew, however, very neatly, and in after years she grew so passionately fond of study, of real, hard, severe, uncompromising study, that it was necessary, when she was fifteen, to take away her candles, so that she might not sit up half the night over her books. Even then she used to arise at daybreak, wrap herself in a blanket—not being allowed a fire—and work away at algebra and Latin until breakfast time. She wrote a number of valuable works on scientific subjects and she lived to be ninety-two years old, proving that neither hard schools nor study are certain to shorten our days.—St. Nicholas.

Chinese Private Life.

Here are some hints which may be useful to some of our cooks:

They have a large screen before the doorway which gives privacy sufficient for their need.

The window sashes are closed either by a sort of jalousie or thin matting.

They do not surround their domesticities with the same mystery and secret precautions with which we envelope these proceedings.

Human nature, they argue, has to sleep, and here is the mat on which it stretches itself. Why conceal it?

It also wants to eat, and it satisfies appetite, no matter how many eyes are gazing.

Tell a Chinese cook you are hungry, and he will immediately fetch his cooking utensils, his provisions, and cook under your very nose.

He has no idea of concealing his operations in some faraway region styled a kitchen.

He squats down anywhere, makes a fire on or in anything—a basin, dish, pan or pot; there is no limit to his invention. He will cook in the middle of the street, or in the center of his guests in a restaurant.

Upon one occasion, when on board a junk, I noticed a man cooking his own and his neighbor's food in a tub, an earthenware saucer containing the charcoal.

Wonderful creatures they are, these despised Chinese, with a deftness of finger and ingenuity of patience unsurpassed by any under the sun.

"Old Hickory."

Three explanations are given of the sobriquet "Old Hickory," applied to Gen. Jackson. According to Parton, he was first called tough, in allusion to his pedestrian powers; then "tough as hickory," then "Old Hickory." Another story derives the name from a huge hickory cane the General carried for many years, and a third states that the name came into use during the Indian war. According to the last, one very rainy evening a shelter for the General was made of hickory bark. A drunken soldier, stumbling along, fell against the rude shanty and overset it. The enraged General emerging from the ruins of his shanty was saluted by the tipsy soldier with "Come out of that, Old Hickory."

Patti Got Her Cash.

The death of French, who was formerly Mme. Patti's private secretary, recalls a scene in Philadelphia during one of Patti's tours. Colonel Mapleson was to pay Patti five thousand dollars a night in advance. He possessed only four thousand dollars, and Mme. Patti good-naturedly undertook to come to the theater ready dressed for "La Traviata," all save her shoes. Eight hundred dollars more was scraped from the box-office, and Signor Franchi declared: "You are a marvellous man, Mapleson. She would not do it for any one but you, Mme. Patti has put one shoe on." Nor was the other shoe worn until the odd two hundred dollars was forthcoming.

Two Miles a Minute.

An untamed swallow, which had its nest in a farm near Chetwynd, in Shropshire, was caught and taken in a cage to London, where it was released. It returned to its nest in eighty minutes, having accomplished a distance of 145 miles at the rate of nearly two miles a minute.—Manchester Guardian.

To Destroy Millers.

A device for destroying millers and preventing the spreading of fruit worms is coming into quite general use among cranberry growers on Cape Cod. It consists of a torch mounted on a pole, which is left burning through the night. The millers are attracted by the blaze and fly into it.—Field and Farm.