

CHAPTER VIIL-Contined.

The night was as good a one as need have been, and though better had oc casionally been known, there was on the present occasion, no call for compiaint Jerry, in particular, was orwould have risen under the inspiring influence, if it had produced a like effect upon her companion. But although Belienden assisted both in taking the 1sh off the hooks, and in baiting them again, and although he was always ready with his congratulatory, "Another, Jerry: tou are to-night," she felt that the spirit was absent, and that the passing scene had only a faint, inade juste hold on his attention. His very smile was

But after a while, and that at a movement of her own, he looked round quickly. She had shivered as the air grew colder, and a slight breeze had sprung up.

You are cold," said Bellenden, at once laying down his hand-line, "let me put this over your shoulders," and he drew a rough, warm, weatherbeaten plaid around her. 'Don't you go and catch cold to-night, and then be ill after I am gone, little one." 'It won't matter if I do.

The words escaped under her breath, but they reached his ear nevertheless, and he could not but make some re-

sponse. You think your chances of getting out on the moor and the loch will de-part with me: Is that it: Is Cecil no

"I shall not care to go with Cecil." "You cared to go by yourself before

I came. She was silent. It seemed to her that she would not care even to go by herself any more.

But Belienden's tone grew more and more so" and gentle. It moved him infinite. In his present subdued and pensive came, to think how much of her at a tions this open-hearted, in-nocent-ainded child had given him in one sho t fortnight. It gratined his vanity and something better than his vanity his benevoience. He was glad to this : he had made anyone the pier, 1 rticularly anyone so sweet, and natural, and lovable as Geraldine. He put his arm around her, and drew her

to his side. La Tou must not forget me, Jerry," he

" She had stopped fishing to

"I may come and see you again some day may I not?"

"And you are going to be a good girl.

and carn a great deal, and have a great dea' to tell me when I do come? of you will yo on with our collecand read up about them, and them all in nice o der?" Oh, ves

"I shall tell your cousins about you if I come across them.'

Shall you come across them?" "Very likely i may. If i meet Lord and Lady Raymon, I shall ask to see Ethel and Alicia, and test them all about their little cous n in the north. "Do you think they would care about

"I shall make them care about you." "You won t say that I am very-

'Very what?" "You know what. You know how you found me that I rst fishing day.

But indeed, I am not o ten a lad as that, and I am never going to be as bad again. I have promised granny that I shall not. Aunt Charlotte, and Ethel, and Alicia would have thought it dreadful. I don't want them to think me dreadful." I promise that they sha'n't."

"Well, they won't if you stand up for me," and Jerry smiled confidingly

"Because f am grown up. I suppose "Oh, ves: and a man, and all tha They would think a great deal of what you say; and if you say that I am — Here she stopped. "Go on. That you are —"

"Not I am silly."
"Not silly at all. I want to hear. Go on, there's a good child. You are quite safe with me," and his arm pressed her a little closer.

"I was only going to say that if you would say I was rather nice - that is, if you could say it," said poor Jerry hum-bly, "they would tell Aunt Charlotte, and she would perhaps believe it, and that would please granny. You see Aunt Charlotte does not like me 'very much now, and that vexes dear granny, who loves me so dreadfully, and I thought—I tho ght it might just—no one else could do any good." she concluded. There was something so truthful and confiding in the limpid, childish eyes, and so artiess in the

could not smile at it. "I will certainly do what I can," he said, "and—and you were quite right to tell me all about it, Jerry dear. Now, you see. I know what I am about.
And it a chance offers, why, of course,
I shall embrace it at once." And to
himself he added. "Is there any hope
that she will always remain I ke this: Will she, can she expect to be always as true and honest. Or will she be like all the rest in a few short years?" and even the man of the world sighed. For he little knew, he little dreamed, that

then he had not seen to the m of the heart he called a child's. t before the boat touched the h, he steeped over Jerry for a mo-

as on the shooting days. So-say Good-bye then, while we may, and on her cold rosy cheek she suddenly felt his warm breath, and then the pres ure of his lips in a kiss.

Her heart seemed to stand still— the pulses in her throat to choke her. Cecil, raising at the other end of the boat, seemed like a shadow in a dream his voice calling to her, an echo from some far away distant spot.

Mechanically she rose to obey the summons, touched the different hards held out to guide her, sprang ashore, and stumbled along over the durk, wet weeds, blind and deaf to all pater sights and sounds.

The other two were behind, naving stayed to help up the boat; but she waited or no one. And she never spoke to Bellenden again, nor turned her back to look for him, but hurried forward along through the dim ma es of the woodland path, and in through the great porch, and up the broad stairs, straight to her own chamber, to be seen of no one any more at all that night

for she was not required to come down again. There was to be no supper, only what the gentiemen cho e to send for while a tray was di patched to her eif: and so the farewell on the water was really what it had been given out to be, the parting between the two for many and many a day. It had not been exactly so intended

by Be lenden. The kiss had been given on the impulse of the moment, and there had been no intention of producing such an effect as he could be ceive had been wrought thereby.

she angry, I wonder?" he had thought, half amazed, and half cha grined, but after all su h a thing was hardly likely. It had really nothing to make anyone angry: it been nothing to think twice about. It had

A dear little girl. A sudden parting. A tender good-bye. Everything provocative and excusable. Jerry could not have thought any harm. After all

Within twenty-four hours that kiss was in the giver's memory as though it had never been.

Dur ng his rapid journey south, and while he had perforce many long hours for meditation as the swiftest express trains bore him on from one far tant stopping place to another, Belienden did indeed having no companion to talk to, and nothing to divert hisatbestow a considerable share of his ruminations upon his late so ourn in the old Highland castle. It was a relief to turn to it as a memory when almost spent with conjectures and cogitations in the only other direction which at such a time could command his attention, and the repose of his monotonous life, and the charm of its inter ourse, at once simple and refined. soothed and hushed his sprit when disposed to be chafed and impatient by uncertainty and anxiety as to what now awaited him.

But once arrived within the landmarks of his home, once assured that he was, as he had divined he would be. too late, the necessity for action, the cessation of mere passive endurance, the release from suspense, even the presence and voices of others, put an end at once and altogether to the visbe everything.

The new experience began at once new, and yet foreseen and anticipated. There was t e hush, the solemnity the mournfulness, the whispers, the death-like pause of expectancy. The old butler bowing his white head, underlings subsiding with profoundest respect into the back ground, the shadows of the women fitting past in the dim distance - all wanting to look upon him, unseen them selves all desirous of seeing him vet none daring to intrude. And then he had to meet his mother, his brothers his uncles to interview the steward and the coach man to give his sanction pro ected arrangements; to hear what had already been done; to write

It was now tweive hours since the spirit h d departed, and twelve hours Lady Bellenden had so far recovered

from the first shock and impression, that she had seen her children and consulted with her mald.

The young men had had a furtive stroll round the premises, and peeped by stealth into the paddocks and kennels. The stablemen and boys had known to keep out of the way and afect not to see, as the poor young felws wandered aimlessly about, feeling they knew not exactly what, wonder-ing what they should do next, and how much would be considered law ui under the circumstances. One and all wearied for the arrival of the elder brother. To learn from him what would follow this sudden over urn of all the past, what the new regime was likely to prove, and how it would af lect each one of them, was now their very natural desire. Frederick had always been a good fellow, and they hoped he would no change with his altered circumstances. and appear as others have been known to do, a different man under different

auspices. But who was to say? Thus Frederick's arrival had been thing most earnestly desired and anticipated both above and below

It was late ere it took place, but no one wished to retire to rest first. For himself, he was too much con had been traveling since 5 o'clock that

fused and ex ited to feel fatigue. morning, and he had not slept till long after midnight the night he had not closed an eye all day. Even presently, even after all calls and laims on his attention had ceased on the part of the household, and one by the domestics departed tor night, and the doors had been lo ked, and silence within and without settled down still more deeply than beto c upon the house of mourning, even then the traveler seemed unwilling to

be again alone. The brothers sat up with him. They talked together in quiet, subdued tones of the old days, the old boylsh exploits. the quaint experiences, oyous or grievous, of the past Childish nicknames were recalled; childish jests were slipped out; little trifling tales rose once again to the lip, that but for such an hour had been buried utterly.

The old home seemed dearer to one and all than it had been supposed to be.

Each had gone back to his own little

room. Each went to it that night A WINTER NIGHT ON THE FARM. happier than on the previous one. Their tathe, was indeed gone all was over they were very sorry; but-Frederick was all right, and their hearts were comforted.

And frederick himsel? He also was now quited down. He knew the Beat their icy wings in vain ground whereon he stood, and might be said to be already almost at home upon it. From sheer exhaustion of mind and body, long and heavy slumber at length visited his wearied frame, and the sun was high in the he vens ere Our ambitions narrow down he was aroused from his pillow on the tollowing morning.

But with consciousness awoke every new thought and reflection on the in-stant. A busy day—many busy days lay before him. He must be up and doing; no more lassitude no more uncertainty; a whole crowd of things to be looked after, and instructions to be given, and people to be seen awaited his appearance. All was solemn ac tivity, and decorous supervision. Inchmarew Castle was like the palest spectre on its own misty heath, if the faintest recollection of it flitted

across his memory. And even that recollection was pres ently effaced.

New clams new responsibilities new hopes and fears, a new arena in life altogether had to be entered upon and with surpris ng rapidity Sir Frederick Beilenden accommodated himself the change.

By-an l-by he gave up h's commission in the army, and settled down at his country seat. Next came standing for his division of the county in Parliament, with the excitement of a contested election. Then the loss of the election, and the consolations of sport. hunting in the winter especially There was yatching at Cowes more-over, grouse and partridge and pheasant shooting as autumn came on again and even a run to Scotland and still

never a thought of Geraldine He had not come across the caymends in the interim, and somenow he had omitted to look up young Raymon! when in town, as he had meant to do. And he had ne er sent the little heires present for he bad orgotter about it till too late. And altogether the thought of Inchm rest was not lite so pleasant as it had been at first, after his conscience tol | him h had not behaved so handsomely as he might have done; and again he resolved to make up for it, should occa sion offer and again no occasion did offer; and so things went on for three full years, and then but what hap-pened then calls for a new stage, and a fresh rising of the curtain.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BUTTERFLY TAKES HER FIRST FLIGHT.

In London I never knew what I'd be at, hirspoored with this and encounted with that I'm wild with the awart of variety splan. And life seems a bleasing to happy for man.

All was bustle and joyful alacrity in smart little house in Mayfair.

a smart little house in Maytair. It was a bright, fresh spring morning, and though it was yet very early in May, the mildness of the season had brought on leaf and blosso to such an extent that the parks, one and all, showed a blaze of rhododendron and arales, glories, and the pink almond worn out and faded, was shedding itself in showers on every side. London was full and busy, and a brilliant season

was prognosticated. Mrs. Campbell had been lucky in finding a little house to suit her. she had now been in town for more than a fortnight, during which every day had been fully occupied in prepa rations for the important time now at hand. For Geraldine was 18, and was to make her appearance in the world. As a preliminary, she was of course make her courtsey, and kiss the

hand of our most gracious t ueen, and it is on the eventf 1 morning of her so doing that we catch our next glimpse of the wild little witch of Inchmarew Any greater contrast than this to our first peep at her under the weather stained yellow oilskin and sailor cap cannot well be imagined and the

outer difference does but shadow forth the still greater one within. Three years had done its work, and done it well for Geraldine.

She was taller, gentler, milder than of old she was lovelier by far she was no whit less truthiul, honest, and The governess had been a great suc

ess; if a governess had been searched for the whole world through to suit the place, the pupil, and her surround a better could not have been found than the quiet, earnest, sympathetic and large-hearted woman who presently found for herself so warm a corner of the little girl's heart very quickly she had fathomed the depths and s allows of the soil to be worked, and had gauged its val e. There had been no rude measures, no bastv forms such as wo ld have revolted Jer ry's very soul, but, instead, there had een much kindly appreciation, a fair meed of praise where praise was due, and above all, and it was this whi h had finally won the pupil's entire a ec tions a candid ignorance on many ton ics as to which Jerry herself was qualified to instruct. To be asked to teach when she had only expected to learn! All the generosity and nobility of the child's nat re had been aroused by the supplication, and no cause had Miss Cor nns ever had to repent it. Once begun under such auspices, the pursuit of knowledge had thriven

Ceraldine had actually exulted dur ing the brief, dull, winter days, when the e had been little to tempt her from her tasks, in the thought that the hours which she had been wont to while away in approductive triviali-ties or delegal complaints had een now hardly long enough for all she had had to do. What with one thing and another the weeks had seemed to fly, for her eager spirit had set no bounds to its desires, until even her delighted and almost equally enthusiastic pre-ceptress had demorred. She had hardly known how to be moderate in

TO BE CONTINUED.

A MAN who can eat buckwheat cakes and sau-age, and digest them, need not worry about death

A WOMAN is more disagreeable to the man who has told her he loved her than to any other man.

THERE are so many humiliations is life, that a new one is encountered

pearly every day. You seldom admire a man you see

Is there nucht in life we prize Like the light of home that lies Over us, when winter shakes From the north his frosty flakes. When the chill winds at the pane

Is there any joy on earth Like to that which findeth birth By the fire-light, snug and warm, Of the old home on the farm? Undisturbed and far from town, To a nest of small desires

Bounded by the evening's fires: All the passions of the year Pass away in laughter here, Where the sancy kettle sings And the sturdy back-log flings The defiance of its glance

To the winds, as they advance.

Here the magic pop-corn snaps Into little snowy caps For the chubby hands that ache In their rapture to partake; Here the pippins, plump and sleek, Piled up in the pantry speak,

Plain as any mortal may. Of the summer passed away Bringing back to nights like these, Bird-songs and the hum of bees. Hickory-nuts and walnuts, too. Break their hearts for me and you,

Yield their very souls to make Pleasures for the children's sake; And the eider's kindly cup Offers its keen spirit up

On the altar of good cheer, On this wild night of the year-In this night when love and mirth Hold their court around the hearth. Out with all new-fangled toys! Country girls and country boys,

Blessed with wholesome appetites, Find their measure of delights Where the pound-cake's pyramid Rises like a mosque amid

Aromatic streets, that lie Jelly fringed and paved with pie; Never Bagdad's splendors bent Over homes of more content. Keep us ever thus, we cry, Not too low, and not too high; Teach us to appreciate

Just the store of our estate; Hold in check the common greed For all things beyond our need; Measure unto every one Fair desert of shower and sun.

THE MAJOR'S STORY

You see, there's no harm in tellin' on Bill, now that Bill is dead and gone. As a professin' member I feel it almost a duty. There are people I could name, professin' members, too, who have consarned themselves with Bill's membry, and kinder insinuate that Bill died out of the fold.

Bill, Bill Coombs, weighed nigh onter 200 an' stood six feet in his stockin's. I don't say but that Bill's looks were agin him, as men go, but some way our babies never seemed to mind, and Martha argued that there was some good in a man that bables loved.

Yes, Bill would swear. I don't deny it. He swore right in the presence of



BILL'S BIG BRAWNT SHOULDERS AND HALD

-AMER. Elder Preswick the day Sumter was fired on. Deacon Stebbins-he sent a substitute left the grocery, but the Elder laid his thin, old hand on Bill's big, brawny shoulder and said, just as reverently as the parson ever did in his big church on the hill, "Amen!" Bill and the Elder put their names down on the roll, side by side, and we followed, forty-seven all told.

When we came back from the war there was a pert young fellow from Boston in Elder Preswick's pulpit. He was smart enough, as boys go. My Martha liked him, but his high soundin' religion someway seemed to jar with the gentle gospel that Elder Preswick taught us down there at the front. Maybe we blamed the Lord 'cause we couldn't bring him back with us, an' only eighteen of us straggled to the Corners after Appomattox.

Anyhow, Bill took it harder than any one else, and after his sister's husband. Henry Foster, died in his arms before Petersburg, he swore that there was no God. No, I don't set myself up to judge Bill for what he did during those days.

We laid Bill's sister by the side of Henry Foster, just one year to a day after we got back, and Elsie went to live with Bill. It would have done your heart good to have seen Bill plowing and whistlin' down in the back lot, with Elsie a-seated up atween his big shoul ders.

Every Sunday we called by for Elsie, and she went to Sunday school with our Patience, who was just her age lackin' nine days. Bill never went inside the church, yet he stopped swearin' and used to slick up on Sunday after Elsie came.

Martha will tell you to this day that she knew it would come out all right in the end. Martha is a shrewd woman, but she didn't know Bill as I did. There isn't much in a man that you don't find out after four years of marchin' and fightin', shoulder to shoulder, and Bill was stubborn. It was Bill's pig-headness that saved what was left of us in the Wilderness

"Bill," said Cap'n Jim White, "if you drag that field-piece to the top of that

ere knoll you're a dead man." "Dead be blanked," answered Bill. And up he went.

After the second mule was down the Cap'n said: "Corp. Coombs, I command you to return to your company. We all stood there like sheep, those that were able to stand. It had been an all-day's fight, and the rebels were only

broken divisions like a drop of water. that old saber cut. We didn't taluk

"Jim White," said Bill, his eyes kinder shinin' out bright from his powder-

blackened face, "I refuse to obey!" That was all he said. Nothin' much to tell, but it saved us. Jim White an' all. Bill was just so stubborn that after foot of the bed. Martha said afterthe battle be pulled the chevrons off his

So it nettles me to bear Martha say, "Didn't I tell you?"

It was summer when Eisle came to him, which was the savin' of Bill. He got softer and softer and tenderer



OR, DOD. I WANT TO SAY A LITTLE PRAY

ER FOR MY UNCLE BILL " and tenderer, so that by the time the fall huskin' was over that little tot with her big blue eyes could twist him round

her finger as easy as nothin'. Father used to joke Bill, and ask him if he was trainin' for the ministry. If they had of him let alone, and he could have forgotten his dog-goned stubbornness, I think he would have gone to Sunday school off an' on with Elsle, and that would have shut folks' mouths after his death.

Along 'bout Christmas I could see Bill was gettin' uneasy like in his mind. Elsie and my Patience did nothin' but talk 'bout Santa Claus and a saw-dust doll with a real china head in Uncle Wick's store-window at the Corners. Of course, Bill was willin' to give Elsie a squad of dolls, and I heard him ask Uncle Wicks myself how much it would cost to send to Boston for a regular one that could talk and roll its eyes. Then Bill's danged stubbornness would rise up and whisper, "How could a man that didn't believe in God celebrate

God's birthday?" That's what Bill asked me one morning, as he was puttin' a new pole in his bobs. I knew Bill was gettin' unsettled, and that when Elsle got up in his lap and whispered in his ear, "I des Santa Claus is doin' to bring Uncle Bill a new pair of wristlets," it was more than a barrel of words from me.

Martha helped knit those wristlets first a green yarn and then a red one. with a frill of brown at the end. Bill caught them at it once when Elsle came over to spend the evenin'. He rushed out to the barn to look after his 4-year-old, and when he came back he complained that the saber cut he got at Lookout Mountain was troublin' him

I ran over to Bill's Christmas night to ask Bill and Elsle over to eat popcorn, blekory nuts, and such like, and found Bill puttin' Elsle to bed. There was a hard look in his face, and I knew that it was no use askin'.

I stood still for a moment, and took off my muffler to change the wet spot from my mouth. Elsle didn't notice, and knelt down by the side of her crib in her white nighty, and prayed, "Now I lay me-" just as Jane Foster taught her. When she got through she stopped a minute, and then added a little one of her own. I remember it just as well as though I heard it all over again tonight. She knelt down at Bill's knee and said:

"O Dod, I want to say a little prayer for my Uncle Bill. I des he forgets to pray sometimes. Uncle is a dood man, Dod. He loves me, and set the leg of my little chicken, Bright. Now it is all well, Dod. Of course you don't know Uncle Bill, Dod, as well as Elsle, so I want to tell you, so Santa Claus won't forget him. Dood night."

Then she kissed her Uncle Bill, and

snuggled in between the sheets. I guess that finished Bill Coomb stubbornness. Martha said the next day, when Elsie rushed into the house with her arms full of presents, that Bill would spoil the child; but I knew that could Bill have got over to Boston that night and back in time, Elsle would have had that doll with the rollin' eyes and talkin' mouth. Bill was always that way-he never did things by

Bill was ailing all the winter. We hoped he would pick up in the spring. Martha used to send him boneset tea, and twice he had the doctor, but it didn't seem to do him much good. He



STELL GOD THAT YOUR UNCLE BILL AIM -A BAD MAN."

liked best to sit up by the arch, and watch Elsie and my little Patience play "keepin' house," or take Elsie in his arms and listen to her prattle. He didn't go to church, but he

to talk with Martha off and on, an' he seemed to remember a powerful number of things Elder Preswick said down there in Virginia. I never gave Bill much credit for memory before.

It was 'long during the spring plowin'

waiting for the word to sweep up our that Bill took to his bed, complaints' of The field-piece might give us another much of it, until one day his hired man, John, came runnin' over just as we was doin' the early milkin', and said Bill was dyin'. Martha rolled down ber

sleeves and took off 'cross lots. Bill was asleep when we came it. we tiptoed to his room and stood at the wards that Bill looked almost beautiful as he lay there. The window was open and the smell of the apple blossoms on the gilly flower tree that Bill and Jane planted when they were children came into the room and kinder carried me back to the days when we were boys together, and Jane and old Squire Coombs were alive. I must have been dreamin', for my lids got wet and Marthe pulled my arm. Bill had his eyes open; he saw us and smiled, and then put out his hand for Eisle.

The mornin' sun kinder come in through the apple trees and fell on Elsie's yellow hair. He drew Elsle up closer and closer and whispered low, so the doctor couldn't hear and tell the folks at the grocery, but Martha and I heard and I always thought the doctor did, leastwise he never says anything against Bill.

"Jane," he sometimes forgot and called her Jane; that was her mother, Henry Foster's wife that was, "tell God what-you-told-him-Christmas -that your uncle Bill aln't-a bad man-

Then Elsle prayed, while Martha sobbed softly like in her sunbonnet and I looked hard out into the apple tree. Bill went right on smillin', but when

we spoke he never answered. Elsie crawled up tenderly like onter the bed, and kissed the smilin' lips timidly, and then turned to Martha and said, with a frightened, glad light in her baby eyes, just as though she understood it all, "Uncle Bill is with

Dod."-Utica Globe. A WONDERFUL LIGHT.

It Will Give Illumination of About 250,000,000 Candle Power. The idea of an electric light which, fed by a current from a dynamo actuated by a forty horse power engine, and giving 7,000 candle power, can have its illuminating power intensified 35,000 times, is not easy to grasp. It means the projection of a stream of light of about 250,000,000 candle power, and it is no wonder that the announcement that such a light is about to be used in this country has been received with some incredulity in Europe. Yet this is the efficiency of the light which will be shortly erected at Fire Island for the illumination of the adjacent coast and the protection of the fleet of ships entering New York harbor. A remote suggestion of the power of this lamp may be arrived at by bearing in mind that an ordinary oil lamp is about thirty-eight or forty candle power, and then trying to imagine the combined beam of 3,000,000 lamps. The orderes electric street light may be put down at 100 candle power, and 250,000 of these would about represent the

strength of the Fire Island light. The most powerful oll lamp yet made supposed to shine out on a night for a distance of thirty-five or forty miles, but the new light will flash its welcome rays to the incoming European liners when they are 120 miles away. The light revolves rapidly and throws out its beams with the intensity of speed of lightning. The motive power which actuates it is a simple clockwork arrangement contained in a box two feet square, and although the revolving portion of the light weighs fifteen tons, the mechanism controlling it is so delicate that the pressure of two fingers will turn it. The value of this marvelous lamp can only be determined by practical working, but it promises to represent an immense stride in the science of coast lighthouse illumination -Philadelphia Press.

Music Transmitted by a Wooden Rod The following beautiful experiment, described by Prof. Tyndall, shows how music may be transmitted by an ordihary wooden rod. In a room two floors beneath his lecture room there was a plane, upon which an artist was playing, but the audience could not hear it. A rod of deal, with its lower end resting upon the sounding board of the piano, extended upward through the two floors, its upper end being exposed before the lecture table. But still not a sound was heard. A violin was then placed upon the end of the rod, which was thrown into resonance by the ascending thrills, and instantly the music of the plano was given out in the lecture room. A guitar and harp were substituted for the violin, and with the same result. The vibrations of the piano strings were communicated to the sounding board; they traversed the long rod, were reproduced by the resonant bodies above, the air was carved into waves and the whole musical composition was delivered to the listening audience.

Home-Made Collars and Stocks. The fashionable occupation of the moment among women is the making of the velvet collars and stocks that are indispensable to every wardrobe. Stocks to match every known hue and every combination of hues are a part of the smart girl's outfit, and now that she has found that velvet ribbon answers as well as velvet on the blas, that must be skillfully treated, she simply cannot make these dressy little collar-

ettes fast enough. A length of velvet

ribbon, a flash of clasp or buckle, a stitch or two, and there you are. An Ancient Version of the Psalms. At Essen, Germany, in the archives of the Munsterkirche, a manuscript of the Psalms has bee discovered, which if it belongs, as is believed, to the middie of the ninth century, is the oldest Latin version of the Pasims we have. It contains nearly all the Pasims in Latin in three columns, while in the fourth column is a Greek text writte in Latin characters. The manuscri-seems to be written by the schools seribes established by Charlessees.