

Geraldine



He was broader, touter, taller than he had been. She thought he was hardly so handsome, nor so elegant in shape. It pleased her to note that he had a dash of gray on either temple.

CHAPTER X. Continued.

He could not have done better. "Uncharitable" won his grandmother's "unsolicited" criticism.

No Mrs. Campbell would not, indeed, have him appear, nor have him be uncharitable, not to say un-Christian, and certainly to harbor any sort of grudge against a friend, even though that friend had brought it upon himself.

Well, she would take his hat, but she must take it in her own way. He was quite right to intimate that she would do well not to let any more of this sort of thing appear.

"If you are not at home? Where were you thinking of going, my love?" inquired a grumpy in some surprise.

"To the children's service at Berkeley Chapel. You know it is so near that I can easily go alone if Miss Cornelia does not care to go with me.

"No, sir, I did not say that. And I never will myself by engagements. In case I feel a desire to break them, I make an engagement I keep it. I am not like some people—"

The thought so engrossed Geraldine during the first few minutes which succeeded that, although she conversed audibly and sensibly with her cousin, and knew and comprehended what he was talking about, she had to exert every effort to do so, and was aware that she must not let her attention wander for an instant.

A glance had sufficed to show that Belenden was as much altered as herself.

Important that she should see to it that she was in the carriage at a quarter of eight.

And she thought he was a good deal better than she had been in years. He had been in years, but she had not a consciousness and perfectly new tone.

"Yes, I think it is delightful," exclaimed she, with animation. "It is a delightful altogether. The sunlight and the shade, and the people and the horses. I am afraid I shall want to come here every day, though, Cecil."

"Well, of course that is what people do. It is the correct thing to do. To come only now and then, I don't think. You don't get seen, nor known, nor anything. You will soon begin to notice the most part of the riders who are here now, you will not to know them all by sight. They come regularly. It is quite the thing to do."

"How glad I am I have got my beautiful 'Sir Lancelot' put in the stable. 'Ay, he is the right horse to have. I don't say he has been very much admired, but he is a real beauty. I should like to take you out in the 'Lancelot'."

"There is Belenden over there," observed Cecil, all unconsciously. "I shall ride up to him. I don't say he is so much to have a look at you."

"Not likely. And he is speaking to other people. I do not think he has seen us, so we need not trouble about him, and I am tired of the 'Lancelot' with his companions, 'Lancelot' and 'Sir Lancelot'."

"He had been quite civil to him, and there was no possible reason why the two should not be good friends, or, at any rate, polite, sociable acquaintances in future."

"It was not to be expected that she should be as demure and open-hearted as when she was a child—may, it was hardly perhaps to be expected that she should think as highly of him even in her secret soul as she had once done."

It had been done deliberately; it must have been of set purpose.

THE GOLD STRING.

The minstrel's heart was doubly strung, and suspended like a shuttle of the sun.

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Fred Jones frowned slightly, lowest Sam was not exactly the best of times.

"Miss Brown must choose for herself, Sam," he said, and Sam went back to his work, secretly wondering how a young lady, gifted with ordinary sense, could hesitate for a moment between the captain and Fred Jones.

"Sam, where are the sleigh bells?" "Of course, I can't expect to make myself as agreeable as the city captain, but—"

"Dunno," said Sam. "There's them old jinglers in the garret that used to belong to Deacon John Kendrick, that was in the revolutionary war, and there is the two cowbells that Mary Jane might scour up with ashes—"

"I ain't seen nothin' on 'em," said Sam, stolidly. "Come, come, Sam, don't make yourself out any stupider than you are by nature," said the farmer, laughing nevertheless, for the captain's airs were fast wearing out his welcome, and he secretly sympathized with the much-abused Sam.

"I guess they're out in the barn. You had better go with him, captain, if you expect to find 'em. Our Sam is dreadfully thick-headed when he chooses to be."

"Come along, my fine fellow," said the captain, collaring Sam and marching him off in the direction of the old red barn. "We don't need any lantern in this moonlight, that is one comfort."

"Where are the sleigh bells?" demanded the captain, as they entered the barn. "Ain't none," said Sam. "It's a ladder."

"Up with you, then," said Logan, but Sam shrunk back. "I wouldn't, not for \$50," said Sam. "Old John Kendrick hanged himself from the middle beam fourteen years ago, and folks say he stands up there with a rope around his neck every moonlight night."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried the captain, in accents of contempt. "You cowardly lout, stay where you are, then, and I'll go myself."

and I never will speak to Capt. Logan again."

Charlie Brown was on the point of ascending the ladder with his horse, when the door opened and he walked Fred Jones.

"Not gone yet, Carrie? Where is the Captain?" "I don't know," said Carrie tartly. "And I don't care. Am I Capt. Logan's keeper?"

"Will you go with me?" "Yes, I will," said Carrie, her eyes lighting and shy smiles dimpling her face.

"Of course," said Fred. "I can't expect to make myself as agreeable as the city captain, but—"

"The Captain! The Captain!" cried Carrie, a little irritably. "I'm sick of the sound of his name. I never want to see him again. What a nice new enter this is, and how easy the wolf robes are!"

"Carrie," whispered Fred, as he touched up the horse and felt her nestling close to him, "is it for always?" "Yes, always," she answered.

"Jerusalem!" said Farmer Kendrick. It was past a o'clock at night, and the old gentleman had come out as usual before retiring to rest to see that the dumb members of his family were all straight and comfortable. "I do believe that's old John Kendrick's ghost come to life again, jomdun! like all possessed on the barn chamber door!"

"It's me!" bawled the Captain. "Unfasten the trap door and let me out!" Slowly the farmer lifted the ladder to its place. With rheumatic awkwardness he climbed the creaking rounds and unrolled the book from his clasp.

"How in all creation came you here?" he demanded. "Why, I thought you were out a sleighing with the gals."

SAM OUTWITTED HIM.

Farmer Kendrick had brought in an armful of snow-covered logs from the woodpile at the north end of the house, throwing them down on the stone hearth with a noise like a small earthquake, when Carrie Brown started up.

"Five o'clock. Oh, I had no idea it was so late. I must be going home."

"Allow me to accompany you, Miss Brown."

"You'll let me see you home, Carrie?" Captain Logan and Fred Jones both spoke at once, but Carrie shook her head.

"I prefer to walk home alone," she said sadly. "About the sleighing party to-morrow night?" asked Fred, anxiously.

"I-I have promised Captain Logan," said the village beauty, a rosy tint suffusing her cheek.

LITERARY FINDS.

Sometimes Even Now an Apparently Worthless Book Proves to Be Rare. Probably the days are gone by when a man could hope to discover in a six-penny box an early quarto of a Shakespeare's play or a rare tract on America, but for all that literary finds of more or less interest continue to be made by keen book hunters.

Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, tells how a tradesman at Oswestry had in his possession books to which he attached no importance, but which a lady informed him must be very rare. They were submitted to the authorities of the British Museum, who gave a high price for them.

One was Sir Anthony Shirley's "Writs New Dyall," published in 1604, of which only one other copy is known to be in existence.

As a rule, offers of rare books come from booksellers, who do not always say how they became possessed of them. Among the private people who offer books to the museum for sale are a large proportion who think that a book must necessarily be rare because it is 100 years old or more. Before the great catalogue was made finds were occasionally made in the museum itself, and even now a volume will occasionally be found which has special interest and value on account of its binding.

In other cases a book will be found to be in a binding made up of leaves of some rare work far more valuable than the book itself.

THE CZAR'S WHITE HORSES.

The Czar of Russia has one set of fifty horses, all pure white, with blue eyes. They are beautiful creatures, but deaf, as white animals with blue eyes always are. These white horses are used in showy processions on state occasions, and like Queen Victoria's famous cream-colored horses, are never sold from the imperial stables. When past use they are shot and buried with due ceremony.—Boston Herald.