

"It does not strike me that Miss L'Estrange is a more ingenue. However, as ther fortune is insignificant it does not matinal friends, if any, in England; and in all ter," and the fair widow stifled a yawn: sincerity I am devoted to you."

When do you propose going to Eves heigh then? "The day after to-morrow-and you?"

"I am invited for the 20th, and I propose to arrive that afternoon. The ball Evesteigh you will probably meet a very is fixed, I believe, for Wednesday." "Is there any one-any men, I meanshe has a small property (I will inquire-

you would like Clifford to ask? I can into its value), and if worth the trouble send the invitations before I leave this you might win and matry her. I will give sweet look of spology to his, "only you atternooh: "You are really too kind, 1 should not

ber of dancing men, and you know some." "The only person I can think of is Captain Shirley.

"Very well; what is his address, and who is he?

"Mr. Maraden knows him alrendy. He was in my husband's regiment. He is a more than three and a half per cent -that good danser and a presentable person. He is all I receive for forty or titty thousand indy's chamber, has left the array, I believe, and his ad-dress is "The Doric Club."

and whom you saw at Cowes? How do you than that? You must have a weak you like Hinglish life so far, and have any of our brilliant youths impressed your widowed heart?"

Mrs. Rathven laughed low and softly. "Late in England is very hyable so far as I have seen it. With a few ingredients It would be delightful, and these

"Capthin Shirley !" said a waiter, throwing open the door.

There is an end of our gossip, my anger. Quickly recovering herself, she dear," snid Lady Dorrington, "and I added, with insolent indifference: cannot wart."

Mrs. Ruthven did not leave her seat. She held out a slim hand, which was somewhat darker in tint than her face during the rest of your exile here? Will and throat, and received the newcomer's you come down to Oxford with me toprofoundly respectful greeting with a morrow? It is one of the places you while she spoke. quiet smile

"Lady Dorrington, let me present Captain Shirley to you."

"We have just been speaking of you, my mind, and tell you." Captain Shirley," said her ladyship, bland-My brother, Chifford Marsden, is punctually; and in the meantime I will 15. gathering his forces for a ball on the 23d. think over the question of investments! and if you are disengaged and inclined to Three and a half per cent! The God of spend a few days at Evesleigh, we-1 Mrs. Ruthven."

"Such attractions are not to be resisted. I gladly accept," returned Shirley, with gallantry and left the room. f iow bow.

"You must take the Oldbridge and Anchester line," added Lady Dorrington | grace of a tigress. Durting to her writ-"We will send carriages to meet the six a clock train on the 21st. Now I must Clifford Marsden, and stood for a moment run away, dear Mrs. Ruthven."

The ladies kased and parted, Shirley escorting Lady Dorrington to her car-

cause I rather expect my godmother. Lady Dorrington." "Oh, she is your godmother, is she?" said Winton, settling himself in a corner of the sofa near his companion, resumed her needlwork. "When did she

AS ALEXANDER

"Well, I wish all success to your pla-

which it is exposed. You must remember

"I am really inclined to believe you,"

said Mrs. Ruthwen with a soft smile, and

little judgment in making a book-"

you would give me au ides how I can get

"Fifteen hundred a year! Can your

spot in your heart for him, or you would

"There is no question of weakness," ...he

Shirley looked down with a slight in-

"Believe or not, as you choose.

ought to be able to talk about."

you all the help I can.'

never stand it."

and an revolu."

murningsd:

a matter of calculation."

BETTON ST "On Saturday. She came earlier than was expected, so the squire was out riding with me. I do not think she was pleased.

"Indeed! Are you fond of riding?" "Yes, but I should have enjoyed it more but for the want of practice all the time we were in Germany. The squire says I don't alt badly, and that he will make a good horsewoman of me before the autumn is over."

"Ha! Is he going to stay here, then?" "I suppose so. I hope so. He is very nice and kind. I was quite surprised to find him still so young. I used to think of him as being as old as my father. I was accustomed to see them together when 1 was a child. He must have been quite a boy then.

"No, not quite. He is only a year younger than I am," returned Winton, gaming dreamily with a softened expression at her deft tingers and preity passe.

soductive upturning of her eyes, "so I will try and do you a good turn. At "Is it possible?" cries! Nora in frank. uncomplimentary surprise.

Evesteigh you will probably meet a very charming girl-a cousin of the Marsdens. its has a small comment of will iterate smile

"No, indeed?" lifting her eyes with a are so much granet, and and more dig-"You are very good. As an abstract idea, I am not a believer in marriage, but nibed, that --- " she paused.

dream of exacting " interrupt lidea. I am not a believer in marriage, but "A gracious translation of the first "Ohl there is no obligation." Interrupt I am open to conviction. Since I left the terms which suggested themselves. I susservice to live on my private fortune. I have not done so badly; what with a lit-edly. "Then, I have been broking for "Then I have been broking for the linck on the Stock Exchange, and a years under an Indian sun, in an upcountry station, where my days have "Take care, all gambling is risky; but, been occupied in dealing justice to a lot as you do dabble in such matters, I wish of ruffians, extracting taxes and honting big gauge. You cannot wonder that I am a little musty and untitted to amble in a

"You ample very gently in ours."

"That is, I do not plassintely simuch the "Very well. Now tell me what you did highly honorable trustee do no better for china toys every time 1 walk across the roum! Do you know, I was half altaid I should find you tyrannined over my old friend, Helon Landell, but I do not believe you do, though I imagine there is a returned scornfully. "Our relations, if dash of the tyrani in you any ever exist between us, will be purely "But why?" asked No

"But why?" asked Nora, turning her earnest eyes full on him. "What have I done-" her sentence was never finished. for the door was dashed suddenly open, to help him wipe out the Sexton fam-Bea, followed by her mother, ran into the credulous smile, and Mrs. Ruthven watched him with a glance of fierce, intense room, and the pleasant tete-a-tete was liv. They expected to find the Colonel over.

"Oh, Nora, poor Waldman was nearly that he left home early in the morn-"I much prefer believing," returned Shirley. "Now, what are you going to do during the rest of your exile here? Will was driving so fast to meet the train." Mrs. L'Estrange was greeting Winton determined to kill the wife and burn

"Tes," she said, "the Evesleigh guests the cabin. "If you will come back and dine with me at 7:30 today, I shall have made up Captain Shirley and some other people, "To hear is to obey. I shall be here arrive to day.

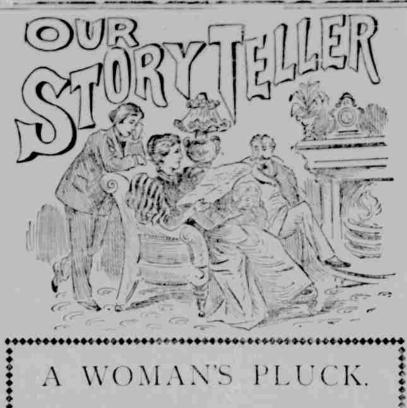
coming?

"Do you know him?" asked Nora. "Not personally; but I have heard some Colonel had left a Winchester rifle and with a bullet in his back. He was morspend a revolver at home, and when the In -shall be delighted to see you. There is "As you like," returned Mrs. Ruthven's regiment, and there was a curious reports about him. He was in a revolver at home, and when the In dians entered the cabin the woman this back out in the bar of the bars. The these remaining Indians took ref. When Folly imples. curions reports about him. He was in a revolver at home, and when the In tally wounded and paralyzed from his Or sussees notes that e'er were heard stary about his having done something had these weapons at hand, though not The three remaining Indians took ref-Shirley kissed her hand with an air of up. I believe, and then retired. I never

> When the door had closed on him Mrs. Ruthven sprang up with the quick feline India as elsowhere," said Mrs. L'Es arms outdoors and entered the cable. Ten or a dozen shots were fired at her trange "Rather more as " returned Winton. ing table she seized the photograph of

> "Why, Nora, here are Lady Dorring- hands. Red Rock suffilly demanded was shot through the left hing and died intensely still, gazing at it. Then she ton and Mr. Marsden, and another lady whisky and something to gat. This in ten minutes. Only two were now and gentleman," cried Beatrice; "they are was more pretense. The woman re left out of the band of ten:

"Purely a matter of calculation," and coming from the bridge."



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WOMAN named] At first they ran away, but after Mary Sexton re leaving the cabin a quacter of a mill cently died in Ida- behind them they decided that ithe with the record woman must be killed at all hazards. of having killed ten They, therefore, swiftly returned, each Indians in fair and by himself, hoping to surprise her open fight. Her Mrs. Sextor fail remained outside the husband, Col. Sex- house and on the niert. She managed ton, was one of the to keep track of the movements of three first settlers on the lot the Induns, but the fourth erent up Kan-as prairies in under cover of a ditch and had a fair the central portion, shot at her at a distance of 100 fect. of the State. One The bullet out the waist of her dress of the Indian sub- under her list arm, but did not touch. chiefs. Red Rock, the flesh. took a strong dis | As Mrs. Sexton saw the smoke above like to the Colonel, the ditch she left the shelter of the cab-

tember, 1808, he the alled together une other Indians

working in the field, but it so happened

-

Mrs. Sexton had accidentally observed the approach of the Indians and their demeanor aroused her suspicions. She was a little woman, being scarce action rattled the buck, who had not "Shirley!" repeated Winton. "Is he 5 feet high and weighing only 110 yet reloaded his rifle, and he rose up pounds, and the red men looked upon to run away. From a distance of fifty her as hardly more than a child. The feet she fired and tumbled him over in sight. There were three rooms in uge behind the stable, which was about the cubin-sitting-room, litchen and fifty yards away, and the woman took "I suppose goosip is as ill-natured in bed-room. The Indians left their fire, up a position at the corner of the cabin. to find Mrs. Section seated in the bed without effect, and then one of the roots door with some work in her backs carelessly exposed himself and

plied that she would not give them. They probably agreed that their he



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So Many Things I Do Forget. So many things I do forget. And fain would I remember, Bright things, glad things my footstops

Before they touched December. But the home where my childhood learned

It's sources. And the trees where my father set them, And the brook, and the bank where the pino belinger. I never our forget them.

Sa many things I do forget. And fain would I semember. Bright things, wise things, my footsteps

(Illarit) Before they touched December, But the franchs of childhand's long ago, It) the mountain shadowed taxes, With a fadeless light their names shall

(1211735) Porvey and faterer.

So many things I do forget And fain would I remember. Bright things, sweet timms, my footsteps

Before they eressed Naturaber, But the blue of my angel is ther's eyes And the lours of fore that set them, And the lines of one broand the skies, 1 never shall forget them.

So many things I have forgot, Nor-wish | to remain Sad things, bard things, I tell them not To April or Discember. But the lyies of the mountain wood, And the searlet plums behind them, Would I forget them if I could. Forgetting who could find them,

So many things we do forget, And fain we would remember, Ere feet that danced the minnet Have walked to allow December. But the songs that silent has have sung. Our momories silhonette them. We sing florn over. We are young. And never can forget them -Julia H. May in Boston Journal.

When Polly Langhs. When Polly laughs. You think of merry, tinkling bells, Of musiciloscin fairy dolla.

When Polls Inughs, All life seems locally and gay. And thoughts of care are chused away. While, solidy over your heart does steal The gladmess of that merry peak, When Fully invigilie.

When Pally Invahs,

The sunlight of a soni shines through Her lorely eyes of aren blue. May juy be still the avertest p



## ONLY TWO LEFT OF A BAND OF TEN.

# and one day in Seps in and advanced upon the Indian. Her

When he returned Mrs. Ruthven had resummed her sent on the edg, and did not my king?" speak for a moment. the stood backing [Kissing at her in allence abas.

Captain Shirley was below middle height, well but slightly made, with a dark, keen face, the features small and well cut, piercing black eyes, the expression of which was in general carefully guarded. He ware a small thick mustuche, the rest of his face was donn shaven, the blue-black of a naturally strong of Oldbridge. beard showing clearly through the skin From head to heed he was perfectly, frishly dressed, and had an air of extreme BORTINSS.

"Well," said Mrs. Ruthven at last, rais ing her eyes slowly to his, "you see I look after your interestal I have managed this very pleasant invitation for you, and t imagine we shall meet a very good set at Mr. Marsden's."

"You are extremely good to me in all minor matters," said Shirley, drawing a chair near her sofa.

"With which you must be satisfied," she said calmly, adding after an instant's pause, "and thankful."

"I am thankful? I am very thankful for the little note in which you warned me you would be in town for two or three days, and would talk over the suggestion 1 made, instead of refusing it at once. "To appoint you my trustee in the place

of my father's old ally, the late Mr. Bur No. my dear friend! Not at pres ges? ont, at least.

"But you do not entirely reject me You must feel sure no one could be so devoted to your interests as I am."

"I am quite sure no interest would come before mine, save one, and that is your OWT.

Shirley showed all his white teeth in a pleasant smile. "You are very keen, but you do me injustice," he said, "and believe me, your interests need looking after; I have been making quiet inquiries in va rious quarters and I find your present sole trustee, Clifford Marsden, has been in a very shaky condition for some time, but has lately been evidently flush of cashcash which I suspect is yours."

carelessly; "Marsden "Oh! nonsense may be a spendthrift, which after all is only suspected, but he is a man of unished honor."

"I don't believe in unblemished honor." observed Shirley calmiy.

"Probably not," she returned. "I am no hurry, and I should like to consult Mr. Maraden as to a second trustee. It ouits me to stand well and on confidential terms with my late husband's relatives.

'No doubt; and," with a keen glance, ald this especial relative become his oor, a delay in naming the second trustee might save trouble in case a new

ment is required." ecisely," said Mrs. Ruthven, with composure. "I should certainly ac-lifford Marsden, were he to ask me. position as his wife would suit me tly. But I do not think he will; unractly. But I do not think he will; un-ma, indeed, he wants my money very "I a nuch. He is not a bit in love with me, seed. I am now old enough to feel that marraige is too important a matter to be "I bind too important a matter to be "I head with love! I was accustomed to L'He this view of the subject in my school days; "V is standay allowed a whim to blind me ville.

aughed about. "Guir a matter of entrulation," she repeated. "Oh! my prince! Kissing the picture passionately, she went into the hall.

Love himself must have blindfolded you

threw it from her on the table, and crouching again on the sofa, say with clasped hands gazing at some imaginary

picture as if lost in a dream.

All Blankshire rejoiced that Evesleigh Manor was once more opened to the county, and to the severely clerical society

Eulivened by the gossip to which this inexpected event gave rise, time flew pulckly, and the fingers of the local dressankers worked nimbly, while almost every train which stopped at Oldbridge rought men or mutitions of war destined

or the manor house. Mrs. L'Estrange and her stepdaughter took a natural and lively interest in the

preparations. Marsden himself was frequently at the cottage, slways in the most charming spirits, and boyishly full of anticipated success.

It was the day but one before the ball, Nora was sitting near one of the drawng room windows which was open, while bright wood fire crackled on the hearth It was a soft, gray day, as if nature was tenderly mourning the departed summer. and the woods gave out a faint autumnal fragrance.

Nora sung softly in snatches as she plied her needle diligently, braiding a winter frock for Beatrice.

May I come in through the window?" randa that Nora started and blushed vir-

"I ought to send you round by the front door as a punishment for frightening me!" she said laughing, as she rose and gave him her hand. "But you shall be absolved, for I see you bring me 'Cornhill.' "Lie there and wait, good dog," cried Winton, when he had whistled his attendant pointer to heel, and the animal, of the benutiful red-brown Irish breed, obeyed at once.

"What a dear dog! We sorely need a watch dog," said Nora. "You know this place is rather solitary at night. The squire has promised me one of Queenie's pupples as soon as it is old enough to leave its mother."

"If it is worthy of its race, you will have a treasure. The Evesleigh mastiffs are famous.

Winton had entered while they spoke, and instinctively walked to the fireplace. where he stood surveying the room and its occupant.

"What a pleasant room this is," he said abruptly, after a few moments' silence. "I never see anything like it elsewhere. It is pretty, yet not too fine for use, and home-like. You cannot fancy supremely home-like. You cannot fancy what a charm there is about everything home-like to an outsider like myself. Brookdale and its owners will be my most lasting memories of the old country bereafter."

"I am very glad you appreciate it, and glad, too, that you have come back in such is such a good humor. Had you good sport at Montlands?" "I was rather bored. And how is Mrs. L'Entrange?" "Very well. She has gone down to the sufficience with Ene I strend at home ho

Charm. amed Nora:

"And I am delighted to see Mrs. Ruth-

"You are very good," murmared the indy, who was must elaborately got up in a country continue, fit for a society play at the Comedie Francuise, and was feela walk in her "Lonis Quinze" shoes.

"Ah, how are you, my pretty maid? maked Lard Dorrington-a jorial red-fac-ed country protoman. "How do you like living in the wilds after rour tonsign

"Exceedingly well; pray come in and sit down;" and she ushered them into the pleasant drawing room, which had called forth Winton's eulogy.

(To be continued.)

### His Own Bouquet.

in a provincial town in France-in which country it is an almost invariable rule for managers to engage artistes on the condition that they are approved by the public-a young actress, who had met with several stormy receptions, the real reason for which was that, being at once opened fire upon the crowd. attached to a young comedian of the troupe, she would not accept any bonasked Winton, so suddenly from the ye- quets or billots-doux from her admirers, that her life depended on her own efwas about to make her last appearance forts, and that Red Rock was the leadon trint.

When the evening arrived, and she appeared upon the stage, she was re- Before the others could get out of the ceived with hissings and hootings, and house she had dropped two more. The the theater was "allve" with apples, seven Indians ran for their guns as beans, and the like. The climax was reached when there fell at her feet a bouquet of hay and thistles, the noise increasing every moment.

The poor girl nearly fainted, and the young comedian above mentioned, who was playing in the piece, supported her, and having led her to a couch, coolly picked up the bouquet. In an instant one could have heard a pin drop. The actor approached his companion, who was erving bitterly, and dropping before her on one knee, said, in a distinct voice:

"Allow me to beg you acceptance of this present, madame. The donor must certainly have deprived himself of his

breakfast this morning." Instantaneously the current of pub-He favor turned, and thunders of applause were heard. The young comedian's presence of mind had saved his financee.

It is estimated that two years are reuired for the gulf water to travel from Florida to the coast of Norway.

It is a great deal easier for some people to pray for the preacher than it is to do their part toward his support.

Of the 353 towns and cities in Masse chusetts 821 contain free libraries.

ven to see you," cried Lady Dorrington, kissing Nora's brow and, drawing bis hunting knife from its sheath, he said:

be friends with a white man ""



THE DEATH OF RED ROCK.

was standing just inside the door, and Her action was so quick and unlooked for as to produce a panic. Realizing er of the gang, she pulled down on him first and shot him dead in his tracks. soon as outside the door. Mrs. Sexton had seen them hiding their rifles, and she followed them toward the spot and

knocked over her fourth man before a weapon was raised against her. The Indians were armed only with muzzleloading rifles, and as soon as they had the weapons in hand they opened fire in return.

time backed toward the door. In the course of three minutes a dozen shots were fired, but none of them took effect. She had but one cartridge left in the gun when an Indian leaped forward, knife in hand, to seize her. She shot him dead when only ten feet away, and then retreated into the house. In a couple of minutes she had the rifle recharged, and then looked out to see three of the five remaining Indians get-

through it and dropped to the ground. The first the Indians knew of her pres-

they are whisky under any discumstances and chance was to make a rush upon the bringing Mrs. Ruthven and Lord Dorring. whisky under any circumstances and chance was to make a rush upon the ton; I will go and meet them?" and she as game was plenty they must furnish woman, for that was the expedient their own food. Her defiant attitude adopted They did a foolish thing, "Well, dear, I have brought Mrs. Ruth- gave Red Rock the excuse he wanted however, in firing upon her before the depend on when they left cover. She

"We have come here to kill you! dropped one of them almost as soon as ven." said Nora, with gracious self-jeas session, feeling on her own ground. When the Colonel returns he will find he steeped out. The other turned to your maying in the value of the other turned to your anyon. you reasting in the ashes of the cubin! the west to run away, but stumbled I hate all white folks and will never and fell, and as he got up he received -Bessy Ablott in Boston Transcript. he friends with a white man!" a built in the back and pitched for-As he censed speaking Mrs. Sexton ward to die within five minutes. A

ing dressfully sized even after so short rose up, solved her Winchester, which quarter of an hour later two white men and three Indians who had been at-

tracted by the firing, rode up from the south. The woman was found seated That you blashed from the point of your on the doorstep with the Winchester lying across her inp. She was pale and trembling, but by no means on the point of fainting away. The only red And who thought it was dever and witty skin left alive was the man she had shot in the ditch, and he it was who gave the particulars of the attack.

As soon as the news of the tragedy reached Gray Wolf, chief of the tribe, who was friendly to the whites, he ordered the bodies of the Indians burned and their property turned over to Mrs. Sexton. He also adopted Mrs. Sexton as a sister.

A Hard Name.

An unknown term or an unusual word often has great weight with the ignorant. Every one knows the story of the learned professor who silenced the Billingsgate fishwife by calling her a "parallelopipedon." Here is a story of similar import. It is of a little colored boy who recently ran home from school to his mother sobbing as though his heart would break.

"What's the matter, boy?" asked the sympathetic mother, clasping the child to her breast. "Has any one hurt you?" "Mike Flynn's been calling me names," cried the boy.

"Deary me! What did he call you? 'Lusses stick ?" "Wuss 'en that." "Blackie? Ink bottle?"

"No."

"Soot bag?"

"Oh, no!" "What was it, then?" "He called me-he called me Ethic

pean," the boy sobbed.

## The English Market.

Great Britain imposes no duty or imported cloths. The British customs tariff is practically wholly on luxuries. it is laid on beer, playing cards, chic ory, chloroform, cocos, coffee, confec tionery, ether, dried fruits, naphtha. soap, spirits, tea, tobacco and wine. Everything else is admitted free of duty.

The joints of electric rallway ralls are now burned solid by pouring melt-ed cast iron around them.

Electricity is now used to improve the omplexion.

Of that blithe carol from her heart. When Polly Invialue.

When Polly inogles. Elualve, yet thrilling everywhere-While oft in memory's halls you hear The music ruging, sweet and clear,

### What He Said.

So he houghed at your broad, constant scalls, dear, And called you a "grinner," and said

chin clear Up to the top of your head. Did this stylish young man from the city, Who threw all the town in a whiri, To hugh at a plain little girl.

Well, never you mind what he said, dear, Forget that he ever came near; Don't trouble your poor little head, dear, About what you happened to hear Him say of your hair and your freckles And the shape of your thin little face, For to each of those troublesome speck 10.6

Your heart gives a sweet, winsome grace.

And I'd rather have your cheery smile,

dear. Than all the grand airs that he wore. So fretting seems hardly worth while efente.

And I wouldn't grieve any more, For a smile, like a bravely done duty, Is a gleam of the light from above. And not all of earth's falent and beauty Can equal the value of love. -Louisville Courier Journal.

Parted. Brown leaves forget the green of May, The earth forgets the kiss of spring: And down our happy woodland way Gray mists go wandering.

You have forgotten, too, they say: Yet, does no stealthy memory creep Among the mist wreaths ghostly gray Where spell-bound violets sleep?

Ah, send your thought sometimes to stray By paths that knew your lingering feet. My thought walks there this many a day, And they, at least, may meet. -New York Tribune.

The Old Tune. From out a windless realm it flowed. Fragrant and sweet as baim of rose Upon its breast soft sunlight glowed. And still it glides where the jasmi blows.

An old, sweet tune of other days! Full of the tints of the autumn time Scents of russets and August hase, Gathered and fell like thoughts rhyme.

May never again that once-loved tune Fall in my heart as a stream that flowed Lot it run as it will, like a vine in June, Fragrant and sweet as the summe Eugene Sield in Chicago Record.

The woman replied, but at the same

ting armfuls of hay from the stack to

had their rifles leveled on the door and window on that side of the structure. There was a small window on the other side, and Mrs. Sexton crawled

uce outside was when she shot down he foremost of the trio carrying hay teross the yard. This left but four live.

pile against the cabin. The other two