



CHAPTER III.

Nora Dene had been married nearly a year. So strangely had the marriage come about that often she herself was puzzled to account for all the motives that had urged her on to such a rash and unconsidered step.

unaffecting, and above all so imbued with a sense of his superiority, than which nothing goes so surely to a man's heart. Most people find it difficult to resist flattery, when delicately administered; and in this case the homage was quite unconsciously rendered, and so of double worth.

confessed, meeting his anxious gaze; "I wrenched my foot when I fell out, and my arm."

She broke off with a faint cry as she tried to move it. "We must get you home at once," said Colonel Prinsep, promptly. "But your pony—did you see in what direction he made off?"



THE PAUPER PUMPKIN

POLLY was a little pauper. That means life in a poorhouse, with its bare rooms, coarse food and coarser company.

she liked the sun because it made things grow. "So does the rain, but we can't stand too much of it," laughed Mr. Allan.

picture mingled itself in the drowsy little prayer she uttered on Mrs. Allan's breast that night on the train that was carrying her to her new home in the far West.

Not Up with Their Reputations. A cable dispatch from London says: All except the most depraved cynics will grieve to learn of the sad indictment of the St. Bernard dogs, which are supposed to be trained to rescue belated travelers in the Alps.

I was approaching the summit of Piz Languard in company with a friend when a huge St. Bernard met us on a narrow path. With a very transparent assumption of good feeling toward us the brute ran at us and tipped us over the ledge.

Coarseness of the Rothschilds. "The Rothschild family are really coarse people," says a lady who has figured in Parisian society. "By means of their enormous wealth they have contrived to get into the best circles, and they commit offenses every now and again that would not be tolerated where money is not omnipotent."

Powerful War Engines. "Americans have twice within this generation upset all standards of naval construction and warfare," said an English naval officer. "First, your monitors changed in a jiffy all the naval designs of Europe, and later on you have perfected a steel projectile which seems able to penetrate any armor that can be carried on a ship."

A Historic Chateau. The chateau of Anboise has been bought from the executors of the Comte de Paris by the Duc d'Anjou, who intends making it a home for the sailors that fought under him in Africa, after which it will become a state museum like Chantilly.

It Doesn't Pay. The great Manchester canal, which makes Manchester a seaport, has not realized the expectations of its originators. It cost \$75,000,000, and its net receipts last year were only \$125,000.

Billiards. A droll match at billiards was played recently at one of the West End clubs. One player was attired in a full suit of armor, and wore on his hands ten Berlin wool gloves.

Vesuvius is Growing. It is said that Vesuvius is 150 feet higher than it was a few months ago.

Land and the Improvements upon it constitute the first and most important item of our national wealth.

How a defeated candidate for office must grumble to his wife!

At last a crisis came. He had forbidden her to dance, an exercise of which she was passionately fond, and she had not rebelled, for even to herself it seemed selfish to indulge a taste he could not share.

Often he found himself glancing around to see if she were near; in church he listened almost unconsciously for her voice, which was at times tremulously upraised, and once as he stood near her at an afternoon "At Home" at their mess.

But there was more of scorn than confusion expressed in Jane's face; and the half-formed suspicion that for a moment she had betrayed a delight that all her demureness could not hide.

There were plenty of children at the poorhouse, but Polly did not seek their company. They called her "stuck-up" and "queer" when she refused to join in teasing the "lunny" inmates, which made sport for the others.

Mr. Allan looked amused. "Your crop, hey? What is it—pop-corn?" "If you would please come and tell me what it is," said Polly, earnestly.

CHAPTER IV. Colonel Prinsep drove home that evening with a strange sensation of anger tempered with involuntary amusement.

At that moment Captain Dene returned, and holding out his cigar-case to the Colonel, led the way on to the veranda. It was quite dark, and a warm wind rustling among the trees prevented their footsteps from being heard.

At a little fishing village last summer on the coast of the Devonshire I was noticing the tameness of the sea-gulls as they flew around the boats, when they drew to land or sat like so many barn door fowls waiting for any bit of fish thrown to them.

When the plant in the field bore yellow blossoms, Polly's heart filled with pleasure. They were not pretty flowers, but they seemed like a part of granny. When the flowers faded Polly hoped more would soon follow.

It was not long before Mr. Allan learned not only the history of the pauper pumpkin, but of pauper Polly herself. His tender heart was touched, and when he parted with Polly to seek his wife and repeat the tale, it ended by proposing something that shocked Mrs. Allan.

Colonel Prinsep, too, saw a good deal of his protégée, as Mrs. Dene persisted in calling Jane to herself; he had always thought her more than ordinarily pretty, and soon discovered that she had other claims to admiration. She was so bright and

She turned her pretty, piteous face toward him, and there was something so appealing and confiding in her glance that his own insensibility grew warmer.

Whatsoever career you embrace, propose to yourself an elevated aim and put in its service an unaltered constancy.

It is not in the power of a good man to refuse making another happy, where he has both ability and opportunity.

So the last scene in Polly's poorhouse life was one of peace and plenty. This

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