

CHAPTER III.

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

She had been engaged in the first instance to Major the Hon, Barry Larron, also of the the -- th Hussars-a man more than double her age, and rendered gloomy and suspicious by a former unlucky incident in his life. It had been his strangely urgent, even selfish exacting love that ad fascinated her. She had thought his passion the deeper that it had showed taelf in such an unconth form, contrasting so markedly with the gentle, almost Slavish devotion that was offered her by other lovers. For awhile she flattered perself that she could tame this savage son, and render him subservient to all her whims and fancies. But time disproved this, and she became impatient under his jealousy, and rebelled against the strict supervision he deemed it necespary to keep over her actions. Girlishly unheeedful of the consequences, she played upon his fears, thinking to punish im by giving more cause for his suspicions, and when remonstrated with she only laughed.

"I will be an old man's darling if you she told him, saucily; "but nothtike. ing shall persuade me to be an old man's ciave.

She was so innocent of evil that she did not understand the extent of his doubts. She flirted with such openness that the veriest tyro could not have been misled, more especially as she so artlessly betrayed her love for her fiance at every turn: he was the only one who was blind enough to doubt her.

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 Now, not content with that, he told her he objected to her singing before any one but her own family.

Then the girl grow rebellious, and refused to comply with such an unreasonable request. That same evening, in definnce of his wishes, she sung at a large party, and when he showed evident displeasure, made no effort to conciliate him. The next morning he wrote to her, say-

ing that her love of galety and craving admiration were incompatible with the life he should wish his wife to lead, and that he could not trust her with his happiness and honor.

confessed, meeting his anxious gase; "I wrenched my foot when I fell out, and my arm-She broke off with a faint cry as she

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tried to move it. We must get you home at once. anid Colonel Prinsep, promptly. "But your pony-did you see in what direction he made off?"

"The syce took him home to bring back help. They will be so anxious when they see him without me."

"Then we will start at once."

He almost lifted her into his dog-cart. and drew the rug round her gently, fastening his own overcoat loosely round her neck, while she neither deprecated his attentions nor evaded them.

He had seated himself beside her, and gathered up the reins. "Are you ready?" he asked her, gently.

She nodded assent, and they drove on quickly through the chill, fresh air.

The next morning, in spite of the doctor's injunctions and her mother's alarmed entreaties, Jane insisted upon being dressed in a loose tea-gown, so that she might lie on the drawing-room sofa: may be an indefinite idea of missing the Colonel if he called had something to do with her unwillingness to play the invalid

Though scarcely conscious that it had gone, so far, she made no secret of her liking for him. He was too far above her for her to be ashamed of the feeling. She would as soon have thought of blushing over her love for a favorite poet or celebrated painter. She could worship this "bright, particular star" without any ulterior intention.

It was one o'clock-the fashionable time for calling in India-when she heard voices in the adjoining room, and presently the curtain was lifted, and Mrs. Knox came in

"Do you think you are well enough to see any one?" she asked, doubtfully, "Oh, yes," answered Jane, eagerly, but her countenance fell as she saw the visitor who followed swiftly on her words

was Sergeant Lynn. "You did not expect me?" said the young man, quickly, his wits sharpened

by jealousy and pain. 'It-it was very good of you to come "Of course I came directly I heard of the accident. Does it hurt you much?"

appealed to him, whether Jane would not pointing to the bandaged arm. make the better actress of the two; but "One does not generally break a limb without suffering from it." put in Mrs.

Knox, tartily. "She did not seem to suffer much last night."

"Did you see me?"

"Yes, I saw you and the Colonel I thought he was never going; and you stood looking at him as though-as slim and lightly made, she ought to be though-

The young fellow stopped, at a loss for words, and Mrs. Knox looked keenly at to look after the children in his charge. her daughter to see if there was any He knew Polly as the "basket baby, meaning in what he had hinted.

But there was more of scorn than confusion expressed in Jane's face; and the half-formed suspicion that for a moment made her heart beat with excitement and hope was strangled in its birth.

"I will leave you two to fight it out," Mrs. Knox said, and went from the room. "Jacob, how could you?" flashed Jane, as she heard the inner door close behind her mother.

But the Sergeant stood erect and unmoved by her anger, which perhaps he teaching; it comes by instinct to-to such took as a confession of guilt.

"You blush now, but you did not think it worth while to blush when the Colonel's arm was round your whist," he sneered in reply.

might not pain me as we jolted over the rough roads. The blush had faded from her face.

and she snoke hesitatingly, as though afraid to say too much; but he was not slow to see her displeasure at the coarseness of his allusion, though he would not immediately give in.



THE PAUPER PUMPKIN

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she said:

corn?"

alu't.

It's most ripe."

claimed Mr. Allan.

"We don't have ple."

a good chance to sell."

prove it."

quickly.

D OLLY was a little pauper. That | she liked the sun because it made means life in a poorhouse, with things grow. "So does the rain, but we can't stand

its bare rooms, coarse food and coarser company. Granny Smith was the very oldest pauper. She had loved and looked after Polly ever since she was found, a tiny baby in a basket, on the poorhouse steps. When Granny died, 8year-old Polly felt very lonely.

All that Polly knew, Granny Smith had taught her. She was charged to keep her face and hands clean, not to steal or tell a lie, and never to marry a man who drank. So you see Polly had wise counsel; and, better still, she meant to heed it.

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 "luny" inmates, which made sport for the others. Yes, Polly was queer, or why did she sometimes push her cup of milk over to Silly Sam. who was always spilling his?

Mr. Norton, the poorhouse keeper, was a kindly man, but he had no time and Mrs. Norton sometimes pointed her out to visitors, declaring it a shame that such a pretty, well-behaved child should be left to come up there.

In the meantime, Polly mourned for granny, and sewed her torn apron with a darning-needle out of the work-box which was now her own. It was all granny had to leave, and was a relic of days when she was not a pauper, and she talked to the thimble about it. The work-box was carefully guarded by its owner-a hard matter-but one day Silly Sam dragged it from its hiding place, and tore a small place of the faded silk lining. Polly rescued it and "He did it to support me, that my arm cried so hard that Sam was sorry and offered her two snalls. It was while Polly was trying to repair the damage that five or six large white seeds fell picture mingled itself in the drowny litthe prayer she uttered on Mrs. Allan's breast that night on the train that was carrying her to her new home in the fur West.

"Dear Lord, I thank you very much for a mother and father. Tell granny I ain't a pauper now. And I do thank you for making the punkin so big that there was ple enough for everybody. Amen."-Waverly Magazine.

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. These noble beasts, which everybody has been told possess fidelity more than human, have been accused of treachery by certain mountaineers. Thus one traveler writes:

"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. Providentially, the next ledge was near and we fell softly on the snow. Then the flendish ingenuity of the brute became apparent. Instead of attempting our rescue, as the dogs in foolish old legends do, this great cur busied himself with the luncheon basket, which had burst with the impact, and ate our cold chicken, while we, with some deft alpenstock work, at length retrieved our safety. The sooner these mountain pests are extinguished the better."

Coarseness of the Rothschilds.

"The Rothschild family are really coarse people," says a lady who has figured in Paristan society, "Hy means of their enormous wealth they have contrived to get into the best circles, but they commit offenses every now and again that would not be tolerated where money is not omnipotent. I recall a reception several years ago in Paris, at which I was present in evening dress. I had met Alphonse Rothschild several times. On this occasion he shook hands very cordially with me and at the same time laid his left hand on my bare shoulder. It were impossible to conceive of a more offensive liberty. Baron Rothschild meant no evil; he simply did not know any better. He and other members of his family are as amiable neople as can be found anywhere, and the charities they best for you. It isn't ready to pick dispense prove the real goodness of their hearts. But any of them is likely to make what we would call 'a bad told Norton it ought to bring a bigger break' at any time. The incident I price. Such fancy-sized vegetables have related is fairly illustrative of the coarse streak which, in spite of their "Who owns the field?" Polly asked excellence, runs through the whole Rothschild family."-Chicago Record.

Powerful War Engines.

"Americans have twice within this generation upset all standards of naval construction and warfare." said an English navat 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. The 100-ton breech-loading rifle cannon is 39 feet long, 17 inches hore, takes 700 pounds of powder at a charge, carries a shot weighing a ton and can be loaded, aimed and discharged by the hand of a lady in less than one minute, so simple is the machinery by which it is operated. It should always be remembered, however, that the effectiveness of these enormous guns is reduced nearly onehalf in an actual battle at sea because of the movements of the sea, while but not a pauper! We don't know how the resistance of the armor is made almost twice as effective by the same causes."-New York Press.

Only one other officer was with him detachment at Hattiabad, and to him he declared his intention of giving her up; but his confidence had been met with indignant warmth.

Genald Dene had known Nora Molnet all her life, and was furious at what to him seemed an unwarrantable insult. The wedding day was fixed -was to have been in that same month indeed; and he knew how her fair fame would suffer if she were jilted so at the last moment. The merely friendly feeling he had felt for her seemed to develop in a moment to al-most brotherly affection. Had she been indeed his sister, he could not have more keenly resented Major Lorron's behavior.

There appeared only one way to show his sense of the ernel injustice of such conduct, and to silence malicious tongues. He must offer to become her husband in Major Larron's stead.

Undeterred by fear of ridicule or rebuff, he put his chivalrous resolve into execution. He told the girl of the shame he feit that one belonging to the regiment should have behaved so badly, and how utterly he disbelieved in the truth of the accusations against herself.

"In proof of which," he added, gravely, "I can only say that if you will marry me. Nora, I will do my best to be worthy of your confidence and to win your love."

And she had consented to the strange proposal, knowing that she was not brave enough to face the jeers or pity of society when the fact transpired that she had been jilted. And she thought that Gerald Dene loved her.

Her pleasure was his first thought, her wishes his own consideration. He was always at hand to do her service, and gave her no opportunity to discover how he was getting more necessary to her every Although formerly a keen sportsman, he now seldom or never went out with his rifle or rod for fear she should begin to think about the past, and find leisure to repent the step she had taken.

That one short year had changed her terribly. The shock to her pride had been so great that she had seemed to grow suddenly old, caring for none of those things which had delighted her before. whole being had become chastened, and the laughter quenched upon her lips.

She had never danced since her mar She sung sometimes, but without that happy ring which had made her singing so pleasant to the ear. Certainly she had grown very staid-too staid, thought her young husband, as he watched her vely at times.

The young wife had made no women friends in Alipore. She was in fact rather difficult to please, but she took Jane to ber heart directly, liking her the better that she was so free from young-ladyism so fresh and unspoiled by contact with se world. Having been so long in her avent school, she had contracted a nuntie, winning way that

Mrs. Done persisted in erself; he had always sets than ordinari-

one good one," he laughed, gayly. "Come." 'Half a dozen had reasons don't make

Mrs. Dene smiled sometimes at Jane's

enthusiasm, yet on the whole agreed with

her. She had always liked Colonel Prin-

sep, though she had never seemed to

know him so well as of late, now that he

so often joined them in their rides and

drives. Resides which they were acting

together in a comedietta, and Jane often

assisted at their impromptu rehearsals.

The Colonel was notably good at theatric-

als, but this was Mrs. Dene's first effort.

and she had been very unwilling to ac

cept the part; only the fact that the per-

formance was for the benefit of a regi

mental charity, and that her husband

Very pleasant were the afternoons spent

in these rehearsals. Jane would be seated

at the further end of the room as audi

ence, her eyes fixed demurely on the little

yellow book, listening with unnecessary

intentness to the Colonel's drawling

tones, which were becoming dearer to her

than she well knew. Sometimes they

referred a knotty point to her, and had

she been observant, she must have noticed

that Colonel Prinsep always adopted her

suggestions. Once Mrs. Dene laughingly

he only smiled, and forebore to express an

to see if she were near; in church he list

ened almost unconsciously for her voice.

raised; and once as he stood near her at

an afternoon "At Home" at their mess,

it entered into his mind that, being se

You are not dancing," he observed

and smiled a little consciously as at the

sound of his voice she turned, her ex-

pression betraying a delight that all her

"Some one did ask me," she assured

"I do not doubt it. Was he such a bad

"It was more of my own shortcomings

was afraid. You see"-blushing-"I

"Dancing is an art that requires

"I wish I could believe so," she an

wered, quickly, too esger to show em-

"Try with me"-persuasively. "I dare not; besides, I could not. I am

with Mrs. Dene, and she is not dancing-

the gentleman she introduced to me

barrassment at the compliment implied.

which was at times tremulously

He strolled toward her slowly.

demureness could not hide.

performer that you refused?"

have never learned to dance.

would be offended-

pleasant partner.

him, gravely.

the World

Often he found himself stancing around

wished it, at last persuaded her.

lie put his arm round her waist, and her forward unresistingly. When the first awkwardness was over she en joyed it, as he could not fail to see by the flush on her checks and the sparkle a her hazel eyes.

When they stopped at last he was smiling, as men will smile when they have broken down one of the weak walls which women love to erect, often more as a precaution than a defense. Then almost immediately his mood changed. and he led her back to her chaperon without making any remark.

At that moment Captain Dene returned. nd holding out his eight-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. Mrs. Dene. unconscious of their presence, answered June's inquiry.

"You were exactly describing Colonel Prinsep," she said, laughing lightly. "So he is your ideal of a perfect man.

discreet cough from her husband startled both, and they turned to see that he and Colonel Prinsep were close behind them.

CHAPTER IV.

Colonel Prinsep drove home that even ing with a strange sensation of anger empered with involuntary amusement most men, he disliked being put it Like a ridiculous position, and strenuously ob jected to being the declared hero of a however charming he romantic girl. thought her. The daughter of his own quartermaster, too!

For several days after this he saw othing of her.

The Colonel had driven out about ter miles to look at some ground where the regiment were to practice reconnoitering and he was on his homeward road when turning a corner, he came upon some thing that made his horse suddenly SWPTTP.

It was Jane, seated on the ground, and near her stood a bamboo cart with broken shafts.

There had evidently been some accident, for the pony and syce that must have once belonged to it had disappeared; and she herself did not attempt to riswhen he came within sight.

"You are hurt!" exclaimed the Colonel. jumping down from his high seat, and going hastily toward her, his arm through his horse's reins.

She turned ber pretty, piteous face to ward him, and there was something so ap-cealing and confiding in her glance that "You are burt!" he repeated, with more

olicitude in his tone than had been ex remed before.

"Only frightened, I think." I am always

timid driving. The pony kicked over the traces and upset the cart-and, oh, I am so very gind you came!" She put one hand in his as he held them out to help her, but she grew so pale as the stood up that he did not withdraw

"The roads are good enough," he muttered, gruffly.

"We came from Brountra," said Jane, with dignity. "I remember you said yourself that the road was a disgrace to cantonment."

The next moment he was at her feet protesting that he had never doubted her. it was only the cruelty of his position that had tortured him beyond endurance. It was too hard that any jackanapes who could call himself a gentleman might approach her when he pleased while he ust stand aside.

Jane found the apology more distasteful than the fault it was meant to condone. "Let us talk of something else," she said at last, wearily,

"And you have quite forgiven me?" She nodded her head. (To be continued.)

The Birds.

At a little fishing village last summer stalk appeared, it was halled with deon the coast of the Devonshire I was light. How fast it grew! noticing the tameness of the sea-guils as they flew around the boats, when low blossoms, Polly's heart filled with they drew to land or sat like so many pleasure. They were not pretty flowbarn door fowls waiting for any bit of

fish thrown to them. "Yes," said an old fisherman, "they are getting tamer again now, but for a long time they kept aloof. A couple of city men came down here and began blazing away at the poor tame creatures, that did not know at first what it meant, for they had never had a stone thrown at them in their lives. How many they would have killed, just for fun, as they said, I don't know, if we fishermen hadn't stopped them; for the guils we consider our friends. We like to hear their wild cries, and they lead us to places where the fish are shoaling. But it was a long time before they be came tame again."

A would-be sportsman stopped over night at a backwoods cabin with a whole arsenal of guns. Early in the morning the farmer was awakened by a fusillade in the garden.

"I jumped up," he said, "to see what was the matter; and there was the city chap blazing away at my little robins and orioles, to listen to whose songs I have often lain awake by the hour, I just caught the little fellow by the collar and told him that if he fired that gun again I'd fire him out mighty quick. He dropped his shooting iron, and looked at me in amazement."

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.

from under the torn silk. Could they be seeds of some of the flowers that bloomed long ago in granny's garden. "I'll plant 'em and see." said Polly crawling on hands and knees to cap ture them. "I'll plant 'em outside of the poorhouse grounds, for granny wouldn't want her flowers to be pau-

> pers. I'll go to the field where it's dug up and nothin' planted an' bury 'em in the far corner. The sun makes flowers grow very fast, and there is such lots of it here," she said, looking well pleased. "There's no house here an' I guess the ground don't belong to anybody. These flowers ain't going to be paupers, anyway."

Polly knew little about planting seeds. She made a hole with her fist, dropped them in on top of each other, covered well with dirt, and waited for sun and rain to do the rest. Many stolen visits to the corner of the field were made before Polly saw any signs of growth, so when a small, green

When the plant in the field bore yelers, but they seemed like a part of granny. When the flowers faded Polly hoped more would soon follow, but blooming-time appeared to be over. It was quite a while before she discovered fuzzy little balls on the stems of the faded blossoms, and Polly wondered what it could be,

"They ain't cabbages, an' apples don't 7 on the ground," she said, feeling them gently. "Maybe they're coke-Duts.

But whatever they were they did not continue to thrive. Bugs ate up the leaves, stems withered and died, and with them the unknown fruit. However, one green globe, twice as large as the rest, defied bugs and blight, and steady increased in size. By September the globe was as large as a bushel

basket, and its color was not a golden yellow. "It's surely gettin' ripe!" cried Polly. delightedly, on seeing it after a week

of rain had prevented daily visits. "If I knew what it was! But it ain't a pauper, anyhow."

She gave its shining surface a loving pat as she left it, and attracted by the sound of whistling, saw at a distance a man, who was sitting on a pile of stones directly in the homeward path. In an instant the thought came to her to ask this man about her unknown treasure, if he looked friendly. Now Polly could have hardly found a more kindly man than Mr. Allan, and he showed his friendliness as she drew

near, by asking if it wasn't a pretty hot sun for a little girl witho net. Polly didn't own a bonnet, so she dug her feet in the soft earth, and said

a voice quivering with disappointment 835

"Then it's a pauper pun'kin-a poor

too much of it," laughed Mr. Allan.

It was now or never with Polly, so

"My crop is looking lovely, an' I think

"Your crop, hey? What is it-pop-

"If you would please come and tell

me what it is." said Polly, earnestly,

"Maybe it's a cokenut, but maybe it

"Cocoanut! Don't set your heart on

Polly led the way eagerly, pointing

"Bless the child, it's a pumpkin!" ex-

"A pun'kin?" repeated Polly, expect-

"Don't you know pumpkin ple?" Mr.

"Not very well," said Polly, humbly.

"Well, people say it's unhealthy, and

suppose your mother knows what's

yet," he continued, feeling it carefully.

I knew this was good ground, and I

"The town owns it now. It was my

brother's but he left it to me. I live

out in Kansas, and my wife and I came

on to settle up affairs. They wanted

more land at the poorhouse, and it was

Mr. Allan's eyes were roving over the

field, and he did not note the changing

expression of Polly's face; but he was

concerned when he did look, and heard

hnt. "Is it good to eat-inside?"

Allan asked, looking astonished.

her finger as they neared the huge ball.

It, for they don't grow round here; but

we'll see," said Mr. Allan, as he rose.

Mr. Allan looked amused.

"The crops look pretty well soaked."

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.

paupers."

turn out; but she'd have a better chance with us. Her eyes are for all the world like Jessy's," and then the subject was dropped.

side. On a couch in the cheerless room weakly smilled on her visitors. Mr. Al. see that the pumpkin was duly picked, while Mrs. Alian studied her and patted her hand. When the husband and wife were outside, Mrs. Allan began to talk very fast.

"I'll make her a warm cloak to travel in, and we'll start home as soon a she's fit to go. She's a dear child!"

"We don't know how she'll turn out, said Mr. Allan, smiling at her.

bring her up right, as we did for Jessy," replied Mrs. Allan. "The poorhouse is no place for her, and I want her, so do sign the papers and get her right away."

The day that Polly-Polly Allan now left the poorhouse wils a day long to be remembered. Not that the fact of her going away was remarkable, or that any one felt very sorry-except Silly Sam and some other half-witted ones-but the time of her departure was Thanksgiving Day, and Mr. Allan gave the poorhouse people a dinner at his own expense. And such a dinner! Turkey and chicken and cranberry sauce, and the pumpkin converted into many pies, crowned the feast. Polly. still weak, but very happy, was carried into the long dining-room toward the close of the meal. At the sight of her Silly Sam set up a feeble cheer, and at tempted to wave his pie in the air with poor success, but was provided with another plece.

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

A Historic Chatean.

The chateau of Amboise has been bought from the executors of the Comte de Paris by the Duc d'Annale, who intends making it a home for the lan met Mr. Norton at the postoffice, sailors that fought under him in Africa, after which it will become a state maseum like Chantilly. Charles VIII, was her history than they already knew, born and died in the chalenn; it was the chapel and Abd el Kader was imprisoned there for two years. In 1848 the chateau was confiscated, but it was given back to the Comie de Paris in 1872 by the national assembly with the other domain lands that had belonged to Louis Philippe. The restoration of the chateau was begun twenty years ago by Viollet le Duc

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 not receipts last year were only \$125,000. Instead of injuring it has benefited Liverpool, that city having secured lower rates by railway, while Manchester is obliged to submit to a heavy increase of taxation to meet the interest on the debt it has incurred in construct. ing the canal.

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. The other wore boxing gloves. The game was one thousand up, each player giving the other nine hundred and eighty. The man with the mittens won.

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!

"I guess we can pray for wisdom to

house pun'kin, after all!" It was not long before Mr. Allan

"We've talked of it often enough-

she might turn out. I never did like "No, it's hard to say how she might

A few weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Aland they began to question him about Polly. Mr. Norton knew little more of but they now learned that Polly was the scene of the bloody massacre folsick, and Mr. Norton shook his head lowing the conjuration d'Ambeise in over her condition. Mr. and Mrs. Al- 1560; Leonardo da Vinci is buried in lan lost no time in getting to her beddevoted to sickness lay Polly, who lan talked to her quietly, promising to