



CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Miss Headworth had only time to make a sign of reluctant acquiescence when the door opened and mother and daughter came in. Nuttie first, eager as usual, and open-mouthed, unaware that any one was there. The mother would have treated her for Miss Headworth's nervous call, "Alice, my dear, here is Lady Kirkaldy."

Very lovely was Lady Kirkaldy's impression as she saw a slender figure in a dark gray linen dress, and a face of refined, though not intellectual, beauty and sweetness, under a large straw hat with a good deal of white gauze about it, and the courtesy was full of natural grace.

"You do not know me," said Lady Kirkaldy, taking her hand, "but I am an aunt to some former pupils of yours, one of whom, Mark Egremont, is very anxious to come and see you."

"Mark! My dear little Mark," and her face lighted up. "How very kind of him. But he is not little Mark now. I should like very much to see him."

Miss Headworth was obliged to say something about her ladyship taking a cup of tea. Lady Kirkaldy, knowing that Mark was on the watch, set off in search of him, and found him, as she expected, pacing the pavement in front of the church. There was no great distance in which to utter her explanations and cautions, and his aunt then took him in with her.

Mark entered, and his exclamation instantly was "Oh, Edda, dear old Edda! You aren't a bit altered!" and he put his head under Mrs. Egremont's hat and kissed her, adding, as she seemed rather startled, "You are my aunt, you know; and where's my cousin? You are Ursula?"

He advanced upon Nuttie, took her by the hand and kissed her forehead before she was aware, but she flashed at him with her black eyes and looked stiff and defiant. They were all embarrassed, and had reason to be grateful to Lady Kirkaldy's practical powers as a diplomat's wife. She made the most of Mrs. Egremont's shy, spasmodic inquiries, and Mark's jerks of information, such as that they were all living at Bridgford Egremont, now that his sister May was very like his new cousin, that Blanche was come out and was very like his mother. Every one was more at ease when Lady Kirkaldy carried the conversation off to yesterday's entertainment.

Soon Lady Kirkaldy carried off her nephew, and his first utterance outside the door was, "A woman like that will be the salvation of my uncle."

"Firstly, if you can bring them together," said his aunt; "and secondly, if there is stuff enough in that pretty creature."

Meanwhile Miss Headworth felt it her duty to acquaint Ursula with the facts of her parentage, which until now had been held from her.

"Oh, then," cried Nuttie, when she had heard the whole story, "I am a sort of lost heiress, like people in a story! I see! But, Aunt Ursel, what do you think will happen?"

"My dear child, I cannot guess in the least. Perhaps the Egremont property will not concern you, and only go to male heirs. That would be the best thing, since in any case you must be sufficiently provided for. Your father must do that."

"But about mother?"

"A proper provision must be insisted on for her," said Miss Headworth. "It is no use, however, to speculate on the future. We cannot guess how Mr. Mark Egremont's communication will be received, or whether any wish will be expressed for your mother's rejoining your father. In such a case the terms must be distinctly understood, and I have full trust both in Mr. Mark and in Lady Kirkaldy as her champions to see that justice is done to you both."

"I'm sure he doesn't deserve that mother should go to him."

never been able to find her, till the strange chance of his nephew stumbling on her at Abbots Norton.

"It can't be," broke in Nuttie. "He never troubled himself about it till his nephew found the papers. You said so, Aunt Ursel! He is a dreadful traitor of a man, just like Marnion, or Theosus, or Lancelot, and now he is telling lies about it! Don't look at me, Aunt Ursel, they are lies, and I will say it, and he took in poor dear mother once, and now he is taking her in again, and I can't bear that he should be my father!"

"You are talking of what you do not understand," remonstrated Miss Headworth. "You must not waste any more time in argument. Your mother has sent for you, and it is your duty to go and let her introduce you to your father."

Nuttie, in her fresh holland Sunday dress, worked in mother's own hands, and with a white trimmed straw hat, was almost shored into the little drawing room. Her eyes were in such a daze of tears that she hardly saw more at first than that some one was there with her mother on the sofa. "Ah, there she is!" she heard her mother cry, and both rose. Her mother's arm was round her waist, her hand was put into another. Mrs. Egremont's voice, tremulous with exceeding delight, said, "Our child, our Ursula, our Nuttie! Oh, this is what I have longed for all these years! Oh, thanks, thanks!" and her hands left her daughter to be clasped and uplifted for a moment in fervent thanksgiving, while Nuttie's hand was held, and a strange hairy kiss, redolent of tobacco smoking, was on her forehead. It was more strange than delightful, and yet she felt the polish of the tone that said, "We make acquaintance somewhat late, Ursula, but better late than never."

She looked up at this new father, and understood instantly what she had heard of his being a grand gentleman. There was a high-bred look about him, an entire ease and perfect manner that made everything he did or said seem like gracious concession, and took away the power of questioning it at the moment. She could not help feeling that a favor, almost an undesired favor, that so great a personage should say, "A complete Egremont, I see. She has altogether the family face."

"I am so glad you think so," returned her mother.

"Now that I have seen the child," he added, "I will make my way back to the hotel. I will send down Gregorio to-morrow morning, to tell you what I arrange. An afternoon train, probably, as we shall go no further than London. You say Lady Kirkaldy called on you. We might return her visit before starting, but I will let you know when I have looked at the trains. My compliments to Miss Headworth. Good evening, sweetest." He held his wife in a fond embrace, kissing her brow and cheeks and letting her cling to him, then added: "Good evening, little one," with a good-natured, careless gesture with which Nuttie was quite content, for she had a certain loathing of the caresses that so charmed her mother. And yet the command to make ready had been given with such easy authority that the idea of resisting it had never even entered her mind, though she stood still while her mother went out to the door with him and watched him to the last.

CHAPTER V. Half-waking, half-dreaming, Nuttie spent the night which seemed long enough, and the light hours of the summer morning seemed still longer, before she could call it a reasonable time for getting up. Her mother lay smiling for a few moments, realizing and giving thanks for her great joy, then bestirred herself with the recollection of all that had to be done on this busy morning before any summons from her husband could arrive.

Combining packing and dressing, like the essentially unmethodical little woman she was, Mrs. Egremont still had all her beautiful silky brown hair about her shoulders when the bell of St. Ambrose's was heard giving its thin tinkling summons to matins at half-past seven. She was disappointed; she meant to have gone for this last time, but there was no help for it, and Nuttie set off by herself.

Gerard Godfrey was at his own door. He was not one of the regular attendants at the short service, but on this morning he hastened up to her with outstretched hand.

"And are you going away?" he said, "I hope to get leave to stay a few days after mother," she said.

"To prolong the torment?" he said, "To wish everybody good-by. It is a great piece of my life that is come to an end, and I can't bear to break it off so short."

"And if you feel so, who are going to wealth and pleasure, must it be to those who are left behind?"

"Oh!" said Nuttie, "some one will be raised up. That's what they always say."

you to learn and to do where you are going, and you will be sure to find much to enjoy, and also something to bear. I should like to remind you that the best means of getting on well in this new world will be to keep self down and to have the strong desire that only love can give to be submissive, and to do what is right both to God and your father and mother. May I give you a text to take with you? 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.'

They were at the door and there was no time for an answer, but Nuttie, as she took her place, was partly touched and partly fretted at the admonition.

The question as to her remaining a day or two after her mother was soon disposed of. Mrs. Egremont sent a pretty little note to make the request, but the elegant valet who appeared at ten o'clock brought a verbal message that his master wished Mrs. and Miss Egremont to be ready by two o'clock to join him in calling on Lady Kirkaldy at Monks Horton, and that, if their luggage was ready by four o'clock, he, Gregorio, would take charge of it, as they were all to go up to town by the 4-40 train.

All through the farewells that almost rent the gentle Alice's heart in two, she was haunted by the terror that she or her daughter should have red eyes to vex her husband. As to Mr. Dutton, he had only come in with Gerard in a great hurry just after breakfast, said there was much to do to-day at the office, as they were going to take stock, and they should neither of them have time to come home to luncheon. He shook the hands of mother and daughter heartily, promised to "look after" Miss Headworth, and bore off in his train young Gerard, looking the picture of woe.

CHAPTER VI. "Mother, mother," cried two young people, bursting open the door of the pretty dining-room of Bridgford Rectory, where the 2-40 part of the family were lingering over a late breakfast.

"Gently, gently, children," said the dignified lady at the head of the table. "Don't disturb papa."

"But we really have something to say, mother," said the elder girl, "and I pray you to let us say it. Uncle Alwyn is come home, and Mrs. Egremont, and please, are we to call her Aunt Egremont, or Aunt Alwyn, or what?"

The desired sensation was produced. Canon Egremont put down his newspaper. The two elder sisters looked from one to the other in unmitigated astonishment. Mark briefly made answer to the final question, "Aunt Alice."

"Well," said Mrs. Egremont, "this has come very suddenly upon us. It would have been more for her own dignity if she had held out a little before coming so easily to terms, after the way in which she has been treated."

"When you see her, mother, you will understand," said Mark.

"Shall we have to be intimate with her?" asked May.

"I desire that she should be treated as a relation," said the canon decidedly. "There is nothing against her character, and, as his wife was about to interrupt, 'nothing but an indifference to which she was almost driven many years ago. She was cruelly treated, and I for one am heartily sorry for having let myself be guided by others.'"

Mrs. William Egremont felt somewhat complacent, for she knew he meant Lady de Lyonnais, and there certainly had no love lost between her and her stepchildren's grandmother; but she was a sensible woman, and forebore to speak. Blanche cried out that it was a perfect romance, and May gravely said, "But is she a lady?"

"A perfect lady," said Mark. "Aunt Margaret says so."

"What did you tell me, Mark?" asked Mrs. Egremont. "She has been living with an aunt, keeping a school at Mickelthwayte."

"Not quite," said Mark. "She has been acting as a daily governess. She seemed to be on friendly terms with the clerical folk. I came across the name at a school feast, or something of the kind, which came off in the Kirkaldy's party. I wonder what my uncle thinks of his daughter."

"What! You don't mean to say there is a daughter?" cried May.

"Eren so. And exactly like you, too, Miss May."

"Then you are cut out, Mark?"

The canon, knowing the house much better than she did, opened a door into a third drawing room she had not yet seen, a pretty little room, fitted up with fluted silk, like a tent, somewhat faded, but not much the worse for that, and opening into a conservatory, which seemed to have little in it but some veteran orange trees. Nuttie, however, exclaimed with pleasure at the nicest room she had seen, and Mark began unfastening the glass door that led into it. Meantime Alice, with burning cheeks and liquid eyes, nerved her voice to say, "Oh, sir—Mr. Egremont—please forgive me! I know now how wrong I was."

"Nonsense, my dear. By-gones are by-gones. You were far more sinned against than sinning, and have much to forgive me. There, my dear, we will say no more about it, nor think of it, either. I am only too thankful that poor Alwyn should have some one to look after him."

(To be continued.)

A REMARKABLE EPITAPH.

A Woman Who Could Not Forget Her Husband's Fault.

Out in Oak Hill Cemetery, the fashionable burying ground in Ardison, Mo., a marble shaft towers far above its neighbors. It is colossal in size, white as the driven snow, delicate in proportion, exquisite in design, airy and graceful as a spire of the Cathedral of Milan when viewed from far away. It is the observed of all those who visit the beautiful cemetery and who tread its flower-lined and shadowy avenues, and they linger at its granite base and admire the delicate carving and ponder upon the strange and suggestive inscription chiseled upon its polished surface:

"At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—Proverbs, 23, 22.

This unusual and unique monument marks the grave of a once prominent citizen. He was prominent in business and politics, and in social affairs. He was the personification of business integrity, a leader in public enterprises, the exemplar of the young men of the community. By and by an appetite for strong drink took possession of him. Prosperity, political standing, social influence, everything was swept away.

The man had lived and was dead and buried, and the great world, forgetting his faults and frailties, remembered only his excellences. But the widow! She remembered—even if she did not remember the virtues of her husband—the cursed cause of ruin. And one day, by her orders, the imposing monument above his grave was erected, and around it, from apex to granite base, the sculptor had chiseled from the inanimate marble a snake of many coils, whose forked tongue, ever protruding, and stony eyes, never closing, are a constant warning to all who look upon it and read the strange device upon the polished surface of the granite base that "at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Chinese Palace of the Middle Ages.

Noah Brock, who is telling for the boys of to-day "The True Story of Marco Polo" in St. Nicholas, quotes the following: And when you have traveled those eight days' journey, you come to that great city which I mentioned, called Kenjanfu, which in old times was a noble, rich, and powerful realm, and had many great and wealthy puissant kings. But now the king thereof is a prince called Mangalal, the son of the Great Khan, who hath given him this realm, and crowned him king thereof. It is a city of great trade and industry. They have great abundance of silk, from which they weave cloths of silk and gold, of divers kinds, and they also manufacture all sorts of equipments for an army. They have every necessary of man's life very cheap. The city lies toward the west; and outside the city is the palace of the Prince Mangalal, crowned king, and son of the Great Khan, as I told you before.

Adulterated Bread.

Many late analyses of baker's bread show that the normal amount of fat in bread, from one-half to three-quarters of 1 per cent., is quite generally raised to from 3 to 4 per cent. This is accomplished by the introduction of lard or other cheap foreign fat, and the result is a very white, nice-looking bread, capable of absorbing and carrying much more water than it otherwise would. Largely through the free use of lard about 255 one-pound loaves of bread are made from a barrel of flour, which at five cents a loaf realizes \$13.25 for the flour. The moral of this is that more home-made and less baker's bread should be eaten, especially in the houses of those with small incomes.

Giving Tit for Tat.

"I wish I were an ostrich," said Hicks, angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's cakes, and couldn't.

"I wish you were," returned Mrs. Hicks. "I'd get a few feathers for my hat then."



GOOD ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.

REV. MADISON C. PETERS of New York is one of the latter-day pastors who do not believe in confining themselves to simply preaching the old-fashioned gospel, but prefer occasionally to discuss sociological and even political topics. Dr. Peters recently delivered an address which gave great satisfaction to all his hearers, particularly those among them who had marriageable daughters. The pith of the sermon is herewith given:

"First, I warn you against the snare of appearances. There are tricks in love as well as in trade. One of them is to make things seem to be what they are not. As you value your life do not marry a mankin, a batter's show block, a tailor's lay figure. Secondly, never marry a man to mend him or reform him. If a man will not reform to please his sweetheart he will never do so to please his wife. I am the father of two little girls, and rather than that they should marry men who drink I should prefer to see them taken to the cemetery. Thirdly, marry your equal. On the other hand, do not marry for ambition. Do not marry a man whose age is greatly disproportionate to yours. You do not want to spend your best days ministering to a superannuated person. Fourthly, do not make matrimony a matter of money. So common has the mercantile estimate of marriage become that I should not be surprised to see the 'hymeneal market' list chronicled in the newspapers and the prices current quoted on the Stock Exchange.

"I know it is accounted a silly thing to marry for love, but the woman who for the want of it reduces marriage to a mercenary contract degrades marriage, degrades herself and inflicts an irreparable outrage on the man she marries. Don't hesitate to marry a poor man, but be sure that he has something more than his poverty to commend him. And here let me say, marry a man who is industrious. The young man who lives off the earnings of his father until he can find a girl who is fool enough to marry him will very likely live off his wife's father. A do-nothing young man will make a good-for-nothing husband. Lastly, pause long before you say the word that ends your chance of realizing your ideal of marriage. Do not become cynical. The world is full of grand husbands and full of young men who will make the right sort of woman happy."

To Preserve Husbands.

See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely mended, with the required number of buttons and strings sewed on. Tie him in the matrimonial kettle by a strong silken cord called comfort, should the one called duty prove too weak. Husbands are apt to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edges, since, like crabs, and lobsters, you have to cook them while alive. Put them on a clear, steady fire of love, neatness and cheerfulness. Set him as near the flame as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and frizzles do not be anxious, for some husbands do this till they are quite done. Add a little sweetness in the form of kisses, but beware of mixing vinegar or pepper. A moderate amount of spice improves them, but it must be used with good judgment. Stir him gently, watching the while lest he lie too flat and close to the kettle so as to become useless. You cannot fall to find out when he is done. If thus treated you will find a husband digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and he will keep as long as you want him unless you become careless and set him in too cold a place.—American Jewess.

House Gowns.

Orange and stem green satin vests make a stylish addition to the little jacket bodices and those with short boleros.

Cording and tucks vie with each other for the embellishment of the plainer waists when a second trimming material or applied garniture is not desired.

All the latest adjustable ribbon stocks are wound twice around the back and fastened in the back or front as preferred, the latter way though being much newer and more practical.

An old-fashion revived is to have a sleeveless waist or alternate stripes of velvet or satin ribbon and lace with girdle and bolero to match over a silk slip. The sleeves and stock match the slip, of course.

Both fitted and half-fitted jackets are worn, but those with the back snug and taut to the body give the most becoming appearance to the figure. Have the back reach quite to the waist line. They are very apt to ride up, and if too short are very ugly.

The jacket fronts which will be extensively worn this spring may be round, square, pointed or cut into any fancy shape your taste may desire. They may be high or low, but no matter what the shape they always give the effect of a jacket over a full vest or waist.

A utilitarian idea is to have a bodice with an adjustable yoke that can be hooked on, so that when it is removed the gown is cut low and can be worn for evening. Many of the most fashionable modistes are making their handsomest gowns in this way this spring.

little things; consider every trifle about your cycling costume, your wheel and your action; improve where improvement there can be, and when you can no longer do so, be happy in having procured the desired end.

Girls We Read A Joint.

The girl who is a dream of loveliness when she is drying her hat in the sun. The blacksmith's daughter in the country village who reads Latin, Greek and Hebrew.

The beautiful little govtess who wins the young lord's heart. The poverty-stricken maiden, who, crowned in simple white muslin and blue sash, outshines her better-dressed sisters, and is the belle of the ball.

The girl who looks fresh and sweet in a dainty gingham when she is cleaning a house.

The girl whose wind-blown tresses fall in a golden shower about her alabaster neck, when she takes a canter on her spirited bay.

The proud beauty who scorns the attentions of the humble young artist, and learns too late that he is a man of fame.

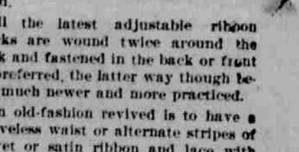
The untutored maiden with the voice of a nightingale who brings the whole audience to her feet on her first appearance.

The heiress who wanders about disguised as a poor girl and falls in love with the fisherman's son.

The girl with two or more mighty jealous suitors who can keep them all at her beck and call, and induce them to do anything by a glance of her liquid eyes.—Philadelphia Times.

Novel Ground for Divorce.

A Boston man, wedded but three months, is about to bring suit for divorce upon somewhat novel grounds. His wife has always been regarded as an attractive woman, but she was courted and won by her husband largely on account of her luxuriant and beautiful blonde hair. His compliments were showered upon her hair profusely before and after marriage. Now he has discovered that all but a few straggling threads of that hair were purchased in a switch. It is said that he made the discovery about a week ago and has not been living with his wife since.



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To Look Graceful A Wheel. It is only natural that every woman should desire to look graceful on a wheel, and this longed for result lies largely with herself. Avoid all unnecessary motion, particularly with the knees; learn to pedal as much as possible from the ankle. Have your machine perfectly adjusted to you. Have a trim, well-made and becoming suit, fitting so well and fashioned on such lines that your contrails will not be flying out behind, your skirt blowing on either side and your neck bent to keep your hat from blowing off. Sit up straight, have your handle bars sufficiently high to allow you to take a tight but firm hold with the forearm straight and the elbow on a line with the waist. Don't despise the day of