



CHAPTER XXVI.

Lyndhurst, 4th July.—Philip Dutton to Miss Egremont. Found. Waterloo, 9.15. "I knew he would," said Nuttie, with a strange quietness, but as she tried to read it to her father her voice choked, and she had to hand it to Annaple. But for the first time in her life she went up and voluntarily kissed her father's forehead. And perhaps it was for the first time in his life that the exclamation broke from him, "Thank God!"

She went toward him with winged steps in her white dress: "Oh, Mr. Dutton, we have not said half enough to you, but we never, never can." He gave a curious, trembling half smile, as she held out her hands to him, and said: "The joy is great in itself," speaking in a very low voice. "Oh! I am so glad that you did it," cried Ursula. "It would not have been half so sweet to owe it to any one else." "Miss Egremont, do you know what you are saying?" he exclaimed. "Don't call me Miss Egremont! You never used to. Why should you?" "I have not dared—" he began. "Dared! Don't you know you always were our own Mr. Dutton—best, wisest friend of all, and now more than ever?" "Stay," he said, "I cannot allow you in your fervor to say such things to me, unaware of the strength of feeling you are stirring within me."

"You! Mr. Dutton!" cried Nuttie, with a moment's recoil. "You don't mean that you care for me?" "I know it is preposterous—" he began. "Preposterous! Yes, that you should care one bit for silly, foolish, naughty, self-willed me. Oh, Mr. Dutton, you can't mean it!" "Indeed, I would have kept silence, and not disturbed you with my presumption, if—" "Hush!" she cried. "Why, it makes me so glad and proud, I don't know what to do. I didn't think anybody was good enough for you—unless it was dear, dear mother—and that it should be me." "It is true," he said gravely, "my younger days were spent in a vain dream of that angel, then when all that was ended, I thought such things were not for me; but the old feeling was awakened, it seems to me in greater force than ever, though I meant to have kept it in control."

"Oh, I am so glad you did it! It seems as if the world swam round with wonder and happiness," and she held his hand as if to steady herself, starting, however, as Annaple opened the door, saying, "We've been sending telegrams with the good news." Then an arch light came into her bright eyes, but the others were behind her, and she said no more.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Come up and see him," said Nuttie, as the dining room door was shut. "I must feast my eyes on him." Annaple replied by throwing an arm round her and looking into her eyes, kissing her on each cheek, and then, as they reached the landing in the summer twilight, waiting round and round that narrow space with her. "You ridiculous person!" said Nuttie. "Do you mean that you saw?" "Of course I did; I've seen ever so long."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Father," said Nuttie, trembling with the effort. "I want you to let Mark take the agency with a view to himself—not me. Let him be as he would have been if he had never hunted us up at Mickletwarte, and put me in his place." "Eh!" said Mr. Egremont. "It is not entailed—worse luck! If it had been, I should not have been bound to dance attendance at the heels of such an old sinner as the general."

noise, unknown and unclaimed, or among the wretches who had caused his death. So Nuttie had the comfort of Mr. Dutton's going down with her, as well as Mark, and poor broken-down nurse, but not a word referring to the confession of that happy evening had passed between them during the mournful fortnight which had elapsed.

LOSSES IN MODERN BATTLES. Less than in Days Before the Invention of Improved Ordnance. Compare the slaughter in Napoleon's campaigns with the worst within living memory—with Gettysburg and Antietam in the American civil war; with Koniggratz, in the Austro-Prussian war; with Sedan and Metz, in the Franco-German war. At Jena, in 1806, the Prussian loss was 21,000 out of a total of 165,000, and the French 19,000 out of a total of 160,000—that is to say, 40,000 casualties out of 185,000 engaged, or, roughly speaking, one in five.



Edward Bellamy's "Equality" has already gone into a second edition. Arthur T. Quiller-Couch—or, as he is better known, "Q"—it is said on good authority, is to finish Robert Louis Stevenson's "St. Ives." Self-Culture, a Chicago magazine resembling the Chautauquan, is deservedly attracting increasing attention as a "magazine of knowledge." Robert Johnstone Finley, manager of the McClure newspaper syndicate, died in New York, aged 29 years. He was associated with Albert Shaw in building up the American edition of the Review of Reviews.

Some titled friends of John O'Hart, of Dublin, have undertaken to collect funds for the support of the Irish author's declining years. John O'Hart has spent his life in compiling his volumes on "Irish Pedigrees" and "Irish Landed Gentry When Cromwell Came to Ireland." The report of Julian Hawthorne, who was sent to India by the Cosmopolitan to investigate the horrors of the plague and famine, is deservedly the leading feature of that magazine. Mr. Hawthorne makes some startlingly sad revelations and corroborates them with photographs.

Since the subsidence of the "Tribly" craze there has been no bad book that has sold up into the hundreds of thousands merely because "everybody is reading it." But a glance at the current Bookman's lists of best-selling books shows "Quo Vadis" at the head of almost every list throughout the country. E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo," "Limitations," and other popular stories, has written a novel, entitled "The Vintage," on a subject of public interest at this time, the Greek war of independence, to begin serial publication in a few weeks. Mr. Benson is familiar with his ground, as he has passed several winters in Greece studying.

Albert C. Stevens, editor of Bradstreet's and associate editor of the Standard Dictionary, has been engaged during the last three years in the preparations of a "Cyclopedia of Fraternities," which will go to press some time this year. This will embrace the so-called secret and semi-secret societies in the country, national and international. Charles Ffrench, Secretary of the Chicago Press Club, has just brought out an imposing volume that is sure to be of interest to all Chicago Irishmen. It is a "Biographical History of the American Irish in Chicago," and is issued by the American Biographical Publishing Company in the Howland Block. The book is a fine quarto volume of about 600 pages, and is sold by subscription. Its pages naturally contain the lives of many of the brightest and most forceful characters in the history of Chicago's development.

Modelling on Fishes. The shapes of fishes have often been studied with a view to determining the best shape for boats with regard to speed. There are many fishes whose fins, or a part of them, shut down into gutters, so that when closed and not in use they make no projection beyond the body, but fold down into these depressions flush with the surface, and offering no obstruction whatever to the rapid passage of the fish through the water when swimming at speed, driven by its tail fin used as a propeller. The slime with which every fish is coated, which is in various ways essential to comfort and existence, helps it to slide more easily through the water. In fact, the fish, studied by men for ideas in modeling, is not only speedy, but is, as one might say, always black-leaded and ready for racing.

An Omitted Opportunity. "Your friend may be a poet, but he certainly does not keep up to the times with his productions." "In what has he failed to be timely?" "He has not written any verses being 'At midnight in his guarded tent the Turk lay dreaming of the hour.'"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. The most pronounced type of bicycle enthusiast is the man who would rather talk about his wheel than ride it.

Then Trouble Began. Mr.—What would you do if I should die and leave you? Mrs.—Leave me how much?—Indiana Journal.