"Certainly."

ship's orders.

you possibly can '

lessly clean.

Barber was the second and homelier

condescended so far as to use a duster-

in Lady Lashmar's private apartments.

Barber was summoned and came,

"I believe his lordship wishes you to

Lashmar. "You will have to put it in

your own bed for to-night, I suppose,

had better cut its hair, too, as close as

The shawl fell off as Lashmar handed

the child to Barber. The little white

nightgown and little bare feet were spot-

radation of those ancestral halls. Lash-

she entreated to be taken to her father.

Where is daddy? Take me to my dad-

And Lashmar, albeit philosophical and

could not bring himself to crack her with

"Stella! That is a very pretty name."

And then with a divinity of patience,

needs last for a long time, how summer

"And you will leave off crying, and be

her childish heart, choked her sobs and

park to the river. He took ber in his

as Barber informed him afterwards.

The inquest upon Jonathan Boldwood

Boldwood , past life to tell what the man

had been, or to testify to any interest in him. When the coroner asked what had been done with the child, Lord Lashmar

adopted her, and would hold himself re-

He strended the funeral in person two

days afterwards, by no means an agree-

able duty, since all the rabble of Brumm

turned out to do honor to their favorite

agitator. But Lashmar told himself the

tay would come when Stella would ques-

ask to be taken to her father's grave;

and he wanted to be able to tell her that

he had stood beside that grave while the

cleds of earth were cast upon the coffin,

while the words of promise and of hope

CHAPTER IV.

The last of the summer roses had

bloomel and faded long before Stella

ceased her piteous entreaties to be taken

to her daddy. She was gentle and obedi-

ent to her benefactor; was gradually growing attached to him. She took pleas-

ure in his society, loved the river and the

gardegs, the meadows and the flowery

banks, the picture books in the library.

where she used to sit upon the floor quie

ly turning the leaves of an illustrated

rolume while Lashmar read or wrote, un

disturbed by her presence. She thrived

in Betay Barber's care, and was happy

in the comforts and brightness of her new

For six years of young, fresh life Stella

Boldwood was almost entirely happy. She lived in a world where all things were

new to the dweller in the tents of th

of thought whose horizon widened with

every any of her existence. Education to

Rtella was as sunlight to the flowers or springtime to the birds. Her eager mind opened to receive the treasures of knowl-edge; her vivid imagination shed its own brightness upon every subject, and abo

brightness upon every subject, and ab-

is this sourcestightened age of ours.

were speken.

him about her father's burial, would

sponsible for her future welfare.

see her father again some day.

"Stella."

the river?"

"Itaddy told me."

that was the burden of her cries.

linquishment of a settled purpose.

sleepy, but smiling, to receive her lady-

CHAPTER III.-(Continued.)

Lord Lashmar was known and honored at the George. The sleepy waiters stifled maid. A homely-looking person of five their yawns and bowed themselves be and thirty, who lighted the candles and fore him. The landlady, who had lingered over her supper in the anug little parlor behind the bar, waiting up to hear the latest news of the fre, came bustling out to see if she could be of any use to his lonfship.

She almost shricked at the sight of the child, looking round with frightened eyes; such a poor little pinched, sallow countenance, so wizened, so unchildlike. The mistress of the George thought she had never seen an uglier brat.

"Oh, my lord, where did you pick er Is she one of the children com Goldwin's?" "She is Boldwood's child, and his lord-

ship risked his life to save her," answered Spillington.

you think you could lend me a shawl to wrap up this little one, Mrs. Sycamour?" asked Lashmar, "and do you think you could get me a pair of horses to take us back to Lashmar? Her ladyship will be anxious till she sees us all safe at home."

"Certainly, my lord," and Mrs. Sycamour rang a belt. "Tell Joe to get the make up their minds slowly and who can landau and the grays ready directly. And, Mary, run and fetch one of my shawls. The warm-knitted one in the chottom drawer, you know, child. Don't stand staring like a simpleton,

"Daddy!" cried the little girl piteously, and the creat dark eyes began to fill with tears. "Where's daddy? I want my daddy."

Lushmar looked at her helplessly. What could be say to soothe or console, what could be say of a comforting nature that should not be a deliberate lie? The little one's breast began to heave

Thet me so to daddy?"

By and by," murmured Lashmar, fee-"by and by, dear child. Will you give her a little milk and a bisenit, Mrs. asked. Sycamour? The poor little thing may

But when the motherly soul attempted to take the child in her arms the little one seewled and clung tighter to Lush-

"Take me to daddy," she pleaded.

"Upon my soul, Lord Lashmar, this is too and h of a good thing," cried Spilling she had contemplated that delicious pic. Mr. Verner was is the study waiting for ties to morrow. I never saw such a gob. daddy." Why, she's as black as Erebus."

"It's the gypsy blood, sir. Everybody with that exquisite gentleness which is says that Boldwood's wife was a gypsy," a pecuniar attribute of those who love lit-"Is that carriage ready?" asked Lash- tle children, Lashmar explained how the journey on which daddy had gone must

It was past 1 o'clock when the grays from the George trotted along the ave- and winter must pass before he could nue that led to Lashmar Castle. The come back or Stella go to him, but how river was gleaming in the starlight, mys- they should meet in the days to come. terious, beautiful between its rushy banks, its leaning willows; and the case-very good, for my sake," won't you ment of the castle gleamed also, with Stella?" pleaded Lashmar. "Fathers are an earthfier radiance, and the low Gothic unhappy when they hear that their childoors stood open under the massive dren have been naughty. You will be stone porch, revealing the lighted hall good, and you will try to love me, won't within. Lady Lashmar and Victorian you, Stella, for daddy's sake?"

came out of the white parlor as the car
The child made a supreme effort over came out of the white parlor as the carringe stormed.

'My dear Colonel, I thought you were dried her tears, and trotted by Lushmar's never coming back?" she said. "How side to the gardens, and neross the dewy dreadfully you must want your supper;" and then, starting at sight of Lashmar's boat, and rowed about with her for half burden the little figure muffled in a red, an hour or so, and took her back to the fleecy shawl—she exciaimed: "Why, castle with a faint bloom in her sallew Lushmar, what in heaven's name have cheeks, and a fine appetite for breakfast,

"A child, madam; an imp of darkness; the spawn of a demagogue-Boldwood's was held next day and Lord Lashmar was child, rescued from the flames by this young hero of yours. Lady Lashmar, you have reason to be proud of your son, said the Colonel, collecting his senses with an effort, for he had been in the middle of his first and soundest sleep when the stepped forward and said that he Bad carriage pulled up.

"You rescued Boldwood's child!" cried her ladyship, looking at Lashmar's smoke-grimed face, and from his face downward to his nether garments, which were torn and frayed at the knees, one knee rent across and showing blood stains on the light summer cloth. "But how?"

"By climbing to the top of a four-story building one of the most heroic acts I ever saw anywhere, except before the walls of a bill fort," answered the Col-"It's a wonder I've brought him back to you alive, Lady Lashmar."

Lashmars were always brave!" said gravely; and then, with a cer-of formality which chilled the Colonel's il, she kissed her stepson on the fore-

You have no right to risk your life for a demagogue's brat," she said. "Why could not Mr. Boldwood rescue his child

"He did his attermest, poor beggar, and as killed in the attempt," said the Col-

Yes; he will trouble us no more, moth-He is gone, and this is his orphan

int why in mercy name did you bring here? Why not at ouce hand her to the proper people?" his child will not go to the Union e I live," answered Lashmar, with people; an actual world of beauty and luxury which knew no change; a world

toy. She had remembered her birthday, young as she was, and had been able to began flie upon Midsommer day.

Lushmar que flowed her sometimes about her earliest experiences very genty, lest be should evoke and memories, He asked her if her father had ever told her an thing about her mother, or of his own life. Yes. He had told her that he on the Scottish border. He had told her that her mother was beautiful and sught to have been rich.

Only one relie of the dead man had been saved from the fire. A small, tin cash box, with the initials J. B., had been found among the ashes and rubbish below that portion of the gutted pile in which boldwood's rooms had been situated. It was identified as his by a fellow lodger and was ultimately handed over to Lashmar, together with the key which had been found hanging on his steel watch chain. Watch, chain and key were given arranged the furniture sometimes even up to Lashmar after the inquest.

The contents of the casket were disappointing. It contained papers which the smoke had blackened so as to be utterly undecipherable. The original form was there, but reduced almost to tinder. The matter had vanished. The only uninjured take care of a child, Barber," said Lady object was a miniature in a double gold case, which had better resisted the action of the fre than the ill-made metal box. after you have given it a hot bath. You The miniature was an old-fashioned painting upon ivory; the portrait of a man in the prime of life. A grave, shallow face, with large, dark eyes and a high, bold forehead. Lashmar judged by the peculiar form of beard and coat collar that the original had been a foreigner, the type was un-English.

It was in vain that the great Lady Pitland's daughter protested against her Lashmar sealed up the sheets of tinstepson's folly in adopting a pauper's dery paper in a large envelope and subbrat and hinted that the cloven foot of scribed 't carefully, "Burned papers found Socialism showed itself in the act. It was in Boldwood's cash oox," with the place in vais that she shuddered at the degand date. He cleaned up the cash box and put the miniature and the papers mar was rock. He was one of those back into it, locked it and tied the key to quiet, undemonstrative young men, who the handle, then he wrote a label, "This box is Stella Boldwood's property, the never be argued or enjoled into the reonly thing saved from her father's lodg-

The intruder did not take kindly to her Lady Lashmar was in London, Victonew life. Again and again, with piteous rian was at Oxford. Lashmar and his tears and childish, unreasoning iteration. protege had their little world all to themselves, save for their devoted slave, Ga briel Verner, Lashmar's old and faithful servitor, who was his librarian and private secretary. Stella's birthday had alstrong-minded in most things, could not ways been made in some wise a festival find it in his heart to tell this orphan by her adopted father. He wanted the child the hard and bitter truth. He child to lack none of those childish pleasures which fathers and mothers give their children.

the word "never." Childhood so soon with soles, "Iraddy!" she cried, "where's daddy? So with weak tenderness he took the little girl muon his lap and drew her to She had been learning Latin for more his breast and told her that she should than a year, and could recite bits of the Bucolles with perfect intonation and pre-"Tell me your name, little one?" he cision, but Greek had been begun within the last fortnight, and Stella was intensely interested in the beginning of a language which she had been taught to con-"It means a star," said the child. sider the grandest tongue that the people of this earth have ever spoken. Had not "Will you be my star? Will you live Homer recited his wondrous tale of Troy with me in this house, and play in those in those sonorous syllables? Stella knew gardens out there, and go in my boat on the story of Troy as well as other children know the story of Red Riding Hood.

ton. Tour had better let our good friend ture for some moments. "I don't want them, with his notebook and pencil in to live with you. I want to live with my his hand, going over a passage in his book. He wrote his manuscript in small scraps, which he revised and rewrote nonin and again, carrying the little book about with him wherever he went, poring and pondering over every paragraph. every phrase; and by this laborious method he had contrived to attain an English style which read like a literal translation from Hegel or Schopenhauer.

The table was bright with flowers, old English silver and old English china. A large dish of strawberries showed erimson against a background of ten roses in a great Japanese bowl. The substantial were all upon a side table. Lashmar was wont to breakfast lightly on new laid eggs and strawberries and cream in this summer weather, and Stella cared only for crisp light rolls and fruit and cream. It was Mr. Verner whose fine appetite did justice to the good things on the side

Stella gave a cry of surprise and rapture as she took her seat. Under her folded napkin lay a glittering golder watch, with a slender chain coiled round it like a serpent. The back of the watch was enafieled, and on the enamel appeared the initial S., surmounted by a star in small brilliants. present. No one came forward out of

"Oh, what a beautiful watch!" she eried: "whose is it?"

"Yours, Stella. You are so precise in giving ne my medicine when I am ill that I rm sure you know the value of time; so I thought you would like to have a timesceper of your own."

"How good you are to me! You are watch, like a grown-up person!"

You are more thoughtful and more exact than many grown-up persons, Stel la. You deserve to own a watch." "I will be very, very careful of it," said the child earnestly.

They were to start upon an excursion soon after breakfast an excursion planned in honor of the day. Fifteen miles from Lashmar Castle there were the remains of a mediaeval abbey-extensive rains in a very fine state of preservation and situated in a beautiful country. Langdale Abbey was one of the places that everyone went to see, and it afforded an admirable excuse for a picnic. The baskets were packed into the phaeton in the stable yard and at eleven o'clock the carriage came round to the porch.

Stella took her seat beside Lord Lashmar in the phacton, Gabriel Verner mounted behind and the groom leaped lightly in his place when the horses were in full motion, deeming that his dignity would have been compromised by mounting a moment sooner. The bays went with a certain springiness which told Lashmar they were very fresh.

They had driven three or four miles in the morning sunshine, between hedge-rows full of eglantine and honeysuckle. past a picturesque Middleshire village. with its tumble-down, half-timbered cot tages in black and white, its untidy straw yards and mouldering barns. The horses were well in hand as Lashmar drove pas the little cluster of humble dwellings, and the inn with its blurred old sign and dripping horse trough. The village see ed for the most part the abode of or death; for all the men were in the f and all the children were at school. B

thereshed locathan Believed beam the next phacton, the groom's smart WINTERHATSAPPEAR Soft crowned hats of medium daughter comes of her eleventh blechtrock and straw hat.

About a hundred yards from the village the road made a sharp curve, and Lord THEY LINGER NOT FOR ICE AND tell her benefactor the exact date, be Leshmar saw himself face to face with cause it was a day with a name. This that which might mean donger. A tracdark child with the star-like eyes had tion entine in full cry, snorting, panting, grouning a traction engine serving as a tug for a huge wagon of hay, which loomed large above it, a wagon which should have been drawn by sleek and plaeld eart horses, with plaited manes and decorative network flapping over their honest foreheads. The groom stood up was once a gentleman, that he was born and uttered one of those inarticulate cries in a great house near the sea, far away which are a common language of the stable. The men in charge of the engine tried to abate the fury of their monster. Too late! The horses were off-all their reserve force in full action, bolting as fast as they could bolt.

"Sit firmly, Stella; the horses are running away," said Lashmar, and then to those behind. "Verner, keep your seat, whatever happens. John, try to hold Miss Stella."

The groom wound his arm round the hild's walst. She was looking at Lashmar's face, silent, awe stricken. How pale he was and how tightly his lips were set! Yet he did not look frightened, only grave, intent, anxious. "Are we all going to be killed?" she

asked, tremulously. "We are in heaven's hands, my darling," he answered.

There was no time for more. The danger was close upon them. Had there been a clear road the bolting of the horses. would have been as nothing with such a whip as Lashmar.

But the road was narrow, and they had to pass that huge bulk of the hay wagon and the engine. The drivers were dragging their load as far as they could towards the hedge, but there was little ful sorts. It comes in all shades, with 1sh for the scarfing of such hats. And time for this, with those frightened borses tearing away at a mad gallop. Lashmar greens and blacks, and is worn tipped turing to which the innocent quill is was holding them firmly, keeping them fairly straight; but just as they neared the ent ne it we one final snort; the offhorse swerved, the pole snapped and both horses fell in a heap, dragging the phaeton over in their fall.

Black night closed over Stella's dreams ending this birthday of hers in deepest darkness before it was noon.

(To be continued.)

Easy Work for the Weather Man. At only one place on the globe has it been possible as yet for the meteorologist to make long-time forecasts mer-Iting the title of predictions. This is in the middle Ganges valley of Northern India. In this country the climatic conditions are largely dependent upon the periodical winds called consoons, which blow landward from April to October, and seaward from October to April. The summer monsoons bring the allessential rains; if they are delayed or restricted in extent there will be drown and consequent famine. And such restriction of the monsoon is likely to resuit when there has been an unusually deep or very late snowfall on the Himalayas, because of the lowering of spring temperature by the melting snow. Thus here it is possible, by observing the snowfall in the mountains, to predict with some measure of success the average rainfall of the following summer. The drouth of 1896, with the consequent famine and plague that devastated India last winter, was thus

This is the greatest present triumph of practical meteorology. Nothing like it is yet possible anywhere in temperate zones. But no one can say what may not be possible in time to come, when the data now being gathered all nated, classified and made the basis of broad indications. Meteorology is pre-eminently a science of the future .-Harper's Magazine.

A New Pavement.

A pavement used in Vienna consists of granulated cork mixed with mineral asphalt and other cohesive substances. compressed into blocks of suitable size and form. Among the numerous advantages set forth in its behalf are cleanliness, noisclessness, durability, elasticity, freedom from slipperiness, whether wet or dry, and moderate cost. Unlike wood, too, it is non-absorbent, and consequently inodorous. It presents the minimum resistance to traction, and, being elastic under passing loads, does away with the vibration caused by heavy teaming. The blocks are embedded in tar, and rest upon a concrete base six inches thick. When taken up for examination, they have exhibited, when compared with new ones, a reduced thickness by wear of less than one-eighth inch-this in the case of a section of a London street always giving me pretty things. But a leading to the Great Eastern Rallway watch! I never thought I should have a station, subjected to continuous heavy traffic, the blocks having been in use nearly two years.

> A Great Catalogue. It is said the great catalogue of books which the British museum has in process of compilation will be completed within a year or two. This work will contain a list of nearly all the books that have ever been published. One hundred and ten years ago the museum completed its first catalogue. It constated of two volumes folio in manuscript. In 1819 this catalogue had grown to eight volumes. A new edition was commenced in the thirties. Only the first letter was printed. The rest were written. It was completed in 1851 and consisted of 150 felio volumes. In 1875 the list had grown to 2,000 and five years later to 3,000 volumes. The new

Teacher Without Pupils. A peculiar state of affairs exist is one corner of Kit Cerson county, Colorado. A school teacher there was a fine school-house, but not a single pupil, and as she is conscientions she is per plexed as to whether it is her duty to go out on the prairie and lassoo the first creature that looks to be on need of instruction or wait in the hope of a voluntary appearance of something capable of being instructed.

edition commenced in 1881 will be

printed and is to consist of 600 volumes,

containing a list of 3,000,000 titles.

Opinions after, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law

SNOW

sailers Are Here, as Usual The Cor-Medium Hats Profusely Trimmed-Passing of the Hat Pin.

Tips on Headgear.

E and snow are more backward signs of the senson than are winter

hats, which are already out in force; and they are so handsome that it is small wonder women are in a horry for getting them. Enormous bate and tiny J toques are both in favor with women who dress extravagantly, but the best milliners have

very choice lines of small and medium eats, though in their windows there may be an array of picture hats as big is barrel heads. Sallors, as usual, are on hand-or, rather, on head-and are as captivating as ever. Elaborate trimulug has so long been the portion of this shape, that there is now no draping, gray satin ribbon gave the shock at finding it almost covered with bows, and a fan of rounded quills set ornamentations of fashionably fanci- off the back, the last a very jaunty fina preference for warm browns, blues. in such fans there is no end to the tora bit over the forehead, but not gro- put. It is perforated, fringed, cut into tesquely so. The trimming that goes arrowhead shapes, rounded and about the hat is made to extend well squared at the tip, and so on. over the top of the brim, either by Cock's feathers, too, are in great

are offered in many novel shapes, in many cases the crown sceming to be only a fold of the scarfing tha winds loosel; over and about the bris, There is a fancy for wearing this som of hat tipped forward and to one sid- as if to allow a thorough inspection of the windings of the trimming. Heavy marect Vogue Seems to Be Small or terials are used for such scarfings, felts, velvet or very heavy satin. In the second hat of this group, which was of gray elt, gray velvet furnished the



MADE ELABORATE AND TO LOOK LIGHT.



SIX NEW TYPES IN SMALL AND MEDIUM SIZES

over the world shall at last be co-ordi- rolling it in great folds, or, if it is vogue, and are handled most dextrousin loops and ends.

many of the most stunning sailors bear by loose folds of rich satin, laid one was embellished on one side by a wide to the height of the hat. All the folds bunch of quills, all in varying shades swept about an aigrette of cock's of natural color, the rest of the hat be- feathers set on the right side. The presing in harmonious shades of brown. Sailors as well as walking hats are this season furnished with elastics; indeed, outer one nearest the edge of the brim the hat pin is not nearly as much in being a coppery brown, the next a use as it has been for several years. In her second sketch the artist has

grouped a half-dozen newly fashlonable models to be found in the stylish milliners' showings of small and medium sized headgear. The investigator of such stocks will find that little

bound close to the hat itself, then the ly, either lying flat or arranged in loops of the bow that is sure to be on waterfall fashion, to take the place of one or both sides is sprangled well out algrette or plumes. In this picture they trim an artistic but whose brim Natural colored or undyed feathers was turned up in Spanish fashion at of all kinds are greatly in vogue and the edge and was filled out to this edge this trimming. An example of this back of the other, each one a little sort appears in the first picture. It higher than the other, and so mounting ty feature of the hat was that each fold was a different shade of satin, the metallic green and the last a bronze blue that was almost black. These three colors gleamed in the surface of the feathers also. The hat itself was a smooth feit of a dull copper red, and tipped down to the left a little, to bring high the aigrette of feathers.



WITH BRIM CHOCK TULL.

toques made to set back of the pompadour are offered. The pictured toque of this type was gotten up in brown and dull red grasses, a bunch of wheat standing at one side in algrette fash ion. These little hats are also made of autumn rose leaves in all their natural shades of red, green and bronze while a bunch of the scarlet seed pods nd, perhaps, a rose or two, complete

While as a rule the lift of trimming that is a usual feature of almost all hats is set at the right side, in many cases it is pushed well to the back. And often, that it may stand very high and firm, I is thrust through an opening in the top of the crown, near the edge. The rolls and folds of the hat's scarfing come as high as the top of the crown, so that unless the construction of the hat is investigated this trick is not apparent. A hat with a narrow brim is trimmed with folds of felt, and at the back the felt stands up in a sort of frill, bigher than the crown, giving the effect of an upturned brim. Sometimes such frill stands all around the crown, entirely concealing it unless you are tall enough to look down upon the top of the hat. This weighting by folds and disguise of the brim by mounting the trimming to the height of the crown from the very edge of the brim, while distinctly the style, are likely to create a heavy effect not als ways becoming to a delicate face and small features. For such wearers come hats like that of the concluding picture. It was black velvet, the crown adden with puffing of pale blue moire, in which wound a hand of jet edged with narrow chiffon pleating. A single plume and feathery algrettes towered from the back. It will be seen that this brim was left clear and permitted to curve slightly in leghorn fashion. While the desirable height was gained by the plume and skeleton algrettes, no suggestion of weight came in them, and further lightness was hinted by a delicate flower against the bair beneath the brim. The chiffon pleating saved the puffing from all indication of weight, and the hat was made also gether suitable for a delicate face. Conyright, 1807.