



CHAPTER XI.

It is two days later. Everyone is sitting out on the veranda. Though late in September, it is still one of those heavy...

word from her to prostrate himself at her feet, while Roger— "Hate you?" says Gower, with intense feeling. "Whatever joy or sorrow comes of this hour, I shall always know that I really lived in the days when I knew you. My heart, and soul, and life, are all yours to do with as you will. I am completely at your mercy. If you wished it I would die for you."

CHAPTER XII.

The days have grown shorter and shorter. Daylight now is to be prized, not sported with, as in the gay and happy summer. The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time has carried us from "Golden September" to bleakest winter, and into that month which claims Christmas for its own.

CHAPTER XIII.

From Christmas day to New Year's day is but a week—but what a week it is! It is very nearly at an end now; the shadows have fallen long ago; the night wind has arisen; the snow that all day long has been falling slowly and steadily, still falls, as if quite determined never again to leave off.

upon him. He—how pale you are, Portia! What is it, dearest? I am sure you are not well to-day. "I am quite well. I am only cold, go on," speaking with some difficulty, "you were saying something about—Fabian."

"No, do not trouble yourself to answer me," says Dulce, in cold, cutting tones. "I wish no one to see me—except you. I am at least that you have spared me those. In your soul—I can see—you think that is horrible!" She covers her face with both her hands, and swears a little, as one might who is, indeed, hurt to death. "And you, too," she says, faintly, "the only one of all our friends. And I so trusted you. I so loved you!"

MALAY FORESTS.

They are Among the Wonderful Things of the Earth. These forests are among the wonderful things of the earth. They are immense in extent, and the trees which form them grow so close together that they tread on one another's toes, says Court and Kampong. All are lashed and bound and rebanded into one huge, magnificent, tangled net by the thickest underwood and the most marvelous parasite growth that nature has ever devised. No human being can force his way through this maze of trees and shrubs and thorns and plants and creepers, and even the great beasts which dwell in the jungle find their strength unequal to the task, and have to follow game paths, beaten out by the passage of innumerable animals through the thickest and deepest part of the forest.

VILLAIN AND LADY.

Despite Her Remonstrances He Persisted in Pulling the Trigger. Rapidly closing and locking the door, the Villain turned to the Fair Lady. "At last!" he exclaimed. She looked around in dismay. The room was at the top of the house, and it was useless for her to scream for assistance—no one would have heard her. "I have been long waiting for this," he said. He chuckled sardonically; his hand grasped his deadly weapon. "This is cowardly. You have entrapped me. You told me that from this room was to be obtained the finest view in all England."

"What is it?" asks Sir Mark, looking up quickly. "Same old story," says Fabian, in a low voice, with a slight shrug of his shoulders. "Signe. Drink. Accounts anyhow. And daisy insolence, instead of proper explanation." As Fabian finishes, he draws his breath hastily, as though heartily sick and tired of the whole business.

"I can stand almost anything myself. I confess, but insolence," Sir Mark is saying, apropos of the intoxicated old secretary. "It takes it out of one so. I have got up with the most gross carelessness rather than change my man, but insolence from that class is insufferable. I suppose," says Sir Mark, meditatively, shifting his glass from his left to his right eye. "It is because one can't return it."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

A glass plate will return to its exact original form after being kept under pressure in a bent condition for twenty-five years. Glass is the most perfect elastic substance in existence. Steel ranks next. Berthelot, the French chemist, finds that the copper objects found at Naga-dah and Abydos, in Egypt, are of pure copper, not bronze. They are believed to date from the first dynasty or earlier, and tend to prove the past existence of a copper before the bronze age.

NOT A BIT SUPERSTITIOUS.

No, I am not superstitious. I consider it pernicious. If not absolutely vicious. In a man To admit himself so small that he must seem Every little sign and omen As the menace of a foeman. Still, I'm free to say that Friday Never, never would be my day For a venture, for I'm sure 'twould never hit. Though I am not superstitious, not a bit. Really, I've no toleration Of that nervous hesitation And that irksome perturbation Which I've seen, When a dinner party chanced to be thirteen. Why, I've seen that arrant folly Make a whole crowd melancholy, With their whining and their flimsy, Foolish reasons for the whimsy. Still, I own I hate to be the last to sit. Though I am not superstitious, not a bit. Certain things may be propitious, Though they seem but adventitious, And it's hardly superstitious To perceive Which is which, and so, accordingly, behave. Now there's nothing makes me sadder Than to walk beneath a ladder. But I grow a good deal bolder When the moon is at my shoulder. And to spill the salt! It takes away my grit. Though I am not superstitious, not a bit. Surely nothing can be clearer Than that evil marches nearer By the breaking of a mirror, - And it's true That a howling dog at night-time makes me blue. For his keen scent makes no errors And he smells the King of Terrors. Here's another thing. Take heed, sir, If your nose should start to bleed, sir, And should bleed only three drops and then should quit! Though I am not superstitious, not a bit. It is sad to see what uses Some folks make of vain excuses Rather than admit abuses Of the mind. When they're rather superstitiously inclined, Just to put it in plain English; It would seem they can't distinguish Between false and foolish cases And the few which have a basis In experience, which even I admit, Though I am not superstitious, not a bit. -New York Sun. South Sea Caressees. When a South Sea island mother wishes to chastise her child she seldom resorts to slapping and whippers-of course she has none. Instead of using the forms of punishment customary among civilized mothers, she pulls the child's hair and bites some part of the body, generally the fleshy part of the arm. In wandering about the village she sees many children having on their body scars produced by wounds inflicted by their mothers' teeth. When a mother wishes to caress her child she deftly draws her thumb across its eyebrows or cheek, or gently seizes its cheek between her teeth. The rubbing of noses is also a mark of affection among the Kingman Islanders, as it is among the Maoris of New Zealand. Goethe the Popular Favorite. The London publisher, Walter Scott, recently asked the subscribers to his "Scott Library" to ballot on the question of what classic they would have for the 191st volume of that series. Goethe was victor in the competition, and a selection from his critical papers was accordingly chosen. In housekeeping, what and funny work go together. Cooking and mending are in another class. No man can claim to be a favorite with the fair sex until some woman has taken poison for him.