Meadow Brook

MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XXIII.-(Continued.) and his distress was at its height when since that morning when on board the fortunately his thoughts were diverted steamer "Delphine" we sat and taiked while I picks up my hat, 'case you see how'll you look gwine into town wid me bareheaded."

Glancing over his shoulder. Mr. Delafield saw the bat away over the fields. and quietly taking a bill from his pocket and placing it in the negro's hand, he re- had been to the dark valley he shudde plied, "That will buy you five such hats." "Yes, but de hosses, de hosses." ex-claimed Bill, almost frantically. "Don't

Mr. Delafield feared so, too, and more ginning to dawn upon him, it had been to himself than to his servant, he said, chilled by my manner, which he now un-

drives all afore him-gits ahead of de

time an' all dat." The next minute he repented a speech mine whose disastrous effects he foresaw, and he was about to deny it as a fabrication of his own brain, when his master, who really saw signs of lagging in the a peculiar whistle with which you spur run himself almost down.

As they approached the town, they heard a heavy, rumbling sound. It was part," said he, sighing deeply. "I never the roll of the cars in the distance. A thought she could be guilty of so much few more mad plunges and the horses deception, though I have always known reached the depot, covered with foam and frothing at the mouth, just as the train was moving slowly away. With one pitying farewell glance at his dying arness instantly," and then with a bound bound sprang upon the platform. which he reached just as Bill called after him in mournful accents, "Ferd's

But little cared he for that. Rosa Lee was to be overtaken, and to accomplish every horse of which he was owner, even were they twice as valuable as the dap

Mr. Delafield, with closely knit brows and compressed lips, sat musing in the car of the time when Rosa Lee would be his wife. They were about half way ing at great speed, when suddenly at a short curve there was a violent commo tion—the passengers were pitched for ward and backward, while the engine plunged down a steep embankment, throwing the train from the track, and dragging after it the baggage car, which in some way became detached from the rest. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt except Mr. Delafield, whose injuries were simply mental, as he knew this ac cident would probably detain them for

The sun had long been set and the were shining brightly ere they were able to proceed, and it was after midnight when they at last reached Charleston. Driving immediately to the landing, Mr. Delafield, to his great joy. found that the steamer bound for New not start until morning. But was Rosa Lee on board? That was a question Lee on board? That was a question which pussled him, and as there was no way of satisfying himself until morn-ing, he sat down in one of the state

citement of starting was over. We were out upon the deep blue see, and from the window of my state room I watched the distant shore as it slowly receded from of sunlight and flowers. Notwithstand-ing the fatiguing journey of the previous been for many months before, for had slept quietly through the night

npon deck, saying the fresh breeze would do me good. I consented willingly, and throwing on my shawl and a simple Legrn hat which had been of much service to me at Cedar Grove, and which Mr. Delafield had often said was very becoming. I went out with Charlie, who led me to the reor of the boat, where he said we were not so liable to be disturb-Scating me upon a small settee, he asked to be excused for a few moments, saying I should not be long alone. The motion of the boat produced a slight dixthe arm of the settee, I shaded my with my hand and sat lost in thought

look up, even when he sat down by my side and wound his arm round me, wrap-ping my shawl closer together, oh, so loved that he should thus caress me. It thrilled me strangely, bringing back to my mind the night when I sat in the vine-wreathed arbor, where I should nev-

should be angry in his way, and I have But Bill's entreaties were all in vain, learned to be a very little afraid of him

ter channel. At a sudden turn together of the past.

road a gust of wind lifted the Wonderingly I listened while he told me how long he had loved me; how it had elafield, "you'll sartin let 'em breathe his sister had deceived him or he should have spoken to me then; and how, in a moment of temptation, when he stood over my pillow, he had asked that I might die, for he would far rather that death should be his rival than a fellowingly drew me closer to his side and told me how he had wondered at Dr. Clayton's leaving me so abruptly, and how

—they usually are."

Without considering the consequence, Bill answered, "No, they won't: 'case I hear how they hired an engineer who can you comprehend the overwhelming delight I experienced when I read that letter and felt that you would at last be

up the story and told him of all my own feelings, and that nothing would ever have induced me to think for a moment f becoming Dr. Clayton's wife but the belief that he was engaged to Ada, s the horses. Make it now; Ford has story which I told him his sister affirm ed when I went to her for counsel. "And so Angeline played a double

she was averse to my marrying any one. moment had he been engaged to her. "She is to me like a sister," said he and though I know she has many faults, I am greatly attached to her, for we have lived together many years. She was com mitted to my care by her father, and I shall always be faithful to my trust. And stances should render it necessary for her to live with us, shall you object the cannot harm you now.

He had talked to me much of his love but not a word before had he said of my sharing his home at Magnolia Grove. so I rather coquettishly answered, "You matter, and still you have not asked me

A shadow for a moment darkened his face, and then with a very quizzical expression be made me a formal offer of imself and fortune, asking me pointedly f I would accept it, and-and-well, e sourse I did what my readers knew I would do when I first told them of the and promised to return with him to Mag solia Grove as soon as my health would permit, which he was positive would be a very few weeks, for he should be my daily physician, and "love," he said. "would work miracles."

Thus, you see, we were engaged-Richard and I.

CHAPTER XXIV. Over the New England hills the hazy light of a most glorious Indian summer lifted their tail heads as proudly as if termined not to do, we were rattling they heard not in the distance the voice along in a dusty Charleston omnibus totheir Southern home, where I fondly hoped to meet them, for I was to be a bride—Richard's bride—and the des my bridal had come. We had been ev-erywhere—Richard and I—all over the old Sunny Bank farm, sacred to me for clustered round it, and very, very dear to him because it was my childhood's home. So be told me when we stood for grape vine, and I pointed out to him the place where, years before, I had lain in the long green grass and wept over the fickleness of one who was naught to me now save a near friend.

Together we had sat in the old brown and I-but no matter where I sat-when I told him of the little romping girl with gayly colored maps the boundary of Georgia, little dreaming that her home would one day be there. Then when I lowed him the bench where I had lair when the faintness came over me, he wound his arm closer around me-though lingering longest in the room where I was born, and when he thought I didn't the rose bush which grew beneath the window, and which I told him I had

planted when a little girl. For a few days we lingered at my nother's freside, and then, with the fall that when the summer birds came back breathe once more the air of her native hills. We stopped at New York, Phila-delphia, Baltimore and Washington, and it was not until the holidays were pass-

ed that we landed at last at Charleston and took the cars for Chester, which we reached about dark.

With a loud cry of joy, Bill, who was waiting for us, welcomed back his master, and then almost crushing my fugers in his big black hand, said, with a sly

drew near the house, and he bade me be calmer, saying the meeting between my-self and his sister would soon be over. But it was not that which I dreaded.

It was the presentation to his servants, to whom I bore the formidable relation of mistress, and for whose good opinion I cared far more than I did for that of the haughty Mrs. Lansing. Something like this I said to Richard, who assured me that his household would love me beson, and thus I found it to be. As we drove into the yard, we were surprised at seeing the house brilliantly lighted. while through the open windows forms

not like it, for you need rest, and are too much fatigued to see any one to-night. but I suppose it cannot be avoided. Ho,

"Some ob de quality," answered Bill, adding that "Miss Angeline done 'vite 'em to see de bride."

She might at least have consulted my wishes," said Richard, while my heart sunk within me at being obliged to meet strangers in my jaded condition.

Mrs. Lansing, it seems, had in her mind a new piano for Lina, their present one being rather old-fashioned, and his bride. So in her zeal she rather over did the matter, inviting many of the vilne and some were not, though all, I believe, felt curious to see how the "ple beiau"—thus Ada termed me—would de

Dusky faces, with white, shining eyes, seered round the corner of the building as the carriage stopped before the door and more than one whisper reached me 'Dat's she-de new miss, dat mars'r's

her face wreathed in smiles, while at her side, in flowing white muslin, were Ada and Line, the former of whom sprung gayly down the steps, and with igned joy threw herself into the arms of her guardian, who, after kissing her affectionately, presented her to me, saying, "Will Ada be a sister to my wife 'Anything for your sake," answered Ada, with rather more emphasis on your

than was quite pleasing to me.

Mrs. Lansing came next, and there was something of hanteur in her manner as she advanced, for much as she desired to please her brother, she was not yet fully prepared to meet me as an equal But Richard knew the avenue to her heart, and as he placed my hand in hers

he said, "For the sake of Jessie you will

ove my bride, I am sure." ore, and ere I was aware of it, Mrs. Richard Delafield was quite a bellewhat she said, what she did, and what she wore being pronounced au fait by the fashionables of Chester. Upon al this Ada looked jealously, never allow ing an opportunity to pass without speak ful that Richard should not know of it In his presence she was vastly kind, sit ting at my feet, calling me "aunty," and treating me as if I had been twenty

Toward the middle of August, invitading in Charleston. I was exceedingly anxious to go, having heard much of the bride, who was a distant relative of my Lansing raised every conceivable objec-tion to my leaving home, I adroitly put seide all their arguments, and ere Richmorning after our arrival, I went into self at the piano I saw just across the room, near an open window, a quiet, intelligent looking lady, apparently tweeand soft, dark eyes, which instantly riv-

At the sound of the music she came to my side, listened attentively, and when had finished, she laid one white, chub keys, saying, "Please play again; Rosa

"And so your name is Rosa?" I an wered; "Rosa what?"

'Ross Lee Clayton, and that's my new na," she replied, pointing toward the lady, whose usually pale cheek was for an instant suffused with a blush such as brides only wear.

I knew now why I had felt interested in the child. It was the father whom I saw looking at me through the eyes of my arms. I was about to question ber of her sire, when an increasing glow on hall told me he was coming.

The next moment he stood before me

-Dr. Clayton-his face perfectly unruffled and wearing an expression of con-tent, at least, if not perfect happiness. I was conscious of a faintness stealing over me, but by a strong effort I shook over me, but by a strong effort I shook it off, and rising to my feet, I offered him my hand, which he pressed, saying, "This is indeed a surprise, Ross—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Delafield, I suppose?" I nodded in the affirmative, had was about to say something more, when another footstep approached, and my husband's tail figure darkened the doorway. For an instant they both turned pale, and Dr. Clayton grasped the piano nervously; but the shock soon passed away, and then as friend meets friend after a brief separation, so met these two men, brief separation, so met these two men, who but the year before had watched together over my billow, praying the one that I might live, and the other that

might die.

woman, nodding to the breese, which eccasionally brushes past her so fast that she lasily opens her eyes, and with her long-heeled foot gives a jog to the rose-wood crib wherein lies a little tiny thing which was left here five weeks ago to-day. Oh, how odd and funny it seemed tle bundle of cambric and lace, and whis-pered in my ear, "Would you like to see

Jessie was she baptized, Mrs. Lan sing's tears falling like rain on the face of the unconscious child, which she fold-ed to her bosom as tenderly as if it had indeed been her own lost Jessie come back to her again. Upon Ada the arrival of the stranger produced a novel effect, overwheining her with such a load of way nearly two weeks, and never once came to see me until I was sitting up in my merino morning gown, which she had embroidered for me herself. Ada has a

very nice sense of propriety.

There is a rustling in the crib-the baby is waking, and at my request Juno brings her to me, saying as she lays her on my lap, "She's the berry pictur of tother Jessie," and as her soft blue eyer unclose and my hand rests on her carly hair, which begins to look golden in the sunlight, I, too, think the same, and with a throbbing heart I pray the Father to save her from the early death which came to our lost darling, "Jessie, the Angel of The Pines."
(The end.)

"FOREIGN" CHEESE MADE HERE.

Almost All the Best Products Are Suc-

cessfully Imitated.
Simple folk who pride themselves upon their gastronomic taste are sometimes heard to speak scornfully of American cheeses, but perhaps in nine cases out of ten they eat and praise as an excellent example of the foreign product a cheese that never crossed the Atlantic. Camembert and Brie are the only soft cheeses that are imported in considerable quantity, and even they are manufactured in the United States.

It is confessed that the native Camembert and Brie are not so good as the foreign article, but the cheesemakers of New York and New Jersey have come at length to produce admirable Roquefort and good imitations, if they may be so called, of many other famous foreign cheeses. The French cheesemakers, with the conservatism characteristic of rural Europeans, have neglected to adapt their products to the American market.

The Brie cheese from abroad, for example, comes in a large disk, that puts it beyond any but those who consume it in large quantities, whereas that may be purchased for family use. The sale of Gorgonzola cheese, which is still imported, is much less than it would otherwise be if made in smaller

now imported in large quantities, and the so-called English dairy cheese is a native product. Meanwhile, enormous quantities of American cheeses are exported to Great Britain. Some English cheesemakers have taken to putting up their products in jars instead of bladders, in this way making them more easily preserved.

German and Swiss cheeses are imitated here, though less successfully than some others. As to the Italian cheeses, they are made without any pretense of concealment wherever there is a considerable Italian quarter, Italian cheeses are imported in great quantities. Parmesan is a great favorite with Italians, since it is cheap and in various ways useful. Limburger is imitated here, as is Neufchatel.

According to local tradition, the ear liest maker of "foreign" cream cheese in this region, was a Frenchman, whose first customers were a few fashionable restaurateurs. He produced in small quantities almost perfect imitations of French cheeses, and delivered them to his customers himself. The manufacturer of these cheeses has now so extended that many grocers make no effort to keep a stock of foreign cheeses. As yet, however, the conservatism of the commercial world seems to make it necessary to stick to old names and foreign labels.

"No Kick Coming."

A railroad engineer who has been in the service so many years that his hair has grown iron gray and his visage as stern as a warrior's while he has driven his iron monster over the parallels of iron, recently experienced his first collision. He came out of it with a badly demolished engine and a sufficiently smashed-up leg for any occasion.

The surgeons took him in charge and by dint of splints, bandages, skill and patience saved his injured limb and got it on the road to recovery.

The other day he walked out for the first time, and as he hobbled along on crutches, the injured member looking very unwieldy indeed, a friend halled him with: "Hello, Jim! how's that leg of yours getting along?"

The veteran has gray eyes, as clear and penetrating as a youth's, and they twinkled with a tonic effect as he said, laconically:

"Oh, I can't kick."-New York Times.

Stable Yard Gossip. The Cow-Have you heard of this new food they are making out of chopped cornetalks?

The Horse-No; but they needn't try it on me. I won't touch it. The Cow-Oh, it isn't for us. It's for

Used No Typowritor, Anghow.
"Have you any system in deing power to asked the inquisitive friend.
"Yoo," replied the struggling authority. "I have always used the figs.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DO-INGS HERE AND THERE

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Suppos to Mave Been Recently Born-Bayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Langhable-The Weck's Humor.

"I can't see what you find in me ! admire," said the lovelorn youth who had recently blown himself for a

"Why." gurgled the fluffy-haired an gel of his domestic dreams, "that's just what everybody else says." And Immediately the silence became

Mrs. O'Hoolihan-Pfwhat koind av a job is yes ould man afther bovin'

Mrs. McGarigle-Job, is it? Shure an' it be an illigant sittuashun as tillegraph operather he's afther hovin' It's trav'lin' about diggin' phost holes fer th' coompany he is, d'y moind."

Wife of New Minister-Now, Davie you'll have to look after the church better than this or we will have to think about getting a new beadle.

Davie (beadle of long standing, se verely)-Mistress Nicholison, we whiles change oor minister, but we never

He Never Worried.

A lady waited for hours at a wayside station of the Midland Great Western Railway. The train came along and she got in. The hours dragged by, and at each stoppage she asked if it was Sligo. Finally the guard became irritated. "Don't worry, madam; I'll let you know when we reach Sligo." I've been nearly all day on my jour-"Well, madam I've been on this railway three years, and I'm not wor rying." "Poor man!" she retorted, you must have started the next station beyond mine."

"My plen," said the young lawyer, who had just won his first case, "seem ed to strongly affect the jury."

"Yes," replied the judge, "I was afraid at one time that you would suc ceed in getting your client convicted in spite of his innocence."

"Do you take this internally?" asked

"Mo?" said the druggist's new as aut. "Great Scott, no! I sell it."-

The following order was received a few days ago by a Chicago grocery

"Please ship at once by freight, one bag salt, fourteen lb shuger. The stork brought us a baby last night and box crackers, also one barrel soap. It weighed nine lb.

The Vagaries of Fashion.



Mrs. Commonhen-Don't mind her, my dear. Long skirts are doomed. It will soon be our turn.

Circumstantial Evidence. Tommy-Was that your mother saw with you yesterday?

the one who carries the key to the jam closet at our house.—Beston Tran-

"Did you find the Chinese a valu

ould almost believe as American was

"Well," said the detectiv

important clew."
"That's just it. We can your

Not Resouring proprietor of this botel has tal against fire?" asked the nervous old lady as the beliboy escorted her to a

room on the fifth foor. "Sure I do," replied the knowing youth. "De boss has got de joint in shoor'd fer two times de worth uv it.

Magistrate-It will be either \$10 or thirty days, Uncle Rastus. You can have your choice.

Uncle Rastus Ah's much erblige, 70' honnah, an' Ah reckon yo' all had bet tab gib me de money, sah.

Bie Specialty. Stranger-You have a fine farm Farmer-Right yew air, stranger. 1

low as it be one o' the finest in these Derte. Stranger-What is your best paying

Farmer-Summer boarders - Chicago

Professional Advise. "Doctor," said the timid patient, I'm fond of the water, but I don't want to risk taking cold. What shall

I do?" "Take it hot," replied the wise pill compiler. "Two dollars, please."

In the Puppy Class. He-But I am willing to wait if you

will give me some hope. She-Well, suppose you wait nine days; perhaps your eyes will be open

"The world is backward about comlog forward with its appreciation," mused the Irish philosopher. "We never think of strewing flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead."

She (after the engagement)-Why were you so nervous when you pro-

He-Oh, I was merely acting a part, I didn't want you to know how sure was of your answer.

'Rich? Why, she never has to think of the matter of cost at all."

"Not for a moment. She can afford to wear what she likes, even though it is something cheap."

"Steam, ch? Isn't it rather nolsy?" "Oh, no. Except for a slight puffing when it is climbing a very steep bill or running over an extraordinarily large person, quite noiseless."



"But, dear, if it's only a peany, it

can't be good "Yes, it is, but they're selling cheap 'cause a dog fell in it."

Fatry in the pink shirt waist-Roggie boasts that you're his best girl! Sweet young thing in blue Maybe I am, but he ain't my best feller by a

Recognized at Last. He-But what reason have you for refusing to marry me? She Papa objects. He says you are

He Give my regards to the old boy and tell him I'm sorry he isn't a newspaper critic.

Force of Habit. The boss plumber had become a multi-millionaire and was going abroad for his health. On the voyage over a

boss plumber was seen to rub his hands in ecstasies. "Why is he so happy?" asked a curious tourist.

school of whales were sighted and the

"He can't help it," whispered the captain. "He imagines each spout is a bursted water pipe, to be repaired by him at his old rates."

From Experience. "Rudolph, dear, the people next door wish to borrow our lanterns for a lawn

"Don't lend them."

"But they can't hurt the lanterns." "Oh, you don't know. If you loan them the lanterns they'll want to borrow tables, cloths, knives and dishes. Then as our lawn is larger than theirs they'll want to borrow that. Afterward they'll ask our children to help out as walters."

Womanlike Mrs. Popley-What do you think! Baby spoke ber first word to-day! Mr. Popley-Well, well! And it won't be many years before she'll be hav-ing the last word.—Philadelphia Press.

Neil-So Jack asked permiss ties you, oh?

Nell-You refused it, of course?